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SEE THE NOVELETTE "LOST"

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"BITTER COLD!" NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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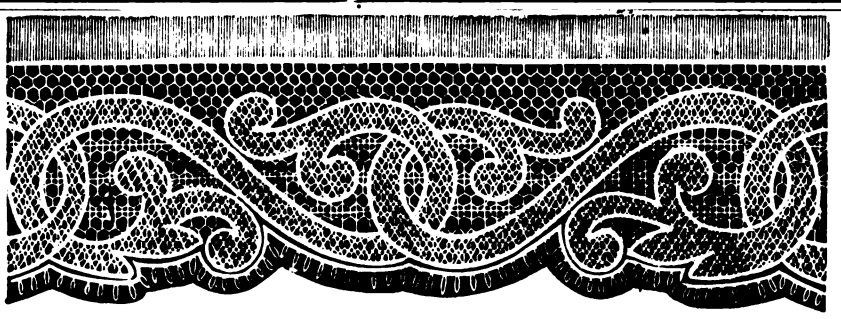
WALKING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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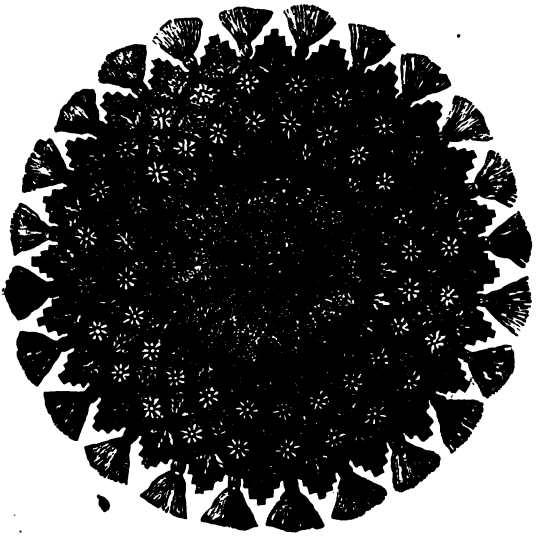


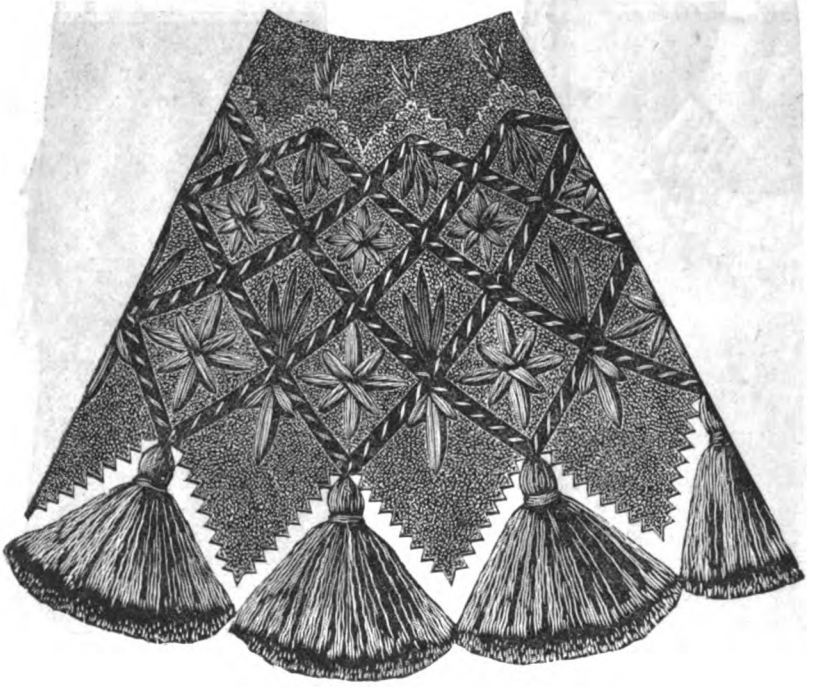
HOME DRESS. VISITING DRESS.

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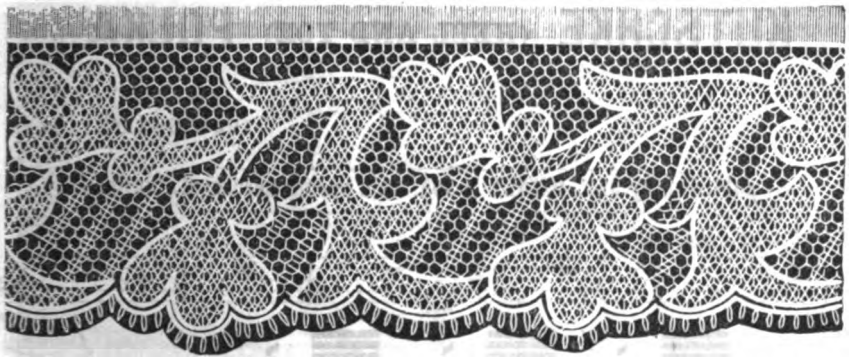


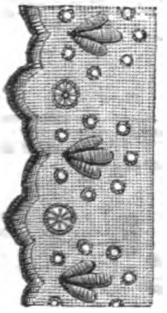


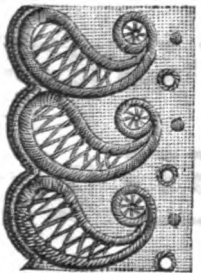


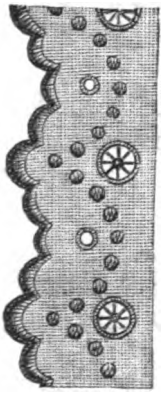
MAT FOR STUDENT'S LAMP: WITH DETAIL. NET TRIMMING. EDGING.

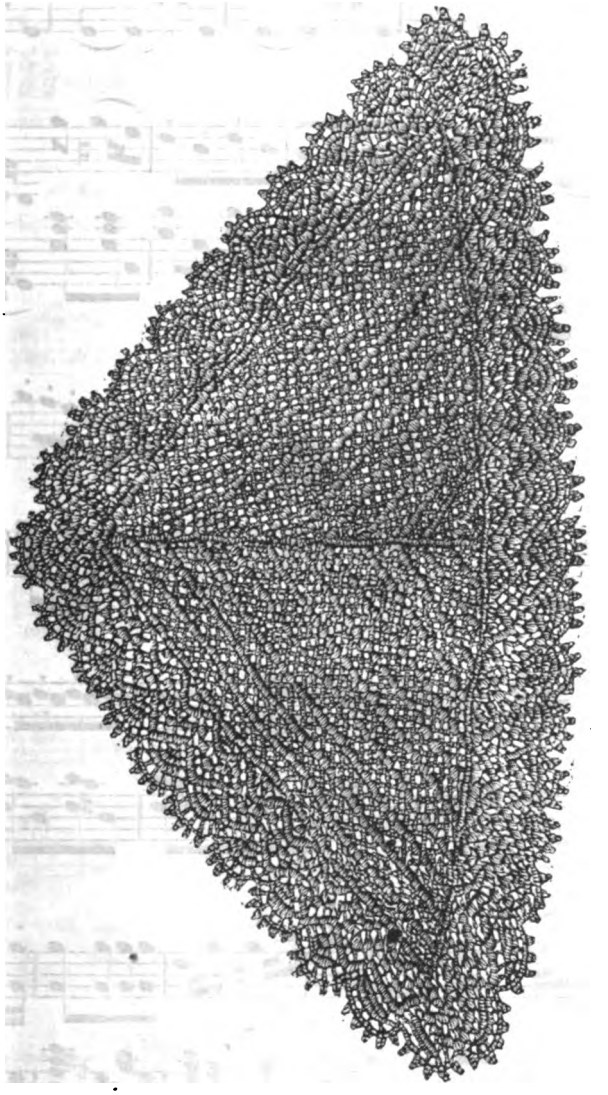
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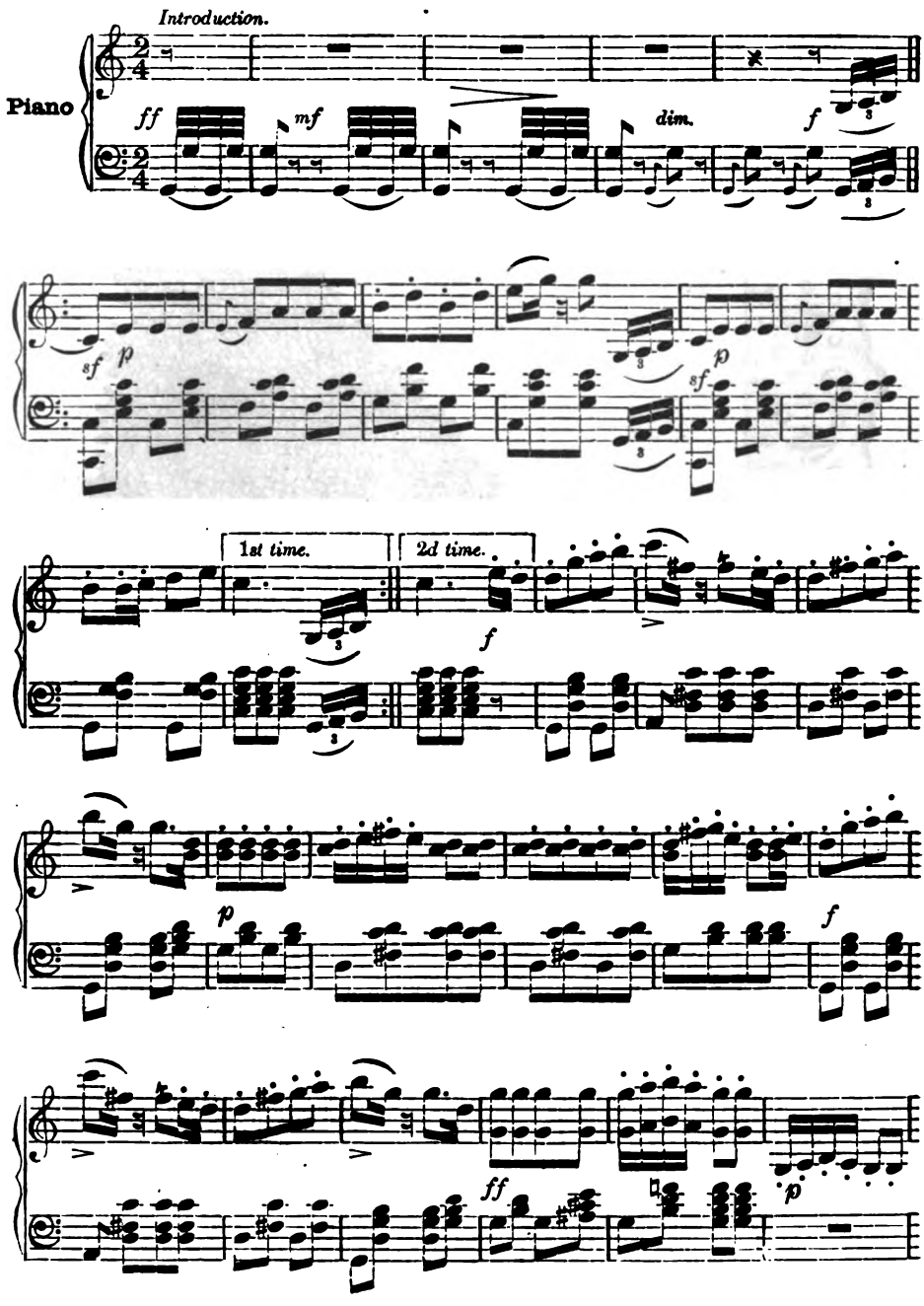










CROCHET SHAWL. EMBROIDERY IN NET. EDGINGS.

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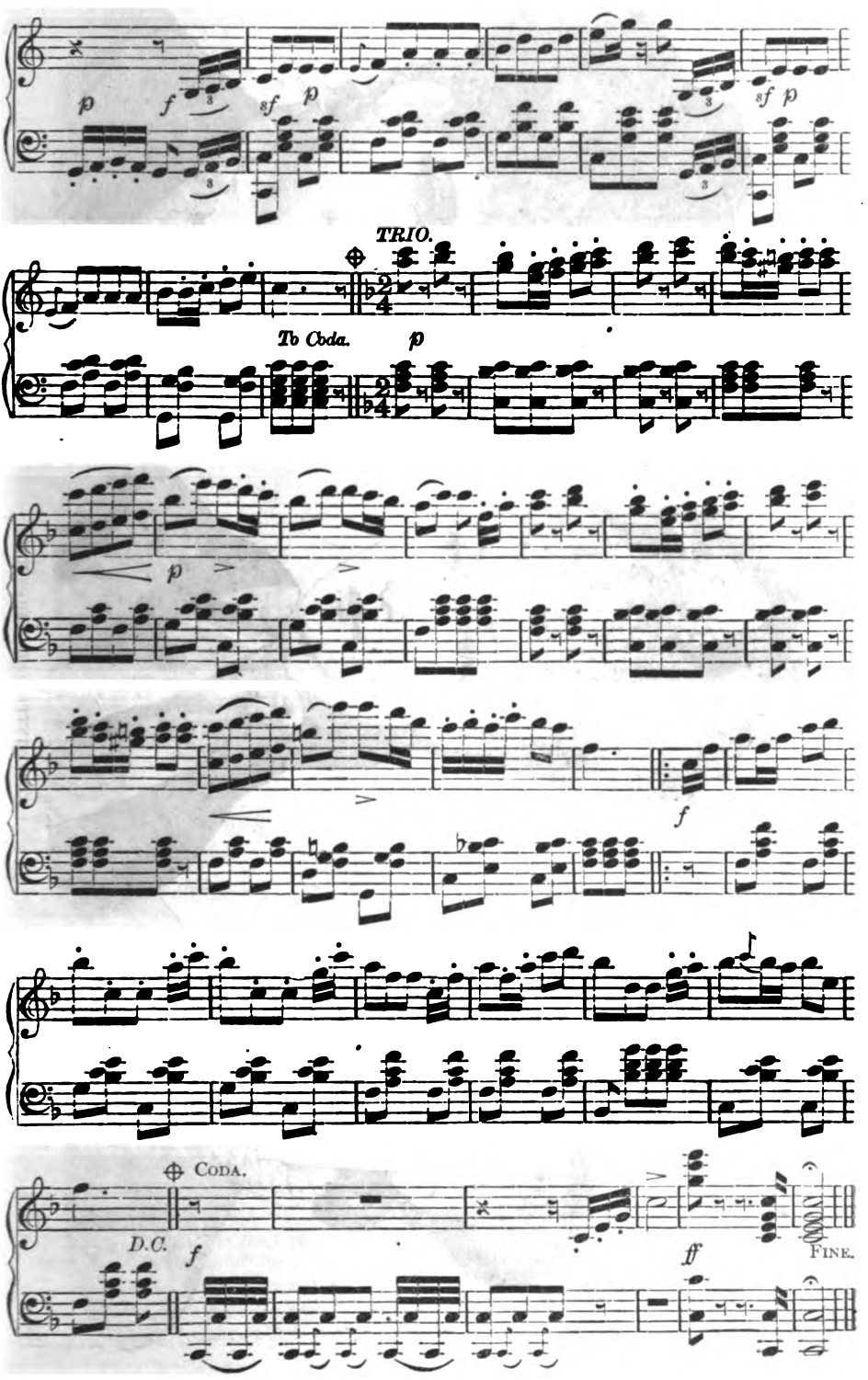
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NEW WINTER HATS AND BONNET.

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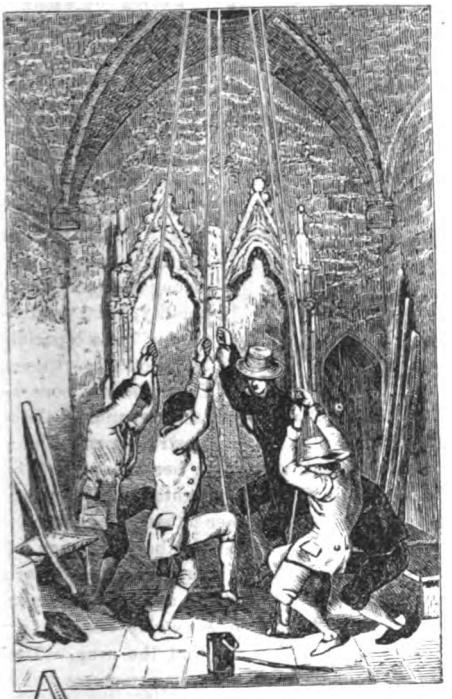
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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NEW YEAR'S IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



AS Christmas, in "the olden time," was ushered in by carol-singing, New Year's was welcomed by the ringing of church-bells. Every chime was set a-going. Every steeple rocked. The ringers, proud of their skill, gathered together, towards midnight, each one at his particular rope, waiting for the signal to begin. That given, the merry peal burst forth, from the belfry high up in the tower overhead, echoing far and near, over hill and dale, ringing out the Old Year and ringing in the New.

The present fashion of observing New Year's day, by devoting it to making calls on the ladies, does not belong to "the olden time," in England, but is a Dutch custom, which was introduced into New York by the early "Knickerbockers," and has been adopted, in other cities, more or less, because of its convenience. Men in the United States, at least in the larger towns, are so engrossed by business, that they have no time, as a rule, to "make calls" in person, and hence would have no opportunity to show their acknowledgment of the civilities they receive, in the way of invitations, except for this custom. A fashion, therefore, which fixes on one day in the year when the gentler sex is expected to be at home, and which makes that day a general holiday, has much to recommend it, because it gives men of business the needed opportunity to pay their respects to the ladies they are acquainted with. Formerly, wine was served, in great profusion, on these occasions. But the evils, resulting from the practice, have produced a reform, and now tea and coffee, or other light beverages, are substituted. It is a matter of emulation, frequently, with ladies, to have more gentlemen call on them than on others. In the great cities, hundreds of calls are paid and received. Nor is it the young alone who follow this fashion. We know of one veteran general, who has fought in three wars, and is verging on ninety, who paid a hundred calls, in person, last New Year's day. Often the ladies, after the day's fatigues are over, have a supper, to which a few intimates are asked. Oftener still, when there are unmarried daughters of the house, the evening is wound up with a carpet-dance.

It was not New Year's day alone, in "the good, old times," that was kept as a holiday: the whole twelve days, forming the feast of Yule, were holidays also. The merry-making began on Christmas eve, with carol-singing and bringing in the Yule log. The custom, peculiar to New Year's eve, was that called the Wassail Bowl. It was an old Anglo-Saxon practice. The name is said to have originated with Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, who, when first presenting

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a bowl of drink to Vortigern, the king of the Britons, said, "*Was hael*," since corrupted into Wassail, "Health to you." The Wassail Bowl was formerly carried about, on New Year's eve, by village maidens, who went from door to door, in their several parishes, singing a few couplets of homely verses composed for the occasion. The inmates of each house, high or low, generally came to the porch, sipped of the contents of the bowl, which were usually of hot, spiced ale, and gave a small gratuity to the Wassailers.

In time, the custom came to be abused, however, and so fell into gradual decay. It lingered longest in Cornwall, where the habits of the people were more primitive, but finally disappeared, even there, about a century ago.

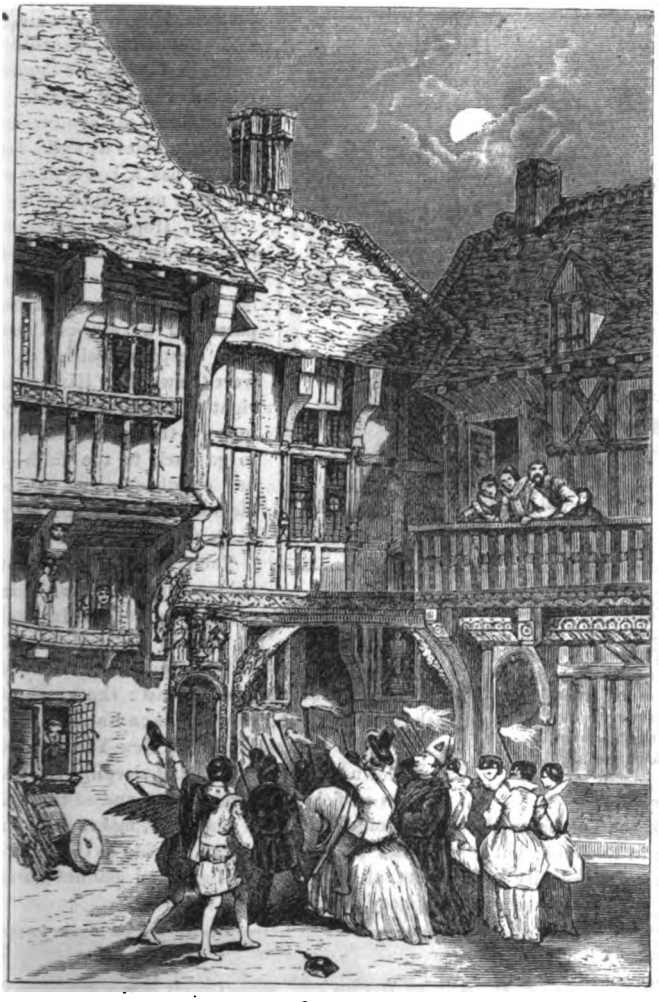
Another practice during the New Year's festivities, was that of masking and miming. Men dressed themselves up in women's attire, or other disguises, and went from house to house, like the Wassailers, bearing torches, if at night. Prominent among these masqueraders were the hobby-horse and the dragon. In Sir Walter Scott's novel of "The Abbott," there is a graphic description of such masquerades. There was always more license, with them, than with the Wassailers, and their exhibitions frequently ended in riot. The custom has almost entirely disappeared in England. It survives, in the United States, or rather has re-appeared, at least, in some of our eastern cities, in the men and boys who parade the streets, at Christmas and New Year, disguised as Indians, Africans, Moors, Turks, Chinese, or others.

During the whole of these twelve days that followed Christmas, and that were included in the Yule festivities, "open-house," so to speak, was kept in town and country alike, in "the olden time." But it was in the country, and among the gentry and nobility, that "entertaining" was especially practiced. Queen Elizabeth was personally averse to the upper classes spending these holidays away from their ancestral acres. There is a letter extant, written by her orders, and in the old, high Henry-the-Eighth spirit, which shows her to have been her father's daughter to the full; a letter in which "the gentlemen of Norfolk and Suffolk are commanded to depart from London before Christmas, and repair to their counties, and *there keep hospitality among their neighbors*." It is this era that the song, "The Old and Young Courtiers," commemorates; and the general testimony is that the song was written but little after that time. The verses first appeared in print, in the last century, in the "Percy Reliques," and were there said to have been taken from a black-letter copy in the Pepy's collection. The opening stanzas certainly favors the conclusion, that they are not later than the reign of James the First.

"I'll sing you an old song, made by a fine old pate,
Of a worshipful old gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate
Like an old courtier of the queen's
And the queen's old courtier."

The stately edifices, which had begun to be built first, in the time of Henry the Eighth, but

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which were principally the results of the great wealth amassed during the peaceful reign of Queen Elizabeth, and scores of which, from Burleigh Hall down, still remain, dotting the fair counties of England, and are known, in architecture, as Tudor mansions, were now thrown open to guests from far and near, who generally came to spend a fortnight, arriving before Christmas, and remaining until a week after New Year's. The most popular beverage, during these weeks, among the wealthier classes, was what was called "lamb's wool," a drink composed of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crab apples. Coffee and tea were then unknown in England, and ale was the universal substitute. The ordinary breakfast of Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honor was beefsteak, which they washed down with a thin sour ale; and roast beef was literally the staple food at dinner; but this standing dish was relieved, on festive occasions, with capons, herons, bitterns, cranes, partridges, snipes, plovers, woodcocks, and venison. The poorer classes fared differently from this. Except for their bit of roast beef at Christmas, they often went, from year's to year's end, without tasting anything better than salted meat, chiefly bacon; and not infrequently they did not have even that.

There were few books in those times, so that the days were given up to out-of-door sports, while the evenings were devoted to merry games. Very many of those now played only by children, or by half-grown girls and boys, were then the common pastimes of all. "Feed The Dove," "Hunt the Slipper," and "Forfeits," were particularly popular. An old poem, called "A New Year's Gift," enumerates a number of them, which, like "Fox-i'-th'-hole," are quite forgotten now, or known only to antiquaries.



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"Of Christmas sports, the Wassail Bowl,
That's tossed up after Fox-i'-th'-hole;
Of Blind-man's-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare;
Of Twelfth-tide cake, of peas and beans
Wherewith you make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out 'Hey for our town green.'
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose."

The boundless hospitality of the Yule fortnight has long since died out, even in England; but it has left its traces behind, in a general pity and commiseration for the poor. At no other season do the wants of "suffering, sad humanity" impress themselves so forcibly upon the heart. This is partly because the severe weather of winter hardly ever sets in until about that time, and in consequence, the privations of poverty, and especially the rigors of cold, are not so fully realized. Even the selfish miser opens his palm at New Year's. Many changes have taken place in our social customs, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, but the custom of "remembering the poor" at this season still survives. Tender-hearted women still pause, at the spectacle of misery, and lighten the sorrows of widows and orphans, starving amid the plenty of our great cities, as they did a generation ago, a century ago, three hundred years ago; and never are they more beautiful than when engaged in such deeds of charity. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these — ye have done it unto Me," said the Great Teacher: words that every one should remember at this season.

The New Year is a time to forgive injuries as well; for charity has a larger meaning than mere alms-giving. "Faith, Hope, and Charity," says the Apostle, "and the *greatest of these is Charity*." "Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive* those who trespass against us," were the words of Him. It is right to recall these teachings in this material age; to go back to the faith of our childhood; and to remember what are the truly noble things in life.

The ringing of bells, that ushered in New Year's, in the olden time, still ushers it in, at least in most cities and villages, not only in England, but in the United States also. But even the music of the chimes grows hushed, at last: the watchers seek their beds; and silence falls on Nature. The moon, if she is at the full, that New Year's Eve, looks down on quiet church and sleeping village, perhaps on fields of virgin snow, and so the Old Year, going solitary to his grave, makes way for the New Year, coming, like a bride to the bridegroom, all splendor and light, and gladness, and prophecy of happiness to be.



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MARGERY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was sunset, when Paul de Beauville drew rein, in front of the iron gates. He knew that he had reached his journey's end, for, at the foot of the hill, an old negro woman had informed him, that the great house he saw above, through the trees, was Grantham Manor, and that he would find entrance to the grounds at the top of the ascent.

He had been born in France, and had always lived there; but some twenty years before, just previous to the War of Independence, an elder sister had married an American. She had often invited him to come and see her, but no opportunity had presented, until now. Robespierre, however, having got the ascendancy in Paris, and it having become dangerous to be either well-born or accomplished, Paul had quietly slipped away and taken passage for the New World.

Meantime, he had sent his sister word of his coming, and now, as he rode up the avenue, he remembered how many years it had been, since he had seen her. Why, she was sixty, an old woman, and he was himself forty, almost an old man! Then, in addition to her, he would probably meet his cousin Ralph, his sister's son, and a Miss Margery, of whom recent letters had spoken, his sister's ward, a relative of her husband's. What were they all like?

Suddenly, he heard a step, and looking up from his reverie, saw a young lady so lovely, that he had a hasty thought, imaginative as he was, that he had met a dryad, or some sort of beautiful woodland spirit. He stopped his horse, lifted his hat, sprang to the ground, and stood there in a maze. But the lady, who was much the less embarrassed of the two, moved forward a step, and said, in excellent French:

"It is Monsieur de Beauville, I am sure. Madame Grantham will be charmed. She has been sadly uneasy, with these terrible times in Paris. It is such a pity Ralph is away. But you will be very welcome."

The sound of his own language, so prettily spoken, added to Paul's bewilderment. He was too thorough-bred to attempt any personal compliment; but he thanked the speaker for her welcome; and every word and glance was full of an exquisite courtesy, which very few women could have resisted.

Then he began to ask news of his sister; to profess regret at his nephew's absence; and to utter some skilfully-roundabout remark, which might cause his hearer to vouchsafe the information, that he sought. She took the hint.

"I am your sister's ward, Miss Margery Osborne," she said, smiling, "and will walk back to the house with you. My cousin is not very well, and if the servants should tell her too abruptly of your arrival, she might get one of her nervous headaches."

"Thank you very much," he replied, thinking how this thoughtfulness for an aged woman added to the speaker's other charms.

It was still quite a distance to the house, and by the time they came to the broad lawn, which swept away in front of the mansion, they had talked of Paul's voyage, of his sister, of Ralph, and the beauty of the scenery; and Margery had discovered that the newcomer spoke English, and spoke so perfectly, that she felt ashamed of having addressed him in French. So she persisted in talking in her own language, rather to his disappointment, for the accents of his native tongue sounded singularly sweet to his ear, when uttered by her lips.

Miss Osborne called a servant to take his horse, and De Beauville walked slowly up and down the verandah, while she herself went to prepare Madam Grantham for his arrival.

It was not very long before she returned, saying, eagerly: "Come, please, come! Madam was not startled—she guessed almost at once that it was you."

In her pleasant excitement, she seemed to grow each instant more beautiful. She passed swiftly up the broad staircase, and Paul followed. They reached a door, at the furthest end of the long corridor. Margery opened it, motioned him to enter, and disappeared.

Looking down the soft dimness of the chamber, Paul saw a stately, white-haired lady, rising to meet him, and heard her voice call gladly:

"Brother, oh, brother!"

Then they were in one another's arms, and for a season, Paul forgot everything else, in the joy of their reunion. After awhile, madam, herself, noticed Margery's absence.

"Always the dearest, most thoughtful girl in the world," she said. "She is like a daughter to me, Paul."

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Just then Miss Osborne appeared.

"Cousin," she said, to Madam Grantham, "I have told them to hurry supper. I hoped monsieur would be hungry, after his ride. And I thought, perhaps, you would like to have the supper served here, as you cannot go down stairs, this evening."

For a couple of days, Madam Grantham was still obliged to keep her chamber; after that she was quite herself again. Paul found her charming. But he perceived, plainly, in spite of her gentleness and sweetness, her even caressing manners, that she had a strong will, and had evidently always ruled supreme over every person who came within her orbit.

The days floated by to Paul like an enchanted dream. Margery Osborne was a new revelation to him. He had never met any one so bright, so witty, and yet so womanly before. More than four weeks went by, and now the time for Ralph Grantham's return was at hand.

I have no space to speak of Ralph. But Paul heard his name incessantly, from morning till night. The young man's mother, the servants, the visitors, even Miss Osborne herself, all seemed to consider Ralph the pivot upon which the world turned. Ralph and Ralph's future, Ralph's likes and dislikes, appeared to be of more importance than the rise and fall of empires and dynasties.

A portrait of him, taken a few months before, showed Paul that he was a very handsome young fellow; but even at twenty-two, the face exhibited much of the decision and will which were his mother's chief characteristics, and he reflected that if ever the wishes of the pair should clash the result might be sad to both.

Paul said something of the kind, one day, to Margery, and discovered that the same idea had often alarmed her. She spoke of her absent cousin, with a freedom, which prevented any fancy rising in her listener's mind, that she cared for him, except in a sisterly way. So De Beauville drifted on, in his beautiful dream, for, of course, you perceive that he had fallen in love with the girl on the instant she appeared before him, in the depths of the wood, like some creature of a higher order than a mere mortal.

One of Paul's countrymen—a fugitive like himself—often came to the Manor. Léon Duval was a fine young fellow, clever and handsome, but old madam did not like his frequent rides out to Grantham, and when he had gone, one day, she spoke to her brother.

"You see, Paul," she said, "Margery is a beauty and an heiress—one can't tell what folly the young man might get into his head."

"Why, it would be sheer impertinence, on his part!" cried Paul, alarmed at once.

"And if he gets in earnest, he might suffer," rejoined she. "That is why I mention it—there is no fear for Margery—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Paul, for his sister had paused abruptly, as if leaving her sentence unfinished; and he wondered what she meant.

"I have said nothing to you about my hopes and plans," she continued, laughing pleasantly. "Men are so clumsy—excuse me—they always let out things. And I was afraid you might startle my darling little girl, by betraying that you knew—"

"Startle Marg—startle Miss Osborne—what do you mean?" he asked, as she broke off to finish her laugh, while she tapped his arm affectionately with her pretty white hand.

"Yes! Well, I'll tell you my secret," she continued. "Ralph may be here any day now, and I want you to know about everything."

"Yes," Paul echoed, confused by an odd ringing in his ears. Luckily he had seated himself with his back to the window; it was already deep twilight, so his face remained lost in the shadows.

"Margery is to marry Ralph," old madam went on, with a determined ring in her voice, as if destiny were speaking through her lips.

"Are they engaged?" De Beauville asked.

"She is just a year younger than he," pursued old madam. "By her father's will, she does not attain her majority until twenty-five. If she married without my consent, she could not touch her money—oh, my cousin was a very sensible man! But there was no need to restrain Margery—the dearest girl—why, Paul, she never opposed me in her life. Ralph is a little headstrong sometimes—but she—oh, never!"

"And—and it is quite settled?" De Beauville heard himself ask, in a slow, calm voice.

"Settled? Why, I just told you—I meant it when they were children!" Again Fate seemed to speak. "She has loved him all her life—how could she help it, indeed?" and now a thrill of arrogant, motherly pride quickened old madam's determined utterance.

De Beauville grasped the arm of his chair firmly, with one hand, but sat still, though the ringing in his ears was as loud as the swell of a tornado now, and he grew icy chill from head to foot.

"I'll tell you everything," pursued madam, with a laughing amiability, which gave her listener a passing spasm of cold anger. "As I said, Ralph has one fault—he is headstrong! You may imagine I kept my plans to myself; but not long before you came I spoke to Ralph—do you know, just because I did, the absurd boy began to talk about regarding Margery as a sister—"

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"Ah!" Paul broke in. But she did not hear.

"Of course I did not argue. I knew he loved her without knowing it—why, I intended them to love each other! So I showed him that I was displeased; there was that business to attend to in Albany—I sent him off, at once."

"And—and—now he—"

But Paul was not required to finish the question he found so difficult.

"Oh, he writes vaguely—but I can see that absence has taught him," cried madam. "He has learned that, as usual, the old mother had seen clearly what was for his happiness. Yes, yes—his last letter shows me that he intends to propose to Margery as soon as he gets back—I shall have the wedding this autumn."

"And you are sure that Miss Osborne—"

"Bless me, Paul—do you suppose I am blind?" madam broke in, a little irritably. "She has loved him all her life."

There was a pause, then Monsieur de Beauville said:

"In that case I congratulate you—and the young people, too."

"You good brother! I knew you would be pleased!"

At this moment, the butler announced supper. Paul de Beauville showed a power of self-control that would have been natural enough in a woman, however young, but which was surprising in a man, especially one whose heart had just received a wound so terrible. He went to the table; he talked; he was composed as usual. Somehow, old madam got thinking of the tone in which Paul had said the words "young people." Was there a little feeling of regret, that such happiness as theirs, could never come near him? Why should there not? was madam's reflection; and presently a new plan suggested itself to her. Why should not Paul marry? Good gracious, she knew the exact person for him! That bewitching little widowed friend of hers in Baltimore. The very match for Paul! She would invite Angela Carroll to pay her a visit. She wondered she had not thought of it before. But that vexatious, darling Ralph had kept her mind so busy. Why, Paul had been greatly struck with Angela's picture; he was just in the mood to listen to her project, and the alliance would be so suitable!

According to her habit, Margery went with madam to her room, when bed-time came. The old lady burst out at once.

"Paul ought to marry," said she.

Miss Osborne dropped into the nearest chair, and sat staring at her relative, in silence.

"Yes! I have an idea. I shall invite Angela Carroll here, next month. Paul quite raved over her picture. I do believe he has got the fancy in his head; in fact—"

In came the waiting-maid, and the conversation ended. Margery Osborne scarcely passed a more tranquil night than Paul de Beauville himself; and he did not even attempt the pretence of going to bed until daylight. But old madam slept the sleep of the just, after unintentionally hurting the pair she loved, as cruelly as people usually do their friends, when they consider themselves elected to act the part of Destiny.

Three days elapsed. Three wretched days to Paul de Beauville; restless and dreary to Margery; at first full of pleasant excitement to old madam; then she began to have her troubles, for Ralph neither came nor wrote. On the third afternoon, Paul told Miss Osborne, that, if his nephew did not arrive, that evening, he would himself start for Albany, the next morning. He and Margery had kept aloof from one another, during these days; he saw how pale and heavy-eyed she looked; he understood how hard her part was, not only to be obliged to conceal her anxiety and suffering, but to encourage and guard the poor mother.

Old madam had gone to lie down. She was sure Ralph would come that night, she said. She had suddenly passed from a despondent mood to a hopeful one; and when she said "sure," she assumed her voice that was as the voice of Fate.

Margery and Paul had chanced to encounter each other, on the colonnade. While he was telling her what he proposed to do, a horseman appeared in the avenue.

"Is it Ralph?" cried Paul, straining his eyes to get a better view.

"No," said Margery. "Oh, can something have happened?"

She hurried down the steps. Paul followed. The man rode up, and touching his hat, said:

"I have a letter for Miss Osborne."

"From whom?" she asked.

"Mr. Grantham, ma'am."

Margery took the missive. Paul saw her turn so deathly white, that he stepped forward and put her hand in his arm. She thanked him by a slight movement of the head, turned to the man, and said, quietly: "Take your horse to the stables, then go to the servants' hall, and get something to eat."

The messenger departed. Paul led Margery up the steps, and put her in a chair.

"Something terrible has happened," she whispered; "I have had a presentiment—"

She paused, tore open the letter, read the first page, gave a little cry, and fell back in her chair.

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"In God's name, what is it?" exclaimed Paul. "Is he hurt—ill—"

"Hush!" she broke in. "Oh, he is married!"

Paul did not speak: he could not. She must be left alone for a little; yet she must not think he suspected what this news was to her. He said something about getting her a glass of water, and hurried away, and stayed as long as he dared. When he returned, he found that she had gone indoors. She was seated in one of the drawing-rooms; she called him as he passed. He entered and stood beside her. She was very white, and her eyes had a strange, dilated look, like fright. He made her drink some water; then she gasped:

"How shall we tell his mother? She will never forgive this—never!"

Here was safety for Paul. Old madam's share in the trouble was easy to talk about.

"No wonder you are overcome, thinking of her," he replied. "But what does the wretched boy say?"

She put the letter in his hands.

"This was inside," she said, holding up a second epistle. "It is for her. But I am to tell her what he has done, before I give it to her to read."

Paul's first reflection was a curse against the fiendish cruelty of the man who, knowing this girl loved him, should choose her as the recipient of his confidence, nay, even add to his heartlessness, by making her the medium of communicating his treachery to his mother. For the instant, Paul hoped the dastard might live and die, with that mother's malediction on his head.

Then he read the letter, which was clearly, frankly written, though evidently by a person in a state of intense excitement. But from first to last, it ignored the fact that Margery could have any personal concern in the matter.

This was the story. Early in the spring, while in New York, Ralph had made the acquaintance of Evelyn Thorne, the sister and ward of a man, whose family had, almost for generations, been the enemies of all the Granthams. Walter Thorne, the brother, was especially abhorrent to old madam, for during the war he had made her a great deal of trouble, by declaring that she was a Tory, and once, when business had called her within the lines of the American army, he had actually succeeded in having her arrested as a spy. The trouble only lasted a few hours, as she was able to secure the aid of the general in command; but naturally the circumstance had increased madam's hatred.

And the two young people had fallen in love, and had managed to meet often, until Evelyn was obliged to accompany her brother to Albany. When Ralph reached there, in September, he contrived to see her again. At last a servant betrayed them to the brother. Evelyn was shut up a prisoner, in their house, near the town. At length, she succeeded in getting a letter to Ralph, telling him, that, on the next evening, she was to be forced to marry one of her brother's friends—a man noted for his vices and evil life.

Ralph at this went to work, and succeeded in carrying her off, only a few hours before the time set for the wedding ceremony. He married her at once, in Albany, and on the next morning, despatched his messenger, with the letters for Margery Osborne.

Paul finished the perusal of the letter, and then glanced down at Margery, who sat pale and tearless before him.

"Help me—advise me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how am I to tell his mother?"

Before Paul could speak, there was the rustle of a woman's garments, just behind them. Both turned, and saw old madam, tottering back and forth, one hand pressed hard against her heart, her face seamed and convulsed with agony.

"My boy is dead!" she groaned in an awful voice. "My boy is dead!"

"No, no!" they called at once.

"You are lying to me!" she shrieked. "Oh—"

"Sister, sister, listen!" Paul broke in. He must tell her, no matter how, else she would go mad. "He is alive—he is well—but married!"

His hearer staggered back. Margery and De Beauville started towards her. She pushed them away, sat down in a chair, turned towards them a face as rigid as if she had been suddenly changed to stone, and muttered:

"I am an old woman, but I did not know I had grown childish. Speak, one of you, for I did not understand."

"Sister, it is true—here is his letter."

Old madam shivered. The spasm passed in an instant; then she sat more erect than before.

"Read the letter," was all she said.

Paul read it, as well as his choked voice would permit. His sister listened, mute, motionless to the close. Then she looked up, and a dreadful ghost of a smile crossed her lips, as she said,

"You see I was right—my son is dead!"

The first thought, in the minds of both her listeners, was that the shock had turned her brain; but her next words showed their error.

"Ralph Grantham is Evelyn Thorne's husband now—I have no child left in the world!"

"Don't say it, don't!" cried Margery, with a sudden burst of tears. "Monsieur, speak—implore her! Don't say a word yet, cousin—wait

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—reflect—see, here is Ralph's letter to you—oh, read it—do read it—cousin—cousin!"

She fell at old madam's feet, embracing her knees, pleading still more wildly; and Paul added his entreaties. For a time madam did not even seem to hear their voices. Her glazed eyes were fixed on vacancy.

"Get up, Margery," she said, at length. "Paul, give me your arm—I will go to my room."

They accompanied her in silence. When they had reached her door, Paul said:

"You must lie down—"

"I must do my duty," she interrupted. "I have done it all my life—I shall not falter now."

She sent the pair away. They did not dare to expostulate further.

In the evening, madam sent for her brother, and showed him a letter, which she had written. It gave Ralph the control of a large income, but forbade him her house.

"The fortune is mine while I live," she said, "but I never did a mean thing yet—I am too old to begin. He has wealth, a wife—let him be happy, if he can—but I have no longer a son."

She requested Paul to have the letter sent. But after holding a consultation with Margery, he decided to keep it back for the present. Paul wrote to his nephew, in the meantime, that his mother was very angry, but had no intention of injuring him pecuniarily. Margery wrote, too, but what she wrote, De Beauville did not know. For two days old madam bore up, and would not allow Ralph's name to be mentioned; but on the third, she was seized with a chill, such as sometimes precedes paralysis. They put her in bed, and sent for the doctor immediately, but for nearly a fortnight she was dangerously ill. One night, when the chill and sinking fit came on, she believed herself dying. The mother's heart, in this crisis, asserted its supremacy; arrogance and pride, and hate were forgotten; she permitted Ralph to be sent for; but she did not, even then, consent to receive his wife.

From that hour, she began to mend. Margery and Paul feared she might retract her permission; but she did not; did not even mention her son's name again.

Several days passed, before Ralph could reach the Manor. On the afternoon, when he might be expected, madam had herself dressed, and assisted down the stairs, into the great drawing-room. She took her seat, in the arm-chair, which she usually occupied, near one of the windows; opened a book on the table beside her; and there she waited. Margery and Paul went in and out. She answered, if they spoke, not otherwise; sometimes she affected to read; but they saw that she never turned the page. Once she dropped into a doze—called, suddenly, "Ralph, my Ralph!" Then she wakened, glanced angrily at the pair, who were watching her, and said, "I fell asleep—I don't remember what I was dreaming. Go, both of you, and walk on the colonnade. I have kept you indoors too much."

When the two were beyond her hearing, Margery said, in a rather frightened tone:

"I laid Ralph's letter on the table by her—I am sure she will read it now."

They left her alone, for nearly an hour. When they went back, they could see that she had been weeping; and the letter had disappeared; but she did not speak of it. She was more calm than her two companions. She talked of the weather, the autumn work to be done upon the farms, any trifle which made conversation.

Presently the tramp of horses' hoofs became audible. Margery darted to the window. Paul followed Old madam did not stir.

"His wife is with him," whispered Margery. "Oh, what will she say?"

Her aunt's voice startled them.

"Did you say Evelyn Thorne was with him?" she called. "Then go, one of you, and say—"

"No, no!" moaned Margery.

"Listen," Paul said, more sternly than she had ever heard him speak; "remember what your heart craved, when you believed that death was near. Be true to yourself, not to pride."

His sister did not reply. For a moment, she covered her face with one hand, then let it drop to her side, only signing to Margery, who had made a movement as if to go, to remain.

Paul stood behind his sister's chair, leaning his arm on the back. Margery was stooping over old madam, her face full of entreaties she dared not utter. Suddenly the door from the entrance-hall opened, and Ralph Grantham appeared, leading, by the hand, a girl so exquisitely lovely, so delicate, so shrinking, so timid, with such a necessity for protection, such powers of gratitude therefor expressed in face and attitude, looking, too, so young and child-like, that Nemesis herself must have softened towards the frightened creature.

The pair came slowly up the great room. Still madam did not stir, but sat stony and inexorable. Margery leaned over her, in pleading silence. Paul de Beauville looked at his nephew, and again a fiery wrath rose in his soul, as he felt Margery's arm, which unconsciously touched his, tremble convulsively, and reflected that Ralph had won happiness by breaking her heart.

There was something terrible in the silence.

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The poor little bride looked as if she would drop, in spite of her husband's presence and sympathy. Half way up the room, Ralph stopped.

"Mother," he called, in a voice through which, eager and pleading as it was, rang the pride and will old madam had bequeathed to him, "I have brought your daughter, to ask pardon for your son—you will not refuse *her!*"

And the pretty little wife gave one sob, and made a movement, as if to hurry forward, and fall at old madam's feet. But Ralph checked her.

"Mother!" he called again.

This time, old madam's proud head sank; her right hand stretched itself slowly out, in the welcome she had no voice to speak; and in another second, Ralph's arms were about her neck, and Evelyn was folded to her heart.

When sunset came, Paul de Beauville wandered away through the depths of the great garden, which stretched to the left of the house. He came to a rustic arbor, and feeling tired, after all the varied emotions of the day, paused there to rest. As he entered, he found himself face to face with Margery Osborne, weeping bitterly.

He went quite mad, at this spectacle. He forgot that care for her maidenly delicacy forbade his ever letting her suspect he knew her secret. He hurried towards her, crying:

"Margery, Margery, I think I shall go back to Europe."

She answered, but with hastily averted head,

"You told me so yesterday! Aunt will be sorry."

"But I did not tell you why—I must now! I love you—I love you! Oh, Margery, wouldn't it be easier to go with me than to live here to suffer at the sight of their happiness? I would be so good to you—so tender of you—Margery!"

He was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand in his, looking up into her eyes.

"Could you, Margery?" he pleaded. "See, he is only a boy. Oh, believe me, the time will come—no, I did not mean to say that! Oh, Margery, will you let me care for you—shelter you? I have loved you from the first moment we met—I shall love you to the end of my life! I will be so good to you—you shall never have cause to regret! Margery, Margery, will you be my wife?"

She smiled at him, through her tears, and answered:

"I will be your wife, because—because I love you—and I never dreamed of caring for any other man."

So, when Paul got sane enough for explanations to be made, it came out that Margery had long known of old madam's intentions to marry her to Ralph, and had dreaded, that, sooner or later, the refusal, which she must give, would alienate the old lady from her forever.

The next day, Madam Grantham could distract her thoughts long enough from Ralph and his wife, whom the mother already adored, to listen to Paul's story, but not understanding that he had already told his secret to Margery, she said:

"The poor girl will not listen to you: her hurt is too keen. Oh, what a selfish old woman I am. I have been so happy with my bad boy, and his pretty bird, that I forgot!"

Then Paul succeeded in making her comprehend that Margery had only cared for Ralph as a brother, that she loved him—Paul.

"How do you know?" demanded old madam.

"She told me so!"

"Like your impudence, to speak to her before you had my permission!" said madam, and for a moment felt vexed with Margery, for being so ungrateful, as not to have adored her son. Then she recollected what a blessing it was, that everything had ended as it had, and wept and laughed at once.

MID-WINTER

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Oh, I am so weary,
Waiting for the May;
Waiting for arbutus flowers,
And the softly-falling showers,
And the warm, sweet breezes
Of the May.

Oh, my heart is sighing,
Sighing for the May;
For the long, bright, sunny, rambles,
Through the woods, and 'mong the brambles,
For the song of robins,
All the day.

For the golden sunshine,
Sunshine of the May;
For the round fern-fronds all starting,
For the brown leaves softly parting,
Where the violets blossom
In the May.

Yes, my heart is longing,
Longing for the May;
For the pink of blooming peaches,
For the long, sweet orchard reaches,
And the feathered minstrels
Of the May.

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"A FAIR BARBARIAN."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER I.

STOWBRIDGE had been shaken to its foundations.

It may as well be explained, however, at the outset, that it would not take much of a sensation to give Stowbridge a great shock. In the first place, Stowbridge was not used to sensations, and was used to going on the even and respectable tenor of its way, regarding the outside world with private distrust, if not with open disfavor. The new mills had been a trial to Stowbridge—a sore trial. On being told of the owners' plan of building them, old Lady Theobald, who was the corner-stone of the social edifice of Stowbridge, was said, by a spectator, to have turned deathly pale with rage, and on the first day of their being opened in working order, she had taken to her bed, and remained shut up in her darkened room for a week, refusing to see anybody, and even going so far as to send a scathing message to the curate of St. James, who called in fear and trembling because he was afraid to stay away.

"With mills and mill hands," her ladyship announced to Mr. Laurence, the mill owner, when chance first threw them together, "with mills and mill hands come murder, massacre and mob law." And she said it so loudly, and with so stern an air of conviction, that the two Misses Briarton, who were of a timorous and tearful nature, dropped their buttered muffins, (it was at one of the tea-parties, which were Stowbridge's only dissipation,) and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill hands were pretty regular in their habits, and even went so far as to send their children to Lady Theobald's free school, and accepted the tracts left weekly at their doors, whether they could read or not, Stowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills, and was just settling itself to sleep the sleep of the just again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

It was Miss Belinda Bassett who received the first shock. Miss Belinda Bassett was a decorous little maiden lady, who lived in a decorous little house on High street, (which was considered a very genteel street in Stowbridge.) She had lived in the same house all her life, her father had lived in it, and so also had her grandfather. She had gone out, to take tea, from its doors two or three times a week, ever since she had been twenty, and she had had her little tea-parties in its front parlor as often as any other genteel Stowbridge entertainer. She had risen at seven, breakfasted at eight, dined at two, taken tea at five, and gone to bed at ten, with such regularity for fifty years, that to rise at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at three, take tea at six, and go to bed at eleven, would, she was firmly convinced, be but to "fly in the face of Providence," as she put it, and sign her own death warrant. Consequently, it is easy to imagine what a tremor and excitement seized her, when, one afternoon, as she sat waiting for her tea, a coach from the Blue Lion dashed—or, at least, *almost* dashed—up to the front door, a young lady got out, and the next minute the hand-maiden, Mary Anne, threw open the door of the parlor, announcing, without the least preface:

"Your niece, mum, from 'Meriker."

Miss Belinda got up, feeling that her knees really trembled beneath her.

In Stowbridge, America was not approved of, in fact was almost entirely ignored, as a country where, to quote Lady Theobald, "the laws were loose, and the prevailing sentiments revolutionary." It was not considered good taste to know Americans—which was not unfortunate, as there were none to know—and Miss Belinda Bassett had always felt a delicacy in mentioning her only brother, who had emigrated to the United States in his youth, having first disgraced himself by the utterance of the blasphemous remark that he "wanted to get to a place where a fellow could stretch himself, and not be bullied by a lot of old tabbies." From the day of his departure, when he had left Miss Belinda bathed in tears of anguish, she had heard nothing of him, and here upon the threshold stood Mary Anne, with delighted eagerness in her countenance, repeating,

"Your niece, mum, from 'Meriker!"

And with the words, her niece entered.

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Miss Belinda put her hand to her heart.

The young lady, thus announced, was the prettiest and at the same time the most extraordinary-looking young lady she had ever seen in her life. Stowbridge contained nothing approaching this niece. Her dress was so very stylish that it was quite startling in its effect, her forehead was covered down to her large, pretty eyes themselves with curls of yellow-brown hair, and her slender throat was swathed round and round with a grand scarf of black lace.

She made a step forward, and then stopped, looking at Miss Belinda. Her eyes which had very long lashes, that gave them a wide, open appearance, suddenly, to Miss Belinda's amazement, filled with tears.

"Didn't you," she said, "ah, dear, *didn't* you get the letter?"

"The—the letter!" faltered Miss Belinda. "What letter, my—my dear?"

"Pa's," was the answer. "Oh, I see you didn't!" And she sank into the nearest chair, putting her hands up to her face, and beginning to cry outright.

"I—am Octavia B-bassett," she said. "We were coming to surp-prise you, and travel in Europe, but the mines went wrong, and p-pa was obliged to go back to Nevada."

"The mines?" gasped Miss Belinda.

"S-silver mines," wept Octavia. "And we had scarcely landed when Piper cabled, and pa had to turn back. It was something about shares, and he may have lost his last dollar!"

Miss Belinda sank into a chair herself.

"Mary Anne," she said, faintly, "bring me a glass of water."

Her tone was such that Octavia removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and sat up to examine her.

"Are you frightened?" she asked, in some alarm.

Miss Belinda took a sip of the water brought by her hand-maiden, replaced the glass upon the salver, and shook her head deprecatingly.

"Not exactly frightened, my dear," she said, "but so amazed that I find it difficult to—to collect myself."

Octavia put up her handkerchief again to wipe away a sudden new gush of tears.

"If shares intended to go down," she said, "I don't see why they couldn't go down before we started, instead of waiting until we got over here, and then spoiling everything."

"Providence, my dear—" began Miss Belinda.

But she was interrupted by the re-entrance of Mary Anne.

"The man from the Lion, mum, wants to know what's to be done with the trunks. There's six of 'em, an' they're all that 'eavy as he says he wouldn't lift one alone for ten shillin'."

"Six!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Whose are they?"

"Mine," replied Octavia. "Wait a minute. I'll go out to him."

Miss Belinda was astounded afresh by the alacrity with which her niece seemed to forget her troubles and rise to the occasion. The girl ran to the front door as if she was quite used to directing her own affairs, and began to issue her orders.

"You will have to get another man," she said. "You might have known that. Go and get one somewhere."

And when the man went off, grumbling a little and evidently rather at a loss before such peremptory coolness, she turned to Miss Belinda.

"Where must he put them?" she asked. It did not seem to have occurred to her once that her identity might be doubted, and some slight obstacles arise before her,

"I am afraid," faltered Miss Belinda, "that five of them will have to be put in the attic."

And in fifteen minutes, five of them *were* put into the attic, and the sixth—the biggest of all—stood in the trim little spare chamber, and pretty Miss Octavia had sunk into a puffy, little, chintz-covered easy chair, while her newly-found relative stood before her, making the most laudable efforts to recover her equilibrium, and not to feel as if her head was spinning round and round.

CHAPTER II.

THE natural result of these efforts was that Miss Belinda was moved to shed a few tears.

"I hope you will excuse my being too startled to say I was glad to see you," she said. "I have not seen my brother for thirty years, and I was very fond of him."

"He said you were," answered Octavia. "And he was very fond of you, too. He didn't write to you, because he made up his mind not to let you hear from him until he was a rich man, and then he thought he would wait until he could come home, and surprise you. He was awfully disappointed when he had to go back without seeing you."

"Poor, dear Martin," wept Miss Belinda, gently. "Such a journey!"

Octavia opened her charming eyes, in surprise.

"Oh, he'll come back again!" she said. "And he doesn't mind the journey. The journey is nothing, you know."

"Nothing!" echoed Miss Belinda. "A

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voyage across the Atlantic nothing? When one thinks of the danger, my dear—"

Octavia's eyes opened a shade wider.

"We have made the trip to the States, across the Isthmus, twelve times, and that takes a month," she remarked. "So we don't think ten days much."

"Twelve times!" said Miss Belinda, quite appalled. "Dear, dear, dear!" And for some moments, she could do nothing but look at her young relative, in doubtful wonder, shaking her head, with actual sadness.

But she finally recovered herself, with a little start.

"What am I thinking of," she exclaimed, remorsefully, "to let you sit here, in this way. Pray excuse me, my dear. You see I am so upset."

She left her chair in a great hurry, and proceeded to embrace her young guest, tenderly, though with a little timorousness. The young lady submitted to the caress with much composure.

"Did I upset you?" she inquired, calmly. The fact was that she could not see why the simple advent of a relative from Nevada should seem to have the effect of an earthquake, and result in tremor, confusion and tears. It was true she herself had shed a tear or so, but then her troubles had been accumulating for several days; and she had not felt confused yet.

When Miss Belinda went down stairs to superintend Mary Anne in the tea making, and left her guest alone, that young person glanced about her with a rather dubious expression.

"It is a queer, nice, little place," she said; "but I don't wonder that pa emigrated, if they always get into such a flurry about little things. I might have been a ghost."

Then she proceeded to unlock the big trunk, and attire herself.

Down stairs, Miss Belinda was wavering between the kitchen and parlor, in a kindly flutter.

"Toast some muffins, Mary Anne. And bring in the cold roast fowl," she said. "And I will put out some strawberry jam, and some of the preserved ginger! Dear me, just to think how fond of preserved ginger poor Martin was, and how little of it he was allowed to eat. There really seems a special Providence in my having such a nice stock of it in the house when his daughter comes home."

In the course of half an hour everything was in readiness, and then Mary Anne, who had been sent upstairs to announce the fact, came down in a most remarkable state of delightful agitation, suppressed ecstacy and amazement, exclaiming aloud in in every feature.

"She's dressed, mum," she announced, "an'll be down immediate," and retired to a shadowy corner of the kitchen passage that she might lie in wait unobserved.

Miss Belinda, sitting behind the tea-service, heard a soft, flowing, silken rustle sweeping down the staircase and across the hall, and then her niece entered.

"Don't you think I've dressed pretty quickly?" she said, and swept across the little parlor, and sat down in her place with the calmest and most unconscious air in the world.

There was in Stowbridge but one dress-making establishment. The head of the establishment—Miss Letitia Chickie—designed the costumes of every woman in Stowbridge, from Lady Theobald down. There were legends that she received her patterns from London, and modified them to suit the Stowbridge taste. Possibly this was true, but in that case her labors as modifier must have been severe indeed since they were so far modified as to be altogether unrecognizable, when they left Miss Chickie's establishment and were borne home in triumph to the houses of her patrons. The taste of Stowbridge was quiet—upon this Stowbridge prided itself specially—and at the same time tended towards economy. When gores came into fashion, Stowbridge clung firmly and with some pride to substantial breadths, which did not cut good silk into useless strips which could not be utilized in after time, and it was only when, after a visit to London, Lady Theobald walked into St. James', one Sunday, with two gores on each side, that Miss Chickie regretfully put scissors into her first breadth. Each matronly member of good society possessed a substantial silk gown of some sober color, which gown having done duty at two years' tea-parties, descended to the grade of "second best," and so descended year by year until it disappeared into the dim distance of the past. The young ladies had their white muslins and natural flowers, which latter decorations invariably collapsed in the course of the evening, and were worn during the latter half of any festive occasion in a flabby and hopeless condition. Miss Chickie made the muslins, festooning and adorning them after festal designs, emanating from her fertile imagination: if they were a little short in the body, and not very generously proportioned in the matter of train, there was no rival establishment to sneer, and Miss Chickie had it all her own way, and at least it could never be said that Stowbridge was vulgar or over-dressed.

Judge then of Miss Belinda Bassett's condition of mind when her fair relative took her seat before her.

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What the material of her niece's dress was Miss Belinda could not have told. It was a silken and soft fabric of a pale blue color; it clung to the slender, buxom young figure like a glove; a fan-like train of great length, almost covered the hearth-rug; there were plaitings and frillings all over it, and yards of delicate satin ribbon cut into loops in the most recklessly extravagant manner possible.

Miss Belinda saw all this at the first glance as Mary Anne had seen it, and like Mary Anne lost her breath; but on her second glance she saw something more—on the pretty, slight hands were three wonderful, sparkling rings composed of diamonds set in clusters; there were great solitaires in the neat little ears, and the thickly-plaited lace at the throat was fastened by a diamond clasp.

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, clutching helplessly at the tea-pot, "are you—surely it is a—a little dangerous to wear such—such priceless ornaments on ordinary occasions."

Octavia stared at her for a moment uncomprehendingly.

"Your jewels, I mean, my love," fluttered Miss Belinda. "Surely you don't wear them often. I declare it quite frightens me to think of having such things in the house."

"Does it?" said Octavia. "That's queer!" And she looked puzzled for a moment again.

Then she glanced down at her rings.

"I nearly always wear these," she remarked. "Father gave them to me. He gave me one each birthday, for three years. He says diamonds are an investment, any way, and I might as well have them. These," touching the earrings and clasp, "were given to my mother, when she was on the stage. A lot of people clubbed together, and bought them for her. She was a great favorite."

Miss Belinda made another clutch at the handle of the tea-pot.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed, faintly. "On the—did you say on the—"

"Stage," answered Octavia. "San Francisco. Father married her there. She was awfully pretty. I don't remember her. She died when I was born. She was only nineteen."

The utter calmness, and freedom from embarrassment, with which these announcements were made, almost shook Miss Belinda's faith in her own identity. Strange to say, until this moment, she had scarcely given a thought to her brother's wife, and to find herself sitting in her own genteel little parlor, behind her own tea-service, with her hand upon her own tea-pot, hearing that this wife had been a young person who had been "a great favorite" upon the stage, in a region peopled, as she had been led to suppose, by gold-diggers and escaped convicts, was almost too much for her to support herself under. But she did support herself bravely, when she had time to rally.

"Help yourself to some fowl, my dear," she said, hospitably, even though very faintly indeed, "and take a muffin."

Octavia did so, her rather over-splendid hands flashing in the light, as she moved them.

"American girls always have more things than English girls," she observed, with admirable coolness. "They dress more. I have been told so by girls who have been in Europe. And I have more things than most American girls. Father had more money than most people, that was one reason, and he spoiled me, I suppose. He had no one else to give things to, and he said I should have everything I took a fancy to. He often laughed at me for buying things, but he never said I shouldn't buy them."

"He was always generous," sighed Miss Belinda. "Poor, dear Martin!"

Octavia scarcely entered into the spirit of this mournful sympathy. She was fond of her father, but her recollections of him were not pathetic or sentimental.

"He took me with him wherever he went," she proceeded. "And we had a teacher from the States, who travelled with us, sometimes. He never sent me away from him. I wouldn't have gone, if he had wanted to send me—and he didn't want to." With a satisfied little laugh.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Belinda sat, looking at her niece, with a sense of being at once stunned and fascinated. To see a creature so young, so pretty, so luxuriously splendid, and at the same time so simply and completely at ease with herself and her surroundings, was a revelation quite beyond her comprehension. The best bred and nicest girls Stowbridge could produce, were apt to look a trifle conscious and timid, when they found themselves attired in the white muslin and floral decorations; but this slender creature sat in her gorgeous attire, her train flowing over the modest carpet, her rings flashing, her ear-pendants twinkling, apparently entirely oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that all her belongings were sufficiently out of place to be startling beyond measure.

Her chief characteristic, however, seemed to be her excessive frankness. She did not hesitate at all to make the most remarkable statements concerning her own and her father's past career.

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She made them, too, as if there was nothing unusual about them. Twice, in her childhood, a luckless speculation had left her father penniless; and once he had taken her to a Californian gold-diggers' camp, where she had been the only female member of the somewhat reckless community.

"But they were pretty good-natured, and made a pet of me," she said. "And we did not stay very long. Father had a stroke of luck, and we went away. I was sorry when we had to go, and so were the men. They made me a present of a set of jewelry made out of the gold they had got themselves. There is a breastpin like a breastplate, and a necklace like a dog collar; the bracelets tire my arms, and the earrings pull my ears; but I wear them sometimes—gold girdle and all."

"Did I," inquired Miss Belinda, timidly, "did I understand you to say, my dear, that your father's business was in some way connected with silver-mining?"

"It *is* silver-mining," was the response. "He owns some mines, you know—"

"Owns!" said Miss Belinda, much fluttered. "Owns some silver mines? He must be a very rich man—a very rich man! I declare, it quite takes my breath away."

"Oh! he is rich," said Octavia. "Awfully rich—sometimes. And then again he isn't. Shares go up, you know, and then they go down. And you don't seem to have anything; but father generally comes out right, because he is lucky and knows how to manage."

"But—but how uncertain!" gasped Miss Belinda. "I should be perfectly miserable. Poor, dear Mar—"

"Oh! no you wouldn't," said Octavia. "You'd get used to it, and wouldn't mind much—particularly if you were lucky as father is. There is everything in being lucky and knowing how to manage. When we first went to Bloody Gulch—"

"My dear!" cried Miss Belinda, aghast. "I—I beg of you—"

Octavia stopped short. She gazed at Miss Belinda, in bewilderment, as she had done several times before.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired, placidly.

"My dear love," explained Miss Belinda, innocently, determined at least to do her duty, "it is not customary in—in Stowbridge—in fact, I think I may say in England—to use such—such exceedingly—I don't want to wound your feelings, my dear—but such exceedingly strong expressions. I refer, my dear, to the one which began with a B. It is really considered profane, as well as dreadful beyond measure."

"The one which began with a B," repeated Octavia, still staring at her. "That is the name of a place; but I didn't name it, you know. It was called that in the first place, because a party of men were surprised and murdered there, while they were asleep in their camp at night. It isn't a very nice name, of course; but I'm not responsible for it; and besides, now the place is growing, they are going to call it Athens or Magnolia Vale. They tried L'Argentville for a while; but people would call it Lodginville, and nobody liked it."

"I trust you never lived there," said Miss Belinda. "I beg your pardon for being so horrified, but I really could not refrain from starting, when you spoke; and I cannot help hoping you never lived there."

"I live there now, when I am at home," Octavia replied. "The mines are there, and father has built a house, and had the furniture brought on from New York."

Miss Belinda tried not to shudder, but almost failed.

"Won't you take another muffin, my love?" she said, with a sigh. "Do take another muffin."

"No, thank you," answered Octavia, and it must be confessed that she looked a little bored, as she leaned back in her chair, and glanced down at the train of her dress. It seemed to her that her simplest statement or remark created a sensation.

Having at last risen from the tea-table, she wandered to the window, and stood there, looking out at Miss Belinda's flower garden. It was quite a pretty flower garden, and a good-sized one, considering the dimensions of the house. There was an oval grass plot, divers gravel paths, heart and diamond-shaped beds, aglow with brilliant annuals, a great many rose bushes, several laburnums and lilacs, and a trim hedge of holly surrounding it.

"I think I should like to go out, and walk round there," remarked Octavia, smothering a little yawn behind her hand. "Suppose we go—if you don't care."

"Certainly, my dear," assented Miss Belinda. "But perhaps—" with a delicately dubious glance at her attire. "You would like to make some little alteration in your dress—to put something a little—dark over it."

Octavia glanced down also.

"Oh, no!" she replied, "it will do well enough. I will throw a scarf over my head though. Not because I need it," unblushingly,

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"but because I have a lace one that is very becoming."

She went up to her room for the article in question, and in three minutes was down again. When she first caught sight of her, Miss Belinda found herself obliged to clear her throat quite suddenly. What Stowbridge would think of seeing such a toilette in her front garden, upon an ordinary occasion, she could not imagine. The scarf truly was becoming. It was a long affair of rich white lace, and was thrown over the girl's head, wound round her throat, and the ends tossed over her shoulders, with the most picturesque air of carelessness in the world.

"You look quite like a bride, my dear Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "We are scarcely used to such things in Stowbridge."

But Octavia only laughed a little.

"I am going to get some pink roses, and fasten the ends with them, when we get into the garden," she said.

She stopped for this purpose at the first rose bush they reached. She gathered half a dozen slender-stemmed, heavy-headed buds, and having fastened the lace with some, was carelessly placing the rest at her waist, when Miss Belinda started violently.

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, dear!" she exclaimed, nervously, "there is Lady Theobald."

Lady Theobald having been making calls of state, was returning home rather later than usual, when in driving up High street, her eye fell upon Miss Bassett's garden. She put up her eyeglasses, and gazed through them, severely; then she issued a mandate to her coachman.

"Dobson," she said, "drive more slowly."

She could not believe the evidence of her own eyeglasses. In Miss Bassett's garden she saw a tall girl, "dressed," as she put it, "like an actress," her delicate dress trailing upon the grass, a white lace scarf about her head and shoulders, roses in that scarf, roses at her waist.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "is Belinda Bassett giving a party, without so much as mentioning it to *me*?"

Then she issued another mandate.

"Dobson," she said, "drive faster, and drive me to Miss Bassett's."

Miss Belinda came out to the gate to meet her, quaking inwardly. Octavia simply turned slightly where she stood, and looked at her ladyship, without any pretence of concealing her curiosity.

Lady Theobald bent forward in her landau.

"Belinda," she said, "how do you do? I did not know you intended to introduce garden-parties into Stowbridge."

"Dear Lady Theobald—" began Miss Belinda.

"Who is that young person?" demanded her ladyship.

"She is poor, dear Martin's daughter," answered Miss Belinda. "She arrived to-day —from Nevada, where—where it appears Martin has been very fortunate, and owns a great many silver-mines—"

"A 'great many' silver mines!" cried Lady Theobald. "Are you mad, Belinda Bassett? I am ashamed of you. At your time of life, too!"

Miss Belinda almost shed tears.

"She said 'some silver-mines' I am sure," she faltered; "for I remember how astonished and bewildered I was. The fact is that she is such a very singular girl, and has told me so many wonderful things, in the strangest cool way, that I am quite uncertain of myself. Murderers, and gold-diggers, and silver-mines, and camps, full of men without women making presents of gold girdles and dog-collars, and earrings that drag your ears down. It is enough to upset any one."

"I should think so," responded her ladyship. "Open the carriage door, Belinda, and let me get out."

She felt that this matter must be inquired into at once, and not allowed to go too far. She had ruled Stowbridge too long to allow such innovations to remain uninvestigated. She would not be likely to be "upset," at least. She descended from her landau, with her most rigorous air. Her stout, rich, black *moire antique* gown rustled severely, the yellow ostrich feather in her bonnet waved majestically. (Being a brunette, and Lady Theobald, she wore yellow.) As she tramped up the gravel walk, she held up her dress with both hands, as an example to vulgar and reckless young people who wore trains and left them to take care of themselves.

Octavia was arranging afresh the bunch of long-stemmed, swaying buds at her waist, and she was giving all her attention to her task when her visitor first addressed her.

"How do you do?" remarked her ladyship, in a fine, deep voice.

Miss Belinda followed her meekly.

"Octavia," she explained, "this is Lady Theobald, whom you will be very glad to know. She knew your father."

"Yes," returned my lady, "years ago. He has had time to improve since then. How do you do?"

Octavia's limpid eyes rested serenely upon her.

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"How do you do?" she said, rather indifferently.

"You are from Nevada?" said Lady Theobald.

"Yes."

"It is not long since you left there?"

Octavia smiled faintly.

"Do I look like that?" she inquired.

"Like what?" said my lady.

"As if I had not long lived in a civilized place. I dare say I do, because it is true that I haven't."

"You don't look like an English girl," remarked her ladyship.

Octavia smiled again. She looked at the yellow feather and stout *moire antique* dress, but quite as if by accident, and without any mental deduction, then she glanced at the rosebuds in her hand.

"I suppose I ought to be sorry for that," she observed. "I dare say I shall be in time—when I have been longer away from Nevada."

"I must confess," admitted her ladyship, and evidently without the least regret or embarrassment, "I must confess that I don't know where Nevada is."

"It isn't in Europe," replied Octavia, with a soft, light laugh. "You know that, don't you?"

The words themselves sounded to Lady Theobald like the most outrageous impudence, but when she looked at the pretty, love-lock shaded face, she was staggered. The look it wore was such a very innocent and undisturbed one. At the moment the only solution to be reached seemed to be that this was the style of young people in Nevada, and that it was ignorance and not insolence she had to do battle with—which, indeed, was partially true.

"I have not had any occasion to inquire where it is, situated so far," she responded, firmly. "It is not so necessary for English people to know America as it is for Americans to know England."

"Isn't it?" said Octavia, without any great show of interest. "Why not?"

"For—for a great many reasons it would be fatiguing to explain," courageously. "How is your father?"

"He is very sea-sick now," was the smiling answer, "deadly sea-sick. He has just been out twenty-four hours."

"Out? What does that mean?"

"Out on the Atlantic. He was called back suddenly, and obliged to leave me. That is why I came here alone."

"Pray do come into the parlor and sit down, dear Lady Theobald," ventured Miss Belinda. "Octavia—"

"Don't you think it is nicer out here?" said Octavia.

"My dear," answered Miss Belinda. "Lady Theobald—." She was really quite shocked.

"Ah!" interposed Octavia. "I only thought it was cooler."

She preceded them without seeming to be at all conscious that she was taking the lead.

"You had better pick up your dress, Miss Octavia," said Lady Theobald, rather acidly.

The girl glanced over her shoulder at the length of train sweeping the path, but she made no movement towards picking it up.

"It is too much trouble, and one has to duck down so," she said. "It is bad enough to have to keep doing it when one is on the street. Besides they would never wear out if one took too much care of them."

When they went into the parlor and sat down, Lady Theobald made excellent use of her time, and managed to hear again all that had tried and bewildered Miss Belinda. She had no hesitation in asking questions boldly; she considered it her privilege to do so; she had catechised Stowbridge for forty years, and meant to maintain her rights until Time played her the knave's trick of disabling her.

In half an hour she had heard about the silver-mines, the gold-diggers, and L'Argentville, she knew that Martin Bassett was a millionaire, if the news he had heard had not left him penniless, that he would return to England, and visit Stowbridge, as soon as his affairs were settled. The precarious condition of his finances did not seem to cause Octavia much concern. She had asked no questions when he went away, and seemed quite at ease regarding the future.

"People will always lend him money, and then he is lucky with it," she said.

She bore the catechizing very well. Her replies were frequently rather trying to her interlocutor, but she never seemed troubled or ashamed of anything she had to say; and she wore, from first to last, that inscrutably innocent and indifferent little air.

She did not even show confusion when Lady Theobald, on going away, made her farewell comment:

"You are a very fortunate girl to own such jewels," she said, glancing critically at the diamonds in her ears; "but, if you take my advice, my dear, you will put them away, and save them until you are a married woman. It is not customary, on this side of the water, for young girls to wear such things—particularly on ordinary occasions. People will think you are odd."

"It is not exactly customary in America," replied Octavia, with her undisturbed smile. "There are not many girls who have such things.

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Perhaps they would wear them, if they had them. I don't care a very great deal about them, but I mean to wear them."

Lady Theobald went away in a dudgeon.

"You will have to exercise your authority, Belinda, and *make* her put them away," she said to Miss Bassett. "It is absurd—besides being atrocious."

"Make her!" faltered Miss Bassett.

"Yes, 'make her'—though I see you will have your hands full. I never heard such romancing stories in my life. It is just what one might expect from your brother Martin."

When Miss Bassett returned, Octavia was standing before the window, watching the carriage drive away, and playing absently with one of her earrings as she did so.

"What an old fright she is!" was her first guileless remark.

Miss Belinda quite bridled.

"My dear," she said, with dignity, "no one in Stowbridge would think of applying such a phrase to Lady Theobald."

Octavia turned round, and looked at her.

"But don't you think she is one?" she exclaimed. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have said it; but you know we haven't anything as bad as that, even out in Nevada—really!"

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, "different countries contain different people, and in Stowbridge *we* have our standards," her best cap trembling a little with her repressed excitement.

But Octavia did not appear overwhelmed by the existence of the standards in question. She turned to the window again.

"Well, any way," she said, "I think it was pretty cool in her to order me to take off my diamonds, and save them until I was married. How does she know whether I mean to be married or not? I don't know that I care about it."

CHAPTER V.

In this manner Stowbridge received the shock which shook it to its foundations, and it was a shock from which it did not recover for some time. Before ten o'clock, the next morning, everybody knew of the arrival of Martin Bassett's daughter.

The very boarding-school, (Miss Piper's Select Seminary for young ladies, "combining the comforts of a home," as the circular said, "with all the advantages of genteel education,") was on fire with it, highly colored versions of the stories told being circulated from the "first class" downward, even taking the form of an Indian Princess, tattooed blue, and with difficulty restrained from indulging in war-whoops, which last feature so alarmed little Miss Bigbee, aged seven, that she retired in fear and trembling, and shed tears under the bedclothes, her terror and anguish being much added to by the stirring recitals of scalping stories by pretty Miss Phipps, of the first class—a young person who possessed a vivid imagination, and delighted in romances of a tragic turn.

"I have not the slightest doubt," said Miss Phipps, "that when she is at home she lives in a wampum."

"What is a wampum?" inquired one of her admiring audience.

"A tent," replied Miss Phipps, with some impatience. "I should think any goose would know that. It is a kind of tent hung with scalps and—and—moccassins, and—lariats—and things of that sort."

"I don't believe that is the right name for it," put in Miss Smith, who was a pert member of the third class.

"Ah!" commented Miss Phipps, "that was Miss Smith who spoke, of course. We may always expect information from Miss Smith. I trust that I may be allowed to say that I *think* I *have* a brother—"

"He doesn't know much about it, if he calls a wigwam a wampum," interposed Miss Smith, with still greater pertness. "I have a brother who knows better than that, if I am only in the third class."

For a moment Miss Phipps appeared to be meditating. Perhaps she was a trifle discomfited, but she recovered herself after a brief pause, and returned to the charge.

"Well," she remarked, "perhaps it is wigwam. Who cares if it is? And at any rate, whatever it is, I haven't the slightest doubt that she lives in one."

This comparatively tame version was, however, entirely discarded when the diamonds and silver mines began to figure more largely in the reports. Certainly pretty, over-dressed, jewel-bedecked Octavia gave Stowbridge abundant cause for excitement.

After leaving her, Lady Theobald drove home to Oldclough Hall, rather out of humor. She had been rather out of humor for some time, having never quite recovered from her anger at the daring of that cheerful builder of mills, Mr. John Burmistone. Mr. Burmistone had been one innovation, and Octavia Bassett was another. She had not been able to manage Mr. Burmistone, and she was not at all sure that she had managed Octavia Bassett.

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She entered the dining-room with an ominous frown on her forehead.

At the end of the table opposite her own seat, was a vacant chair, and her frown deepened when she saw it.

"Where is Miss Gaston?" she demanded of the servant.

Before the man had time to reply, the door opened, and a girl came in hurriedly, and with a somewhat frightened air.

"I beg pardon, grandmamma, dear," she said, going to her seat quickly. "I did not know you had come home."

"We have a dinner-hour," announced her ladyship, "and *I* do not disregard it."

"I am very sorry," faltered the culprit.

"That is enough, Lucia," interrupted Lady Theobald, and Lucia dropped her eyes, and began to eat her soup with nervous haste. In fact, she was glad to escape so easily.

She was a very pretty creature, with velvet, brown eyes, a velvet, soft, white skin, and a slight figure with a reed-like grace in its tenderness. A great quantity of brown hair was twisted into an ugly coil on the top of her delicate little head, and she wore an ugly muslin gown of Miss Chickie's make.

For some time the meal progressed in dead silence, but at length Lucia ventured to raise her eyes.

"I have been walking in Stowbridge, grandmamma," she said, "and I met Mr. Burmistone, who told me that Miss Bassett has a visitor—a young lady from America."

Lady Theobald laid her knife and fork down deliberately.

"Mr. Burmistone," she said. "Did I understand you to say that you stopped on the roadside to converse with Mr. Burmistone?"

Lucia colored up to her delicate eyebrows and above them.

"I was trying to reach a flower growing on the bank," she said, "and he was so kind as to stop to get it for me. I did not know he was near at first. And then he inquired how you were—and told me he had just heard about the young lady."

"Naturally!" remarked her ladyship, sardonically. "It is as I anticipated it would be. We shall find Mr. Burmistone at our elbows upon all occasions. And he will not allow himself to be easily driven away. He is as determined as persons of his class usually are."

"Oh, grandmamma!" protested Lucia, with innocent fervor. "I really do not think he is—like that at all. I could not help thinking he was very gentlemanly and kind. He is so much interested in your school, and so anxious that it should prosper."

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, "how long a time this generous expression of his sentiments occupied? Was this the reason of your forgetting the dinner hour?"

"We did not—" said Lucia, guiltily, "it did not take many minutes. I—I do not think that made me late."

Lady Theobald dismissed this paltry excuse with one remark—a remark made in the deep tones referred to once before.

"I should scarcely have expected," she observed, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent half an hour conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Stowbridge Mills."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, the tears rising in her eyes, "it was not half an hour."

"I should scarcely have expected," replied her ladyship, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent five minutes conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Stowbridge Mills."

To this assault there seemed to be no reply to make. Theobald had her granddaughter under excellent control. Under her rigorous rule, the girl—whose mother had died at her birth—had been brought up. At nineteen she was simple, sensitive, shy. She had been permitted to have no companions, and the greatest excitements of her life had been the Stowbridge tea-parties. Of the late Sir Gilbert Theobald, the less said the better. He had spent very little of his married life at Oldclough Hall, and upon his decease his widow had found herself possessed of a substantial, gloomy mansion, an exalted position in Stowbridge society, and a small marriage settlement, upon which she might make all the efforts she chose to sustain her state. So Lucia wore her dresses a much longer time than any other Stowbridge young lady; she was obliged to mend her little gloves again and again; and her hats were retrimmed so often that even Stowbridge thought them old fashioned. But she was too simple and sweet-natured to be much troubled, and indeed thought very little about the matter. She was only troubled when Lady Theobald scolded her, which was by no means infrequently. Perhaps the straits to which her ladyship was put at times to maintain her dignity embittered her somewhat.

"Lucia is neither a Theobald nor a Barold," she had been heard to say once, and she had said it with much rigor.

A subject of much conversation in private circles had been Lucia's future. It had been discussed in whispers since her seventeenth year, but no one had seemed to approach any solution

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of the difficulty. Upon the subject of her plans for her granddaughter, Lady Theobald had preserved stern silence. Once, and once only, she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the expression of a sentiment connected with the matter.

"If Miss Lucia marries—" a matron of reckless proclivities had remarked.

Lady Theobald turned upon her, slowly and majestically.

"*If* Miss Gaston marries," she repeated. "Does it seem likely that Miss Gaston will *not* marry?"

This settled the matter finally. Lucia was to be married when Lady Theobald thought fit. So far, however, she had not thought fit—indeed there had been nobody for Lucia to marry—nobody whom her grandmother would have allowed her to marry, at least. There were very few young men in Stowbridge, and the very few were scarcely eligible according to Lady Theobald's standard, and—if such a thing should be mentioned—to Lucia's, if she had known she had one, which she certainly did not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIOLETS.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

Do you remember, love, the day
We walked the woodland wild and sweet?
'Twas in the golden heart of May.
We heard 'mid ferns and mossy stones
The brooklet's shattered crystals beat;
Above our heads was leaf and bloom,
And leaf and bloom beneath our feet,
That day we gathered violets.

Up came a shower, suddenly:
Afar we heard its music rush
Upon the woodland's dreamy hush,
And, 'neath a beech's rustling tent,
Whose long, green boughs with whispers bent,
And rose again, melodiously,
We refuge took; the wood awoke,
And into breezy laughter broke;
With mellow murmur, song and sigh,
On came the rain, and sparkled by,
In silver gusts; delicious balms
Arose, and o'er us gleefully,
The light leaves clapped their velvet palms.

Ah! now I seem to see again
The throbbing leaves, the slanting rain,
And you with sweet, uplifted eyes,
The pearls of rain upon your hair,
That broke in ripples round your brow.
Too bright for earth, too pure, too fair;
You dwell in heavenly gardens now,
And gather fadeless violets.

I stand beside your grave to-day,
And see along the distant hills,
Like drifted snow the bloom of May.
Ineffable aroma fills
The quiet air; the gentle rain
Upon the grass falls tenderly.
Oh, love, do you remember me?
In heaven do you remember me?
Thus cries my sad heart, ceaselessly,
From out the depths of bitter pain,
As from your grave I turn away
Where I have planted violets.

WHAT KATY DID.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

"Katy did, oh, Katy did."
What did Katy do,
That you sing about it so,
All the summer through?

Some one met her, in the garden,
As the sun went down.
Katy looked at him, severely,
With an awful frown;
Said "she thought he came too often,
Wished he'd go away;
She would rather—rather see him—
At some future day."

Then his heart fell like a plummet,
And his hopes all fled;
Till he chanced to think that, somewhere,
He had heard, or read,
That, in cases like the present,
Woman's "nay" meant "yea."
Then his heart grew somewhat lighter,
And he said his say.

Spoke, as if he was not troubled,
By one doubt or fear.
Spoke, as if he had not noticed
Either frown, or sneer.

Yes! we heard his earnest pleading;
Heard his whispers low;
Saw that Katy's heart grew tender;
And we also know,
With her head upon his shoulder,
And her blushes hid,
Katy murmured, "Yes;" then kissed him.
Katy did—she did!

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THE SOUTH BRANCH FARM.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

THE Taneys had lived on South Branch farm since colony times, and no Taney had ever cheated a man of a dollar. They lent no money, and they borrowed none; they never sat at any man's table, or asked a guest to theirs.

The Taney pew—a front one—was filled every Sunday, come rain or sun. Mrs. Taney, a middle-aged woman, with her gray hair in a tight little knot behind, and wearing the same rusty black gown and bonnet for a dozen years, was always, like the others, present. But sometimes she was asleep. For this was the one hour of the whole week when she could sit down on a cushion, and fold her hands. The air was warm; the music soft and sweet; no wonder she slept. Sometimes the words that were read stirred her soul; it seemed as if her childhood woke, as if the tears must come to her long dry eyes. But they never did. By the time she had walked home with her son William, the strange story of Bethlehem, or of the heavenly glory to come, had faded into a doubtful dream, and all that was real was the South Branch farm, the price of pork, or the fall in potatoes. After church, dinner must be ready, (piping hot, too, on account of the boarder,) in half an hour; then she had the sheep to look after, and the poultry to feed; then supper; then milking. The Taneys never had kept any "help." Mrs. Taney had brought up six children, been sole cook, sempstress, tailor, and dairy-maid; yet her husband, old Ben, always had said: "Sarah's not a capable woman. No Taney blood in *her*."

Ben had been dead five years; but his wife went on, carrying a growing load, on the back which lacked bone. William was a harder task-master than his father had been; the very oxen felt the lash oftener, and their corn fell off one half. He sat in the kitchen now, with a book before him, while his mother and youngest sister, Letty, were cooking the supper.

"Take that butter off of the table," he said, suddenly. "Molasses will do. What are you cooking meat for? It's not necessary. Put it back in the cellar."

"Yes, William," replied his mother, submissively. "Only I thought the boarder—"

"We can't afford to feed him like a lord. You'll have to exercise economy, mother. I can't be always here to look after things. How am I ever to pay for the meadow lots, if money is flung about in this way?"

"In what way, William?" Mrs. Taney's scared eyes wandered over the bare kitchen, the smouldering coals in a corner of the grate, the half starved face of her little girl. "I try to save, I'm sure. What way do you mean?"

"Oh, every way!" closing his book, with a bang. "There's a leak at every corner. Why, I toil and slave, the year round. But with such a lot of mouths to feed—"

He glared at Letty, who shrank into the pantry. She did not come out during supper, and her mother dared not call her. The girl was crying, as usual, and her tears always exasperated William. Poor Letty felt the horrible guilt of her hearty appetite sore upon her. She was always hungry; hungry to faintness now.

Mrs. Taney forgot to eat her dry bread, or drink her milk. The meadow lots? It was to buy these lots, that her husband had made their lives bare, and hard, and wretched, from their wedding-day. The good, wholesome produce of the farm, which should have fed the children, had gone to market, while they ate the refuse; the money, which should have educated them, had been put in bank to buy these lots. When her baby was ill, no doctor was brought, and the child died; the money saved went to the lots; the mother had begged for a head-stone for the child, but the money was needed for the lots. There was Letty, growing to be a woman, half-clothed and half-starved, without a sparkle of fun or pleasure to lighten her young life; while poorer girls dressed, and went out, and had company, and enjoyed, as the young should, days filled with comfort and happiness. Every penny thus saved, William laid by for "the lots." Yes! —those twelve acres—had come to be the absolute Good for these people. Not a happy life, nor God, nor heaven.

After supper, his mother followed him out.

"William," she said, desperately, "how many years will it be before you can buy the lots?"

"Years? The lots!" in unfeigned amazement. "I—how on earth can you understand business?"

It was the first time she had ever spoken in this way.

"I don't know. But I am afraid I will not live to see it. It is so long—"

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She went back to the kitchen. The dishes stood untouched upon the table, and little Letty was seated on the steps, a basket of red peaches beside her, which the boarder had brought down from his room.

He was a young man, a teacher in a Virginia country school, who had come up to these hills, geologizing, in his summer vacation.

"I brought them from the McBride farm, Mrs. Taney," he said. "They are a very common kind in the Shenandoah valley," handing them to her.

Mrs. Taney's thin features grew warm.

"I remember a tree just like these, at home," she said. "By the old mill. My old nurse used to hold me up to pull them for myself."

"Your little girl tells me you came from Fauquier county. It is a fine county."

"It is the most beautiful in the world!" said Mrs. Taney.

She stopped, and went in hastily. She felt the tears choking her. She could hear Mr. Burke tell the child that his school was in Fauquier, and that he had often passed her grandfather's house. It was for sale now, with a dozen acres about it; would sell very cheaply, no doubt. Land had depreciated since the war. "A quiet, comfortable little homestead, too," he said, "as any in the State."

Mrs. Taney paused in her work.

"Oh, if I could only show it to Letty!" she said to herself. "The dear old farm! The sunny porches, and the Bourbon roses, and the great oaks, centuries old!" She never had spoken of her old home to her other children; but to Letty she had talked of it, often, when they were alone. Letty was like herself—the others were all Taneys.

She came to the door.

"Do you know, Mr. Burke, if there is an old negro on the place—a gardener?"

"Uncle Tod? Oh, everybody knows the old man! And his stories about the Clevelands, 'de fambly,' as he calls them."

"We were the Clevelands. And old Tod is really living yet?" She laughed for the first time in a year.

When Letty had gone in, Mr. Burke paced up and down the porch. He was a manly, large-natured young fellow, and his heart ached with pity for the poor, pinched lives of this child and her mother. All he could do to show them kindness was to lend books to Letty, which she devoured eagerly; for she was fond of reading; in fact, she had obstinately persisted in staying at the free-school, until she had educated herself.

William Taney waited until the young man had gone, and then he went into the pantry, where his mother was straining the last crock of milk. Something in his manner made her set it down, trembling.

"You have bad news to tell?" she said.

"No," with an uneasy, strident laugh. "Most folks count it good. Fact is, mother, I've made up my mind to marry—"

"Oh, William!" her old cheeks coloring.

"I made up my mind three months ago. And the girl's courted, and the wedding's to be to-morrow. There now! No need for you to look in that way. I'm generally pretty close-mouthed about my own business; you might know that. And I didn't choose to have the matter cackled over at home. The girl's Miss Sophy Crawford."

His mother came towards him. He was her son after all, and this was the turning-point of his life. She put her arms about him, and kissed him. "God bless you, my boy," she said.

He stood immovable as a log.

"Don't let's have any fuss," he said. "You'd better sit down. You're shaking all over. Well, that's all. There'll be no wedding hubbub here. I don't hold to spending money in feeding a lot of guzzling fools. The Crawfords have a regular blow-out in the morning. But you don't want to go, I reckon?" uneasily.

"I should like to see you married," timidly.

"Oh, nonsense! There's no sickly sentiment about *me*. I'll have Sophy home by supper-time. You'll have to see to things here."

He lighted his candle and turned to go. "By the way, she was here a month ago."

"Yes." Mrs. Taney remembered distinctly the gross-featured, black-eyed young woman, who had swaggered through the farm-house, in her cheap silk and gilt jewelry.

"She came just to look at her new home, and —well—she rather took a fancy to the south chamber. You'd better fix it up for her."

"My room, William?"

"Yes. It's all the same to you. Of course you can go up to Letty."

Letty, who had been at work inside, came out, and threw her arms, sobbing, about her mother. She knew that this had been her mother's room for thirty years. All Mrs. Taney's children were born in it: the baby died there.

William stopped and came back, saying,

"Now look here! It's just as well to speak plainly at once. I'll have no opposition to my wife from you, Letty, nor from—from any other woman. I'm the head of this house. My wife shall be mistress in it. She brings me a snug bit of money, and I'll not have her nor her family insulted in it."

"My son!"

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But he had stalked off to bed.

There was no time, the next day, for Mrs. Taney or Letty to even think of the coming trouble. They were up as usual, two or three hours before day, kindling fires, milking, and cooking breakfast for the six harvest hands. Then came washing, a dinner at noon, all the work of a farm, in short, which falls on the women, in addition to which was the cleaning and preparation of the room, which the bride had chosen for her own. Mrs. Taney moved sluggishly through the latter part of the work.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Letty.

Mrs. Taney laughed feebly.

"I don't know. I feel like a clock, that is nearly run down."

Letty made no reply. The child had lately been absent, almost indifferent, while her mother talked, apparently wrapped in her own thoughts. Could it be, the mother thought, that Letty also was forsaking her? Mrs. Taney had only had one other daughter—the baby who died. The other children were sons, all of whom, except William, had gone to the West, and married there. She often had wished they would ask her to visit them, that she might see their children. But they never did it.

While they were hanging out the clothes, that afternoon, Mrs. Taney heard a tap, three times repeated, on the orchard fence. Letty's face colored. She dropped the clothes and ran down behind the apple-trees. As she came back, her mother saw her thrust a note into her pocket. Mrs. Taney grew suddenly sick at heart. Letty with a secret! Letty carrying on a clandestine love affair!

While Mrs. Taney stood, doubting whether to ask the child for her confidence, Letty had disappeared. A few moments later, the girl went down the road, in her clean dress and sunbonnet. It was but a trifle, yet it stunned the jaded woman, as a sharp blow would have done. The other farmers' daughters kept up a perpetual, vulgar flirting and secret courtships. But Letty was her own one ewe-lamb, delicate and pure.

Mr. Burke, coming over the fields, that afternoon, with his hatchet and bag of specimens, was amazed to see Letty standing on the road, in eager conversation with a man. "A coarse, red-jawed, beery fellow," was his angry verdict. The "fellow" talked long and earnestly; then took Letty's hand, and pressed it fervently. Burke turned his back on them, and struck across the hills. The girl's mother should hear of this at once, he said to himself, decidedly. Then he slackened his pace. What was it to him? Why should he vex himself about this girl? Or meddle in her love affairs? He went slowly back to the hills. But the blood rushed with a strange beat through his veins.

In an hour, Letty was back, and at work, with redoubled vigor, to make up for lost time. Her mother scanned her innocent, meek face, with a breathless terror.

Surely there was no guilt there! She would not doubt her; she would not ask a question.

"I have dressed the table with flowers," the mother said, "and made a cake—a real brides-cake. I hope William won't be angry. But this is so different from weddings in Virginia. Oh, Letty, if you and I could only go to the old house, and sleep for one night in the room which was mine when I was a child! I think just that little thing would give me years of life."

"There they come!" cried Letty, as the big Crawford carriage was seen dashing up the road. She grew very pale, and shrank back. The girl had always been afraid of her brother William; and his wife, she suspected, would be as hard a ruler, and a more vulgar one.

But Mrs. Taney led her to the porch.

"You must welcome them, Letty," she said.

The bride watched them, from the carriage window, with keen, jealous eyes. Her father had given her a hint, as to her future course.

"You've made a good match, Sophy," he said. "Bill Taney's got as long a purse as any man in the county, and the farm's comfortable. But the old woman an' her da'ater'll be a drawback. They'll try to ride over you rough-shod, likely. Just take your stand at once. Let 'em see you'll be mistress in your own house."

"Trust me for that, pappy," said Miss Sophy.

The whole Crawford family had accompanied her, to see how she would hold her ground.

When poor Mrs. Taney stepped forward, therefore, her thin face reddening, and her hands held out, the bride received her welcome with a careless nod.

"I hope you will be happy in your new home, my dear," said the gentle lady.

"Oh, no doubt, ma'am! I generally hold my own pretty well. Come in, pappy. Come, Sue. I want you to see my house, before it is dark. Here's the living-room. Bill must fit that up into a parlor—double-quick, too. D'ye hear, Mr. Taney?" laughing loudly. "You needn't trouble yourself, ma'am, to show the way. Come along, all of you."

William stopped, and looked with sudden pity at his mother, and then followed his wife, who went, talking loudly, up the stairs.

Mrs. Taney and Letty placed the supper on the table. The bride came in, the noisiest of the

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noisy party. She went hastily to the head of the table, saying: "This is my place, I believe."

William gravely motioned his mother to a seat among the strangers. His wife bore herself as though she had been mistress for years, and found fault freely when the humor seized her. The bread was dry as chaff, the ham was bitter with salt, she said.

"That's your idea of cooking, mother Taney, eh? I'll give you a hint or two, to-morrow. We young people have progressed, you know."

"Not that I mean to take the work out of their hands," she said to her sister, aside. "No, no! If we feed 'em, they've got to earn their bread."

Letty overheard the whisper, and her scared face grew a shade paler.

"Very nice old silver, William!" said the bride, directly, weighing the spoons on her finger, and then reading the mark. "'Cleveland,' eh? You must have that altered, please, to our initials. I can't use spoons with strange names on 'em."

William glanced uneasily at his mother. But the latter did not speak. "Very well, my dear, it shall be as you please," he said.

As the days lengthened into weeks, the bride found her sway becoming more absolute. It occurred to William, sometimes, that she might share in the work. But like most farmers of his class, he was used to see his mother drudge, from morning until night, and vaguely supposed it was her natural condition of life. Sophy carried the keys, and dealt out the provisions. Her ruddy, animal beauty pleased him: it was a pity, he thought, to mar it with hard work.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burke had taken lodgings with a neighboring farmer. He kept a close scrutiny on Letty, solely for her mother's sake, he told himself. She met the "beery fellow" twice, and took long walks with him; she received letters from him by mail. The geologist found that this matter interested him more than his fossils, even.

One morning, Letty came into the room, when William stood joking with his wife, before going to the field. They looked at her, with astonishment, for the girl was always silent and shy.

"Brother, I want to speak to you," she said, catching her breath.

"Well, go on," said Sophy, impatiently. "What are you afraid of?"

Letty spoke directly to William, ignoring her. "The potatoes and apples must be picked over, and the cellars are damp. Could one of the hands do it?"

"Good gracious! Do you want the harvesting to stop?" cried Sophy. "You and mother Taney can do it at your leisure. Do you suppose your brother pays men such ruinous wages to wait on a lot of women?"

"You have always done it," said William.

"Mother is not well, William."

"Well, manage it as you like. I can't be bothered with the kitchen work," he burst out.

Letty left the room, hastily.

"That's right, William. The truth is, you're too open-handed. You can't afford to keep a parcel of able-bodied women in idleness, if you ever mean to buy the meadow lots."

"That's a fact!" The mention of the lots keyed his courage.

When he came back, that afternoon, he found Sophy, resplendent in a pink-flowered muslin, entertaining half a dozen girls in the parlor. He stopped to joke and romp with them. The next moment the door opened, and Letty stood, like a ghost, on the threshold.

"Come to mother!" she said.

"What is the matter?"

"You have killed her, I think," quietly.

The poor old woman had sunk down, on the floor of the cellar, and lay, as if dead.

William trembled as he lifted her. The doctor of the village happened to pass at the moment,

"No, she is not dead," he said, after examining her. "Great exhaustion. It will be a long illness. She must have rest and careful nursing."

Letty stepped forward. "She will have both. Mr. Burke, will you carry her to Mrs. Wright's—across the road? She has promised to give me a room."

The crowd about her were so stunned at the child's action, that they did nothing to oppose it.

Mr. Burke promptly lifted the thin figure in his arms, and had laid her in the bed, in Mrs. Wright's shaded, spare room, before William recovered his senses.

"Don't you see how disgraceful this looks?" Sophy cried, shaking him. "Your mother turned out! What will folks say?"

He hurried after Letty, scolding and ordering them back. But Letty did not answer him.

"Mrs. Wright will charge boarding. D'ye hear?"

"I shall pay her," said Letty, quietly.

Mrs. Taney's illness lasted for weeks. William's wife smoothed the matter over to the community, as best she could. "The Wright house was quieter than hers. She was willing to pay the boarding to insure comfort to dear Mother Taney," etc., etc. Secretly, she rejoiced to escape the trouble of the sick woman.

When Mrs. Taney was able to come down to the porch of the cool farm-house, for the first time, she sent for William and his wife. The

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doctor was there, and Mr. Burke, and Judge Wright, and little Letty and a man, whom Mr. Burke at once recognized as "the fellow," and so turned his back on him, contemptuously.

"You've got quite a color, mother Taney," said Sophy. "You'll soon be ready to come over. Help with the canning, eh?"

"Mrs. Taney," said the doctor, gravely, "needs a long season of rest, before her health is restored. I have recommended a change of air; a journey—"

William exchanged alarmed glances with his wife.

"Why you must take us for millionaires, doc!" she cried. "Change of air? Journey? That sort of prescription suits city, fine ladies. But farmers' wives, who have to earn their living, can't take time for such fol-de-rols."

The doctor would have answered, but Letty put her hand on his arm. There was a faint pink on her cheek, and her blue eye sparkled like steel.

"Fortunately, my mother," she said gently, "is not in such a strait. I have made arrangements for her to take the journey. We are going, to-morrow, to Virginia. I have bought her old home, and we shall live there. She will have a long change of air."

William turned ghastly pale.

"Bought—? What money had you?"

"Her own share of the estate," said Judge Wright, calmly. "Letitia is of age. She seems to have always been under the impression that she and her mother were dependent on you. She came to ask me about it, only two months ago; and I, as guardian and executor, had nothing more to do than to hand her over her share, which was, you know, in bonds. She has chosen to invest it in Virginia land. Mr. Hipps made the purchase for her," nodding to the beery young lawyer, who nodded gravely back again.

Mr. Burke moved suddenly over to his side, with a beaming recognition.

"How do you propose to live on this farm?" said William.

"My mother will withdraw her portion of the estate," said Letty. "She is entitled to a third, you know."

"Withdraw—? Thirds? Why, I've use for it! If she does that, I have done with the meadow lots."

His voice was like the bark of an enraged dog.

"You seem, William," said Judge Wright, "strangely to have forgotten the true position of your mother and sister. You have drawn the interest of your mother's money. It must all, of course, be refunded. Little Letty has a clear head. She will manage very well. By the way, she has suggested to me that your wife should send over the Cleveland silver, and all other household property belonging to your mother before marriage."

When William and his wife went out of the gate, he seemed to have shrunk into a smaller and an older man. The last words heard from him were "Lots. It's all your fault!" in a fierce bitterness.

When they were all gone, Letty put her head down, on her mother's lap.

"Now, mother," she said, "for the roses, and the old oaks, and rest, and home! We shall find poor black Tod there, waiting; and all your old friends—"

There was an uneasy cough behind them. It was Mr. Burke, waiting to say good-bye.

"I shall be a neighbor, too, Miss Letty."

"Yes, I remember," blushing very much.

He held her hand, a moment. "You—you are not sorry that I shall be there too?"

But Letty only blushed more absurdly, and could not answer.

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

The flickering shadows come and go,
The twilight deepens fast,
As sitting by my lonely hearth,
I muse upon the past.

The past, with all youth's sunny dreams,
With all life's hopes and fears,
Sweeps like a torrent o'er my heart,
Amid my blinding tears;

For faintly on my listening ear,
Familiar footsteps fall,
And loving voices sweet and low,
In tender accents call.

And kindly hands in mine are clasped,
As in a by-gone day,
E'er youth, and peace, and happiness
Passed from my life away.

Ah, where, sad hearts, are those who once
Made glad the eventide,
With joyous songs and pleasant jest,
Around the fireside?

Scattered afar, like fallen leaves,
Upon life's ebbing tide,
And none are left, save me alone,
Around the fireside.

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THE MARBLE QUEEN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

One of the most interesting of cities is Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. With its network of bright lagoons, and channels of salt water, and quaint old wooden bridges, connecting the numerous islands, upon which the city is built, with the mainland, it reminds you of the Queen of the Adriatic, and, in fact, has often been called the Venice of the North.

It is not a place to hurry through, with a guidebook in one hand, and a watch in the other, while your mind oscillates between the grand masterpiece of some artist's life and the railway time-table. It is a place to rest, to dawdle, to wait. You will roam about the streets, or stand musing upon the bridges, or pass through the square and beneath the statue of Gustavus Adolphus, or pause in front of the opera house where Gustavus III. was assassinated some eighty years ago. Or crossing the bridge, to the Island of the Holy Ghost, you will wander in the public garden, and watch the "best society," which congregates there for afternoon parade, very much as in London and New York it drives to the park, or in Paris goes to the Bois. Or you will visit the Riddarhuset, the quaintest, oddest of all legislative halls, and look at the great carved chair, in which the president of the Diet sits, and at the armorial bearings upon the walls. Or, still further, you will stroll through the palace, if you care for palaces. But above all, you will visit the Queen's clock tower, attached to a crumbling, mouldy old church, built by Queen Christina in 1650, or thereabout.

In this clock tower is a belfry, and in the belfry a bell, which is rung by means of a rope, falling through the floor into a little octagonal room below; and it is in the four sides of this room that the clocks are set; and here it is that the person stands to wind and clean them. But this little room is intended for still another purpose. For in the charter of foundation of the old church, provision is made for the salary of a woman, between twenty and sixty years of age, who is, night by night, from sunset to sunrise, to remain in this octagonal clock room, and as the hours come round, to sound three strokes upon the great bell in honor of the Blessed Trinity, and say a brief prayer for the repose of Queen Christina's soul. Thus, for generations after poor Christina had gone to meet Monaldeschi and her other Nemesis, women who hardly knew her name, or had heard of the homely prayer she wished to institute, struck the great bell three times at every hour, and called through the grated window of the tower to the sleeping city below:

"Two o'clock, dear souls, and all is well!"

The charter said "a woman" was to hold this office; but as time went on, and the rules became less strict, the son of one of the sextons of the old church thought he might as well have the office and the stipend, as to let it be given to Lisa Mulhberg, who was applying for it; and he succeeded in obtaining the appointment. Lisa was disappointed, and Emma Linder, who was just giving up the position, because her sixtieth birthday was close at hand, prophesied that no good would come of it; and finally, the night before her abdication, went to old Jacob Yerger, and after many injunctions to secrecy, warned him that it would be as much as his Peter's life was worth, to attempt to fill the place of bell-ringer in the Queen's Belfry.

"And why, good mother?" asked Jacob, skeptically.

"Because the queen won't let him," retorted Emma.

Jacob turned pale, for he had not been sexton of the Queen's Church, for forty years, without knowing very well that her effigy, in the gospel aisle, got up o'nights, and walked up and down, wringing its marble hands, and rattling its marble robes over the stone pavement, hour after hour, as he had often heard with his own ears, although never hardy enough to venture in to look. But why, even though she chose to walk about the church, and keep honest folk away, why should she wander into the belfry, or why should she care whether the bell was rung for the repose of her poor soul by man, woman, or child, so that it was fairly rung, and was punctual to the hour?

Old Emma was no casuist, and did not pretend to unravel any of those mysteries; but her own conviction remained all the same; and if she had experience, she was too wise a woman to offer it to any man, knowing full well the custom of mankind, not only to trample the commodity under foot, but to turn and rend the exhibitor.

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So, after some vague talk, and a little mutual contempt and vexation, Emma and Jacob parted; and that same night, Peter Yerger went up into the belfry, at five minutes before six, and locked the door inside, making sure, as he informed his father, with a grim smile, that neither Emma Linder, or Lisa Mulhberg should get inside, to play tricks upon him, and frighten him out of twenty rix-dollars per month. Old Jacob grumbled approval, and after the door was locked, stood outside, listening to his boy's heavy feet climbing up the old stairs, until the door of the clock-room was closed with a bang, and the sonorous stroke of six o'clock was followed by three full peals of the great bell, and Peter's far-away voice chanting out at the window:

"Six o'clock, dear souls, and all is well!"

Old Jacob was a pious old body, after his fashion, and before leaving the church, he went to kneel before the altar, and say a prayer for Peter's safety through the night; and then he strolled down the gospel-aisle, and stopping before the memorial slab of Queen Christina, laid a hand upon her breast, and muttered:

"Lie still now, to-night, that's a dear, good woman, and I'll say a prayer for you, myself, before I sleep."

He might well have said before he slept, for not one wink of sleep did poor old Jacob get that night. He went home, and being a good husband, told all this story to his wife, who afterward told it to every body she knew; and then he went to bed. The clock struck ten, and the tenth stroke blended with the first stroke of the great bell; and although too far away to hear his Peter's voice, old Jacob's heart echoed "All is well." Eleven o'clock, the same. Twelve o'clock, and still the same. Then one o'clock struck. But as the monotone vibrated upon the midnight air, and died away, no sound followed, no triple peal implored the Blessed Trinity to have mercy upon the soul of the guilty queen, no answering echo in the father's heart assured him that all was well with his boy.

Restless, fevered, impatient, half-angry and half-alarmed, the old man tossed and tumbled about for almost another hour, then rose and dressed, peevishly informing his wife that he was going to wake up that sleepy-headed lout, who had fallen asleep in the belfry, and would lose his place in the first night, if he did not look out for him.

As he left the house, the clock struck two, and lingering with one foot upon the step, and the other in the street, Jacob stood listening as if for a fairy foot-fall, instead of the sonorous peal of the great bronze bell of the Queen's Belfry. But not so much as a fairy foot-fall broke the solemn stillness of the night, and the sexton, driven by a nameless terror and impatience, sped through the cold, moon-lit streets toward the church; he reached the square, and casting one impatient glance up at the cold, grey tower, with the clock-faces glimmering in the moonlight, plunged into the black shadow thrown by the church, and groped his way toward the little side door of the tower. Just before he reached it, however, his foot caught upon something, and he stumbled and fell over a dark, shapeless mass, lying there, beneath the window, from which he had heard his Peter's strong young voice, chanting:

"Six o'clock, dear souls, and all is well."

And this?

It was before the days of lucifer matches, and old Jacob was in no mood for the slow process of kindling a splint of oily wood, by means of flint and steel, so he grappled this horror bodily, and dragged it to the verge of the great, black shadow, and out into the moonlight.

Yes! It was the boy, the son of his old age, the pride and hope and darling of his heart. It was Peter, or rather it was a cold, stiffening mass of human clay, its neck broken, its face and open eyes filled with the wild terror frozen there between that belfry window and the pavement below, or, who knows, possibly printed there before he fell through the window at all.

The sleepy old watchman, making his rounds a little later, found them there, the father and son, and roused the neighbors, and had them taken home.

With the other gossips who thronged to condole, to help, or to exclaim, came Emma Linder, and when poor Peter's body was ready for the grave, and the day had turned toward night, she went up to the father, sitting silent and grim in his own corner, and said:

"I told you the queen would have no man to cry the hours for her. You see?"

Old Jacob raised his red and angry eyes, and looked steadfastly into her face, for a moment, then replied:

"If they burned witches now, Emma Linder, I would go to see you blaze; but as it is, you may tell your playmate in the church yonder, to make ready her best weapons, for she will have a man to deal with to-night, and a man who fears neither witch, nor ghost, nor devil, so long as God stands by him. She won't find me as easy a prey as poor Peter there."

"You're not going to keep the belfry to-night, surely, brother!" exclaimed Emma, in genuine alarm. "For Christ's sake, don't think of it!

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I'll watch myself this one night more, for my birthday is not until to-morrow; and she's used to me and will not harm me."

"Used to thee!" echoed Jacob. "Did I not say you were a witch? But I defy you and her, and so you may tell her. Come what may, I will keep the belfry, to-night, and bury my boy, to-morrow."

"As God wills," replied old Emma, half angry, half sorry, and so they parted.

In spite of wife and gossips, in spite of the very minister himself, who came to reason with him, Jacob Yerger kept his word, and as the clock showed ten minutes before six, entered the church, went and kneeled for a moment before the altar, then walking round to the gospel-aisle, stood looking long and earnestly at the statue of the dead queen, until, striking her on the cheek with a contemptuous back-handed blow, he muttered:

"If you killed him, come, to-night, and see if thou canst kill me as easily. You'll find no boy, this time, I promise you. I dare you, witch!"

Through all the night, the watchers, beside Peter Yerger's bier, listened to the triple chime, which, hour by hour, followed the stroke of the clock, until midnight came and past; then there was no more. Nor was man or woman bold enough to go to investigate the silence, until seven o'clock the next morning, when a bold half-dozen of men, and twice as many women, proceeded to the church, broke open the door of the clock-tower, and climbed the winding stair to the octagonal room.

Here again the door was locked, and neither shouts or raps elicited the faintest reply. Again Hans Yette, the blacksmith, was bidden to force the door, and again he did so. At first the venturous few, who crowded in, thought the place empty, but presently discovered Jacob Yerger, crouched in a little huddled heap, behind the door, his eyes staring vacantly before him, his white lips whispering incoherently. In his right hand he clutched an iron bar, but the left hung helpless and inert at his side, as if it had been palsied, or perhaps withered by contact with some fearful and unholy thing.

They took him home, and he lived several years after, but never recovered any measure of consciousness, or changed the horror-stricken expression of his face, or unclenched the hand that had held the iron bar, or regained the use of the other, or ceased to whisper and babble a string of incoherent phrases and words, from which nothing could be gathered, except indeed the story of his smiting the dead queen's effigy, and defying her to resent the insult. This he told again and again. But beyond this point, came nothing but shuddering exclamations, and cries of savage rage and terror. So he lived, and so he died, and was laid beside his son, in the graveyard, in the shadow of the queen's belfry, so that, night by night, the triple peal, beseeching mercy on a guilty soul, swayed out across their graves, and the marble queen, lying in the gospel-aisle, may have smiled in her sleep to think of them in theirs.

So Lisa Muhlberg got the post of belfry-watcher after all; and Emma Linder went with her, in the afternoon, to teach her how to handle the ropes. Before sunset, however, she scrambled down the stairs, and out at the door, saying to Lisa, who escorted her, and would fain have followed her out:

"No, no, child, stay you there, and be easy. She will not hurt you, or even show herself for a while, if you do your work steadily and well. But she must be obeyed. So I wouldn't be found inside that door, at night, now that my sixtieth birthday is come and gone, not for worlds! She's very particular, our good lady is."

So old Emma departed, bequeathing her mantle to Lisa, who wore it safely and contentedly for many years, and in turn made it over to her own daughter.

It was a good many years after this, more than a hundred, and about the beginning of the present century, when the next infraction of the rule took place, and again with tragical results.

Ina Hartmann had the belfry then, and although the gossips tried to say she was too young and too pretty for such an office, nobody could help admiring the devotion which made her add this to her day-time employment of needlework, and all to support her bed-ridden mother and little sister, both of whom she kept out of the almhouse solely by her own exertion. No doubt, poor child, she was very pretty; but was that any reason she must starve? Why should she be forbidden to earn twenty rix-dollars, in the month, because her eyes were blue as the skies, and her skin as white as milk, and her flaxen hair so long and thick, that she could drape herself in it as in a cloak?

To be sure, young Count von Bergenrode was always telling her that so charming a girl as she should never do anything but dress herself and look pretty, and that he would find her all the sewing she could do, and pay her for it at such a rate, that she would need nothing more to keep her pockets filled, if only she would let him come, and sit with her of an evening, while she did it; but Ina only laughed at this, and told Count Victor to go and say those pretty things to

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the Baroness Anna, since everybody knew that he was betrothed to her, or at least to her rix-dollars, and she would be marrying him pretty soon.

Count Victor swore a little at this, but would not be angry enough to take himself off, as Ina had hoped; and finally he got in the way of strolling past her house every evening, just as she set off for the church, and walking the mile or so, that lay between, with her. This arrangement displeased Ina enough, but it displeased Hans Millson ten times more; for he called himself Ina's bachelor, although she never yet had said downright that she would marry him, being a bit of a coquette, I am afraid, and knowing well enough that she had been called the prettiest girl in Stockholm, by plenty of people, gentle and simple. Hans was a silversmith by trade, and being still a journeyman, could not leave his employment until the shop closed for the night, at eight o'clock, and that was long after Ina was locked up in the belfry, and not to be seen before sunrise next morning, when Hans must go to work. So the wooing was almost confined to Sundays and holidays, and the rare occasions when Ina could find some substitute to take her place, and spend an evening at the theatre or a ball.

Count Victor, on the other hand, had no occupation at all, except his own amusement, and like most other idle people, expected everybody he came near to help him find it. So between his persecutions and Hans Millson's reproaches and jealousy, poor Ina led a hard life of it; and once in a while, pettishly declared she wished she was as old and ugly as Ulrica Jodd, at whom the dogs in the street howled as she went by. Not that Ina would actually have abated one iota of her charms, you know, but like some other petted beauties, she was fond of talking in that fashion, when she was sure of being contradicted.

We all know who it is that delights in finding work for idle hands to do. He it was, no doubt, who, one stormy evening in December, put it into Count Victor's head, as he strolled home from a stupid visit to his betrothed, to pass by the Queen's church, and stand for some moments gazing up at the belfry, where a twinkling light showed that the watcher was at her post. As he looked, and pictured to himself the fair young girl, sitting forlornly amid the ropes and machinery of the grim clock-room, wearing away the lonely hours, the clock struck midnight, and immediately the casement swung open, and a clear young voice chanted:

"Twelve o'clock, dear souls, and all is well. Heaven rest Queen Christina's soul."

"Pretty creature! And what a sweet voice!" muttered Count Victor, meaning Ina and not queen Christina, and then Mephistopheles whispered into his ear how amusing it would be to creep up softly into the belfry, and surprise pretty Ina at her watch, and spend an hour or so in the teasing, half-serious, half-bantering love-making, he so seldom found an opportunity to offer her. Finding the idea eagerly and gratefully received, Mephistopheles proceeded to suggest the means of carrying it out. A certain window, near the side door of the church, was found to be unfastened, and easily opened; the distance from the ground was small; the ascent easy. In a moment, the young count, breathless, half-laughing, half-awed at his own audacity, stood in the gospel-aisle, hard by the recumbent statue of Queen Christina, that glimmered whitely through the black night. The chill and stillness of the place, the hour, and his own guilty conscience, wrought together to sober the young fellow's mad-cap mood, and after a little silent pause, he half-turned toward the window, muttering:

"No, no, it's too bad—it won't do."

But Mephistopheles whispered in his ear, "What folly! Are you afraid? What harm can there be? You don't mean any wrong, only a little amusement!" And Count Victor, having begun by following his counsels, found it easier to continue so doing than to turn to the less urgent mentor, called Conscience, whom he was quite accustomed to disregard.

Accordingly he groped his way down the aisle, found the swinging leather door dividing it from the porch, and passed out. As he did so he could half fancy that something, or some person, passed out with him, brushing past in the darkness, and going before him, up the narrow stairs leading to the clock-tower.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Count Victor, aloud. "Have I turned coward of a sudden?"

He laid his hand, as he spoke, upon the latch of the door, that divided the upper part of the tower from the lower, and as he did so, started violently backward, for his fingers had closed upon another hand, if hand it were, for although he recognized the shape, the feeling was that of ice or perhaps marble. Whatever it was, it held the latch, and try as he might, the young man could not grasp the one without the other. He swept his arm around in the darkness, but felt nothing, unless a strange, chill quality of the air, and a tingling in the limb that passed through it, could be called something. Count Victor was not used to being contradicted, nor did he like the half sick terror that began to creep through

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his veins, as if the blood were changed to ice water. So, stamping his foot angrily, he exclaimed:

"What is it? Out of my way, ghost, or fiend, or fancy of my own brain. I will pass, I tell you!"

As he spoke, he once more grasped at the handle, and this time without opposition. Nay, more, it seemed to him as if the door opened of its own accord, and as if some gentle, irresistible force pushed him forward, and made him enter, whether he would or no. A stream of ice-cold air, that rushed down the stairs, made the Count remember the open arches of the chamber, below the clock-room, and he shivered as he thought of the December night, sweeping unresisted through that space, cutting off the solitary watcher, in the room above, from the warmth and light of human life below.

"Why don't the parish have those arches glazed?" thought he. "I shall speak about it to the Herr Pastor."

He struggled up the stairs. But the wind, sweeping down to meet him, seemed to gather weight and force in the descent, until it appeared more like a wall of moving ice than mere air. Struggle as he would, he could not mount against it, after the first few steps; but, absolutely beaten back, crouched down upon the stairs, panting for breath, and moistening his parched mouth and throat.

"Most singular! It seems as if the very fiend himself had set out to keep me back!" he panted. "But if he has, he is wasting his strength, for I will, I will, I will reach that clock-room, even if Satan himself stood in the way, and so I tell him!"

He sprang to his feet, and passed a hand across his brow, in amazement. The wind had ceased, and a stillness as profound as that of the catacombs, had succeeded. Yet not entirely profound. There was a something, Count Victor knew not what, not a noise, not a rustle of garments, and yet a something, that suggested to him the quiet movement of another person near him. And now, what was it? A gentle pressure upon his back, that made him begin to ascend the stairs? He could not say, and yet, as mechanically and half-consciously he raised one foot after the other, and heavily mounted the stairs, the feeling grew upon him, that he was pushed onward from behind, and was fast losing control of his own movements.

At the top of the winding stair, was one of a series of semi-circular openings, forming the heads of the arches surrounding this part of the belfry, and like them unglazed, so that, by turning aside a little, as one reached the top of the stairs, he might step out of the opening, insuring to himself a fall of some fifty feet upon the pavement below. A light wooden screen had been placed in front of this especial opening, for the protection of the belfry-watcher; but like most other appliances of this old church, this had been allowed to decay and moulder without repair, until any childish hand could have broken it down, without resistance.

Through all the confusion, and vague terror, that had seized upon his mind, Count Victor remembered this window, remembered the crumbling lattice, and his protest against the danger of the spot, on the only occasion when he had penetrated so far into the belfry before, on pretense of bringing a message to Ina from one of her employers. He had promised, then, that the window should be properly guarded, with an iron grating, before the week was out; but had forgotten, and never fulfilled the promise. He remembered it now, however. Remembered it in a panic of terror, as, standing upon the landing, and trying to collect together his wandering senses and intentions, he distinctly felt a cold, hard hand grasp his arm, and draw him irresistibly across the landing, toward this open window. The hair rose upon his scalp; a cold sweat started from every pore; his teeth rattled against each other; and a hoarse cry burst from his lips. But struggle as he might, that marble grasp, that unseen force, was stronger than he, and step by step, each step as reluctant as his who mounts the scaffold, he staggered across the landing, reached the window, and felt his foot strike the grating, which broke at the touch with the dull, soft fracture of decayed wood.

Still the other foot moved forward—moved with an automatic necessity of motion, perfectly frightful to the helpless will of the haunted man, which having been accustomed in all its existence to control the muscular powers of the body, now found itself controlled and coerced by them. The second foot struck the broken lattice, and thrust it bodily outward, so that the fragments falling to the pavement, eighty feet below, were heard to audibly strike it, while the foot barely clung to the outer ledge of the platform. And now the muscles of the other foot contract, and gather themselves, and lift! The foot *will* advance, and so soon as it does so, the over-balance will carry him out. The fall—the pavement—the very look of his crushed disfigured body—all passed through the mind of the wretched man, as in a glare of sulphurous light, and up from his very heart tore a wild cry, hardly human in its sound:

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"Oh, God, pity me! God help me!"

The door of the clock-chamber flew open, and Ina, pale and frightened, stood upon the threshold, holding a candle above her head.

"What is it? Who is there?" she cried. But even while she spoke, she saw the wild and distorted face of the young man, as clinging with both hands to the sides of the window, he tottered upon the verge, while the foot, that alone retained its hold, seemed slowly tearing, as it were, from that hold, and preparing for its suicidal next step.

Springing to his side, Ina flung both arms around him, and dragged him backward, exclaiming:

"Oh, cruel, cruel Queen! Must you have another victim, after all these years!"

Count Victor did not hear the words, but he felt the saving act, he felt the breaking of the spell. The tense horror of his soul was lifted, and he sank at Ina's feet, in a dead swoon. It was a swoon so deadly and so deep, indeed, that it was already gray dawn, when she could say to him:

"You are able to stand now, Count Victor; and I beg you, for the sake of my good name, to try to get away from here before it is any later. You have been punished for your evil thought toward me; you will see, when you reach home, what you do not know now; and I forgive you from my heart; for I am sure you will never come near me, or speak to me again, lest worse should befall you. Now let me lead you down stairs."

As meekly as a little child, the young nobleman obeyed, and to Ina's great relief, reached the street, quite unseen by any human being.

When he looked in the mirror, at home, he saw the meaning of the young girl's last words; for his golden hair had turned to silver, in that one night of terror and suspense, and his ruddy complexion changed to the ashen gray of age.

He never spoke to Ina again, but when she and Hans Millson were married, the Herr Pastor presented the bride with a dowry of one thousand rix-dollars, "for her faithful service to the church."

The church still stands, and you may, if you choose, go and sit in it, and dream, by the hour together, as I have done, of its quaint and terrible legends, and the sad story of the poor, mad queen, who built it.

But no woman now watches in the belfry o'nights, no bell is struck, no word of prayer for the foundress said; and it is only we, strangers of another age and clime, who murmur, to-night, in Christian charity:

"Heaven rest the soul of Queen Christina of Sweden, and forgive all her offences."

THE HOUR OF REST.

BY F. F. WESTLEY.

Beneath the green umbrageous trees,
Beside the stream I pass;
I hear the bird upon the breeze,
The breeze among the grass.
What is thy song, oh, breeze? Oh, bird?
Oh, sweet bird, flying to thy nest?
"Rest to the weary world,
Rest! rest!"

Sleep soon, oh, world, thy rest is brief!
Sink soon, thou westering beam!
The stream is singing to the leaf,
The leaf unto the stream.
What is thy song, oh, leaf? Oh, stream?
Oh, gray stream flowing to the west?
"Rest to the weary world,
Rest! rest!"

SNOW BLOSSOMS.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

Beautiful, pure, white blossoms
Are on the trees this morn;
They dropped last night from heav'n,
For there they sure were born.
And in the golden moonlight,
Helped by the whistling breeze,
King Cold, with his icy fingers,
Fast hung them to the trees!

No buds to herald their coming,
No warm and beautiful rain:
They come—we fancy Adladin
Is here, with his magic again.
And so, on this wintry morning,
Although the cold winds blow;
We gaze at a bright new garden,
With flow'rs all made of snow.

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MY FIRST AND LAST RUN.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

It wus a peaceful and pleasant forenoon, and Tirzah Ann and I wus a-washin' dishes to the sink. She had just come in from feedin' the chickens, and she hadn't removed her sunbonnet. And there we stood, seemingly as peaceful and serene as the forenoon, she a-washin' and I a-wipin', when all of a sudden, there came a knock onto the door, and lookin' up, there stood Elder Merten. And Tirzah Ann, havin' got into the habit of runnin' when folks came unexpected, darted away as if Elder Merten wus a canabul, and she wus fleein' to save herself from the fryin'-pan and gridiron. But my brow wus smooth and calm as the sasser I wus a-wipin', and I advanced right onto him, and says I, in considerable warm tones, but composed, "Brother Merten, how do you do, and how does Sister Merten do? I am jest as glad to see you as I would be, if I wus dressed up slicker; take a chair, and set down."

I wus so took up with my friendly and cordial feelin's towards him, I hadn't noticed what wus a-goin' on behind me. But I see he looked sort o' curious, and so I turned 'round, and I'll be hanged if I wusn't started myself. There Tirzah Ann stood, half bent, with a mop-pail of water on her arm with the mop in it, and her sunbonnet had ketched on a nail, jest as she wus dartin' through the back room door, and there she hung. She had bent down to take up the mop-pail, jest as she wus a-goin' through the door, so the nail, which was about half-way down the door casin' had ketched her, and the sunbonnet bein' stout gingham, and made on honor, (I made it,) it held her as strong as a chain halter, or a martingill.

Elder Merten bein' a good-natured, friendly man by nater, and a perfect gentleman by trainin', and seein', I s'pose, that we both looked awful agitated, he advanced and helped onhitch her, and she darted off like a henhawk.

I tried to pass it off as well as I could to Elder Merten. I haint one to be a-makin' light of the children, or see'n' 'em made light of. (I do well by 'em.) And so I spoke up and asked him a real deep question on polytix, before he had sot down, or anything. I guess I got his mind offen it, I kep' him down so tight to polytix and religion. But after he went away, and Tirzah Ann came back into the room, I gave her a real talkin' to.

Says I, "There haint nothin' great and heroic about it, dartin' off like a rocket, if anybody happens to come in," says I, in a awful warm way. "You wouldn't ketch our old 4 fathers at any such kind of tricks, Tirzah Ann."

"Well," says she, in a kind of a cross way, but meachin', "You wouldn't ketch them old fathers a-washin' dishes, with sunbunnets on."

"They never would prance off like race-horses, if they wuz," says I. Says I, "Great souls keep themselves composed down, and collected together ready for events; and *therefore*," says I, with deep emphasis, "*therefore*, they don't get hung by their bunnet-strings, and etcetery—"

"Wall," says she, lookin' awful morbid, "I feel mean enough about it now, without any more bein' said. I'd sell myself this minute," says she, gloomy, "for ½ a cent."

"You are probably worth more than that," says I, mildly. "But remember, Tirzah Ann," says I, wavin' my right hand on as eloquent a wave as I ever waved in my life, "remember what I told you. That great minds are always collected together, and composed down, ready for events. Great souls a-ponderin' on the great and solemn conundrums of the universe, and filled with the divine awe and rapture them lofty conundrums roust up inside of 'em, don't dart off like torpedoes, and run, and act, if a feller bein' approaches nigh to 'em."

Josiah had come in, while I wus a-oratin' in this eloquent and impressive manner; for nothing makes a human bein' more eloquent than to lecture somebody else, for sumthin' or ruther. And now, in this unpropitious and unbecomin' way of hisen', he broke right out, and interrupted of me, and says he:

"Tell Tirzah Ann, Samantha, how you run the first time I ever seen you, and how I ketched you at it; and how cheap you felt."

Truely Josiah Allen is hard to nater, truely he speaks when he ortn't to speak, and don't speak when he ort. He might have known, if he had had one element of a oriter in him, or even ½ a element, how his speakin' wus jest a spilin' mine. Tirzah Ann, who had sot kinder crumpled down, and looked dretful deprested and meachin' a-settin' under my eloquence, began to straighten herself up, and look triumphant at me, and says she:

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"Oh! then you have run yourself, mother. I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

"Wall, you would have believed it, if you had seen her; she run like a whitehead."

"Oh, tell me all about it, mother," says Tirzah Ann, in a chirk tone. "Did you run—tell me?"

I give a stern, rebukin' look onto Josiah Allen, and then says I to her, in as impressive a way as I could under the deprestin' circumstances.

"There are different kinds of runs, Tirzah Ann."

But my eloquent feelin's had all seemed to leave me, and I didn't try to wave my right hand in a single wave, as I repeated these words, which seemed to be all I could think on, at the time:

"Yes, there are fur different kinds of runs."

My tone wus awful cold. Josiah see that my feelin's wus hurt, and says he, "Tell her all about it, Samantha, tell her how awful good you looked to me, and how I fell in love with you right there on the spot, when you wus a-runnin'."

Says I, in a rebukin' way, but considerable softer axent, (probable from ½ to ¾ as soft agin as they wuz):

"Don't be a fool, Josiah," and I added, in a still more reasonable tone, "Not if you can help it."

But he kep right on, and says he:

"Wall, I did, and you know I did. When I see you run, and back up against them buttery shelves, in such a grand, noble way, I say to myself, right there on the spot, 'That is the only woman in the world for me, that woman shall be my bride, if the efforts of a human widower can win her.'"

Agin says I, "Don't be a fool, Josiah." But my axents, I could tell by hearin' myself speak, wus softer; pretty nigh as soft agin as they wuz, and mellerer—fur mellerer.

And Josiah bein' called out that very minute to tend to the fannin' mill, Mr. Peedicks'es hired man wanted to run some white beans through Josiah's, Josiah's bein' in better order than hisen, and finer set.

And Tirzah Ann beset me so to tell her all about it, that finally I up and told her. For, thinkses I to myself, Josiah has spilte my speech so, that things couldn't look much darker for me than they did then, and I might as well up and tell her, so I up and told. But I impressed this fact onto her, in a dretful impressive way, that it was my first and last run, and a run that wouldn't be undertook by me agin, with my present experience, (and lameness,) not for no money.

The way ont wus: my aunt Marier—not my own aunt, but on my uncle's side, uncle Joshua Bumpus'es wife—wus a-goin' to the Ohio, on a visit—her sister wus took down with rheumatiz, inflammatory, the worst kind, and sent for her, thinken' she wuzn't goin' to stand it, she wus took down so awful voyalent with it. And she beset me, aunt Marier did, to go and keep house for her while was gone. They wus forehanded folks, and kep a girl. But she mistrusted the girl was a little light-fingered, (though she wus splendid every other way.) And knowin' my principles wus like brass for soundness, she beset me, and I consented.

I didn't have to werk no more'n I was a mind to. I fixed up for myself, and knit, the first two weeks. But the third week, what should that girl do but go and take the mumps. I was most out of patience with her at first; but when I come to think it over, (I wus a great case to reason and filosifise about things, even then) I thought mebby she had got so kinder used to takin' things, and I watched her so oncommon close, that she got mad, and thought if she couldn't take nothin' else, she would take the mumps, so she took 'em—went down into the village, and took 'em of Levi More, the blacksmith. He was willin' she should have 'em, he wasn't savin' of em, and had plenty of 'em left—he had 'em on both sides, looked like a muskrat. But I done well by her, put her to bed, give her more'n a quart of herb tea, and sweat her, and done everything else I could for her comfort. Wall, the very next day after I put Sarah Ann Shelmadine to bed, was the day of my first and last run.

It wus the hottest day it does seem to me that I ever experienced, and lived through. The heat wus truly tegus. And I had a awful time out, for of course the house-work had all fell onto me, besides sweatin' her, and doin' everything else I could for her comfort. Wall, I had got my work all done up slick, and got Sarah all sweat, and then thinkses I, all of a sudden, I will have some green peas for dinner, so I put my sunbunnet on, and went out to pick 'em. I picked a six-quart pan full, but, oh, how the presperation and sweat did run down my face. And I did not know but melt I should. And as I sot down in the kitchen to shell 'em, it seemed to me that I grew more and more torrid in my zone, and the presperation and the sweat seemed to roll down my face in precipitous torrents. And knowin' that I wus a female, and the only one present, and nobody in the house but another female, and she upstairs, down with the mumps, I thought to myself, nobody, unless it wus a per-

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fect slanderer and fault-finder, could find fault with my morals and demeanior if I should take off my shoes and stockin's, and try to keep myself from meltin' down into a fluid state, and be carried home to my mother in a ten-quart pail. (I wus not then so hefty by the steelyards—100 and 25 pounds wus my weight, to a notch.)

Wall, as I wus a-sayin', I up and took 'em off, I had on one of Sarah Shelmadine's old dresses to mop in, and though she wus my size as to waist and sleeves, in height she jest came up to my arm-pit, so my feet showed to as good advantage as if they wus heroic size, sculped on a monument.

But I didn't care, knowin' there wus only females present (and one of them upstairs, down with the mumps). So I sot collected together and considerable chirk, holdin' my six-quart pail full of peas on my lap, and shellin' of 'em, and singin' a him about "how peaceful and calm wus my frame."

When all of a sudden there came a knock on the side of the door right in front of me—it stood wide open—and as I looked up there stood a man with a mournin' weed onto his hat, lookin' right in onto me, not three feet from me, and lookin' right at me.

I shrieked one shriek, and bounded one bound. And, oh, what a scene of wild confusion ensued and follered on. I glared wildly and inchoherently at him. My six-quart pan fell onto the floor with a loud report; the peas scattered and chased each other madly over the floor; the pods rattled together like artileries. I glared wildly down at my various feet (it seemed as if I had thirteen or fourteen of 'em, larger and barer than any feet ever wus before or sense). And mildly I endeavored to collect my different feet together and seek for a place of concealment for them and for me. The nearest door behind me wus the buttery door. It wus a small buttery—only jest large enough to hold dishes, and wus exactly opposite the outside door, where the man stood with a mournin' weed onto his hat. But I wildly backed into it, and tried to shut the door, and couldn't, and then I remembered that it had got stuck and wouldn't shet, and aunt Marier had urged uncle Joshua to fix it, but vainly. So there I stood, backed up aginst the wall directly opposite to the man in the door, and not six feet from him, countin' my feet as only two. And he a-standin' stun-still, a-lookin' at me seemin'ly in deep dumb-founder, and there I stood a-lookin' at him in deep dumb-founder. It wus a agitatin' time—very. It wus a time to be remembered as long as Memory sets up in her high-chair. But in that tryin' time, I thought to myself, that I never see a more meachin' yet sort of good look onto a man's face in my life than there wus on hisen. Oh, what a agitatin' time it wus! He has told me sense in strict confidence, and I wouldn't want it to go no further. He has told me probable one hundred and 50 times, countin' in the times of courtin', when he told it to me stiddy and frequent, that he fell in love with me right there on the spot—right there on the door-step, with the brilin' sun a brilin' down on him, and the shadder of that mournin' weed a-wavin' over his head. He looked curious—very. And I felt curious, too—curiouser than I ever had felt before: a great deal curiouser. And not havin' no experience in that way, I didn't mistrust what ailed me. But he, havin' had the symptoms before, knew jest what it wus, he knew it wus love that ailed him—that it wus pure affection that wus a-tacklin' of him. But he acted like a perfect gentleman. I'll say that for him, he behaved awful genteel, if he never did before, and never does agin.

He see by my acts and demeanior that I didn't want to be seen; that I would rather have it go that he hadn't seen me, and there wusn't nobody to home. So says he, makin' a low bow:

"I called to see Joshua Bumpus about a steer; but I see I came in the wrong time, I see there haint nobody to home."

"No, sir!" says I, firmly. "There haint nobody in the house; the folks are all away, and sick abed, and there haint a soul anywhere round here."

I wus agitated, and nearly by the side of myself, and knew not what I wus sayin'. And he also wus entirely by the side of himself, but still seemin' to want to do the fair thing by me. He says, in polite axents:

"I see jest how it is, I see there haint nobody here. But when somebody gets round here, I wish you'd tell 'em I come."

"I will!" says I, in firm axents.

"Tell 'em," says he, lookin' at me with that meachin' but awful admirin' way, "Tell 'em, that my name is Josiah Allen, that I am a widower by trade, and wanted to buy a steer."

"I will," says I.

Says he, in that same curius tone, and with that same curius look, "What might I call your name, mum, when—when—you are—are anywhere—when anybody's to home."

"Samantha Smith," says I, and I could hear as I spoke, how awful strange my voice sounded, almost like a perfect stranger to me.

He looked at me more admirin'er and meachin'er than he had looked, and says he, in low,

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firm axents, "I shall come agin, when you are —when somebody is here."

He turned 'round, and went down the steps slowly, and as if he didn't want to. And after he went down the last one, he turned round, seemin'ly wantin' to make me feel as good as he possibly could, and put me at my case, and says he:

"I won't hang round any longer, when there haint nobody here."

And, oh! what a terrible meachin' and awful admirin' look did come over his brow, under the shadder of that mournin' weed, as he slowly turned, and went off.

The very next day but one, uncle Joshua's folks come home. And Josiah Allen came most the minute they did. And I noticed, the first thing, that he had took off that mournin' weed. Uncle Joshua noticed it, too, and bein' intimate, asked him about it. And Josiah turned it off real handsome, he said:

"He thought he might as well take off the weed, it made him feel so sort o'weedy."

Wall, as I said, he came, and he kept a-comin', and when I went home, he came there, and kep' a-comin'; and in less than a year's time after my first and last run, I wrote my name Samantha Allen, formally Smith.

A LEGEND.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

Lived a race of strange dream-people,
In a country by the sea;
Far behind them lay the water,
Vast and vague as Death may be.

Far before them stretched the desert,
Foot of man had never crossed,
For the people had a legend:
"He who ventures there is lost!

"Lost amid the sandy mazes
And the uplands, bleak and bare.
Nightly, monsters grim and eerie,
Hold their woeful revels there.

"Ah, who treads within its borders,
Takes his risk at fearful cost.
All is death within the desert—
He who ventures there is lost!"

Through the valleys and the uplands,
Of that long and dreary way,
Passed a novice veiled and mantled,
Softly singing on her way.

Softly, lightly, oh! full sweetly!
All the people flocked to hear,
All the people flocked and followed
To her measure, falling clear.

Left their dove-cotes and their gardens,
Left their browsing goats and kine,
Followed, followed, till the glories
Of a sunset round them shine.

One by one, its cares forgetting,
Loosened many a weary hand,
And its gifts and stores, down-dropping,
Fell upon that barren land.

Up a rugged steep the novice,
Drew the people, as she trod,
Till a shining gateway opened—
And the singer passed to God.

All the desert is a garden,
And a land of fruit and wine,
For the seeds the people scattered,
Blossomed in that land divine.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

BY MATTIE MAYSON.

We strolled, my little love and I,
Within the woods, one autumn day,
When fleecy clouds sailed o'er the sky,
And all the leaves were painted gay.

The squirrel laying in his store
Of winter nuts, ran up the tree,
Tossed his sly head a little more,
And tipped a knowing wink at me.

The gorgeous leaves came sighing down,
Loosed by the never-quiet breeze.
We paused to gather chestnuts brown,
That dropped in showers from the trees.

We found a blossom-bordered brook,
Close by, a lovely moss-grown seat;
And sitting in that fairy nook,
I told my love the story sweet.

Beneath her dainty hat's wide brim,
The lashes drooped in coy surprise,
She plucked a leaf from off a limb,
And slowly raised to mine her eyes.

And then—but, oh! I cannot tell
The joy of that bright autumn day,
When flowers bloomed and chestnuts fell,
And all the leaves were painted gay.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

A CURVING sea-beach on which the sands were white, almost, as the foam that curled and broke over it. On the left a fair, rich country merging into a background that seemed like a fragment of Italy drifted across the English Channel; for the scene was in the Isle of Wight.

On the right, the houses of a watering-place gave a look of active life to the scene that made a cheerful contrast to the loneliness of the beach, on which a lovely child was wandering alone. She was a beautiful little waif, with refinement and rare grace in every movement and feature, but clad in a dress of common material, strangely relieved by an under-garment of fine linen, only visible about the plump shoulders, leaving the pretty arms and neck entirely uncovered.

This strange child had broken loose from a thicket, where laurestinas and myrtle in bloom were tangled, among the more hardy growth of the island, almost down to the sea.

Like a wild bird, escaping from some fowler, she had rushed toward the beach, her dark, hazel eyes full of fire, her soft hair set in commotion by the wind, while her baby feet sent the sand flying behind her in showers as she ran.

Once upon the shore, the pretty creature halted almost in the water, and stood, looking eagerly up and down, searching for some one.

No person was in sight; no sound reached her but the whisper of the waves, as they tossed wreaths of foam to her feet, and rolled back in curves of sapphire-blue—returning and retreating till the very monotony had a weird effect upon the child. She drew back, still looking up and down the shore, with the life slowly dying from her features, till her poor little heart swelled to the sobbing of the waves with answering tears.

"Done—done—all done," she said, in utter dejection. "Mamma's 'ittle dirl all alone. Nobody here. Nossing but de big white birdie and 'ittle Dosy. Mamma, mamma!" she cried out, with plaintive energy: then dropped her pretty head to listen.

There was no answer, save a stir of wind in the long sand grasses that seemed to sigh over her disappointment, and she would have burst into a passion of tears—for her eyes were filling with them—but just then, something half-buried in the sand drew her attention, and with quick transition of feeling, so exquisitely childlike, she ran forward, fell down upon her knees, and soon rescued a shell from the spent foam of a wave that was curling over it.

Another and another she gathered up from the wet sand, carrying them about in the skirt of her dress, till, all at once, a joyful cry broke from her. There, among the coarse tufts of grass to which she had wandered, lay a shell more beautiful than anything the beach could afford—a delicate, pink-lipped thing, brown and gold-spotted, on the back, but so engraved and carved over, by the hand of some artist, that, in places, the tints merged together and clouded the surface.

No wonder that the child cried out as she leaped upon her prize, for it was a part of her own dreamy life—a foreign shell that had been dropped from her hand one day, when father and mother had left her on the beach in charge of her nurse, who in her turn had disappeared, forgetting her trust, and that strange, wild-faced girl had darted down to the shore and had carried the little creature off.

The child seized upon the shell and ran along the beach, smiling now, and full of swift memories. Yes, it was her mother, the sweet, beautiful mother, who had given her the shell. It had been brought to the shore, clenched in her own little hand, that she might listen to the message from the sea which, nurse had said, was hidden away in its rosy heart.

In her fright the child had dropped it, when that strange being carried her away. But now she would listen and be quite still, while it told her where to find her mamma, who had come across the sea to that very place, and of course the great sea would know where she was, and tell her all about it.

The child sat down upon the beach, gathering a little store of periwinkles and scallops up in her dress with one hand, while she lifted the foreign shell to her ear with the other, and waited for it to speak. Thus the sunshine fell on her pretty head, bent on one side, with its soft masses of brown hair flowing carelessly on

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her plump, white arm, and one baby foot, that had crept from under the coarse skirt, and was strained back upon the sand, motionless, like all the rest of her body. This attitude of natural grace and intense interest lasted a full minute, and a look of sweet seriousness came over those beautiful features, as she listened for the vague, low murmurs that have haunted the imagination of older persons, like a reality.

While the little creature listened, more and more intently, the distant shrubbery, through which she had escaped to the shore, was torn violently apart, as if some wild animal were struggling in it, and a female, dark, lithe and agile as a panther, came tearing through. She saw the child, rushed forward, and flung herself down upon the sand, winding both arms around the little creature.

The child struggled furiously in that strange grasp, clung to the shell, as if she feared that it would be wrested from her, and cried out, "Mamma, mamma!" in a frenzy of distress.

"Don't, don't!" pleaded the girl, striving to soothe her. "You mustn't scream so."

"Let me go—let me go!" cried the little creature, breaking from her, and stamping on the sand. "Dosy wants de sea to talk about mamma."

"But I am your mamma, now," pleaded the girl.

"No, no, Dosy won't have oo!"

The girl rose up to her knees, looking anxiously around as if she feared observation. Seeing the scallop shells and periwinkles that had fallen from the child's dress, she leaned forward and gathered them up.

"See, pretty one—see all your nice shells. You shall take them home to play with."

"Dosy won't, Dosy won't!" cried the child, dashing the shells from her tormentor's hands, while she stamped down the sands with her naked feet, in an agony of impatience.

The girl's eyes began to flash. She was evidently roused by contradiction, and restrained her rising anger with difficulty. But, directly the passion of the child changed: she threw herself, face downward, on the sand, and began to sob piteously.

Then the young woman lost all signs of resentment. Her great, black eyes filled with pity; her mouth quivered; and covering her face with both hands, she began to sob also. The child heard this sound of grief, and lifting her own tear-stained face from the fold of her arms, looked at her persecutor, curiously. Then she crept softly up to the strange being, and touched her.

"Don't ki," she said, in a voice sweet with childish pleading. "Dosy's sorry. Don't ki."

The girl dropped her hands, and sat staring at the little creature, as if amazed by her sudden change; then, all at once, she reached out her arms, drew the pretty pleader to her bosom, and kissed her, with tender violence, repeating, over and over again:

"So like him—so like him. Oh, my angel, my pretty cherub, how could I give you up? How could I think of it? Come, darling, come."

The child allowed herself to be led away; but looked back at the sea, over her shoulder, in miserable dejection, as if she were leaving some friend behind. In some mysterious evolution of the mind, she recognized the scenery, and connected it with something that had gone before.

"Papa wants his 'ttle dirl," she said, stopping resolutely.

"No, no, it is I that want you," cried the girl.

"Dosy is mamma's own baby," persisted the child, with tears in her brown eyes.

"Dosy is my baby now—my own precious darling baby," pleaded the girl, with a passionate attempt at persuasion. "Dosy will go back to the pretty garden, where roses grow, and the nice lady will give her cherries—a whole lap full, this time."

Still the child pulled at the hand that led her, until the girl, quite out of patience, lifted her in both arms, and bore her from the sands.

"Don't—don't! oo hurts Dosy," cried the little creature, struggling to free herself.

"How can I help it—how can I help it?" cried the girl, silencing her with kisses.

After one or two passionate struggles, the helpless captive settled down in the clasp of those slender, snowy arms, and ceased to resist, though her eyes were still wet with tears, and her bosom heaved with sobs.

Wading ankle-deep in the sands, tearing her way through the long, coarse grass, and through tangled thickets, the girl bore her victim, caressing her as she went. Carefully avoiding the highway that skirted the coast, she crossed fields and threaded lanes, always seeking the shelter of trees, if possible, and keeping between hedge-rows, until she came in sight of what had once been a small park, now cut up into fields and neglected lands. A sparse growth of trees was scattered over it, mostly along the windings of a carriage road, which led now only to the foundation walls and broken chimneys of what had been a rather superior mansion. Behind this were the moss-eaten and shattered walls of a spacious garden, so overrun with weeds and neglected shrubbery, that it was scarcely more than a wilderness, full of wild bloom and tangled undergrowth.

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In the same way, tall weeds, ivy and wild columbines choked up the hollows left by the old house, while some thrifty fruit-trees, oaks and chestnuts, too young for timber, had escaped the ruinous axe, when the fine old trees of the park had been cut away, and sold to meet the wants of a profligate who had possessed the property just long enough to destroy it.

At the lower end of the broken carriage road, behind two stone pillars, pierced by the rusty hinges of a gate, long since torn away, stood a small stone house that had once been the lodge, but was fast approaching a state of dilapidation; for the slate roof had been replaced by thatch, and its neglected walls were bound together and covered with ivy, which beautified while it protected them. Indeed, nature had taken the old building to itself, and made it picturesquely beautiful, spite of its poverty; for house-leeks and velvety mosses scattered their greenness over the mouldy brown of the thatch, and patches of lichen gave a golden tinge to the wall.

Standing in the back door of this dwelling, was a woman who had hardly reached mid age —an untidy woman, but not ill-looking, had there been no attempt at finery in her loosely worn, slaternly dress that had been well-made and of fine material in its time.

This woman stood leaning against the door-frame, with a strain of anxiety on her features, as she shaded her eyes with one hand, while she cast searching glances down a neighboring lane, as if expecting some one from that direction. All at once, a sharp exclamation broke from her, and a spasm of anger contracted her forehead.

She had seen a young girl toiling wearily up the lane, with a child clinging to her neck, and dragging down her arms.

"Will the girl never get over this craze," she said, turning from the sight, and entering the house. "I almost hoped that the pretty imp had escaped her. Was ever a creature so demented! There will be trouble come out of this; a prison, transportation, or, at the best, another drag upon me—something to hold her back from her work."

The woman entered her kitchen, and seized upon some household toil, angrily, as if exertion could work off the fever of her mind. Indeed, it did seem as if she had great cause for discontent, when another, even so small a child as that, was added to her poverty-stricken household.

While the woman strove, with useless energy, to throw off her discontent, a child, scarcely older than the little waif who had been brought back so unwillingly, was amusing herself in the garden, with the deep maroon-red of beet leaves straggling through weeds shading her naked feet, while she was digging up a carrot bed, with both hands, and moulding the soil into unsightly mounds that she called pies.

This child—a rough, picturesque creature, bare-headed, and with masses of thick, short hair, sunburned till one could hardly decide on its real tint or texture—lifted her great, black eyes, and frowned sullenly, when she saw the young female from the beach coming through the gateway, with that other little girl in her arms, and began tearing at the soft, curly carrot tops, as if she were angry with them.

"See," said the girl, approaching this wild thing, and setting her burden down among the weeds, "I've brought your playmate back. Promise me, dear, that you'll never let her run away again. Promise me, Zuma, that's a good girl."

Zuma eyed the little captive with an unfriendly side glance; then, seizing one of her mud pies between both tiny hands, dashed it to pieces on the ground.

Dosy—for that was all the name the little stranger could give herself—saw the hateful glance, and retreated from it, clinging to her captor's skirts for protection.

"There, Zuma, come, and play in the house. I will not trust you out here again. Why did you let her go?"

"'Cause I was glad," answered the child, precocious both in thought and speech. "'Cause I don't want her."

"Come in, you wicked thing," exclaimed the elder girl, lifting the tiny rebel from the ground by one arm, and shaking her till the wild tangles of her hair were all in commotion.

Zuma resisted, and clenched her mite of a fist ready for battle; but she was seized upon, and carried into the house ignominiously; while the waif, terrified by this rude contest, followed, clinging to her protector's garments.

CHAPTER II.

"So you have found the little torment," said the mother, overlooking this tumultuous entrance as a thing of such constant occurrence, that it passed unnoticed. "It is well you did—a fine time we should have of it, if your father had come, and found her missing."

"My father—how often have I told you and him never to call himself that? Besides what has he got to do with this little darling? At any rate, she isn't his."

"But she's taking the bread from his own child's mouth, and something has got to be done.

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She can't be kept here. I tell you, the house isn't big enough to hold those two children. Can't you see that Zuma is falling away with jealousy of the little miss, who scorns her playthings, and wouldn't eat bread and milk out of the same porringer with her, till she was starved into it," said the woman, with lowering discontent on her countenance.

"I know that Zuma is a cross thing—not fit to tie the darling's pretty shoes, if you hadn't taken them away from her," retorted the girl; "but neither you nor the man you have married shall make me give her up."

"Not give her up, when these people are doubling the reward every day? I tell you they will yet give hundreds of pounds to get her back."

"But money cannot buy her," answered the girl, resolutely. "Thousands on thousands wouldn't do it. I mean to keep her myself."

"You say this?" retorted the angry mother. "You dare to say it, whether I like it or not?"

"Yes, mother, because I mean it."

"Mean it! Wretched girl, are you crazy?"

"Crazy! No, mother, you do not understand. I was almost that, when I found the little creature alone upon the beach, after watching day after day just for a sight of her, only because she was *his* child, so crazy that *I* seized upon her, and was ready to promise anything only to have her in my arms for one night. You thought of the other thing—the reward that might be offered—the money. Oh, mother, how could you think that I would consent to that?"

"But you must consent to it. There will be no danger to you. Once up in London, we can find persons to arrange the way and the price."

"Oh, mother, you will not understand me. I did not mean to take her. She was sitting there, all alone, so frightened, and calling for help. I ran down to the beach; for the voice was like his, when he spoke in that low, kind way. She lifted her eyes, the look was his, and held out her little hands. What could I do? Yes, mother, I *was* crazy then. The clasp of her arms on my neck made me so. The sound of her voice in my ear drove me wild with its sweetness. I touched the soft waves of her hair, looked down into those beautiful eyes—his eyes—and they thrilled me into the sweet madness that brought her here. Oh, mother, mother, I could not help it."

The girl threw herself on the floor, at her mother's feet, and clung to her knees; tears ran down her dark, wild face, with a sudden rush of passion.

"The very touch of her face to mine brought that time back again," she still pleaded.

"And remembering that, you can wish to keep his child—love his child?" answered the angry mother, pushing the excited creature back from her knees.

Myra's head drooped to her bosom, and she settled down on the floor as if some weight had been cast on her shoulders.

"Mother, I loved him then. He never asked me; but I loved him, and was foolish enough to think that he loved me—poor child that I was. Does one ever get over a thing like that?"

"Yes, enough to hate the man, if he takes to another. Enough to make him pay dearly for amusing himself with a foolish child; and he will pay—never doubt that—when your father takes the thing in hand."

"Oh, mother, mother, let me keep her! She is just learning to know and love me. I will work so hard, morning and night, for her and Zuma. Let me keep her, let me keep her!"

"Get up from the floor, and go about your work till this craze goes off. I will not talk with you. To-night, your father will be here. Plead with him."

"I have no father!" exclaimed the girl, starting up from the floor. "Your husband has no power over me more than any other man."

The woman's eyes flashed angrily, and a threatening smile curved her mouth.

"Say these words to him, if you dare," she said; "but, remember, that the thing you have done makes him more your master than ever. He has but to speak, and you will be in prison. Go against his wishes, and he will give you up to the law."

Myra looked at her mother, steadily; the fire went out from her eyes, and an expression of stubborn resolve came in its place.

"What shall I do?" she said. "I am ready for work."

The woman remarked this change, curiously; but wild, rapid moods were common to this creature. She failed to read this aright, and said, more kindly:

"Go out, and see to Zuma. She's out again, and will be running away in turn."

"May I take the little one with me?"

"What do I care?" exclaimed the woman, impatiently. "Only see that she is kept close at hand."

Myra stooped down, and kissed the child, who was still clinging to her dress.

"And well out of sight, if strangers should be prowling around," added the woman, sharply.

"I'll take them up to the old place," answered Myra. "No one ever comes there. Besides," she added, smiling down on the little one, "the cherries are ripest there."

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The little face, lifted to hers, brightened under the tenderness of that smile, and two small hands pulled at the girl's dress. She snatched the waif up in her arms, and hurried into the garden, calling out, "Come along, Zuma," as she passed that erratic young person, who was busy remoulding her mud pies, and did not care to be disturbed, till the word cherries met her ear. Then she gathered herself up, shook the dust from her frock, and ran on ahead, looking back and showing her white teeth, now and then, like a pet spaniel eager for a run.

Sometimes toiling under the child's weight, sometimes leading her carefully along, Myra made her way toward the ruined chimney and broken walls of the old mansion house. There, in the corner of what had been a fine orchard, some unpruned trees were still bearing fruit. Among them a cluster of cherry trees was stirred by the soft south wind, that revealed their red-ripe fruit to the hot sunshine one moment, and hid it in twinkling shadows the next, so gently, that you could hardly tell whether the trees were more green than red, the two colors brightened each other so beautifully.

When Zuma caught the first glow of the cherries, her eyes danced, and a greedy movement of the lips commenced, as if she were tasting the fruit already. Even the child, in Myra's arms, began to clasp her tiny hands, and call out:

"Booful—booful!"

With one of these children, this impulse was a greed of appetite; with the other, an innate love of the beautiful dawning even in her infant mind.

"Now," said Myra, drawing both children under the trees, "I will climb up there, and get the cherries while you sit on the grass, like good little girls, and catch them as they fall. If you see anybody coming, run and hide under the ivy behind the old chimney, and don't make a bit of noise till I come after you. Mind that, Zuma."

Zuma nodded, dropped down on the grass, and began to spread out her scant dress ready for the promised shower of fruit.

Myra gave a quick bound, caught one of the lower limbs, and swung herself into the tree, making a commotion among the leaves that delighted the little creatures below, and frightened half-a-dozen marauding robbins that flew away in terror, each with what seemed like a great ruby flashing in its bill.

Directly, a branch high up in the tree bent under Myra's weight, her dark face peered through the leaves, and a branch, heavy with cherries, came rustling down to Zuma's uplifted hands—eager little hands that began to crowd her mouth with fruit, while the other child was looking on, without an effort to help herself.

Before the tears could form that were coming to those soft eyes, another branch came down, which Zuma eyed with some jealousy, though her own hands were busy, and her mouth so full, that she could only cry out, with a muffled sound:

"Et it be. I want more."

The little one withdrew her hand, and sat regarding the cherries in her lap, with a grievous look of disappointment, when Myra called out, from her perch in the branches:

"Zuma, what are you about? Give that branch to the little one, or I'll come down and choke you. Be quick; for here comes another lovely bunch."

When assured of a fresh supply, Zuma snatched the branch from the little stranger's lap, and gave her the one she had half-denuded.

"Them's best," she said, crossly, securing the finest cherry left on the ragged branch, and crushing it between her sharp little teeth, before she could force herself to give the rest up. "Booful!"

Even that innocent child was but half-convinced by the smiles and enticing grimaces with which the inferior fruit had been urged upon her; but the keen enjoyment with which her companion ate awoke some of the same desire in herself, so she began to pluck away at her branch, and feed herself daintily. For some minutes, the two children were thus pleasantly occupied, when a sudden cry broke from overhead, and Myra came swinging down, from branch to branch, till she reached the ground.

"Run, run, children. Hide yourselves. A strange man is coming across the fields."

Zuma sprang to her feet, huddled a quantity of the cherry branches into her arms, and ran, like a deer, toward the ruined chimney. The strange child followed, and Myra went forward to meet the person who had startled her so.

The man was walking leisurely, swinging a heavy cane in his hand, with which he paused, now and then, to decapitate a primrose or sweep a tuft of violets from the grass.

As he drew nearer, Myra moved more and more slowly, until at last she came to a stop and stood awaiting his approach, with a look of startled apprehension.

There was apparently nothing to fear in the man, who approached her with that careless, swinging step. A smile was on his rather handsome face, and his whole appearance was that of a jovial, good fellow, a little out of sorts with fortune, taking a long walk in the sunshine of a

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pleasant day, which, with everything else that cost nothing, he was, in reality, ready to enjoy to the utmost.

As the man drew nearer, the details of his appearance became less pleasing. There was an attempt at pauperish style about him that bespoke habitual mendacity. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the neck, wherever honest buttons presented themselves, and where they failed to appear, the faded ribbon of an eye-glass that did not exist, or the corner of a soiled handkerchief filled the opening. A tall hat, from which the nap had long since been brushed away, was placed a little on one side of his head, which was carried high in the air, like that of a man who felt equal to any position that might present itself, and the upward curve of his thick, blonde moustache had a touch of the dandy in it, which no degree of penury had been able to extinguish.

When this man saw Myra, hesitating as if doubtful whether to advance or escape, he kissed his hand airily, thus inviting her approach.

With a look of absolute loathing, she turned and moved slowly back toward the cherry trees. He quickened his steps, and soon was by her side.

"So you knew that I should come this way, and ran out to meet me—like a dutiful daughter," he said, with a leer in his look that brought the blood to her cheeks. "I was expecting it of you—dear, good creature!"

He spoke in a high tone, laughing, perhaps, at the insincerity of his words.

The girl answered with a disdainful lift of the head. "I had no idea of meeting you. I am not a dutiful daughter, or your daughter in any way, though my mother is your wife, and your child, so far as it goes, is my sister. I wish you never would speak of me as belonging to you again."

"Hoity, toity! How the bird pecks," cried the man, with a disagreeable laugh, tossing his cane into the air, and catching it again. "Well, never mind. How is the old one, over yonder?"

"The old one? I wouldn't advise you to call my mother that to her face," answered Myra, firing up at the insult. Again the man laughed. He seemed to delight in bringing the hot blood to that expressive face.

"Well," he said, "let the old party go. How about the kid? We're not to quarrel about her."

"Father—dad! Oh, father!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the man, turning toward the ruin, out of which Zuma came tearing her way through ivy and brambles, driven wild by the sound of her father's voice. "Come here, you little heathen!"

The child was close to him now, leaping from the ground, with both arms flung up in a wild effort to reach his neck. He lifted her, with a toss, to the desired level, and seemed to enjoy the hug she gave him. Then he placed her on the ground, exclaiming:

"What a little beggar it is! Hello! What is this?"

The strange child called forth this exclamation; for she had followed Zuma from the ruin, and stood by Myra, with her brown eyes, full of childish astonishment, fixed upon the strange man.

Myra drew the little creature to her side, and strove to spread the skirt of her dress between her wondering face and that eager gaze, as frightened birds cover their young with quivering wings, when hawks circle over them.

"Ah, that's it! I begin to understand. A hot nest you've got into—kidnapping, and all that. The treadmill looming just before us—or penal service. Who knows?"

Myra turned deadly white.

"No wonder you seem to have been eating ashes," he went on, watching her face with cruel satisfaction. "It'll take a cool head to get you out of the scrape; but then I have a cool head, and mean to use it before you sink deeper in the mud. I tell you, girl, you shall find out what it is to have a father."

"I have found it out," answered the girl, in a quivering voice, and with hot tears in her eyes.

The man laughed, and tossed up his cane, and caught it dexterously.

"Always for your good," he said, "only you don't know how to appreciate a gorgeous blessing when you have it. Most girls of your age would have jumped into the arms of a doting step-father when he held 'em out as I always am doing. Here, little one."

Myra shrunk back, drawing the child with her, frightened by his notice of the waif, and keenly suspicious of some sinister intent.

"Don't touch her. She is afraid of you."

"Afraid of *me*—one of the gamest and best-hearted fellows on this side of Jerusalem. You ought to know better than let such nonsense enter the child's head. How can anything in its senses fear me?"

"But she does."

"Because you've put her up to it. Here, Zuma, now, who just dotes on me—don't you, Kitsey?"

Here the man reached out his arms, entreatingly. Zuma made a rush for them, and, perching on his shoulder, triumphantly looked down, with laughing derision, on what she deemed the less fortunate creature, hiding behind her sister's dress.

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"Come, now—forward, march!" said the man, pointing homeward with his cane. "Some little ladies ride, while others go afoot, don't they, Kitsey? That's right. Hang on. Away we go."

CHAPTER III.

THE man was marching forward with a comic, military air; but wheeled around, after a few strides, and looked back at Myra, who was moving slowly another way.

"Hello, there! No humbug, I tell you! This skulking'll never do. March on in front. I mean to keep both you and that stray runt in sight. Hurry up, or I'll know the reason why."

The man's voice had lost all its rollicking gaiety. His face darkened, and he clenched his stick firmly, as if ready to enforce his orders.

Myra had no power of resistance. But her face was clouded and her great, black eyes flashed fire, as she turned to follow her tormentor.

The woman was standing in the door of her singular home, when this strange group came up. She shrank back as the man appeared, made a quick effort to smooth the disorder of her hair, and was stooping to pull up the heel of her badly trodden shoe, when he came in and swung the child down to her side.

"A precious hand you are to keep things snug and close," he said, assuming the manner he had cast off for awhile. "Posters out in the town, the police wide awake as hawks, and that costly lot out in the open fields, eating cherries like a blackbird. That's the way my property is cared for, when my back is turned, and I'm striving to support the extravagance of a family, that never knows when it's well off."

The woman, who had been a good deal disturbed at first, now pushed a straggling wisp of hair back from her face, and eyed her husband with a side-long glance, in which surprise and good-natured scorn predominated.

"Myra had charge of her," she said.

"Myra! a pretty creature to trust with two hundred pounds, almost in hand," answered the man, with a sneering glance at the girl.

"Two hundred! Has it come to that?" exclaimed the woman, excitedly.

"Just that, and likely to be doubled before the week is out, if the kid can be kept close—which I mean to make sure of."

The woman shot a swift glance from Myra, who was listening intently, though she seemed to be quite indifferent, to her husband, who took the warning and changed the subject.

"Well, how are you getting on?" he said. "It isn't every fellow that can indulge them, as belongs to him, in a whole season on the seashore. I hope you remember that."

The woman cast her eyes around her wretched dwelling, and smiled coldly enough.

"There was a time—" she said.

"Oh, bother that time! Just oblige me, and let the first departed have a rest. You can't possibly appreciate all that he was, and all that he left, more than I do, having settled up the last pretty effectually. He brewed uncommonly strong beer, and made money by it, which I have done his memory the honor of spending like a gentleman, share and share alike, with his handsome relict, who was over head and heels in love with me, before her widow's cap got out of crimp, and married me, off-hand, in spite of a whole avalanche of impertinent hints and warnings from people who pretended to be her friends."

"Like the fool that I was," muttered the woman, under her breath.

A frown flashed over the man's face, and then he laughed unpleasantly.

"Not to say that the thing had no drawback," he resumed, with seeming thoughtfulness. "There was yon black-eyed imp of a girl, who hated me like poison from the first, and puts on no end of airs because of this hovel, with its beggarly barren acres of land that are tied up in her name, and can't be sold by one that wants to be an affectionate parent—who adores her as a daughter, and bows down to her as an heiress."

Myra understood this fling at her humble inheritance, and turned upon him, her cheeks hot with passion and her eyes sparkling with angry tears.

"It is all that you have left to us," she said.

"But not all that I will bring to you sooner or later," was the threatening reply. "Let me tell you this, my heiress: it is either money for me, or—but no matter."

The girl was accustomed to these half-insulting, half jocose speeches; but there was an evident threat in this that terrified her into silence.

The man watched her with malicious pleasure as she took the strange child in her arms, and mounted the stairs that led to her dilapidated room under the thatch. When the ricketty door closed upon them he turned to his wife, who had been listening anxiously.

"Now, Martha," he said, alert and eager for information, "tell me all about this affair. As usual, your letter jumbled everything up so completely, that the best lawyer in London would have failed to make anything out of it. I've got a foggy idea that the young filly up yonder has got into what may be a good thing for us and a deuce of a scrape for herself."

"But you won't harm her. You haven't come

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down for that," said the woman, startled by his words. "She didn't mean it, at first. It was I that thought of the reward."

"And a splendid thought it was; in fact, my dear, you are a very superior woman. Never were two persons more evenly mated. Now tell me about this man. A great swell, enormously rich, isn't he?"

"Rich as a prince," answered the woman, "with a grand place in Kent."

"But not a lord. No title. There we are out of luck," broke in the husband, with deep injury in his voice. "If he had been a lord of the realm, and this an only child, what a vein of gold it would have been for us; but he's only a commoner, and the child's a girl."

"But his wife. She is a lady of the realm, as you say."

"Oh, *she* is the potentate, is she?"

"Yes, a lady in her own right, if you know what that means, and beautiful as—as waxwork."

"A lady in her own right, is she? Well, my dear, that means much or little. Every woman in England has a right to be a lady, if she can."

"But she has a title."

"Oh! yes, I understand. Some Lady Mary or Lady Susan. That only means that the person is some nobleman's daughter, with a complimentary title to her name, which means nothing in particular. Such titles don't go to the children. Not worth that for us."

Here the speaker blew a breath on the ends of his fingers, and tossed these useless titles to the air.

"But this lady is a peeress in her own right."

"A peeress!" answered the man, laughing scornfully. "No such good luck. Why, there isn't half-a-dozen such women in England."

"Well, she's one of them," persisted the woman, "a real peeress."

"And this kid is her only child?"

"Yes, the only one. That is why there is so much noise made about it."

The man started up, unbuttoned his coat, and flung it open, exposing the soiled and ragged linen it had concealed; and in his reckless excitement, paced up and down the room, now and then taking a dancing step or breaking into a waltz.

"My love—my darling," he said, reseating himself, in a state of jubilant good nature. "Let there be no mistake here. You are sure that it is all right; but, forgive me, if I cross-question you with judicial closeness—tenderly, my angel, but closely, you understand. Are you sure that the lady was not the dowager widow of some earl or baron before she married this man?"

"I know all about that, of course," answered the woman, yielding herself to the charm of these endearing epithets, which had of late become foreign to her young husband's lips. "She never was a widow, and she certainly is a lady."

"In her own right, you said."

"In her own right. That is the word."

"Then, my beloved, we have struck a vein of gold that we'll work deep. That child is like a picture of the old masters. The longer we keep her, the more she'll be worth. I withdraw the proposition. No two, four or five hundred pounds will get that child. I'll have thousands and thousands for her. We'll build up the old place here, buy every dirty acre of it back again."

"Oh, Henry, if you only could!" exclaimed the woman, quite carried away by his generosity.

"Could?—of course we could. It must be a beggarly reward that doesn't cover that bagatelle. But then, there is one drawback—*beer*. A place that has been once bought with beer is hardly fit for a gentleman; but don't look disappointed. We'll think about it."

The scorn, with which this word was spoken, quite disheartened the poor woman, whose hopes had been raised to fever heat for a moment.

"We've got plenty of other things to manage first," continued the husband, surveying the untidy dress of his wife, with a curve of the lip and a scornful gleam of his eyes that made her wince. "Velvet dresses, a hat flushed with feathers, silks heavy with lace. Then there is the girl."

"Hush! the ceiling is broken, she can hear."

"Exactly, my dear; always wise and considerate," answered the man, sinking his voice to a whisper; "but we must arrange to get the little thing away from her, and it must be done to-night."

The woman started up saying, hurriedly, "not another word—she is coming down stairs."

"Exactly."

When Myra reached the foot of the stairs, she found her mother fixing the table for supper, and her father-in-law standing on the doorstep, with both hands folded tranquilly on his bosom, enjoying the bland air, and apparently lost in admiration of the sunset.

The girl took the soiled table-cloth from her mother's hand, quietly, apparently unconscious of any conversation that might have passed, and went on preparing for supper.

There was no opportunity for the husband and wife to hold any further conversation, until the night closed in, and Myra had gone upstairs with the children. Even then, they were afraid to talk freely, until the woman went into the

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bedroom under the thatch, in search of some imaginary object, and assured herself that both Myra and the children were sound asleep.

Then the two conspirtors sat down, close together, and talked in low voices.

"Mark you, it must be done this very night," said the man. "There is something in the girl's eyes that I don't like. Get ready at once; by daybreak, we must be ten miles from this."

"But how?"

"On foot. There is no safer way. You can carry the child, she's not so very heavy, and there's no woman who can outwalk you in the three kingdoms."

"At midnight. But, how can I get ready?"

"Plenty of time, my dear—plenty, and to spare. Get up your most respectable rig. No fancy, remember, but something decently respectable. Take the child up carefully, dress her in Zuma's clothes, tie a hood over her head to keep her hair out of sight. If her face is a little grimmy, so much the better—and we are off on the highway to a magnificent fortune."

"But Myra, Zuma, what will become of them?" questioned the wife.

"Why, don't we leave them in a safe home, locked sweetly in each other's arms? What else can they do but stay at home? The waif once out of Myra's hands, and all her power of mischief is gone. She can only denounce herself."

"But the other child?"

"Never mind her. Once in London, and she can be kept out of the way, safe enough. I only want your help in getting her there. Men don't travel about with baby girls in their arms, or I could do it myself; but what is there remarkable in a loving man and wife traveling with their offspring in a respectable way?"

The woman hesitated. All this came suddenly upon her, and produced great confusion of thought. The husband saw this with impatience.

"Come, come," he said, "you have got something to do: first pick up every inch of the toggery that child had on, and do it up carefully in a separate bundle. Then rig yourself for the road—step light, and—what's that?"

For a minute there was dead silence in the room, and both these plotters sat still, listening. Then the woman spoke:

"It's nothing but the cat, searching for mice in the thatch; she's always at it, at night."

"I'll make sure of that," answered the husband, and taking off his shoes, he crept softly up the stairs, pausing every other step to listen. Stealing across the open space, he cautiously entered the bedroom, and was received by a gust of wind that came from an open window, cut in the gable, and half hidden by the thatch that fell over it. This startled him. He crossed the room swiftly, swept his hand over the bed, and an oath broke from him that made the woman below leap to her feet. While she stood there, trembling in all her limbs, the enraged man plunged down the stairs, with a force that made every step shake under him, and was rushing through the room, when her quivering voice found strength to cry out:

"Oh, Henry, Henry, what has happened?"

She was answered by a heavy swing of the door, a fierce oath, that came like a howl out of the darkness, and her husband was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAKE NOT THAT STRAIN.

BY MRS. L. M. SOPER.

Oh! sing no more that low, sweet strain
Of harmony divine!
It wakes again a buried pain
In this poor heart of mine.

For vanished lips once breathed the same
When life and hope were fair;
And now a long forbidden name
Comes surging like a prayer.

Up from the flowerless mound, where long
My pale, dead dream has slept.
Oh! I had deemed my soul was strong,
Because of grief unwept.

But your sweet, tender minstrelsy
Has brought a flood of tears,
And waked again the mystery
Of long-departed years.

You thought not one so proud and cold
As I have seemed, would bow
Before an anguish uncontrolled,
As you have seen me now.

Then know that love's resistless tide,
Rushing upon me fast,
Broke down the barriers of my pride
With surges of the past.

But go, forget what I have said,
My spirit bows with shame,
To think that from a past long dead,
That restless spectre came,

And wrung my foolish heart to tears,
That would unbidden flow,
As in the fateful, vanished years
Of that sad long ago.

See, I have summoned back my pride,
I am myself again.
Thank God that only thou, the tried,
Hast seen my foolish pain.

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LUCILE'S NEW YEAR.

BY IDA ROWLAND

It was the last week of the year, when, one morning, I read aloud this advertisement:

WANTED *to buy, an antique desk. A liberal price will be paid for one satisfactory in every respect.*

"Oh, Lucile!" I cried, "this is your chance. You can now retrieve your fallen fortunes." And I tossed the newspaper across the breakfast-table.

Lucille read the advertisement again, and looked over, with a sigh, to where, between the windows, an old desk, such as the newspaper described, occupied the post of honor.

"I should feel as if I were selling my grandmama's bones," she said, decisively.

"Well, I don't believe your grandmother," I began, "would blame you, if she knew—"

Here Ruth stopped me with a look, and began telling something that had happened in the store, that day. Ruth was sales-lady, in the cloak department, in one of our great city establishments. I taught school, and Lucile had been the French instructor, in a young lady's academy. We kept house together, until quite recently, in two rooms, in the third story of a New York house. We had our own furniture, and cooked our own meals over a little gas stove. To girls, who had been motherless from childhood, and to whom the word "home" was a word with no meaning, such a life was very pleasant.

Lucile was a dark-eyed, graceful, French girl, who had once seen better days, though she was quite reticent, except to us, about it. She was so innocent and beautiful that Ruth and I loved and guarded her, as if she had been our younger sister. Ruth was sturdy, independent, and New England born, and so true-hearted and brave, that we looked up to her in everything, and felt safe under her protection. As for me, I was Mollie, born in the sunny South, wilful, high-tempered, but capable of deep feeling, they said. The war had ruined the fortunes of my family, and my life had been full of hardships since.

I do not think three girls could have been more unlike. And yet we led a very tranquil, happy life, until a month or two before the evening of which I write, when a cloud had appeared on our horizon.

That night, Lucile came home, flushed and indignant. It took but little questioning to discover the cause. The assistant principal of the school had long annoyed Lucile with his attentions, and her studied avoidance of him did not seem to make any difference. He dogged her steps, wrote her notes, and sent her flowers, till the poor girl was nearly crazy. At last, unable to endure it any longer, she had refused him peremptorily. Two days later, she received her dismissal, and that, too, without a recommendation.

"Never mind," said Ruth, encouragingly, "you need a rest, and Mollie and I need a housekeeper. This is your home, you know."

The girl's dark eyes filled with tears.

"You are very kind," she sobbed out. "But ah! it is this that makes me think of the old days, in France, when grandmama was alive. We lived in the country, you know, and in such a beautiful little château. And the neighbors were so kind, especially those in the next place. Ah! what pleasant days I had," she added, recalling it with a sigh, "playing in the meadows with their son, Henri; and what pretty *fetes* they gave. But then grandma lost her fortune; and she was too proud to stay where she was known; and so came out to America; and died. You know the rest. Oh, you are *very* kind."

We tried, after this, to get her another situation; but were not successful. Finally I found two of my scholars, who wanted to take French lessons; and this kept up her hopes.

That night, after I showed Lucile the advertisement, she left the table, and went to the desk, passing her hand lovingly over it. It was a quaint, old-fashioned thing, inlaid with different kinds of wood, in the style of the early part of the last century. It had belonged to Lucile's grandmother, and to the family, before, and was the only relic she possessed of her happy child-life in France.

I knew what her feelings were, when I suggested the idea of selling it, but I knew still better, that she needed the money sorely. There was an unpaid doctor's bill, that haunted her, and which Ruth and I dare not pay, because of her pride.

The next night was New Year's Eve, and when Ruth and I came home, the desk was gone. There were traces of tears on Lucile's cheeks, but she made no complaint. We said nothing. But we felt, all the evening, as if there had been a funeral in our little home.

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The next day, Lucile told us about it. It seemed that some wealthy gentleman was furnishing his house, in the antique style, and had commissioned his agent to find him a desk. The agent came, and looked at it; was delighted, as well he might be; paid a large sum; and had it carried away.

That evening, Lucile sat, playing low, soft airs, on the little, upright piano we had rented, when a rap on the door startled us. I rose to open it. A tall, handsome, young man, with an unmistakable foreign air, stood there. He bowed, with high-bred grace, and inquired, with a slight accent, for the young lady who had sold an antique writing desk, the day before.

Lucile, who had started at the sound of the voice, came forward. Her dark eyes shone; the color flushed into the cheeks.

"Henri!" she cried. She had extended her hand; but drew it back as instantly; and stood there, blushing and trembling.

The gentleman started, gazed eagerly at her, and then clasped her hand in both of his.

"Lucile, Lucile!" he cried. "*Mon Dieu*, what a pleasure." His eyes shone with delight, as he spoke.

Lucile, after a moment, turned to us.

"Oh! girls, only think," she said, "it is Henri, my old playmate. You remember my telling you of the boy who was so kind me. Often and often we children played in the library, where the old desk stood. Many an hour we have spent puzzling our heads over its quaint inlaid ornaments. Ah! the dear old days—"

She broke down. She could speak no more. The memory of those old days, and of all her troubles since she had been left alone in the world, overpowered her. She turned away her head, to hide her emotion.

Monsieur Lamont pressed her hand, bowed over it, and kissed it, in his foreign fashion. Then, looking around at us, he told us the rest of the story. How he had come to this country, for a few years, to establish a branch business for a Paris firm. How his mother had come with him. How he had purchased and fitted up a house to suit her fancies. How, when his agent had brought him the desk, his mother and he were struck with the resemblance it bore to the one they had seen so often, in France.

"We were both sure it was the same," he said, "there could not be two, and behold! I am here."

Madame Lamont came, too, the next day. We were not so blind but we could see the little romance, which was unfolding, under our eyes; and we rejoiced that such a happy future was to be the fate of our dear girl.

Never did the course of love run smoother. The mother and son were of one mind, and hurried matters as fast as possible.

So it was not many months before Ruth and I were alone, and Lucile was mistress of a beautiful home.

In a few years, they are to go back to France, and though we shall miss Lucile, we shall know she is living, once more, in the dear, old château, which her husband, meantime, has purchased.

So the New Year's eve, that opened so sadly, ended in a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A VISION.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

A GRAY rock towering by the water-side,
The low lap! lap! of the advancing tide—
A sun-browned child, dreamy and wistful-eyed.

Along the ripples sea-birds curve and dip;
From the blue distance comes a home-bound ship,
Out through the far off mist-gates white sails slip.

A fishing boat rocks idly to and fro,
Along the sands the fishers come and go:
Hark! on the wind, the sailors' "Yo! heave oh!"

Oh, homesick shell! Thy low, imprisoned roar
Brings back the sounding sea, the cliff-walled shore,
And the dear home that I may see no more!

PRESSED LEAVES.

BY D. C. HASBROUCK.

AMONG the fragile autumn leaves,
With many colors tinted,
With gentle grace and dainty touch,
Her fairy fingers glinted.

And as I watched the graceful shapes
Grow 'neath her hands so skilful,
My heart was lost among the leaves,
My heart, before so wilful.

Oh, then may heaven grant me this,
Nor bid my hopes to perish,
That she among her brilliant leaves
My truant heart my cherish.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—We give, first, this month, an evening dress of pink gauze, claret-velvet, and pink silk. The skirt is made of the silk, and is trimmed on the bottom with a deep ruche of the pink silk;



No. 1. No. 2.

put on in box-plaits, with a heading top and bottom. This ruche is covered with the gauze. The tablier, or over-skirt, is draped quite full on the front, and ornamented at each side with a double coquillé, or quilling of gauze and loops of claret-colored velvet ribbon. The train is arranged in

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full pouffs. The basque bodice is of the claret-colored velvet, and is pointed back and front. The top of the bodice is trimmed with revers of



No. 3.

the velvet, joined in front with an agrafe, and headed with folds of gauze. This model will be very pretty carried in simple dotted swiss, over pink or blue silesia, and with black velvet bodice and black velvet ribbon for the loops on the skirt; or in écru, or pink India mull, which makes a lovely evening-dress; costs $1.50 per yard, in two-yards-wide goods. One and a-half yards of velvet would be required for the bodice, and one piece of inch-wide velvet ribbon for the trimming. Nine yards of silk or silesia for the under-skirt, and ten yards of gauze or muslin for the over-dress. A partly-worn evening silk could be utilized for the under-skirt.

No. 2.—Next, we have a skirt and polonaise of pale blue cashmere. The skirt has one narrow flounce in knife-plaiting; then another, with puff and heading same width, to stand up over the fourth plaiting, which also stands up. These standing frills must be tacked to keep in place.

Above the flounces, the cashmere is slightly wrinkled, and ornamented with bows of gros-



No. 4.

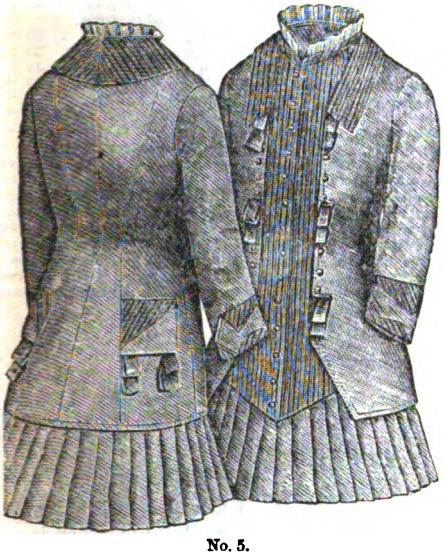
grain ribbon in front. This skirt is made upon a foundation of blue or white silesia or cambric. The polonaise opens below the waist, *en panier*, and the back is very much pouffed. The whole is trimmed round with a narrow plaiting to match

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the skirt. Elbow-sleeves. The neck of the bodice is cut V-shape, and over it is worn a soft mull muslin fichu, trimmed with Breton or Point d'esprit lace put on in fine knife-plaitings. Two rows of the same lace trim the sleeves. From ten to twelve yards of cashmere will be required.

No. 3.—Next, we have a winter cloak of the popular dolman shape, made of black ribbed or basket cloth, and trimmed with a broad border of speckled cock's feathers. Fur, or a band of seal skin cloth, will trim this garment quite as effectively as the feather trimming, and be much less expensive and more durable. On the back of the long dolman sleeve, and at the neck, are ornaments of jetted passementerie.

No. 4.—For an evening-dress for a young girl, we have a short skirt, bordered with, first, a knife-plaiting of the material, then one of Breton lace; these two are continued across the front, while at the back, a third one of the material is added. The bodice is a basque, pointed back and front, from under which the over-skirt is arranged en



No. 5.

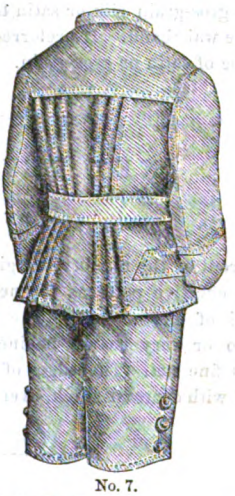
panier in front; at the back it is pouffed, and from there is brought back again to the bottom of the skirt in front, in scarf fashion, and finished with a large knot of the same material. The bodice is cut square, back and front, edged with plaiting of the lace, headed by loops of narrow, satin ribbon. The bodice may be either laced back or front; our model gives the lacing in front. Material for this dress should be of plain or striped grenadine or gauze, using the striped for the skirt and bodice, the plain for the drapery and knife-plaiting.

No. 5.—For a little girl of nine to eleven years, we have a street-costume, back and front, of camel's hair cloth, and striped velvet or velveteen for the vest and trimmings. There is, first, a kilted skirt attached to an under-waist, or simple



No. 6

blouse-bodice. Over this is worn the jacket of the same material, with a simulated vest. The jacket is attached to the vest on the front, and ornamented by loops of velvet ribbon, separated by buttons in groups of three. The rolling collar, half of pockets, and cuffs are of the



No. 7.

striped material same as vest, and trimmed to match. In navy blue, brown, or light gray, this little costume is very effective.

No. 6—Next, we have a costume for either a little boy or girl of three to six years. It is made of basket-flannel, in dark colors, or gray for the

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street—light pink, blue or white for house wear. There is, first, a little skirt, gored on the sides and box-plaited in two large plaits at the back: this is attached to a petticoat body. The princess over-jacket is cut shorter just in the back, and the front has a simulated vest of the same material buttoning on the left side. A waistband of velvet, edged with fringe, is placed below the waist, and slips under the side seams of the back, through an opening left for the purpose. The wide velvet or gros-grain loops and ends is attached to this waistband, and falls from underneath, as seen in the back view of the illustration. The



No. 8.

collar, cuffs and edges of jacket and skirt are all piped with gros-grain silk or satin to match the velvet of the waistband. If preferred this waistband may be of satin or gros-grain.

No. 7.—Another for a boy of three to five years, has the knee pants and Oxford jacket, with yoke and plaited waist belted in, as seen in the illustration. Make of gray or navy blue flannel. For little boys, this is a very popular style.

No. 8.—For a baby of one to two years, we give a pretty little dress of white merino, trimmed with several rows of narrow, velvet ribbon or braid. This model can be carried out in piqué, with worsted braid, and cut with high neck, square yoke, and long sleeves; or it can be made in the low neck as seen, and worn over a little, high-necked, long sleeved under-waist. A broad sash is tied at the back.

PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas, ...	35 cts.
Princess Dress, .	50 "	Waterproofs, ...	35 "
Polonaise, . . .	50 "	Wrappers, ...	35 "
Trimmed Skirt, .	50 "	Children's Dresses, plain,	25 "
Basques, ...	35 "	Combination Suits, . .	35 "
Coats, ...	35 "	Boys' Suit Patterns,	25 to 50 "
Cut-aways, . . .	35 "	Underwear, . .	20 and 25 "
Over-Skirts, . . .	35 "	Good-fitting shirt patterns,	50 "

For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $5.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and State, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NET TRIMMINGS: APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two very pretty and effective patterns for net trimmings in appliqué of net on net. The groundwork is mosquito or very coarse bobinett, and the appliqué is fine net. The edges of the pattern are worked with overcast stitch, over thick cotton or very fine cord. When the embroidery is finished, the net that served for appliqué is cut away where the foundation is visible in our illustrations. The edges of both borders are finished off with a separate picot edging. These net trimmings are very popular just now.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, in addition to the Full-Size Pattern for a Dolman, an *Alphabet for Marking*, comparatively large, suitable for pillow-cases, etc., etc. It is printed in such a manner, on the Supplement, as not to interfere with the Dolman Pattern.

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WINTER DOLMAN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In our December number, we gave a SUPPLEMENT pattern for a new style winter cloak—a somewhat elaborate one—and now we give the pattern for a simpler garment of the dolman shape, accompanying it with a SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number.

The design is new, and very comfortable for this season of the year. It can be made either of the same material as the dress—so completing the costume—or it may be made of cloth, drap d'ete, camel's hair, or waterproof cloaking. It is trimmed either with box-plaiting, like our model, to match the dress, or bands of velvet, plush, or silk, cut on the bias, with the addition of passementerie and fringe.

We give the half of the sacque, and one entire sleeve. From E to E is the back seam of the garment, and it is cut on the bias of the cloth. The dotted line shows where the pattern turns over, as it was too large for our paper. Also the dotted lines across the shoulders show where the pattern turns over there. Join the shoulder seam at A and A and B and B.

The sleeve is joined in a seam from CC to DD. The armhole of the sleeve, which is now apparent, is placed so that the point C will meet the point C on the armhole of the sacque; then be careful to make the notches meet.

The pattern had best be cut out of some old muslin first, and fitted to the size of each person it may be intended for, as all such patterns must be adjusted to the figure, and to the amount of panier worn.

If preferred, a dart may be taken in the front, to make the garment more closely fitting. If made of heavy cloth, it will need no lining; if made of camel's hair, or other light material, line it with flannel. The sleeves should have an outside lining covering the flannel, and it should be of silk or satin.

EMBROIDERY WITH SHADED RIBBONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number is given, as A NEW YEAR'S GIFT to the subscribers of "Peterson," a pattern for quite a new kind of fancy work. It is one of those costly novelties that are only to be found in this magazine. The embroidery is done, it will be observed, in *shaded* ribbons. Ribbons have been used, before this, in fancy work. We gave a pattern in ribbon work in the

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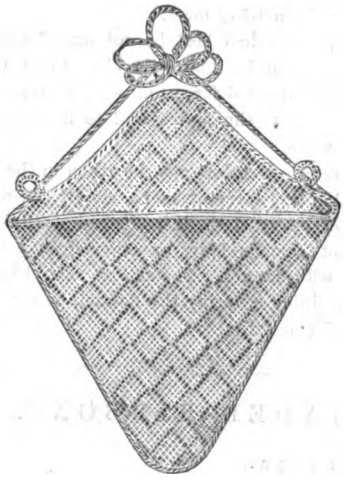
January number for 1877, which, at that time, was the newest thing of its kind. But the use of *shaded* ribbons, as in the pattern now given, for producing the varied hues and tints of flowers and leafage in low relief is altogether new, and has raised this kind of embroidery to the level of art-needlework.

Neither silk nor crewel embroidery command such a variety of shaded colors, nor can they render tiny sprays, bouquets, and borders, like those represented on our colored plate, with such elegance and nature-like effect. Hardly any floral device is too intricate in outline and color to be executed in ribbon embroidery. But the special province for this kind of work seems to us to be the reproduction of floral scrolls and graceful bouquets of the late Renaissance and early Rococo period, which are just now so much in vogue for dress trimmings and decorative needlework generally. Ribbon work is very effective for court trains, shoulder sashes, polonaise trimmings, and shows well on light and on dark materials, provided the colors of ground and of embroidery are artistically contrasted. It is likewise applicable to almost every other purpose of decorative needlework, such as screens, covers and borders of any kind, antimacassars, cushions, mats, etc. Delicate as the work appears, it is very durable, and can be easily repaired. If once mastered in its simple elements, the practical working does not present any special difficulty, even in the most complicated designs.

Ribbon embroidery is worked in a frame, and a larged-eyed needle is the only implement required. A short length of ribbon, sufficient for a number of leaves, is passed through the eye of the needle, and then drawn up through the satin, or whatever material the ground may consist of, commencing at the top of the leaf. Holding the ribbon flat, the needle is then passed back at the end of the leaf, close to the stem, and in the same way the flowers are produced, always bringing up the needle at the outside of the flower, and passing it back close to the centre. The ends of the ribbon are disposed off on the back by either slipping them under or tying them in a knot. The stems and veins are put in with Tambour stitch, but close chain or crewel stitch may be used instead. Our illustrations comprise a great variety of flowers and leafage, arranged in sprays, bouquets, garlands, corners, and borders, and can be combined in various ways for decorative devices. The pattern, in fact, is a dozen patterns in one.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If you have a brother, who has got old enough to have a watch, papa has probably given him one for a Christmas or New Year's gift. Watches used to cost from fifty to a hundred dollars, but a very nice silver one, quite good enough for a lad, can be had, now, for ten dollars. Now, if your brother has a watch, he will want a watch-pocket, in which to put his watch, at night. Here is a very pretty one, called the Harlequin Watch-Pocket. To make it, you require only black filet, fourteen skeins of gold thread, any crochet-silk you have, or mamma has for you, a little black satin, some stout card-board, and two and a-half yards of colored cord.

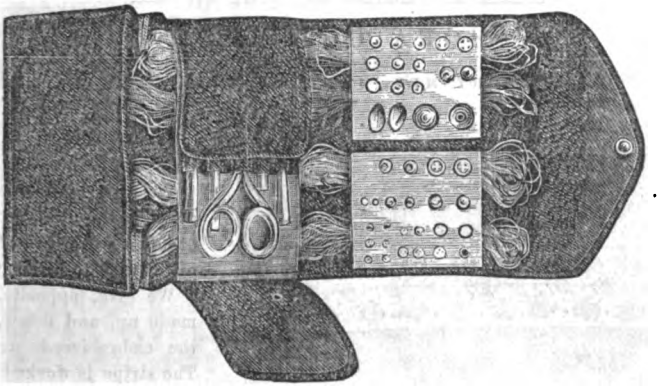
The watch-pocket is in two parts. The front, which is embroidered entirely over, and the back, of which the upper part only is worked. The vandykes are done in gold thread; the spots in silks of as many different colors as possible. The cardboard, cut out in the shapes seen in the engraving, is covered on both sides with a piece of dimity, under the black satin. The netting is sewed over and the edges finished with a handsome cord, which also serves to suspend the pocket.

The silks used for darning the spots should be as brilliant and as varied as possible. If gold thread cannot be had, or costs too much, use only brilliantly colored silk thread.

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HOUSEWIFE FOR COLLEGE STUDENT, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a nice little present for a young student on leaving home for college. It is made of velvet or silk, and the inside fitted with pockets containing conveniences for thread, needles, buttons, scissors, etc. After the inside pockets are arranged, adjust them to their several places, and bind the inside and outside together. Fold and finish with an elastic and button, on the point of the flap where it folds over. The monogram may be embroidered in silk upon the outside. Java canvas or mummy cloth are much used for these useful articles.

CROCHET SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a Crochet Shawl, an article almost indispensable at this season of the year. The materials are Shetland wool, and a bone crochet-hook.

Commence with four stitches, join round, four chain to turn, one double under the circle of four chain, five chain, one double under four chain, five chain one double under four chain, five chain to turn.

2d Row: One double into centre of last five chain, five chain, one double into centre of next five chain, five chain, one double into same stitch, five chain, one double into centre of next five chain, five chain, one double into third of five chain at the turn of last row, three chain to turn.

3d Row: Three trebles under each five chain of last row, except at the point in this work, three trebles, one chain, three trebles.

4th Row: Five chain to turn, one double separated by five chain between each cluster of trebles, except in the point at the point in this work, two doubles, separated by five chain. Repeat from the second row until the shawl is the size required. Be careful to make the increase only at the point.

The shawl is edged with a handsome crochet lace.

MAT FOR STUDENT'S LAMP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern for a Mat, to be used for the popular lamp, called the Student's Lamp. The pattern is in two parts; one showing the mat complete, the other one of the sections full-size.

The mat measures nine in inches in diameter. It is made of cloth of two colors—an olive-green centre with pale blue border. The tassels, which measure an inch and a-half when finished, are of best fleecy wool tied with silk, combed and steamed so as to give them as fleecy an appearance as possible. The border must be finely

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pinked and laid over the centre. The lattice pattern is of wool, sewn over with silk. The cross and long patterns are of silk of two colors. These colors should harmonize with the cloths, or contrast. The mat may be mounted on a foundation of card-board, or not, as you wish.

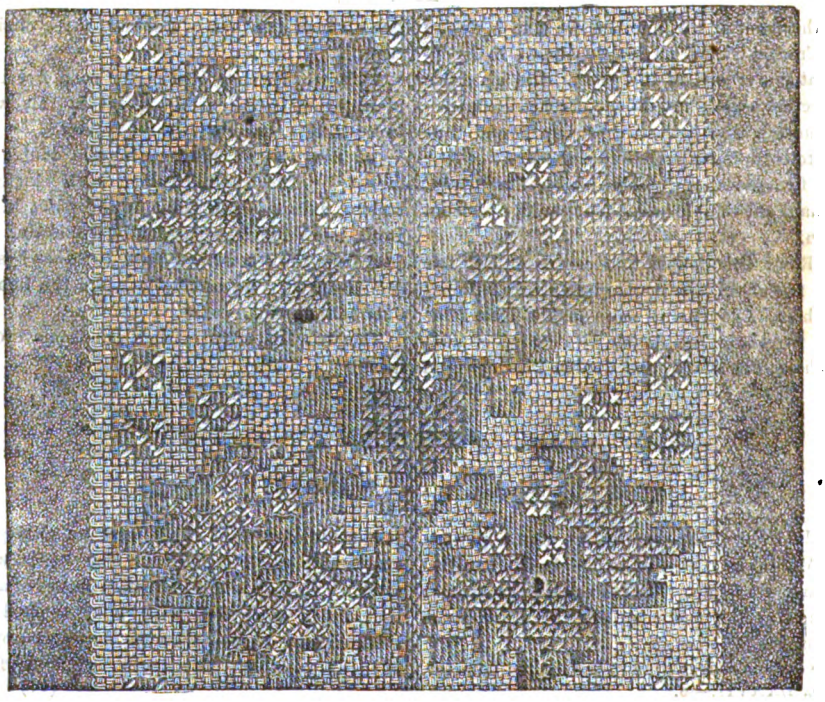
SOFA CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new design for a sofa cushion, an article indispensable in every household, if its inmates wish to be comfortable.

We give, opposite, the cushion made up, and below, the detail of the embroidered stripe full-size. The stripe is worked on Java canvas, in cross and long stitch, either in wool or floss as preferred. The colors used must depend upon the intermediate stripes, which are of velvet or plush. Dark green, maroon or black make the best of contrasts for the embroidered stripes, as the Java canvas is most popular in a light écru color.

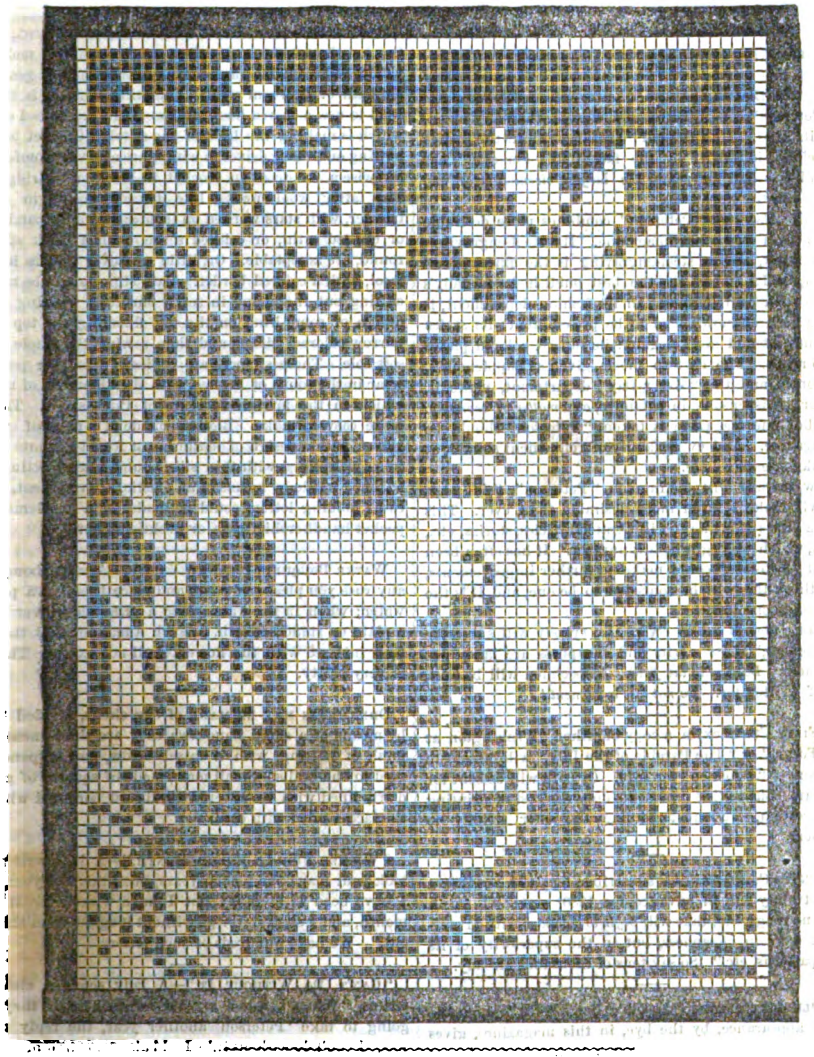


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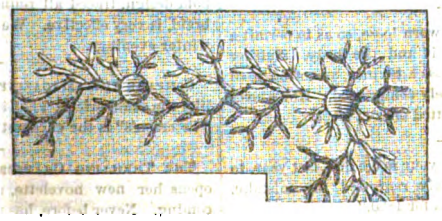
PATTERN FOR TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a Tidy, which may be worked either on Java canvas, or in crochet. The Tidy is reduced, but it will come of the right size, when worked, or crochetted.



DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1880! SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES! We think this number will be pronounced the most costly and beautiful that any publisher has ever issued. We claim that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant: its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The Pattern sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy*. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. And every family of refinement should, at least, take one magazine.

A new feature will distinguish "Peterson" this year, which will make it even more desirable than ever. This will be a series of brilliantly illustrated articles, stories, etc., etc., etc., which we begin in this number. It has often been said that "Peterson" could make no further improvements, but we think this will be conceded to be one, and it is the only possible one left.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

FOR FIFTY CENTS extra, a copy of either "Washington at Valley Forge," or "The Parable of the Lily," will be sent to subscribers to "Peterson" for 1879. Or both will be sent for one dollar. But as this represents only the cost of printing an impression, we must confine the offer strictly to subscribers

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"BEGIN TO COMPARE."—A subscriber for 1879, sending a club of twenty-one, in advance, for 1880, says: "I think there is no magazine, that will *begin to compare* with 'Peterson,' not only in cheapness, but in the superiority of its stories, patterns, etc." So say tens of thousands already.

OUR OLD CONTRIBUTOR, "Josiah Allen's Wife," (she made her first appearance, by the bye, in this magazine), gives our readers, in this number, a sketch in her best and most humorous vein. She loses nothing of her freshness and originality. "Samantha" is as amusing as ever.

WINTER CLOTHING should be worn loose, so as to permit a stratum of warm air between it and the body. Neither should the clothing be of too close a texture, as cotton wool loses its warmth when too closely compressed. Kid gloves are notoriously colder than knitted ones of wool.

A LADY WRITES: "I stopped your magazine, last year, to take another, but have bitterly regretted my mistake. Please find, enclosed, two dollars for 1880."

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS, ETC., ETC.—Crochet shoes sewn on to soles are very easy to make, and would be acceptable presents for either lady or gentleman for bath or bedroom wear. Four-thread fleecy is the best wool to use, a coarse hook, and work in the ribbed crochet, which is making the back of the stitch. Crochet boots for putting on in long drives in winter are also very comfortable; likewise a waistcoat in crochet, in black or partridge wool. The latter wool works like tweed. Cosies, in crochet tricoter, with stars worked on in filoselle, or in patch-work, or quilted satin, or colored serge, with a thick silk cord round, are acceptable. Or, little crossover shawls, in white wool, with a colored border. Bath slippers can be made by cutting out the shape in softer sheeting, working a little design of some kind on the toe, finishing the top with a narrow colored ribbon, and then sewing the whole on to a soft sole. These slippers are copies of what the peasantry wear in the south of France, with the difference of the sole, which in the foreign ones are of thick straw. They are quite easy to make. Blotters, made of a piece of crash or velvet, with a design of jessamine or forget-me-nots worked in crewels, lined with thin silk, bound, with blotting paper fastened inside by means of an elastic, are very neat. Little cases holding letters could be made for a gentleman, or a pocket handkerchief case, or necktie sachet.

WATER BOUQUETS FOR NEW YEAR'S.—Arrange bouquets in any vase you please as usual, and place them in a pail of water; when in the water place a glass shade over it, with a plate or stand beneath, in such a manner that the water thus inclosed with the flowers shall not escape. The effect is very pretty.

ORNAMENTS MAY BE MADE of egg shells, divided in half by means of a small handsaw; they are then encased in a mesh of netting, with a tassel below, and suspended by cord to the walls. Small mats, made of squares of guipure d'art, lined with tin-covered cardboard bordered with lace, the lace headed with cord.

"WISHED FOR IT EVERY MONTH."—A lady writes: "I took your magazine for ten years, until this last year, when I have been without it; but I have wished for it every month, and I shall never go without it again, from this time out." We have hundreds of such letters.

"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—A lady sends a club, and writes, "When I asked my old subscribers, if they were going to take 'Peterson' another year, the reply always was, 'I can't do without it.' I add also some new members."

FOR A BED-COVER, dark-colored sheeting, with a wide, bold design, traced all round for braiding, in white, coarse braid, is very effective. We recommend it as nice work for winter evenings.

COMPARE THIS MAGAZINE with any other, at anything like the same price. That is all we ask to assure you that "Peterson's" is the cheapest and best.

THE THRILLING CHAPTERS, with which Mrs. Stephens opens her new novelette, are but a foretaste of what is coming. Never before, has she displayed greater power.

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TWO NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS!—For 1880 we shall give, as advertised on the cover, choice of *two* premium engravings to persons getting up clubs. Both are copy-righted mezzotints. One is "Washington At Prayer At Valley Forge," size 24 inches by 20, commemorating a tradition of the eventful winter, the darkest period of the War of Independence. The other is "The Parable Of The Lily," 20 by 16. These mezzotints belong to the highest class of engravings, and ought to be, even apart from their artistic merits, on the walls of *every family in the land*. Some persons may prefer one, some another, and in order to secure either, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson." *By getting up one of the large clubs, however, you may secure both.* See, however, the advertisement on the fourth page of cover. These premiums are, decidedly, the best ever offered.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1880! We expect to double our already enormous list. Everybody is taking "Peterson." Send for a specimen to show. You will find that no other magazine, at anything like the price, approaches this. You will also find that no other offers such inducements for getting up clubs. In every respect—merit, cheapness, etc., etc.—*we shall lead the field.*

THE GEMS OF ART, or, the Pictorial Annual, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, instead of a premium engraving, if preferred. Each of these beautiful gift-books contains twenty-five steel engravings, similar to those published in "Peterson." Or they will be sent to subscribers on the same terms as the premium plates, viz.: for fifty cents, extra, each. To persons, not subscribers, the price is one dollar each.

THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY is an established fact. The crops have been enormous and are bringing advanced prices; factories are going once more; the "good times" are really here. We congratulate our readers. It is something for a wife, daughter, or sister to know that the husband, father, or brother is no longer worried and anxious. Long may it be, before we see a return of "dark days," like those between '73 and '79!

SUCH AN ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS as we present, in this number, cannot be equaled, in their way, by any other American magazine: Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. F. H. Burnett, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, Mrs. J. G. Austin, Frank Lee Benedict, and the inimitable author of "Josiah Allen's Wife." Deservedly, therefore, have we gained the reputation of publishing the best stories to be found anywhere.

WE REPEAT THE NOTICE, so often given in these pages, that *we have no agents for whom we are responsible.* Either remit direct to us, join a club, or subscribe through your ocal news-agent, if you have one. Trust no stranger. Where money is remitted *directly to us*, in the manner described in our Prospectus, we are responsible for it, in case of its loss, *but not otherwise.*

OUR "NEW YEAR'S GIFT."—We needly hardly call attention to the magnificent colored pattern, which we present to our subscribers for 1880 as *a New Year's Gift.* It speaks for itself. No other magazine, remember, gives these useful, yet beautiful patterns. The designs are for a new kind of work, which is now all the rage in Europe, and will soon be all the rage here.

TO DRESS WELL, to look your best, always of course within your means, is the duty of every woman. "There is no guide so valuable," writes a lady, "either, as regards taste, or economy, as 'Peterson,' which is always ahead."

A PRETTY COVER for a book for music can be made of crash embroidered in poppies, marguerites, and corn-flowers, surrounding the word, "Music."

THE FASHIONS, in this magazine, are claimed, by the Fashion editor, to be the latest, most reliable and most elegant, published in America; and we think her claim cannot be disputed; in fact, all she asks, and all we ask for her, is that they should be compared with others, we care not where. In most fashion books, the so-called fashions are costumes from second-rate dress-makers, which the publishers of the Magazine are interested in selling. But "Peterson" has no such complications; everything in these pages is direct from Paris; we have no interest in recommending anything, and no inducements to depart from the strict truth, in saying that what we give are the latest and prettiest styles. We publish fashions, moreover, for every grade of income. In our colored steel-plates, we give, as a general rule, only the costumes worn at balls, receptions, etc., which are, of course, rather expensive; but even ladies, who cannot afford to buy such dresses, like, we know, to see such costumes. Elsewhere, we give the less extravagant fashions, and in the "Every-Day," those more economical still. But all are alike after the latest Parisian styles. Our claim is, indeed, that "Peterson" shows you how to dress, in a style of true elegance, at comparatively little cost. It is taste, we hold, not money, that makes the real lady.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

St. Maur, or The Earl's Wooing. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of the merits of this anonymous novel is that the author is evidently at home in the good society of which he writes. His gentlemen are real gentlemen, and not varnished snobs. His ladies are true ladies, and not melo-dramatic make-believes. Another merit is that the story over-runs with incident. Many of the scenes are very powerfully drawn. That of the fire and rescue is particularly so; it can hardly be surpassed for graphic power and tragic interest. In the friendship that exists between Vaulouverer and St. Maur, in the former giving his life for the latter, we have a picture of the old heroic times, conceived in the highest strain of chivalry.

Studying Art Abroad, and How To Do It Cheaply, By May Alcott Nierker. 1 *vol.*, 10*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—An excellent guide-book, and even more than that, for any person wishing to study art in Europe. It goes into the minutest detail as to outfit, where to go, how to live, etc., etc. The different advantages and disadvantages of London, Paris, Rome, and Florence, are weighed and decided.

Hygiene Of The Voice. By Ghislani Durrant, M. D., etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Cassel, Potter, Galpin & Co.*—This is a new and revised edition of a work that has already had very great success. The physiology and anatomy of the voice, if we may so speak, is exhaustively discussed in it, and illustrated with numerous engravings. To persons who sing, even as amateurs, it will be found invaluable.

Eyebright. A Story. By Susan Coolidge. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—No one writes books for children more charmingly than Susan Coolidge. She has an intuitive gift in that direction. She can interest, when no one else can; and she manages to instruct as well as to interest. The present story is in her very best vein.

The Boy's and Girl's Treasury. Edited by Uncle Herbert. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A picture and story book for young children, embellished with wood-engravings, that illustrate articles in prose and poetry.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—These little tales for children are among Miss Alcott's best. "Jimmy's Cruise In The Pinafore," the first of them, is wonderfully clever.

The Picture Alphabet. By Cousin Daisy. 1 *vol.*, *small* 4*to. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very appropriate book for a New Year's gift to a child. The wood-engravings, which illustrate it, are unusually good.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON" AHEAD OF ALL.—If you are getting up a club, it would be well to show your friends what the newspapers say of "Peterson," so that they may know that it really is the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books. For this purpose, we give, here, a few of the hundreds of notices, that we have received of our last number. All parties, and all sections, agree about "Peterson." Says the Cairo (Mich.) Democrat, "The December number is a marvel of beauty; the colored fashions, and steel-plates are the loveliest we have ever seen. Beyond all doubt, it is the cheapest and best of the lady's books." Says the Marion (S. C.) Farmer, "The literary contents are even better than usual." "This delightful magazine improves with age," says the Lynn (Mass.) Record. "Will always rank high as a literary magazine," says the Reading (Pa.) Times, "with such writers as Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Jane G. Austin, etc., etc." Says the Gratiot (Mich.) Democrat, "Peterson's is on our table, fresh and beautiful, a triumph of the printer's and engraver's skill." "Fraught with its accustomed beauties, it will be greeted with favor by the million," says the Fall River (Mass.) News. "The first of the lady's books," says the Freeport (Ill.) News, "it is astonishing, too, how it improves." Says the Highland (Kansas) Sentinel, "A splendid number, the illustrations superb." "The engravings for this work," says the Pike Co. (Ind.) News, "are even above the usual standard, and the stories are by the best authors." The Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel says, "The fashion and pattern plates are always superior in style." The Norristown (Pa.) Defender says, "Peterson is the best and cheapest of the lady's books, *and now is the time to get up clubs.*"

SHALL WE KILL OURSELVES?—Is alum poisonous? Its use in baking powders condemned by medical journals. Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, in a recent issue, says: "This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although if continued it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders.

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purpose—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison.

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison.

"Then, again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of its members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking powders properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of alum in baking powders.

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

"We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

"Will not some prominent manufacturer of pure Candies follow their example, and expose the secrets of a business that is doing untold mischief to little children?"

WE HAVE EXAMINED Gaskell's Compendium, advertised in this magazine. It is the handsomest thing of the kind we ever saw, seemingly perfectly adapted to self-instruction. Hundreds, it is said, among our readers, have learned from it to write a beautiful hand, many of them ladies. No teacher is required.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I—ACORUS CALAMUS. CALAMUS—SWEET FLAG.

Derivation.—Gr. *a*, privative, and *kore*, pupil of the eye; a supposed remedy for sore eyes. Rhizome or root, creeping, jointed, compressed, half inch or more in diameter, internally white, externally tinged with green, hairy. Leaves, all radical, two to three feet long, ensiform, narrow, one-half to three-fourths inch wide; scape as long as the leaves; flowers yellowish green. This well-known pungent aromatic is an indigenous plant, thoroughly established in many swampy, marshy localities; flowers in May and June.

The odor of Calamus is strong and pungent, and it is a good stimulant, tonic and aromatic. Hence it may be used freely by mothers, in domestic practice, in cases of uneasiness or pain in the stomach and bowels of children, arising from flatulence; and in the form of infusion, it can be given along with purgatives to prevent them from griping or causing pain. Mothers in the country should gather the roots late in autumn, and they will find this common agent quite equal, if not superior, to essence of peppermint or ginger, so much in vogue. In fact, this simple medicine is too much neglected, as it is generally as useful as the more costly aromatics obtained at the drug stores. A pint of boiling water to an ounce of the root makes a pretty strong infusion, of which a tablespoonful to a wineglassful may be taken for a dose, and in a short time repeated, if necessary. The hard, dried root can be grated, and taken in doses of half teaspoonful.

ÆSCULUS HIPPOCASTANUM.—Horse-Chestnut.—Æsculus, the ancient name of a tree which bore an esculent fruit.

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This handsome tree, which grows in this country to the height of thirty to sixty feet, is a native of Asia, (northern India.) It was introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century; but it failed to be appreciated in this country until recently. The branches are opposite, symmetrical and rather erect; the young branches are stout, and never ramify the same season—each year's growth being a definite development from the large buds, and effected rapidly within a few weeks. Leaflets in sevens, sessile, four to six or eight inches long, obovate-cuneate, acute, dentate; common leafstalk as long as the leaves. Flowers white with red spots, in large, erect, terminal, dense, ovoid panicles. The *fruit* is a subglobose, coriaceous capsule; the *seed* is a large, globose nut, with a smooth reddish-brown coat, and a broad, paler *hilum*, or scar.

It is incomprehensible, when we reflect, how thoughtless our fathers have been on the subject of providing shade trees, as a shelter to themselves and cattle, from the fervid glare of the summer's sun. It is to be sincerely hoped that our posterity may be able to say with more truth than we, who are past our prime, can:

> "Our fathers knew the value of a screen
> From sultry suns; and in their shaded walks
> And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
> The gloom and coolness of declining day."

In the Northern and Western States there are several native species, where they are called the *Buck-eye*, from a resemblance of the seeds to the eye of that animal. These native trees have become the popular emblem of Ohio, and hence the sobriquet of the "Buck-eye State."

The fruit abounds in starch, is readily obtained, and is held to be superior, as an article of diet, to that obtained from the potato.

The bark has long been used in place of the Peruvian bark, for the cure of intermittents, and worthy of trial at least by "the toiling millions."

Among Homœopaths, the Horse Chestnut is obtaining some rank as an anti-hemorrhoidal medicine. "When the only connected symptoms or appreciable cause of piles is constipation, and there is much pain, but little bleeding, *Æsculus* seems pretty likely to effect a cure."

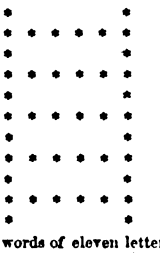
FOR THE CHILDREN.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.—The girls, from the tiniest upward, will generally amuse themselves for hours with their dolls; and if they possess a small pair of scissors, with *round* and blunt tips, especially intended for children's use, they can, if mother will supply them with odds and ends of silk, etc., cut out things, and adorn their dollies as they please. If, too, they are allowed needle and thread—and the *tiny* mites will soon become careful with the former rather dangerous toy if taught early—they can fashion the pieces into caps, pinafores, or whatever their fancy dictates, and to have cut out and made something all their "very own selves" is infinitely more pleasant to their little feelings than the gifts from mother or nurse of more elaborate constructions. Stringing beads is another amusement of which girls are generally fond, and it offers what is most tempting to the child-mind—variety—as so many things can be made with a few bright-colored beads, but care must be taken that baby's rosy mouth is not made the receptacle for a great number of them, as will be the case if the chubby fingers are allowed to meddle with the "pitey sings." With a few pieces of perforated cardboard dolly can have brooches, lockets, sprays for the hair—in fact, quite a display of jewels. Some of the grown-up members of the family can cut the cardboard into different shapes—oval or heart-shaped for lockets, round or horseshoe for brooches—and the children armed with fine needles and thread, can sew on the beads, making different sets of ornaments with the different colored beads, say a turquoise and pearl with pale blue and dead-white beads, a ruby and diamond set with deep red and sparkling white ones, etc., arranging the beads as they fancy or as mother suggests, and finishing with a setting of yellow or steel beads for gold or silver, as the case may be. Then dolly must have a jewel-case. Any small box with a lid does beautifully for this; it can be stuffed with wadding and lined with pink or blue silk, under the supervision of some older person (the children, though, doing all the work, for in this will be the pleasure to them); then the necklaces, brooches, etc., are laid in in regular order. Little slits may be cut for the rings, which may be strung on the cotton or worked on narrow strips of the cardboard and buttonholed over to make them neat. If the children are not equal to the task of buttonholing, no doubt mother will help.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 52.—A LADDER PUZZLE.



The uprights are words of eleven letters each, the right meaning presentation; and the left, very hasty. The words, beginning with the lower, mean: 1. To ensnare. 2. An undoubted truth. 3. To confine. 4. A plant and its flower. 5. To mend.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 53.—A LOGOGRIPH.

Behead a quick spring, and make acid. Curtail the quick spring, and make a mark of honor. Behead the acid, and make skill. Curtail the acid, and make a sailor. Reverse the sailor, and make an animal.

Marblehead, Mass. G. C.

No. 54.—RHOMBOID.

Across.—Capacity, a negative, an angle, to repeat, veins.

Down.—A consonant, above, a net-work, always, a feast, an American general, guided, a pronoun, a consonant.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 55.—WORD SQUARE.

My first is to stay. My second is a quantity of land. My third is a metal. My fourth is a shelter.

La Plata, Mo. LANCELOT.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 48.

Gnat, Ass, Boe, Butterfly, Toad, Miller, Rat, Cow, Dog, Llama, Hen, Wolf, Pig, Swan, Sheep, Goose, Horse, Hare, Goat, Rabbit, Deer.

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No. 49.

G
FAT
COLES
GALLNUT
BLOOM
YON
N

No. 50.

Water-proof.

No. 51.

HOPE
OILY
PLEA
EYAS

HOUSE ORNAMENTATION.

Drawing-Room Chairs, uniform in make and covering, are no longer the fancy of the hour, and the predilection is for low chairs, spring chairs, divan chairs, wooden chairs, Louis Quatorze chairs, Chippendale chairs, Queen Anne chairs, kitchen chairs, Windsor chairs—in fact, every description of chair. The Windsor and kitchen chairs are rendered acceptable in the drawing-room by being painted black and touched up with gold, and little cushions covered with some thick pretty material are placed on the seats. Gentlemen are rather partial to these substantial-looking chairs when not inclined for one very low, very fragile, or luxurious. Sofas, ottomans, and settees are not covered *en suite* as heretofore, except in large reception rooms which are used for receptions only, when the family lives principally in sitting-rooms. As in the case of curtains, so in the case of settees and sofas; fancy coverings are mostly preferred, whether costly or inexpensive, stuff or cretonne, dark blue with a crimson border, dark claret with a light green border, dark green with a cream and green border; but nothing incongruous in the way of coloring or covering is introduced. There is one prevailing tone, and all other colors introduced either blend well or contrast well with it. In cretonnes and chintzes for loose cases, again, the idea is variety rather than uniformity. When washing materials are used, small patterns are chosen in preference to large, full-blown flowering ones, and the same remark applies to carpets, which cannot be of too unobtrusive a character. Some people fancy whole colored carpets, blues or grays or greens, without any pattern whatever.

WINDOW GARDENING, Etc., Etc.

Floral Decoration of Houses.—Notwithstanding the encouragement which of late years has been given to window-gardening and to the introduction of flowers for table adornment, we can scarcely err in asserting that the floral decoration of houses is a subject still in its infancy. It is a matter of no small satisfaction to have got rid of that stubborn prejudice against flowers in rooms which possessed our ancestors. As long as there is proper ventilation, flowers are never injurious. Air in circulation is never necessarily injurious, but stagnant air is. It is stagnant air, like stagnant water, that becomes vitiated sooner or later, and consequently unwholesome. We must pass our sleeping as well as our waking hours in the free circulation of fresh air.

In cases of illness which prevent, either permanently or for a time, any out-of-doors exercise, the best possible substitute for such recreation is the care of a few pot plants. We can speak gratefully of the effect in this respect of some dozen hyacinths in glasses, and two or three pots of choice bulbs, when we remember how they served to cheer the long weary hours of imprisonment in the case of a lady who for nearly six months was confined to her sofa from a badly sprained ankle.

Our readers must not imagine, however, that plants indoors can be managed with little or no trouble. There is a real skill required in the management of them, and careful watching is necessary to keep them in health. There are many obstacles to be overcome, the chief of which is that no provision has been made for their reception in the original construction of our houses. Few houses—very few indeed, except among those which have been recently built—have any convenient standing-places for flowers. There is certainly no reason why our halls and porticoes, and passages cannot be so arranged as to become small greenhouses or conservatories. Every window-sill and balcony, with a little care and at a very trifling cost, could be so constructed as to admit of the reception of pot-plants in any number without fear of damage to the room or any inconvenience whatever.

As everybody knows, growing plants, whether in the house or out of doors, will not live without water; and the greatest difficulty with them indoors is how to give water without endangering other furniture, and especially how to get rid of the superfluous moisture which must accrue in all artificial watering. It is a common practice to set pot plants in saucers; but common garden saucers, of the same material as the pots, are porous and will not hold water for any time, and even when glazed inside they become from frequent use so damp that they cannot without injury be set upon matting, carpets, or even floorboards. There are, we know, saucers that are not porous, made of glass and china, but all such are objectionable for another reason: they sodden the earth in the pots, and cause injury to the roots of the plants by retaining superfluous moisture too long about them. There are some few things—ferns, etc.—that will thrive under this condition; but it is not the normal condition of vegetable growth, and we may take it as a good general rule that plants cannot be healthy when the pots that contain them are left to stand in stagnant water. Wherever there are pot plants there must be some provision for artificial drainage. There can be no difficulty on this point in entrance-halls, porches, and passages. How very easily would this inconvenience be done away with by a small iron gutter under the flooring, covered with an ornamental iron grating in front of the different windows! This would allow the pots to stand without saucers on the flooring, and when needed these plants could be watered overhead. The surplus water would run off through the grating, and would be carried away by the concealed gutter or drain to the outside of the buildings. This drain need not exceed four inches in diameter, and being properly trapped, there would be no fear of a return draught of cold air.

In somewhat the same manner, and at a very moderate expense in their original construction, window-sills and balconies of the different rooms may be made suitable for gardening purposes. Every balcony could be converted into an outside garden, and every window-seat be made a small flower-border, all that is required in each case being a double-bottomed trough of zinc or galvanized iron. The first, to receive the mould and plants, must be perforated and provided with crocks as a common garden seed-pan, and the second, or lower bottom, to receive all the superfluous water which comes from the first, must be provided with a drain at one corner to carry it away. The slab which stands in place of a window-seat can be made either of galvanized iron or slate or stone, and supported by ornamental brackets. The sides could be in trellswork, so as to show the different pots. If, however, these sides were closed instead of open the pot plants could be set in tan, or a mixture of tan and

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peat covered with moss, and if this moss were kept in a growing state it would have a very good effect, and hide all the unsightly pots. This arrangement not only produces an agreeable and neat appearance, but it is of immense benefit to the plants themselves by protecting their roots from the scorching rays of the sun and the concentrated heat from the glass window. It is also a saving of trouble, for plants so protected require far less watering.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

THE MUSICAL ORACLE.—Like all oracles of which we have any account, this requires a certain amount of intelligence both in the working and the interpretation of it. One of the players having been sent out of the room, the rest arrange among themselves some task that he is to perform, and, a player being seated at the piano, on his readmission the task is to be indicated to him by the music played and the manner of playing it. Suppose, for instance, he is to be required to walk three times round the table, and kiss the hand of a particular lady. On entering, the victim will be saluted with "All round my hat," played piano. He will probably look for a hat, and, finding none, will try going round on his own axis, on which the music will die away almost to silence. He then approaches the table, when the strain swells louder; he takes a few steps—louder still; and now recognizing what is required, he paces round once to the air, and is about to go away, when the tune keeps on persistently and loudly, until he guesses that he has to go round the table again. Having completed the three turns, he waits for the next musical indication, which perhaps comes in the shape of "How happy could I be with either," changing to "Nora Creina." He then perceives that it must be the question of a lady, and passes in front of all those in the room—the music becoming fainter as he leaves the lady selected and louder as he approaches her. At length he stands before her, and the piano strikes up "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." He offers her his arm, but she makes no move. He kneels, when the music stops abruptly. He rises again, and the music begins with "The Kiss." He attempts a kiss on the cheek, when he is met with an awful chord and clatter. He then tries the hand, when the music increases in loudness and winds up with a grand flourish, and, if he has acquitted himself intelligently, he obtains the applause of the company.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Poor Man's Soup.—Put one ounce of butter into a saucepan, with three large onions, shred fine, and fry them a pale brown color; add half a tablespoonful of flour, stir for a few minutes, but do not allow the mixture to darken; then add one quart of common stock previously flavored with carrots, turnips, celery, leeks, and parsley boiled in it; stir until the soup boils, and season it to taste with pepper and salt. Peel one or two potatoes, cut them into small dice, and put them to boil with the soup. Cut some crust of bread in long pieces, the size and half the length of French beans, dry them in the oven, and at the time of serving, throw them into the soup; then stir into it off the fire the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little milk and strained.

Stock: How to make it.—Four-pound shin of beef, one gallon of cold water, and two teaspoonsful of salt; put it on the back of the stove, let it slowly come to a boil, and keep boiling until the water is boiled away one-half; strain, and set to cool; when cold take the grease off the top, and it is ready for use. To make soup: For a family of six, take one quarter of the stock, to which add one quart of boiling water, and any vegetable you may desire, salt and pepper, and boil three hours; eat while hot. This stock will keep one week in cold weather.

White Vegetable Soup.—Two carrots, two turnips, two onions, three heads of celery, three potatoes; add half a pint of split peas, boiled and rubbed through a sieve: pass the vegetables through the sieve; add one quart of good white stock, and half a pint of cream or good milk; season to taste.

Tapioca Soup without Stock.—Mince an onion finely, fry it in plenty of butter till of a golden color, add pepper and salt to taste, and a pint and a-half of water; when the water boils, strain and put it back into a clean saucepan with two tablespoonsful of tapioca; let it boil till almost dissolved, then serve.

MEATS.

Cold Meat and Ham Croquets.—Take cold fowl or cold meat of any kind, with a few slices of cold ham, fat and lean, chop together until very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of ketchup, a small lump of butter. Knead all well together, make into small flat cakes (the yolk of an egg can be used to bind the ingredients, but it is not necessary). Brush with the yolk of a beaten egg on both sides, cover thickly with grated bread-crumbs, fry in a little lard or butter to a light brown. It is surprising how many of these croquets can be made from a very little cold meat and ham, and they are excellent.

An Economical and Delicious Way of Cooking a Rabbit.—Take a nice, fresh rabbit, cut it into joints, and fry it brown, with some slices of pickled pork, and some onions, shred fine. When nice and brown take it out of the frying-pan, and put it in a stew-pan, with water sufficient to cover it. Pepper and salt to taste, thicken with some flour and butter; add force-meat balls, but be sure not to put the fat out of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be the thickness of rich cream.

Stuffed Leg of Mutton.—Boil two large white onions until tender; then chop fine, add bread-crumbs and sage to taste, a little salt and pepper; then slit the sinewy part of the leg, and insert the stuffing, and roast.

DESSERTS.

Velvet Pudding.—Five eggs beaten separately, one teacupful of white sugar, four tablespoonsful of corn-starch, dissolved in a little cold milk and added to the yolks and sugar. Boil three pints of sweet milk, and pour into it the yolks and sugar while boiling. Remove from the fire when it has become quite thick. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into a baking-dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with half a teacupful of white sugar; then pour it over the top of the pudding, and return it to the stove until it is slightly browned. Eat with sauce, the recipe for which is given below. It is delicious.

Scrap Pudding.—Put scraps of bread, crust and crumb, into a bowl, with sufficient milk to cover them well. Cover with a plate, and put it into the oven to soak for about half an hour. Take it out, and mash the bread with a fork till it is a pulp; then add a handful of raisins and as many currants, a teacupful of brown sugar, half a cup of milk, some candied lemon-peel, and one egg. Stir it up well, grease a pudding-dish, and pour the pudding in. Grate over a little nutmeg, put it into a moderate oven, and let it bake for an hour and a-half.

Open Tart.—Butter a tart-pan, roll out the paste to the thickness of half an inch, and line the pan with it; prick a few holes at the bottom with a fork, and bake the tart in a brisk oven from ten to fifteen minutes. Let the paste

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cool a little; then fill it with preserve, place a few stars or leaves on it, which have been previously cut out of the paste and back, and the tart is ready for table. By making it in this manner, both the flavor and the color of the jam are preserved, which would otherwise be lost were it baked in the oven on the paste; and, besides, as much jam is not required.

A Bachelor's Pudding.—Four ounces grated bread, four ounces currants, four ounces apples, two ounces sugar, three eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon, a little grated nutmeg. Pare, core, and mince the apples finely—sufficient, when minced, to make four ounces; add to these the currants, which should be well washed, the grated bread, and sugar; whisk the eggs, beat these up with the remaining ingredients, and when all is thoroughly mixed, put the pudding into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for three hours.

Plum Pudding.—Boil and mash well one pound potatoes and one-half pound carrots; when cold add one pound each of flour, currants, and raisins, three-quarters pound raw sugar, eight ounces suet, a little salt, and a nutmeg grated; any other spices and candied peels may be added if approved. Fill your mould very full, tie up closely, and boil four hours; if boiled six hours, the pudding is richer and semi-transparent, and will keep two or three months.

Marmalade Pudding.—One-half pound bread-crumbs, six ounces beef suet, chopped very fine; three tablespoonfuls of marmalade, rind and juice of a lemon, one teaspoonful carbonate soda, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three eggs, well whipped, a little grated nutmeg, all to be well mixed, put into a mould, and boiled three and a-half hours. Serve with wine sauce.

CAKES.

A Good Christmas Cake.—One pound butter, one pound sugar, nine eggs, one pound of flour, three pounds clean currants, two pounds stoned raisins, one-half teacup of wine or brandy, from one-half to three-quarters pound citron, one grated nutmeg, some mace and cinnamon. Rub the butter and sugar together; when light, add first the yolks, then the whites of the eggs—the yolks and whites of the eggs to be beaten separately—then put in nearly all your flour, keeping out just enough to dust your raisins and cement them; cut your citron in such slices as you like, and put in as you put the cake in the pan; after mixing your fruit in the cake, butter a four-quart pan carefully, line it with clean straw paper, a little butter on the paper; put your cake in and bake in not too quick an oven, for it burns easily. After it is baked, take it out of the pan—paper and all—and let it cool. The next day, to keep it fresh and moist, put it back in the pan, or in a tin cake, box and keep it tightly covered.

Plum Cake.—(1) *Scotch:* Beat one-half pound of butter to a cream, add one-half pound sugar, beating well; then six eggs previously beaten. Have three-quarters pound of peel, one-quarter pound almonds, and three-quarters pounds flour already mixed; stir them gently into the butter, etc., and put the mixture into a tin well lined with buttered paper rising well over the top. Bake in a slow oven for three hours. Do not shake nor touch it when in the oven, or the fruit will fall to the bottom.

(2).—Beat three-quarters pound of butter to a cream, add gradually three-quarters pound of brown sugar, the yolks of four eggs well beaten; mix one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with one pound of flour; add this to the other ingredients, with a quarter of a pint of milk, one-half pound of citron peel, one pound of raisins, and one glass of brandy; and last of all the whites of four eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. It should be kept at least a fortnight before it is cut.

Plain Seed Cake.—Two pounds flour, one and one-half pound treacle, nearly one ounce ground ginger, one-quarter pound butter, one-quarter ounce carraway seeds ground, a little candied lemon peel cut fine, mix all well with the flour, warm the butter and mix well with the rest; dissolve in boiling water a large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and stir well into the treacle, add to the other ingredients, work all thoroughly together, and bake in a buttered tin two hours in a rather slow oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Cucumber Pickle.—If full-grown, the small long sort are the best for pickling. Let them be fresh gathered; pull off the blossoms, but do not rub them; pour over them a strong brine of salt and water boiling hot, cover them close, and let them stand all night. The next day stir them gently to take off the sand, drain them on a sieve, and dry them on a cloth; make a pickle with the best white wine vinegar, ginger, pepper (long and round), and a little garlic. When the pickle boils, throw in the cucumbers, cover them, and make them boil as quickly as possible for three or four minutes; put them into a jar with the vinegar, and cover them closely; when cold, put in a sprig of dill, the seed downward. They will be exceedingly crisp and green, done in this manner; but if they do not appear to be of a fine color, boil up the pickle the next day, and pour it boiling on the cucumbers.

Breakfast Dishes.—Scotch Woodcock.—Break two or three eggs into a saucepan; mix well, with a little salt and cayenne, and a good gravy spoon of milk or cream; cook it gently over the fire, and, as it warms, put in a lump of butter as big as a small egg; stir well from the bottom, as the mixture clots. Have ready two slices of toast, slightly buttered on both sides; put between them about three anchovies, washed, scraped, and chopped; pour on the top the mixture from the saucepan, and serve very hot.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF MASTIC-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR; the skirt has a knife-plaited flounce of the camel's hair; the princess over-dress is made with paniers and trimmed with Breton lace; the sleeves reach to the elbow, and the corsage is cut square in the neck; a plastron front of light blue brocade reaches from the neck to the feet, a blue bow is on the right side of the neck; the head-dress is composed of white lace and blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; a deep plaited flounce trims the bottom of the skirt; the front is quite close clinging and plain, the train is rather long, and a full panier is seen below the black silk jacket which opens in front over a rich brocaded velvet vest, and is larger than the jacket; white felt bonnet trimmed with white plumes and crimson satin strings.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED TULLE, OVER A SILK OF THE SAME COLOR; the skirt has no train, but touches the floor, not being made as short as the walking skirts; the bottom is trimmed with plaited ruffles of the tulle. There is a crosswise plaited apron of the tulle, and the skirt is trimmed with rich silk fringe. The basque is made of rich brocaded silk, with revers turned up; the neck opens in V-shape, and is trimmed with rich white lace; the sleeves reach below the elbow, where they are trimmed with white lace and bows of yellow ribbon.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET; the long train is trimmed with plaitings of blue silk and the revers are faced with blue silk, and the sleeves and edge of the revers are finished with a narrow knife-plaiting of the same; collar of blue. The under-dress is of white brocaded silk, the bottom being trimmed with two ruffles of the blue; blue feathers in the hair.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE AND YELLOW STRIPED

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GAUZE, over a yellow silk under-skirt; the square train is of the gauze, and the front is trimmed with white ball fringe, and looped up at the side with loose sprays of crimson roses. The short round corsage is of white satin, and the tulle berthé is edged with a wreath of crimson roses; wide satin belt.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF SEAL-BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR; the bottom is of brown satin edged with two narrow knife-plaitings, above this the camel's hair skirt is lightly draped at the back, in front there is a shirred piece of the satin extending from the waist to near the bottom, where it ends in long loops of brown satin ribbon. The close-fitting jacket has revers fastened back by silver buttons, and there is a shirred front of the satin, as well as a simulated vest of the satin.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the bottom of the skirt is kilt-plaited; above this is a scarf-like skirt, the long ends of which are caught together, and fall at the back; the close-fitting double-breasted jacket is trimmed with pearl buttons, and opens over a gay brocaded vest.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE CASHMERE; the skirt is trimmed with a deep knife-plaited ruffle; the upper skirt turns back and forms paniers on the hip, and the ends are draped at the back; the princess waist buttons down to where the paniers commence; the fichu about the neck is of very thin white muslin, and like the cuffs, is trimmed with Mechlin lace.

FIG. IX.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a wide knife-plaited flounce; the over-dress is draped crosswise in front, and lengthwise in the back, and is edged with a deep, rich fringe; the tight-fitting cutaway jacket is trimmed with a woven gimp that corresponds with the fringe. White felt bonnet with green trimmings.

FIG. X.—DOLMAN CLOAK OF BROWN BEAVER CLOTH, trimmed with deep brown fur.

FIG. XI.—GRAY CLOTH CIRCULAR faced down the inside of the front with black brocade, which material also lines the hood.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—FRONT AND BACK OF DARK GREEN WATER-PROOF CLOAK; the deep cape reaches only to the arms where it forms sleeves; it is double-breasted and the cape is trimmed with straps of narrow braid fastened on with buttons and edged with little woolen tassels.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The two head-dresses are among the newest that have appeared, but the first requires dexterous fingers to arrange the puffs so that they shall look light and fluffy. The little girl's hat is of white felt trimmed with white satin ribbon and having a row of Breton lace quilled inside. The boy's cap is of gray Astrachan fur, trimmed with gray cord.

The first hat for a lady is of white felt trimmed with white lace and soft white plumes; and the face is edged on the inside with black velvet; white lace or satin strings may be added to this hat if desired; it is very suitable for a visiting or reception hat.

The bonnet is one of the close shapes, with a cap front as well as soft cap crown; it is of black velvet and trimmed with black satin ribbon, crimson and tea-colored roses and black ivy berries. The second hat is of black felt, faced with black satin, and the brim is trimmed with five rows of old gold braid; a knot of black satin and a long black plume trim the outside.

No new fashions appear in mid-winter, usually; only modifications of those that were adopted earlier in the season, and of those we have spoken at large before. For the benefit of new subscribers, however, we will give a short synopsis of what we have before stated. Short dresses for the street are almost universal—when longer ones are worn, it is when they do duty as house-dresses also; the short dresses are no longer at the back than in front, are made to cling closely in the front, and the skirt is always narrow, the drapery giving it all the fulness that is necessary. Paniers are worn, but are by no means universal, many of the short dresses being made to fall quite plain from the hips down. Close-fitting, half tight-fitting and loose jackets are worn with short dresses, just as the fancy or the figure of the wearer may make it most desirable. For the house, trains are very general, though some ladies, especially young ones, like the short dress for home wear too; it is certainly very convenient, but not so graceful as the train; the latter, however, is not nearly so long as formerly. House-dresses are made in every style, some with the full paniers, others falling in severe straight lines—they must cling close in front; the waists also are of infinite variety, but if for more dressy occasions, are usually open in the neck in front, and have the sleeves reaching half way from the elbow to the waist. The polonaise, or princess, style is still a favorite one, though many prefer the skirt and basque separate. For evening, young ladies wear plain colored velvet or silk, or brocaded silk bodices, with white muslin, cashmere or silk skirts, or with skirts of other colors, provided that the body harmonizes with the skirt—these are usually made with a basque, and may be quite high or only half high on the shoulders. The fashion of combining gay brocades and cashmere patterns with plain material gives great variety to the dress, as these gay materials may be used in so many different ways, in fact, in any way to suit the fancy of the wearer; but great care should be taken in employing them, as they are so apt to give the costume a spotted look; collars, cuffs, revers, facings, rufflings, pipings, paniers are all made of the brocaded or figured material, and it is applied in a hundred different ways. Plush, velvet, striped or figured satin are also employed in the same way. All colors seem equally popular, so that all complexions can be suited.

Mantles, basques, jackets, in fact wraps of all sorts, are of the greatest variety; some are very long and loose, others are short and close-fitting, and others again half tight-fitting; all figures can be suited.

Bonnets and hats are in a greater variety of shapes than ever before; the large *Directoire* bonnet and the small cottage bonnet are equally worn; and young ladies appear in all shapes in hats, from the picturesque large flapped beaver, in the Rubens style, to the very severe, stiff Derby hat, with its upright wing, or without any wing at all.

The Hair is also dressed according to the fancy or the style of the wearer; but one thing is universal—there is much less false hair worn than was formerly the case, and consequently the *coiffure* has a much more natural appearance.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt has two knife-plaited ruffles. The jacket is close-fitting, plain in front, but at the sides and back, where it is cut much shorter than at the front, double loops of the material lengthen the jacket to meet the front part; large loops of ribbon trim the back. The handkerchief-collar and cuffs are edged with a knife-plaiting of silk of the color of the coat. Pointed gray beaver hat, trimmed with gray silk and gray feather.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME OF DARK GRAY CLOTH. The trousers are short and come below the stockings of gay Scotch plaid colors; the jacket is double-breasted and worn with a belt. Scotch cap.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt is kilt-plaited; the brown cloth jacket is close-fitting, has a rolling collar, trimmed like the pockets and cuffs with silk braid, and large, pearl buttons fasten the jacket and ornament the pockets and cuffs.

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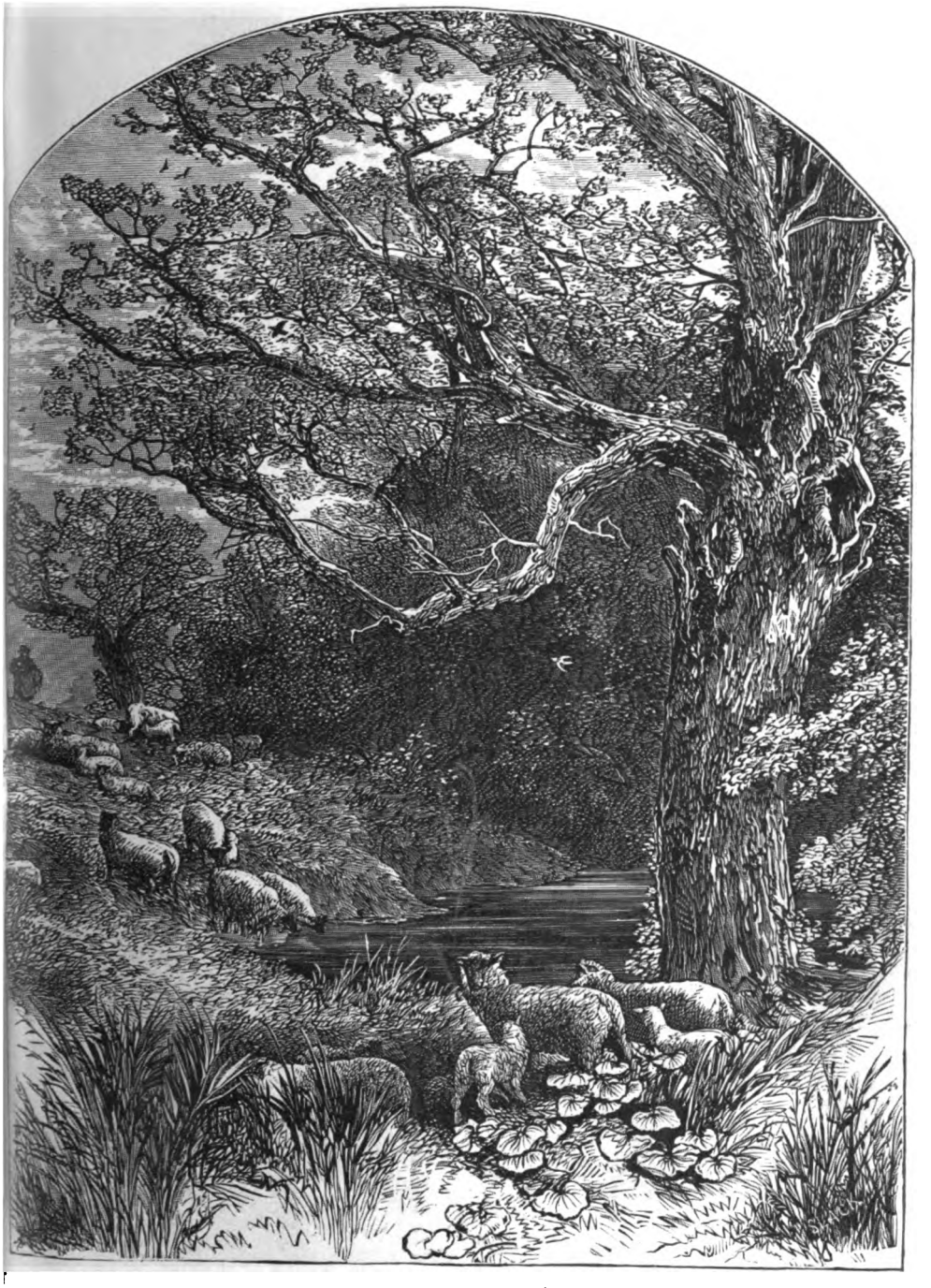
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"ARRESTED BY A VOICE SINGING."

[*See the Story, "Alice Gray's Trial."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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WINTER MANTLE: FRONT. WINTER HAT.

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WINTER MANTLE: BACK. BEAVER BONNET.

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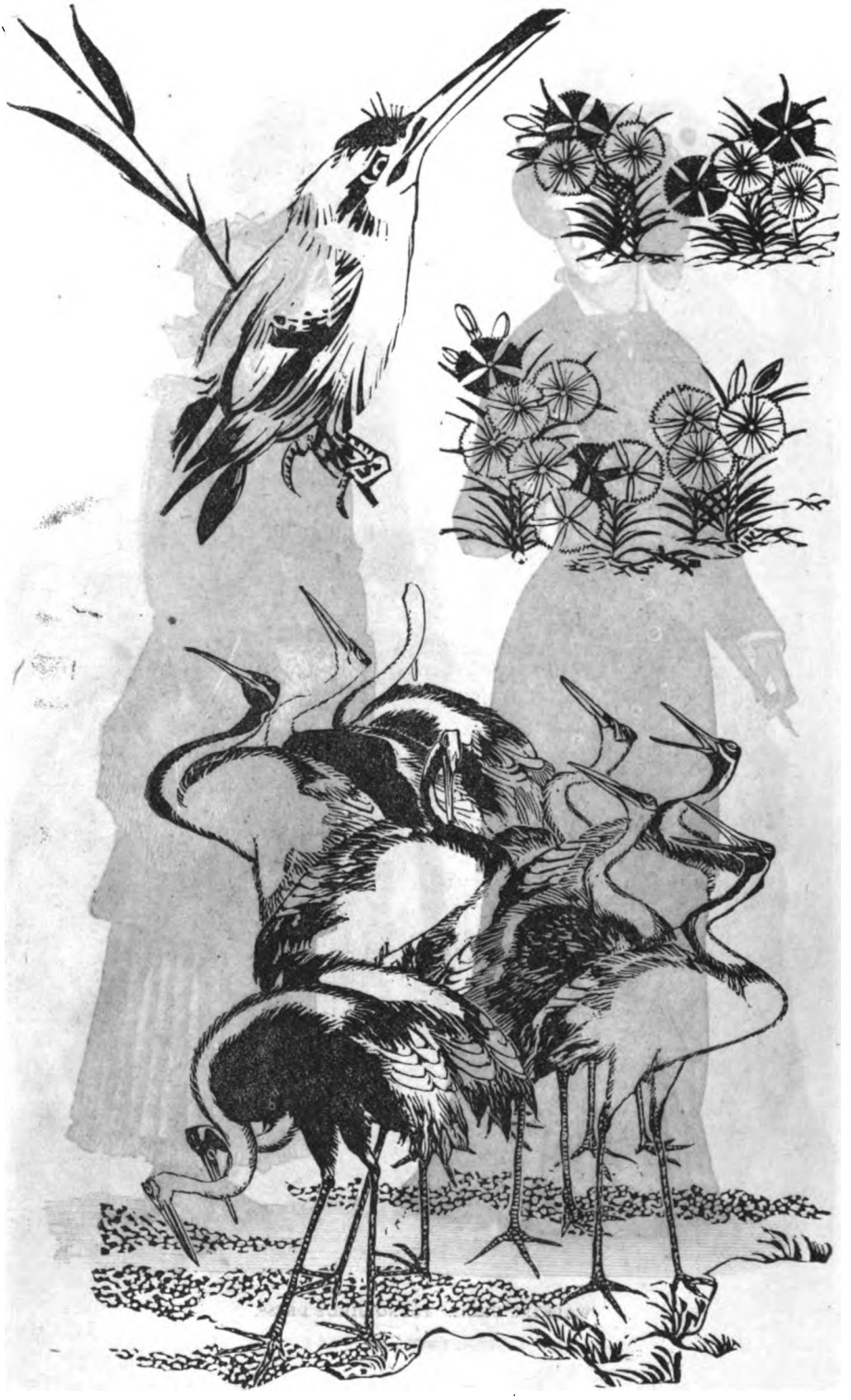
VISITING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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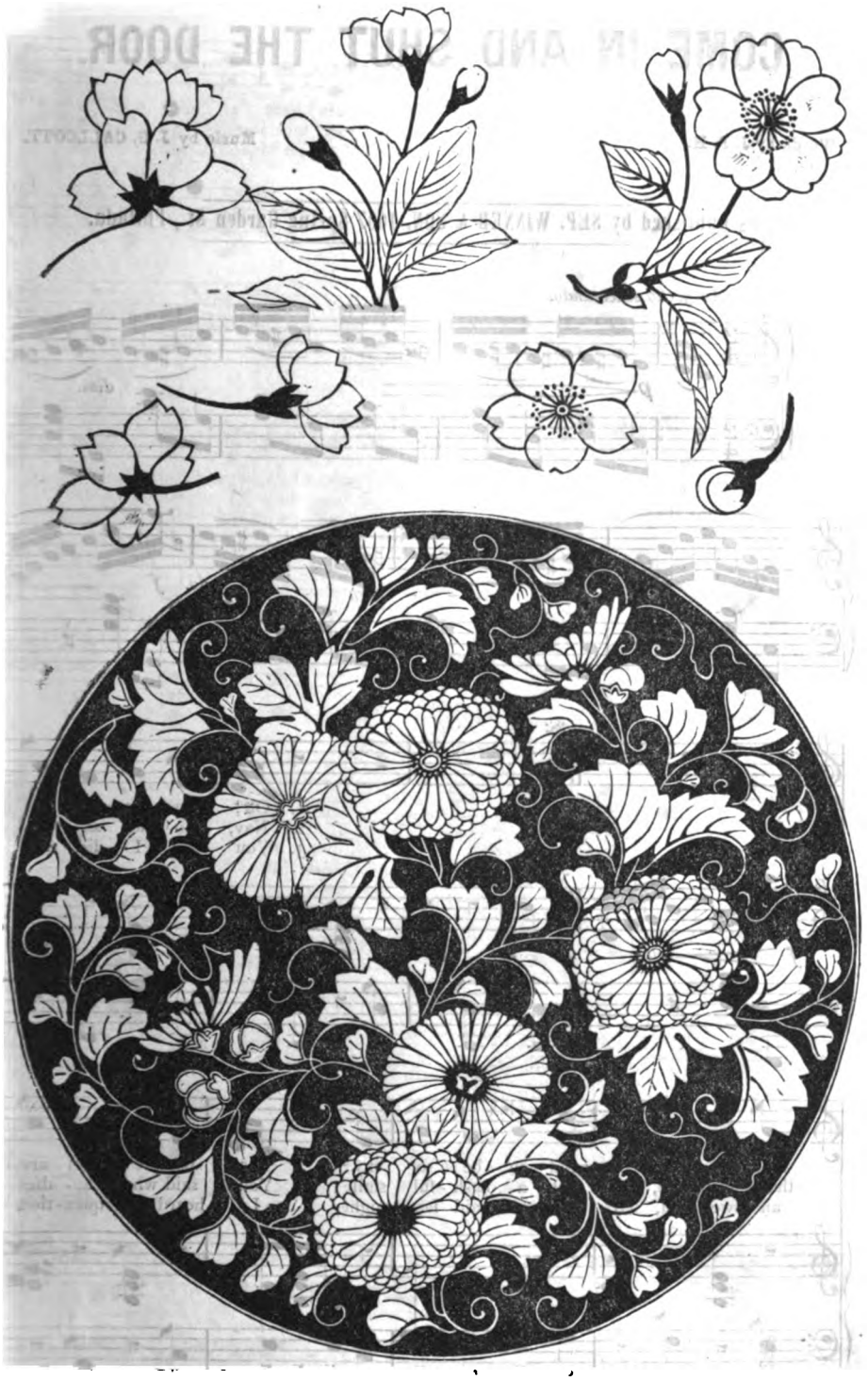
WALKING DRESS. YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS.

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JAPANESE DESIGNS FOR KINGFISHER, PICOTEE FLOWERS, AND CRANES.

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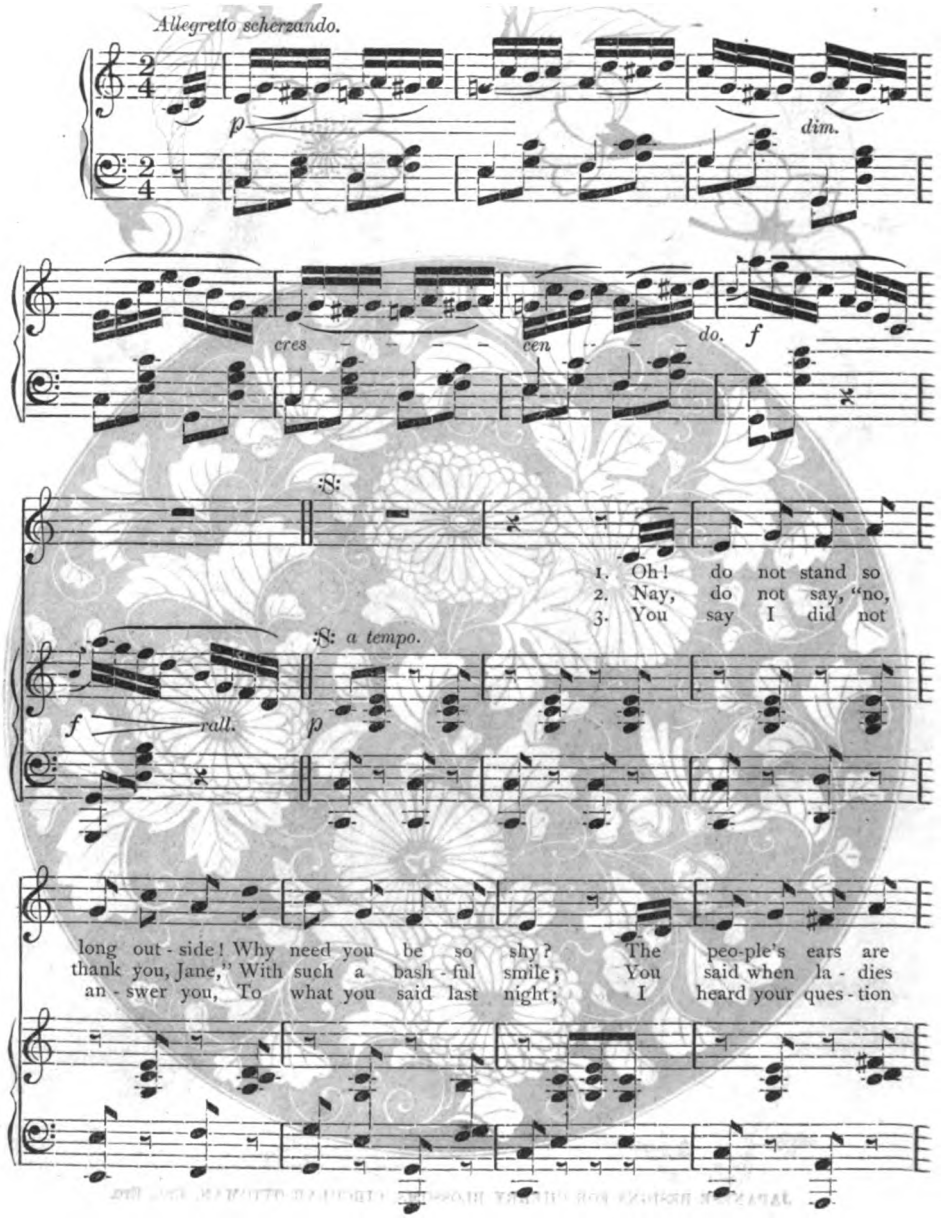


JAPANESE DESIGNS FOR CHERRY BLOSSOMS, CIRCULAR OTTOMAN, Etc., Etc.

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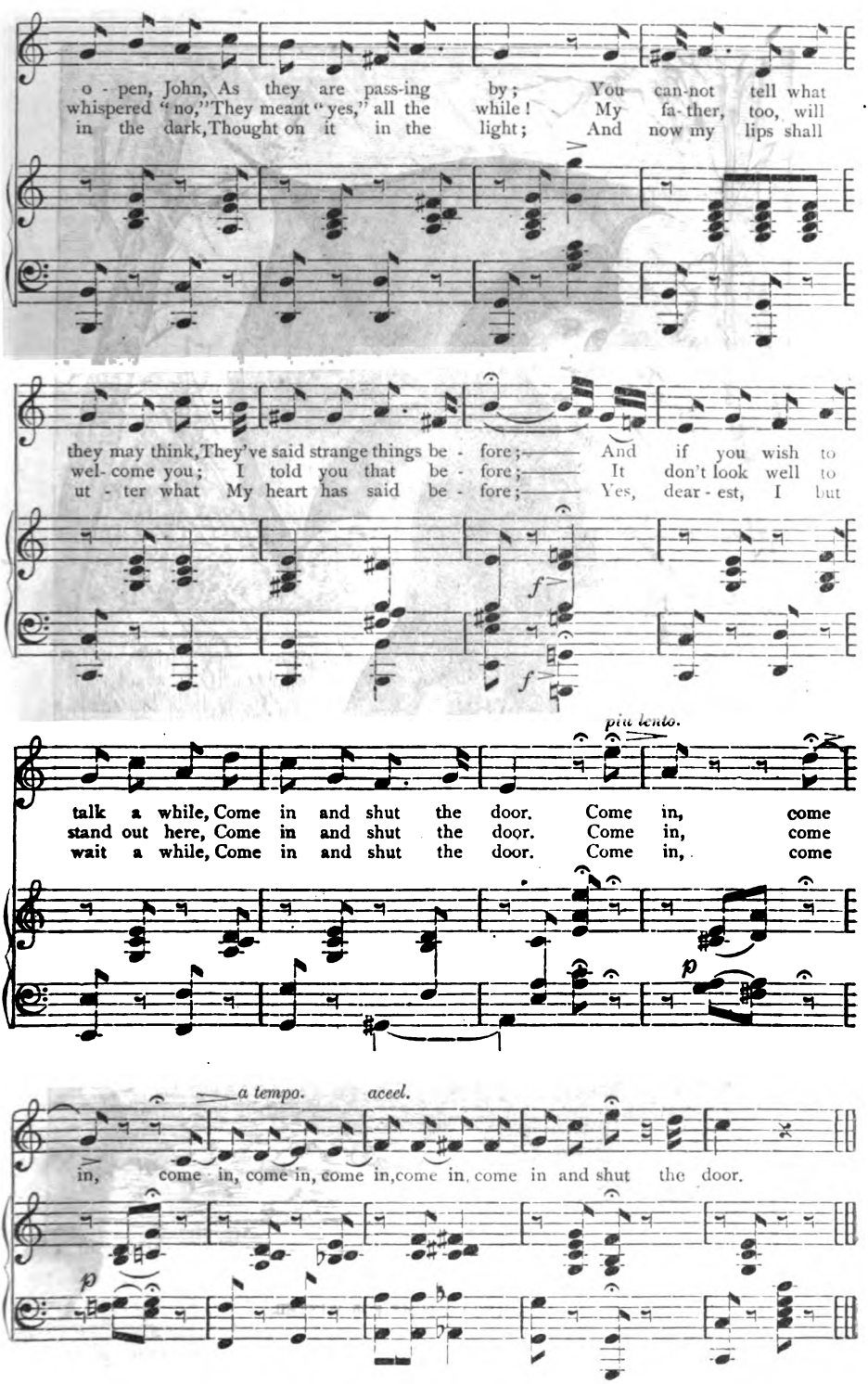
COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

Words by J. R. H. Music by J. G. CALLCOTT.

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WALKING COSTUME FOR WINTER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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ALICE GRAY'S TRIAL.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.



THE Rev. Philip Fitzgerald, Rector of All Saints, Highhurst, was famed, far and near, for his broad, Christian charity, not less than for his eloquence in the pulpit. Having inherited a large fortune, his alms did not have to be limited. His praise was, emphatically, "in all the churches."

Meantime, he had lived to the age of thirty, without having been married. His dream, nevertheless, was of a time, when a wife, perfect in all respects, would share his labors and brighten his fireside. His ideal was a lofty one, however; and this was why he was still unwedded.

It happened, one evening, when he was from home, on his annual vacation, that, passing the principal church of a neighboring city, he found the edifice lit up, as if for service. Arrested by a voice, singing a solo, that rose, sweet and clear, as if it was an angel's floating down from heaven, he paused awhile, listening, and finally went in, taking a seat, in which he could see the choir and the singer. The latter proved to be a young lady, apparently about twenty years of age, with a face that would have been beautiful under any circumstances, but which now, under the inspiration of what she was singing, seemed absolutely transfigured.

At breakfast, the next morning, the rector said to his hostess, "I was at the Church of the Nativity, last night, and heard the most wonderful soprano."

"Ah," answered Mrs. Montrose, "Mrs. Wolcott's governess. She has a good voice, there's no denying it; and while her father lived, the best masters were her instructors. It's the old story, you know. Extravagant living, bankruptcy, death, and then the girl left an orphan."

"Poor thing!"

"Yes, I suppose so. But there must be governesses, and if not this one, then another. She's too pretty for her station, however; good looks make such girls conceited."

"Have they had that effect on her? Or do you speak only from general principles?"

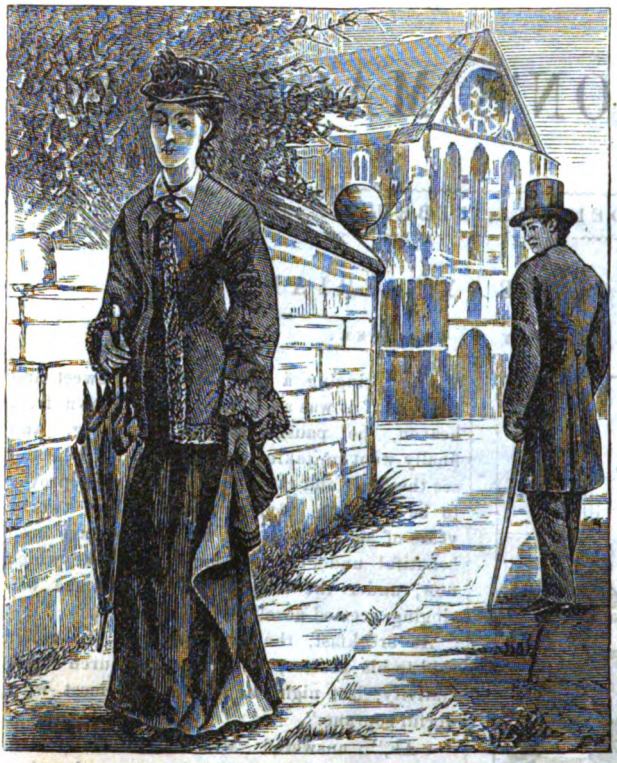
"Well, from general principles, I suppose. The fact is, I know very little about her, and am not caring to hear more. Our conditions in life are so different."

The rector had often heard that great riches, suddenly acquired, spoiled people; but he had been too charitably minded to believe it before; and even now, though hearing Mrs. Montrose speak thus, he only sighed to himself.

"It is weak, human nature," he thought; "that is all."

A couple of hours subsequently, as he was going to make a call on his brother rector, he met, curious to say, the subject of this conversa-

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tion. She walked with such a free, springing step, that, after he had passed, he turned to look back—a thing he had hardly ever done before; but he was struck by the willowy grace of her figure, which even a clumsy over-jacket—for the day was rather chilly—did not entirely conceal.

The Rev. Dr. Agnew was out, but his wife was at home. She rose from the piano, as her visitor entered.

"You see me at a strange business for a woman of my age, and the mother of two children," she said, smiling, as she shook hands. "I am taking singing lessons. If you had come, a little sooner, you would have met my teacher, our first soprano in the choir."

"Oh! then it must be the young lady, whom I passed, just now, back of your neighbor's garden-wall, and whom I heard, last night, in the church."

"The very same. You know, then, what a wonderful voice she has, and how pure her method is."

"Wonderful!"

"I think myself exceptionally fortunate in having such an instructress. But I only have her as a great favor on the part of her employers. She is governess at the Wolcott's, and as one of the two daughters is grown up, Miss Gray has a little spare time to herself."

"Miss Gray is her name?"

"Yes. The rector is foolish enough to think I have something of a voice, and wishes me to cultivate it more thoroughly."

"Miss Gray has a very interesting face," said the Rev. Philip, as if absently. "I heard something of her history, from Mrs. Montrose, this morning."

"Poor dear!—I mean," with another smile, "Miss Gray, not Mrs. Montrose." And then the speaker launched into the story of her *protégée*.

"Miss Gray—Alice, I always call her," she said, in conclusion, "is so sweet-tempered. And brave, too; I may say heroic. She never complains of her ill-fortune, but accepts what she calls the inevitable."

It seemed to be determined that the Rev. Philip should not be allowed to forget Miss Gray. The very next day he met her again. She had on, this time, a close-fitting walking-dress, but no wrap, for the day was comparatively warm, and her matchless figure looked more graceful than ever. Suddenly, she trod on an orange-peel, slipped, and fell.

The Rev. Philip was at her side in a moment.

"You are hurt," he said, assisting her to rise, and noticing how she flinched as she put her foot to the ground. "You have sprained your ankle. Let me call a cab."

"I—I—fear I have," she stammered, with white lips. "No, I can't walk," after a trial, and speaking with a suppressed groan, shutting her teeth hard.

A cab was passing, and in a moment more, the rector had summoned it, and they were driving to Mrs. Wolcott's, Alice having given him the name and address.

"If you will permit me," said the rector, when he had explained the accident to Mrs. Wolcott, "I will call, to-morrow, to see how Miss Gray is. I sincerely hope your hurt will not be serious," he said, as he shook hands, at parting with Alice, who faintly smiled her thanks.

He called, accordingly, but Miss Gray was invisible. "She will have to keep her room, for a few days, the doctor tells us," said Mrs. Wolcott.

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"We cannot, meantime, thank you too much. My daughter—this is my daughter, Georgiana—feels it as much as I do."

The daughter, in a pretty speech, confirmed her mother's words. But, as soon as their visitor had left, turned on Mrs. Wolcott, taking her to task for having promised the rector should see Alice.

"It is so foolish of you, to let her come down to the drawing-room of evenings, as you do," she said, sharply. "Girls like Miss Gray should be taught to keep their place."

All which quite confirmed the opinion which the rector had arrived at, on the instant, concerning Miss Georgy, which was, that, though undeniably stylish, and even handsome, she was ill-tempered, and hard of heart.

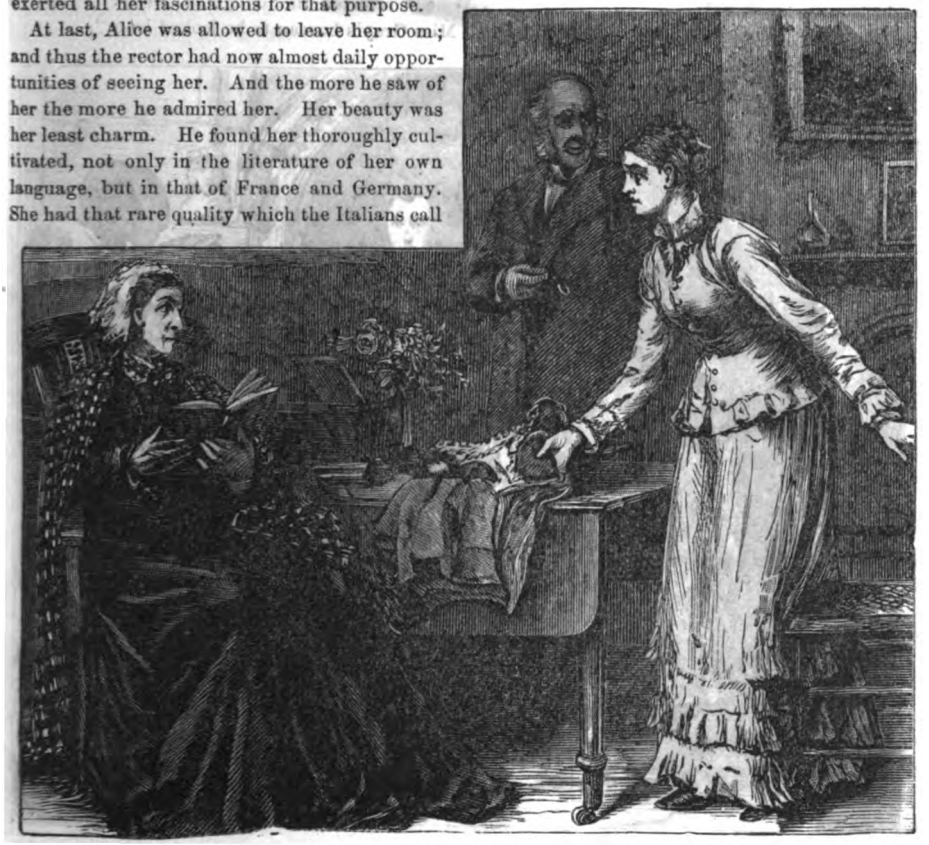
The Rev. Philip called, daily, to inquire about Alice. He never found her, however, but always Georgiana instead.

Georgiana was now twenty-five, and still unmarried. Quite sensible of the rector's handsome face, his large fortune, and his great reputation, she had determined from that first interview, to secure him as a husband, and therefore exerted all her fascinations for that purpose.

At last, Alice was allowed to leave her room; and thus the rector had now almost daily opportunities of seeing her. And the more he saw of her the more he admired her. Her beauty was her least charm. He found her thoroughly cultivated, not only in the literature of her own language, but in that of France and Germany. She had that rare quality which the Italians call *sympatica:* she entered, at once, into another's feelings and ideas. Her conversation, too, was as sparkling as her mind was well stored.

"I understand, now," the Rev. Philip said, one day, to Mrs. Agnew, "why you are so enthusiastic about Miss Gray. Her character seems to me to be one of the most perfect that I ever knew."

Of course he was not in the city all this time. But he fell into a habit of running away from his parish, during the week; and the evenings of that week were invariably spent at Mrs. Wolcott's. Naturally, after awhile, people began to gossip. But the gossip was not about him and Alice; it was about him and Georgiana. For Georgiana was always at home, come when he might; and latterly he saw much more of Georgiana than of Alice. Sometimes he was told that "Miss Gray was still busy in the school-room;" again that she had a headache: there was always an excuse. Once, when he regretted to Alice, that she had been too ill, the evening before, to appear, she raised her eyes, with a curious, astonished look, that made him, for the first time, suspect that she was purposely kept out of his way.



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If he had heard the reports about himself and Georgiana, which that young lady took good care to propagate, he would have been still further enlightened; but he never doubted that every one knew what drew him to the Wolcott's: and yet so thorough-bred was his manner when both girls were present, that not only Mrs. Wolcott herself, who would naturally think he preferred her daughter, but even Alice, fancied that Georgiana was the attraction.

Not always, however. There were times when Alice, humble as she was, suspected that the rector cared for her; it was when she caught some look, or tone, that made her heart beat; but "nonsense," she would say, with her strong sense, "it is simply impossible; he would never care for a mere governess; Alice Gray, don't be a fool!"

The only one who was not in the least deceived was Georgiana. She had, at first, fancied that she might win the rector. But she was soon undeceived. Jealousy made her preternaturally sharp-sighted. "How I hate her!" she said, "the artful minx: she never was as much hurt as she pretended; she affected to be lame that she might lean on his arm."

At last, her jealous rage took such hold of her, that she resolved to get rid of Alice at all hazards. "Once out of the way, and disgraced too," she said, to herself, "he will forget her, and then—"

So, one day, Georgiana came down to the breakfast-table, and said, as she sipped her coffee, "Mamma, I want that you should have the rooms and trunks of the servants examined, for I have lost my gold and ruby bracelet. I left it, very foolishly, on my dressing-table yesterday, and it is gone; I am sure some of the maids have stolen it."

"Dear me, dear me," cried weak Mrs. Wolcott, "to think any one, in my house, should be a thief. I cannot believe it."

"But it's a fact," retorted the daughter, "and we'll have to believe it."

The search was instituted, but proved in vain, except that Georgiana's suspicions angered the cook, who gave notice to leave. When all was over, Mrs. Wolcott sat down, with a sense of relief.

"I'm sure I'm very thankful," she sighed, "that the bracelet hasn't been found. It would have been too dreadful, to have a thief in the house."

"We're not sure, even yet, that we haven't one," retorted the daughter, drily. "There's Miss Gray's bureau to be looked into."



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"Miss Gray's! Surely you wouldn't—"

"Yes, I would. She's the most likely one of all. A common servant would be afraid to steal and wear anything so valuable; but this sly minx when she leaves us, can pretend it was saved from the wreck of her father's fortune."

"I wouldn't dare to propose such a thing as examining her things," said Mrs. Wolcott, all in a tremble.

"I don't intend to ask her permission," replied Georgy. "She's busy in the school-room, now; and we'll go at once to her chamber. If the bracelet isn't there, nothing need be said. I happen to know she keeps her drawers unlocked; she's often said so—and I've told her she was a fool for it."

Mrs. Wolcott, who was really kind, though weak, held out for some time; but Georgy's stronger will finally prevailed; and the bracelet, after due search, was found, hidden away among some handkerchiefs, far back in a drawer of Alice's bureau.

Mrs. Wolcott sank into a chair, almost fainting, at this discovery. "I'll never believe in anybody again," was all she could say, for a time. Even when she had recovered from the shock, she was for hushing the matter up. But Georgiana would not consent to this. "No," she said, "the girl must be made an example of; and papa, I am sure, will take the same view of it as I do."

Mr. Wolcott did take the same view as his daughter. "The case is plain," he said, "and justice demands we should tell the truth."

That evening, accordingly, after coffee had been served, Mr. Wolcott took a turn up and down the room, and then stopped before Alice, who sat at a little table, sewing. Mrs. Wolcott was in her usual chair, at the other side of the table, and pretended to be reading, though her hands shook so, that she could hardly hold the book. Georgiana was at the piano, at the far end of the room, idly playing improvised variations.

"Will you be so good, Georgy," said her father, emphasizing his words with his eye-glasses, which he held in his hand, a habit of his when nervous, "to stop playing, for awhile. I have something to say to Miss Gray."

Then he made his accusation, saying, in conclusion, "The best thing you can do, now, Miss Gray, is to make a free confession. The proof is unanswerable, and would convict you, before any jury. The temptation, no doubt, was very great. You naturally supposed you would be the last person to be suspected. But if you show repentance, by owning the truth, we will overlook it; that is we will not prosecute—".

Up to this point, Alice had sat, in dumb amazement, hardly able to take in all that was meant. But now she rose from her chair. She looked first at Mr. Wolcott, and then at Georgiana. Both faces, she saw, were hard as steel. Then she turned to Mrs. Wolcott.

"You, you, surely don't believe this foul falsehood," she cried, leaning over the table, and addressing Mrs. Wolcott. "I never would have believed that you, at least, with your good heart—you, who have been to me, in some things, almost a mother—would have consented to the meanness of secretly examining my bureau, much less believe me guilty." Then, overcome by the vehemence of her emotions, she sank back in her chair, and gave way to a tempest of sobs.

For a moment, even Mr. Wolcott was startled. To hear one, usually so placid as Alice, burst out in this way, made him catch his breath. Really, it looked like innocence, he thought. He glanced at his daughter hesitatingly.

But Georgy hastened to his rescue. "Don't be taken in by her tragic airs," she whispered, scornfully, as she came to his side. "It's all part of the play."

Mr. Wolcott, accordingly, recovered himself. "Miss Gray," he said, sternly, "the insolence of your manner convinces me, more forcibly, if possible, than the direct evidence, not only that you are guilty, but that your heart is hopelessly depraved. Still, I will not act without giving you due time for repentance. Go to your room, now, and think it over. If, by to-morrow, you confess, I will let you go, and will keep silence. If not, if you still keep up this defiant air, I shall hand you over to the police."

Imagine what a night that was for Alice! She never went to sleep at all; she did not even undress. She sat on the side of her bed, her face buried in her hands, her frame shaking with sobs. What could she do? Where could she turn? In all the world, she had not a friend to go to.

"Who will believe me," she cried, "when the Wolcotts, with their social influence, accuse me? Oh, dear papa, if you were only living!" Then, by a natural sequence, she thought of the Great Father of all, to whom no one was an orphan, in whose eyes all are equal. "Thou, Thou," she sobbed, "knowest I am innocent. Help me, in this, my sore strait. I have no one to counsel with; be Thou my counsellor."

She had hardly uttered this prayer, when she thought, for the first time, of Mrs. Agnew. More than any other, Mrs. Agnew had been her friend. "Perhaps she, at least, will believe me," thought the poor girl. "If I can only

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get one of the servants to carry a note to her, early to-morrow! Mary may be willing to do it." Mary was the chamber-maid, and worshipped Alice, for the latter had been always kind and sympathetic to her.

She turned up the gas, went to her Davenport, and began to write her letter. In it, she told of the crime of which she was accused, and the evidence of it; but she said nothing of her suspicion as to who had hid the bracelet. "No," she said to herself, "though I am as sure it was Georgiana as that I live, I will not betray her; her mother has been too kind to me. God is just, and He will yet find some way to exonerate me."

But Mrs. Agnew was not blind, nor as over scrupulous as Alice. She had never forgotten the enthusiasm with which the Rev. Philip had spoken of her *protégée;* she was satisfied he loved the girl; and she was just as sure that Georgiana knew it also, was jealous, and had played this bold stroke to ruin her rival. Thus, when Mary, Mrs. Wolcott's housemaid, brought the note, and insisted that it should be sent up, even though Mrs. Agnew had not yet left her room, that lady not only wrote a hurried reply, saying she would see Alice directly she had breakfasted, and was SURE Alice was innocent, meantime underlining the word twice, but broke out, indignantly, before her husband, accusing Georgiana as the author of all this mischief. "I never liked the girl's face," she said; "it's a treacherous, vindictive one."

Mr. Agnew was less emotional, and did not jump at conclusions so quickly; but by the time breakfast was over, he was brought round to his wife's opinion. He had not, from the first, questioned the innocence of Alice. But from that to accusing Georgiana was a long step. The more he considered the subject, however, the more he became convinced that this was the only solution to the mystery.

"The difficulty will be to prove the girl's complicity," he said. "We must go to work, cautiously, my dear. I shall accompany you, of course. We will bring Alice back with us," he added, "in spite of them; I'll even defy them to send for the police. Let them do it, if they dare."

At which Mrs. Agnew jumped up, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him, and bursting into tears, vowed he was the "dearest, best, bravest man that ever lived;" and then hurried off to get her bonnet and wraps to accompany him, while he rang the bell for a carriage.

The Agnews arrived while the Wolcotts were still at breakfast, and Mr. Agnew, not waiting to be announced, pushed directly into the room, followed by his wife.

"What is this I hear?" he cried, as soon as the servant had left. "Accusing Miss Gray of theft?" And he looked his host full in the face, till the latter quailed before him. "Tut, tut, Wolcott, you know better."

"But Georgiana found the bracelet in her bureau."

Mr. Agnew turned suddenly to Georgiana. The girl tried to brave it out, and returned the look with haughty scorn. But both Mr. Agnew and his wife saw conscious guilt, or believed they did, in her very bravado.

"And if I should slip a bracelet into your coat-pocket," he said, turning to Mr. Wolcott again, "and afterwards find it there, would you think that sufficient proof that you had stolen it? Come, we all know Miss Gray, and we know she is incapable of such a thing, as you would be, Wolcott, in spite of the bracelet in your pocket."

"If Mr. Agnew has come here, papa, to insinuate that somebody put the bracelet in Miss Gray's bureau," said Georgiana, firing up, "he insults us, and I, for one, will not stop to hear it."

Mr. Agnew, as she turned to leave, gave her another look, and she perceptibly withered under it. She felt that her very haste, in repelling his insinuation, had convinced him that she knew all about the affair. "But they haven't any proof," she said, biting her lip till the blood came, as she went up to her room, "and they never will have. Pa will stick by me, and," vindictively, "I'll ruin the girl yet."

We pass over the rest of that interview. It ended, however, in the Agnews carrying Alice off. Mr. Wolcott, on his part, would bind himself to nothing.

"I will see about it," he growled. "Take the girl with you, and welcome; but I'm not sure my duty won't compel me to prosecute, nevertheless; we shall see, we shall see."

Words would fail to describe the gratitude of Alice to the Agnews. The moment she was alone with them she flung her arms around Mrs. Agnew.

"You have saved me!" she sobbed. "Some few, at least, will now believe me innocent. That will be one consolation, even in prison."

"Prison? Tut, tut, that's nonsense," broke in Mr. Agnew.

"If anybody is to be sent to prison," cried Mrs. Agnew, vehemently, between her tears, for she was crying also, "it will be Georgiana—"

"Georgiana? I never said anything about—"

"You needn't be so Quixotic, child," interposed Mrs. Agnew again. "We know all about it."

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"But she hasn't confessed?" said Alice, lifting up her face, with wide-open eyes.

"No, nor ever will, I suppose," answered Mr. Agnew. "Girls, with lips as thin as hers, are as close-mouthed as they are cruel. Wild horses would hardly drag it from her. But we're both sure she hid the bracelet in your drawer, my dear; and we hope to prove it on her yet; there is a God, after all, and a righteous One, too."

Just her thought, Alice remembered, just her thought, the night before, in her very darkest hour. And now she murmured, "Yes, a righteous God!"

Mr. Agnew's prediction was not long in being verified. Before the morning was half over, a charwoman called to see him, whom he knew as having been employed by the Wolcotts to carry coal up to the rooms, and do other rough work. Her story was soon told.

"I've just heard of this dreadful thing," she said, "or I'd have come sooner. Cook comes and tells me about it. Well, it's Miss Georganny that put the bracelet in the drawer; I seed her, day before last, as I was passing Miss Alice's room; she was in there, and had the drawer open, and was pushing a glittering thing, a bracelet I saw it was, far back in the drawer. I thought she'd only been rummaging in the young lady's bureau, as I'd seed her do, once or twice before. I never thought she was up to this. Oh! she's a bad un, she is."

Mr. Agnew sought, at once, a second interview with Mr. Wolcott. This time he repaired to that gentleman's office, as he did not wish the poor wife and mother ever to know the truth about Georgiana. The result was that Mr. Wolcott agreed, not only not to go further in the matter, but to hush the affair up, and to assert, everywhere, the innocence of Miss Gray, should the story get out. "Not that I believe a word the woman says," he concluded, stubbornly, "but naturally I don't want Georgy's name brought forward. You understand."

Mr. Agnew did understand. But he knew, nevertheless, that Mr. Wolcott was his secret enemy from that day forward. The compact was indeed kept, and the story hushed up, so that few ever knew that Alice had been accused of theft. But, after a decent interval, Mr. Wolcott sold his pew at Mr. Agnew's church, in spite of its being the most aristocratic one in the city, and went elsewhere, giving out, as his reason, that, for his part, he thought Mr. Agnew's power as a preacher was failing.

This was not, however, until after Alice's marriage. For the reader must have guessed what followed. Chance had brought the Rev. Philip to the city, the very day Alice came to Mrs. Agnew's, and calling there, he heard, from his hostess, the whole story.

A few minutes later found him alone with Alice. The sight of her agitated face was too much for him. He had refrained, heretofore, from declaring his love, lest he should be thought premature, but now his emotion mastered him, and he pleaded his suit in such a way, that even if Alice had not already secretly worshipped him, she could hardly have withstood his eloquence.

The marriage took place, a few weeks after, and as Alice came out of the church, in her bridal veil, leaning on her proud and happy husband's arm, the porch was thronged with the many poor, whom, even with her limited means, she had managed to assist, and their blessings followed her as she drove off.

FOR EVERMORE! A LOVE SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

My best beloved! on the wind that brings thee
The sweetness it has stolen from the south,
My heart, like some warm tropic flower flings thee
Its love's rare fragrance. On thy rose-red mouth.
Oh, may it lay my passion in long kisses,
And tell thee all my tender thoughts of thee!
Oh, best beloved! whom my true heart missed,
Thou drawest my heart, as the moon draws the sea,
And as the tide from far-off shores returning,
Leaps up to kiss the sands upon the shore,
So breaks upon thy soul, with tender yearning,
The love-tide of my heart for evermore,
Forever, evermore!

My best beloved! could I whisper to thee,
Who art so far away, and yet so near,
The flower of thy heart would open to me,
As the rose opens when the bee is here.
And I should taste of love and be enchanted,
And dream the world held only thee and me.
But thou art absent, and my heart is haunted
By tender thoughts, and every one of thee.
Fly to her, wind, and tell her that I love her.
Go, kiss her, wind, upon her rose-red mouth,
And tell her I am true as Heaven above her,
For evermore, wind of the sunny south,
Forever, evermore!

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ELIZABETH'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

THE drawing-room windows at Desmond Park were seen brilliantly illuminated, one evening, This did not mean that the owner of the mansion was giving a grand *fête*. That was reserved for the morrow, when Mrs. Desmond would receive the welcome and congratulations of her neighbors, upon her return from Europe, and inaugurate her new reign among them by a birth-day ball, The company now assembled consisted merely of some very few acquaintances, who had dropped in, after the unceremonious Westmore fashion, to spend the evening.

"She's perfectly royal! Isn't she, aunt Meredith?" said an enthusiastic school-girl.

"She always had something distinguished about her," said the aunt, smiling at the other's enthusiasm. "And, considering her wealth and beauty and opportunities, it is a wonder to me that Elizabeth has not married years ago; though it is well for those half-brothers and sisters of hers, and for Mrs. Ashley, poor soul! that she has had more sense."

"They say—" began the girl, with a glance at the slender, fair-haired young Englishman, who stood near the piano, listening to the music.

"I know they do," said the aunt, tartly. "But I don't believe it. As for love-matches, I should think Elizabeth had had enough of *them*."

"Was her first marriage, then, so unhappy? Tell me about it, won't you, aunt Meredith? Nobody can hear you, while Miss Dupré is at the piano, and I am sure it must be romantic."

"Not much romance, but a great deal of folly, you little goose. Elizabeth's father was Stephen Ashley, a poor lawyer, with all these children you see, and that incapable woman yonder in the black velvet for his second wife; and, as I first remember Elizabeth, she was a thin slip of a school-girl, running about in a shabby frock after her half-brothers and sisters, and singing to her father's flute-playing. If a man has failed at everything else, he can always play the flute, I notice."

The listener caught her breath, trying to realize Elizabeth, divested of the magnificence of cream-colored silk and bewildering laces, "a thin slip of a girl in a shabby frock."

"Elizabeth's voice," continued the aunt, "interested old Archibald Desmond, who had been a chum of Stephen Ashley's at college, and he offered to take the child, and give her the best musical advantages. I assure you, her father consented gladly. Elizabeth's progress was something wonderful, I have heard, and her patron was immensely proud of her success. However, one fine day, when she was about sixteen, and he still supposed her to be a little girl, his eyes were opened by the news that she had just been married to his only son!"

"Oh! And I suppose the old gentleman refused to forgive them, and threatened to disinherit his son," said the girl, contemplating with deep interest Elizabeth's graceful profile, as it was momentarily outlined against the light.

"No, he didn't! He had too much sense, to say nothing of his affection for the foolish pair. He was not sorry, I think, when the first surprise was over; for he had hopes that Antony would be sobered and settled by his marriage: he had had a great deal of trouble, you see, with the young man. There was a kind of dash and fascination about Antony, captivating enough to a romantic young girl like Elizabeth, who had no opportunity of knowing his real character. I can't tell you, but he was very bad—so bad that everybody but his father regarded him as a hopeless young reprobate. Poor Elizabeth's brief honeymoon vanished in storms."

"And then? What became of Antony?"

"Well, the end of it was, that, after a few months, Antony abandoned his home and his wife altogether. He never returned; for he was drowned at sea, nine or ten years ago—and served him right. But it broke his poor old father's heart, and, I fear, touched his brain, too; for, just as he never thoroughly believed in Antony's wickedness, but was always forgiving him, and declaring that 'there was good enough in the boy to bring him out right in the end,' so he could never be quite convinced of Antony's death, and made the queerest kind of a will, leaving everything to his son, and after him, if he never appeared to claim it, to Elizabeth."

"And after that, she went to Europe?"

"Yes; she has been in Europe ever since, cultivating her own musical talent, and superintending the education of the Ashley girls. Pretty girls, Amy and Alice are, too. I hope, if she *is* foolish enough to marry again, she won't take somebody who will want her to throw

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them over, poor things!" added aunt Meredith, whose son was at that moment, with an unmistakable air of devotion, leaning over Alice Ashley's chair. "But hush!" she cautioned. "Elizabeth is going to the piano herself; we shall hear her sing."

And, rich and full, the voice of Elizabeth rose, filling the room with the severe sweetness of a great composer's "Ave Maria." For if ever there was a happy woman, Elizabeth was one, that night. She had the half-acknowledged consciousness in her heart that a pair of blue eyes near her were following her with more than admiration, and this gave new meaning to her voice.

There was another, almost as happy, present: Francis Reynolds, who was looking at her now. Her air and mood had strange significance to him. She had never seemed so near to him before. And though a spectator, watching the two, could have discovered nothing in Elizabeth's manner toward him, beyond the gracious courtesy she extended to all her guests, he felt, in his heart, that there *was* a difference, and in his silent way, was as happy as Elizabeth herself.

He was still looking at her, when, as she finished her singing, she turned, by a movement half-involuntary, in the direction of the bay window where he stood. A murmur of praise and thanks was rising around her; there was a smile on her lips, a joyous light in her eyes; glad, beautiful, triumphant, she turned towards him; but in a moment, the most sudden, deadly change came over her face!

What was it—fear, horror, hatred? What was it? What did it mean?

Francis Reynolds turned sharply, and caught one confused glimpse of a dark figure vanishing outside the window, and from behind Elizabeth, rose a girlish shriek:

"Oh, the man—the man at the window!"

Everybody looked, but nobody saw, and there was a great getting up, and rushing to and fro, and confusion of tongues, for a moment or two; for the hostess sat white and half-fainting at the piano, as if she had seen a ghost; and people were wondering what it meant, and proffering all sorts of exclamations and explanations. At last, Elizabeth roused herself to speak.

"It was probably some stranger," she said, "who was attracted to the window by the lights and the music. Never mind it."

She tried to smile and speak lightly; but she could not command her trembling lips, nor banish the terrified look from her eyes.

"I *never* saw Elizabeth frightened before," said Mrs. Ashley, calling everybody's attention, with the persistency of feebleness, to the tokens of her step-daughter's disturbance. "She is always so brave—she captured a burglar once. I can't understand your looking so shocked, my dear. Though it was a very odd incident, I must say."

"We should have made a search," began Reynolds, uneasily.

"And have frightened some poor rustic half to death? You should have done nothing of the kind. I am ashamed to have been so startled," said Elizabeth, so sharply, that he drew back, astonished and hurt, and nobody ventured to say a word further upon a subject evidently so distasteful to the lady of the house.

However, except that Elizabeth was paler than usual, she soon seemed herself again, and the evening went on gaily to its close; unless it were to Francis Reynolds. He could not shake off the unpleasant impression Elizabeth's tone and manner had made, and watched eagerly for the visitors to take leave, and give him an opportunity to speak to her a moment, alone.

But no such opportunity came. He had to say good-night, without finding his chance. It was late when he fell asleep, miserable with the unreasonable misery only sensitive people know; but late as it was, there was a still more unquiet spirit, under the roof of the house he had left.

Elizabeth shut herself into her room, that night, with almost a fierce sense of relief. The stern necessity for self-control was over; there were no more prying eyes to deceive, nor chattering tongues to elude. She wondered at the courage which had sustained her; wondered, now that the strain was over, and her nerves quivering with the reaction, that she had not shrieked out like a madwoman in the ears of her astonished guests: "That is Antony Desmond's face!" Poor Francis, whose voice and look, as he said good-night, and went dejectedly away, haunted her reproachfully—poor Francis, so unselfish and tender and loyal-hearted; for the first time, she realized how dear he was, how near together their lives had grown, as she measured the hopeless gulf that had suddenly opened between them like a devouring grave.

"Must a whole lifetime of wretchedness be the penalty of one hasty step?" whispered Elizabeth over and over to herself. "It can not be real, it can not be real. Oh, if I could only wake, and find that it was all a horrible dream! Oh, if I had died years ago, when I was only a child!"

Elizabeth did not know whether the law would still regard her as Antony Desmond's wife, after so many years of absence and desertion on his part. It did not matter; the law could not free

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her, while she still held herself bound. Antony Desmond's wife! She shuddered and grew sick at the thought. Nothing would tempt her to remain under that roof a day, after it was claimed by the bad, unscrupulous man, who had blighted her early youth, and now had returned, as it were from the dead, to lay waste her existence for the second time.

Elizabeth was not weak, but she did shrink from the bitter cup Fate insisted upon holding to her lips, snatching away from them the delights of life in the very moment when her sense of possession was most assured and joyful. No wonder she was overwhelmed by so great and sudden a change. Was it not too incredible? Must she not be the victim of some monstrous delusion, some mad play of fancy? No! Elizabeth was but too certain, that the face she had seen at the window was the face of Antony Desmond in the flesh, and no spectre's. Against all probability, in the teeth of all evidence, Archibald Desmond's presentiment had been fulfilled: Antony was alive, and had come back to claim his own.

Well, he should have it; Elizabeth would seek to retain nothing. She tried to see her way into the coming future; but her mind, usually so clear of action, was clouded and bewildered. She wondered when and how Antony would announce himself. To-morrow, in the midst of the birth-day rejoicings. Ah, how light her heart had been when she planned them! But now—

The night seemed interminable. But at last, the pitiless gray dawn stared in at the spectacle of Elizabeth's misery. The dawn broadened and brightened into a clear, sunlit, cheerful morning. Meantime, there were friends in the house to be entertained, and last touches to be given to the preparations for the evening's festivities. The pretense of being cheerful and interested was, therefore, to be kept up. Only Francis Reynolds noticed her strained, unnatural manner, and followed her with anxious and sympathetic, looks, which were almost more than she could bear. He saw that, by sheer force of will, she was mastering pain of mind or body, and had no idea, poor fellow! that he was increasing her burden by his observant tenderness.

"What strength Elizabeth has, I must say! I feel quite worn out, and she looks as blooming as ever! It must be delightful to be able to take things so easily."

Thus spoke Mrs. Ashley, between a sigh of complaint and a smile of admiration, like the short-sighted woman, without tact, that she was. Francis Reynolds heard her, wondering that anybody could be so stupid, and seized the first opportunity to speak to Elizabeth. It was to her great relief, for she could bear anything but that unobtrusive, affectionate watchfulness.

"I am afraid you are ill or in trouble, Mrs. Desmond. Can I do nothing?" he said.

"Nobody can," answered Elizabeth, with a little, harsh, forced laugh. "Don't you know that housekeepers are a careful and troubled order of beings, and that to see one looking cross is no wonder? I have a thousand things on my mind to-day, and it's not large enough to hold them without some uncomfortable crowding."

She would not meet the wistful look that clearly found the explanation unsatisfactory.

"Oh, if this day would only come to an end!" she was saying to herself; and Amy and Alice Ashley came rushing up to ask her opinion about a change which had suddenly seemed to them desirable in the arrangement of some decoration or other; and there was a burst of aimless chattering on all sides, which set her nerves on edge; and in the midst of it a servant entered and respectfully offered his mistress a coarse-looking, roughly-folded note. "One of Phil Ryan's boys had just brought it," he said.

The note was a brief scrawl, and Elizabeth, having read it, turned hastily to her stepmother.

"I have to go down to Phil Ryan's mother; some one is sick there, who wants to see me. Be kind enough to explain my absence and to represent me while it lasts."

"Sick? I hope it's not small-pox," cried out Mrs. Ashley, confusedly. But Elizabeth was already out of hearing. Let them speculate as they pleased: she would soon know the worst now, and that was almost a comfort. For the note said, in Phil Ryan's sprawling, unpractised hand: "Antony Desmond is here at my house, sick; and wants to see ye."

Phil Ryan's cottage being just outside the Park gate, a swift walk of five minutes brought Elizabeth to the door. She was longing to have the dreaded interview over as soon as possible; she meant that it should be brief, decisive. Antony should understand at once that there could be no such thing as reconciliation between him and the wife whom he had wronged so deeply; that she was going her own way, asking nothing of him. She was glad he had sent for her; such a meeting was better without witnesses. It could hardly fail to be stormy. She knew Antony's violent, exacting character, and nerved herself to meet him with cold resolution.

Phil Ryan stood at the cottage door, his red face looking grave and long.

"I'm glad to see ye, ma'am, for I thought I'd

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have frightened you out of your siven senses just now. I'm a poor fist at writing, and worse at breaking bad news, and I couldn't leave the wife alone with him to come myself. He's very sick."

"Very sick," said Elizabeth, startled. Those words of Phil's note had made little impression upon her, although she had used them herself in speaking to Mrs. Ashley.

"It's hard to have him come back after all these years, just to go away again, as one may say," said honest Phil, doing his best to prepare the lady for the inevitable. But Elizabeth could not seem to understand. Go away again! What did the man mean?

"He's very sick," repeated Phil, stammering in his compassion. "You see, his lungs are about gone, and he would go out last night; and when he came back, he had a very bad hemorrhage. He's very low—I can't help it—it must come out rough—don't let it shock you too much, ma'am; but the fact is, he's dying."

Elizabeth neither spoke nor stirred, but stood gazing at Phil, with blank, wide-open eyes, and a strange chill in her veins. Dying!

"Come and see him," said the man, gently; and Elizabeth followed him mechanically into the dim room, where he, who had been the husband of her youth, awaited her.

Was this the Antony whom she had been prepared to meet—Antony in all the pride of conscious power and insolent determination—Antony who had wrung her heart and driven all the girlish brightness out of her life? Not this wasted invalid, whose haggard, fading eyes met hers with such a look of pathetic appeal, as she advanced to his bedside. Phil Ryan placed a chair for the visitor, then went softly out of the room, and closed the door upon the long-separated husband and wife.

"I sent for you, but I hardly expected you, Elizabeth," the former said, feebly.

"I know you had—come back," gasped Elizabeth. "I saw you—last night."

"Yes: a whim seized me to go and look at the old house: but the effort was too much for me. I frightened you, too, Elizabeth; I did not mean to do that. Don't think I came back to make you trouble. But I've been weak and ill for months, and I've had a good many thoughts about you and my father—I didn't know he was dead—I dragged myself home to see you."

He looked at her entreatingly, but Elizabeth could not speak.

"I behaved like a brute to you, Elizabeth—you'll only remember me by that. And the poor old man, who was so good to both of us: did he turn me out at last?"

"Never!" said Elizabeth, brokenly. "He left you his forgiveness, and—his blessing—"

"Ah!" said Antony, with a deep sigh, and there was silence for many minutes. Then he spoke again: "You used to be generous, Elizabeth, and I'm dying; can you forgive me, too?"

"Yes, yes, from my heart," sobbed Elizabeth.

The bitter feelings she had cherished against him those long years had vanished, in the imperious, all-reconciling presence of death. She took Antony's cold hand gently, and held it in both her own. His face lighted up.

"Try to forget how bad I was, Elizabeth. If I could only live, I think I would try to be a better man; but it's too late. God knows, I am sorry—"

And with these words upon his lips, and his hand in Elizabeth's, the mysterious change came; the last sand of poor Antony Desmond's wasted and troubled life had run out. Who knows but the kind old father, whose loving faith had outlasted so many trials, was waiting to receive his prodigal, coming home at last, ashamed and penitent?

There was no merry-making at Desmond Park that evening; but perhaps the disappointed guests found some compensation in the nine-days' wonder of Antony Desmond's return and death. And Elizabeth, woman-like, reproached herself keenly for the spirit in which she had been ready to meet him, and would willingly have forgotten everything connected with Antony but the bright days of their earliest acquaintance, and those last repentant moments.

She is Francis Reynolds' wife now; and in the sunshine of real happiness, a softening haze has gathered over all the dark days of the past, and thrown the tenderness of transfiguration around even the memory of poor Antony.

A MISSION.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

I WALKED along a forest side,
Where light and shadow chased,
And blooms, my footsteps to betide,
Sprang thick in truant spaces.

"Oh, tell me why your loveliness,"
I said, "this by-way graces?"
They nodded back: "We grow to bless,
And fill up empty places!"

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A COMPANION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WAS absolutely started on my journey, and that journey's end would bring me to a place of rest! The prospect in store might not have seemed very inviting to many young women of my age—that of being companion to an invalid lady; but to me, Margaret Howth, one-and-twenty, thrown suddenly from affluence into poverty, forced from nineteen up to the time I write of, to be a teacher in schools or a governess in private families, the bourne to which I was destined looked pleasant enough. It was certain to be a quiet situation, and I was tired and wanted rest.

It was through a well-reputed agency in New York that I heard of this place; but the fates seemed against me. Even after the man in the office had spoken to me about it and written to the lady, and I waited, daily expecting to hear that the matter was settled, lo! and behold! one of those dreadful fires of which New York is so fond, broke out—partially consumed the building up whose weary flights of stairs I had so often climbed with a sick heart—and in the confusion (for the books and papers had to be carried to another house, and the principal clerk had received a hurt,) I thought my last hopes had been dashed to the ground.

I was put on the right track at last; I was bound for a place in Maryland; the railway station was called Sheldon, and my destination was near there; Pine Hill the name of the domain; Mrs. Lothrop its owner and the invalid lady who wanted a companion, young, cheerful, and able to read French and Italian.

It was a journey of some thirty hours—at least, it ought to have been—but the floods were out, a bridge had been swept away, and within some three hours of my goal, I found that the train would be detained so long that I must make my appearance in my new home late at night—not a pleasant thing to do under the circumstances.

I was a tolerably sensible young woman as a rule, and I soon made up my mind to sleep at an hotel in the town where we were detained, and go on by a morning train, having ascertained that I could take one which would deposit me at Sheldon somewhere about noon. So I obeyed my impulse; had a comfortable supper, a good night's rest; and the next morning continued my pilgrimage; and as the journey was nothing to speak of, and the late rains prevented any fear of dust, I said to myself that no harm could happen from my putting on a pretty, new, gray gown with a hat to match, and a blue ribbon or two, and so making the best impression possible on Mrs. Lothrop of Pine Hill.

Of course no woman could be expected to write these pages without speaking of her looks, so I may as well let you know that I was considered pretty, and as having that indefinable quality called "style;" indeed, it sometimes stood in my way, now that I had to earn my living, though heaven knows why people should prefer frumps to instruct their children. But I had made up my mind that the invalid lady, since she desired a young and cheerful companion, would like one that was presentable also; therefore I made the best of myself; and on I journeyed.

Sheldon, at last! A quiet station, a few carriages waiting, one of which I selected, gave my checks to the coachman and the direction, "Pine Hill," and started.

The town through which we passed was a comfortable, sleepy looking old place—the open country beyond, pretty if not picturesque. I now asked the man how long a drive it was, and obtained the information that Pine Hill was about two miles and a-half from the town.

At length, we skirted a thickly wooded hill, reached a couple of great iron gates and a quaint lodge, turned up a fine old avenue: and there was the house in the distance. Such a charming old-fashioned dwelling; built of dark stone, turreted and gabled, with great wings and wide verandahs, and hosts of vines and flowers—it looked as picturesque and quiet as if it had been the castle of the Sleeping Beauty.

As the rattling, uncomfortable vehicle stopped before the portico steps, a man-servant came out.

"I am Miss Howth," I said; "I believe I am expected?"

He answered me by a low, prolonged bow.

"If madam will allow me to show her to the library, I will settle with the coachman afterward," he said.

I followed him, in silence, through the vestibule, and down the hall, a noble corridor it was, and I found myself in a delightful library, handsomely furnished, with windows opening to the ground, the walls lined with well-filled book-

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cases, every table covered with pamphlets and newspapers.

"Good gracious," I thought, "the reading portion of my new duties will be no sinecure—what a devourer of books the old lady must be!"

I took off my veil, glanced in a mirror to see that I was not tumbled or unpresentable, and sat down to wait till the mistress of the house should come in or summon me.

Presently the door opened, and a gentleman entered, a man of perhaps thirty; tall, elegant, and if I may name a fault, handsomer than any creature of his sex had a right to be.

He began speaking as he came in.

"Good-morning, Miss Howth! I am very glad to see you; I trust you have had a pleasant journey."

"Thanks," I answered; "very pleasant. I owe an apology to Mrs. Lothrop, however, for being behind my time. There was a delay in the trains, and I could not well get on last night."

"Yes, I know," he said.

He was quite near now; he paused suddenly, and stood there staring, (absolutely staring,) with a look of the most profound astonishment any human face could assume. Involuntarily I rose. I suppose I stared at him; I dare say I turned red and white; I know I felt singularly uncomfortable, with a quick, vague presentiment of bad news of some kind.

"Will Mrs. Lothrop be able to see me?" I stammered.

"I am Mr. Lothrop," said my gentleman, looking uncomfortable, too.

"Then I suppose it is your mother whom I—"

"My mother!" I heard him mutter, and stopped in confusion, and so did he. Before either of us could speak again, in at one of the open windows rushed two of the prettiest children I ever set eyes on—a boy and girl—both crying out at once:

"Uncle Phil, uncle Phil, they say she has come."

"And I wish she'd broken her neck," said the boy.

"Horrid old thing!" cried the girl.

Then they were far enough in the room to see me; they uttered a simultaneous howl, and skurried off like a couple of rabbits.

"I beg your pardon!" said the gentleman, while I was thinking, "I don't suppose I can have got into a madhouse by mistake." Then I said aloud—just for the sake of saying something:

"Are those small people Mrs. Lothrop's grandchildren?"

He looked terribly distressed, but it was evident he had got his wits back, and had made up his mind to something—I could see that in his face.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I fear there has been some unaccountable mistake—"

"Mistake?" I interrupted. "Is not this Pine Hill—Mrs. Lothrop's place? I am Miss Howth—I have been engaged as companion."

"The house is mine," he said; "those two children are my wards—I had engaged a governess for them, through Messrs. Wakely, of New York—I received a telegram to expect Miss Howth."

I interrupted him by sinking back in my chair. I imagine he thought I was about to faint or have hysterics; for he ran to a table, and brought me a glass of water, saying:

"You are tired and—and—rest a few minutes, and we will try to throw a little light in the matter—I think I understand it! There has been some confusion of names, and you have been sent to the wrong place."

This was pleasant hearing! I neither felt faint nor frightened any longer. I think I was angry; whether with the agency people, or this young man, or Destiny, or all together, I could not have told.

I explained my share in the business very succinctly, and he listened with great attention.

"It is the fault of those agents," he said; "in the confusion of the fire, they have made some strange blunder."

Before he could say more, the door opened, and the butler announced:

"Luncheon, sir."

Mr. Lothrop looked relieved.

"The first thing to do is to eat something," he said, "I know you need it," and he offered me his arm. "Pray do not be distressed by this mischance. My sister will be here by the time we have finished luncheon; she will arrange that you shall suffer no annoyance from those people's unpardonable stupidity."

He was so kind, and evidently so horribly afraid of a scene, that I could do no less than restrain the tears which were very near my eyes, and behave sensibly. We did go in to lunch, and I tried to eat, and talk and conduct myself sagely. Before the end of the meal, we had arrived at a clear understanding of the case—at least, we decided that we had. I had been sent to his house, and the elderly governess he expected had gone—somewhere—in my stead.

Suddenly we heard the sound of carriage wheels.

"My sister, Mrs. Liscomb," said he. "Excuse me for a moment—I will bring her in to see you."

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He departed. For the life of me I could not help crying, the instant I found myself alone. I hurried away to a window, and was busy drying my eyes, when the door opened. Back came Mr. Lothrop, and with him a pretty, exquisitely dressed, little woman, who flew up to me, and shook my hand, burst out laughing, and said:

"Don't cry! Phil has told me—the funniest blunder—I *am* so sorry! But I should laugh, if we were all dead! Pray forgive me—but when we had so dreaded the old maid—and to see you—and Phil is out of his senses, and—oh, I think I shall die—ha! ha!"

Down she plumped in a chair, and shrieked.

"Maud, I should think you were mad!" exclaimed Mr. Lothrop, furiously.

"Oh, I am so sorry—please, Miss Howth, forgive me!" she pleaded.

Between hysterics and a sense of the ludicrous, I began to laugh, while the tears were streaming down my cheeks. I laughed like a lunatic. Mr. Lothrop glared at his sister—glared at me—I would not be certain but he swore under his breath—then he suddenly began to laugh like a lunatic too; and for some minutes, we behaved like three gibbering idiots.

I got my senses back, and remembered it was no laughing matter to me, at all events.

"When can I get a train?" I asked. "I should like also to send a telegram to those people—I do not wish to lose my chance of the place, if I can help it."

Mr. Lothrop grew serious enough at once, and scolded his sister into composure and renewed apologies.

"I am obliged to leave for New York, to-night," he said. "I don't know what to do—the children's nurse left, in a passion, yesterday—"

"And he thought old Miss Howth's arrival would end his difficulties," added Mrs. Liscomb. "I can't have the children at my house, because my husband's sister is there, ill, and the little wretches are awfully noisy—and—"

She stopped to laugh.

"Maud!" cried her brother.

"Yes—I'll explain," she said. "Dear Miss Howth, I thought the best plan would be this: if you would not mind stopping a few days, and just see that the brats do not break their necks, my brother will see the people in New York. It can all be arranged, if you will only wait till he comes back."

"It would be a very great favor," added Mr. Lothrop.

It did not require reflection; I consented at once; at least, a few days of quiet would give me time to recover from my disappointment. Well, before night, Mrs. Liscomb had returned home; Mr. Lothrop had started for New York: and I was alone in the house with the two children and the servants.

I was already friends with the little ones, two children from India, who had been sent to Mr. Lothrop by their dying father. The gift must have driven him nearly mad, but there was no help; guardian of them and their fortune he found himself, and had to make the best of matters.

The small people had so loathed in advance the elderly governess, who was to come and torment them, that they fell in love with me immediately, since I was young, and into the bargain there by mistake, and only to remain for a short time.

I amused myself with the twins, gave them a few lessons, had daily visits from Mrs. Liscomb, and so the time passed till we could hear from Mr. Lothrop. He wrote to his sister how the mischance had occurred. My destination was to have been a Sheldon in Pennsylvania; the old lady's name was Lothrop too, and her place called Pine Hill, and my double, the spinster, had gone there. I have no time to elaborate details, so I must tell you, in a few words, that business detained Mr. Lothrop three weeks in New York, and at his and his sister's request, I remained in my resting place.

Then the little girl sickened with measles; she was very ill, and would allow nobody but me to take care of her. Mr. Lothrop returned, and took up his residence at Mrs. Liscomb's house. Before Amy recovered, the boy was seized with the same malady in its most aggravated form, and for days and days, there seemed little hope of his life.

I watched them both, and it happened that experience in my own family had made me a good nurse. I had assistance of course, but the children would barely tolerate the nurse, and I scarcely left them night or day.

Mrs. Liscomb and her brother came daily to visit us. By the time the small ones were convalescent, nearly a month had elapsed, and I felt well acquainted with both the lady and Mr. Lothrop. Now a new difficulty arose; a person of suitable age and acquirement for the charge of the children had not been found; the doctor had ordered sea air for them; Mrs. Liscomb could not go. But she said,

"For the time, only one thing can be done. Miss Howth is an angel—else she would have left us long ago to our miseries! Persuade her to keep the children for awhile—send them all with a couple of good servants to some quiet sea-

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side place. Now, Miss Howth, do consent—you need a change—you can let the small animals take care of themselves—please say you will go!"

I did say I would; in many ways the proposal pleased me; I had heard of no other situation, and more than all, I had grown very fond of the children, as one does grow to love creatures for whom one has taken a good deal of trouble.

Our departure, however, had to be deferred, because Amy caught cold and was quite ill again. Then a whole day and evening passed without my seeing either Mrs. Liscomb or her brother. But the next morning, as I was feeding some poor little birds, whose mother had been killed, and they left in the nest to starve, till I had come on them, by a Providence, in my walks, Mrs. Liscomb burst into the room.

"Dear me," she cried, "what a pretty picture! I wish Lothrop could see you now. He thinks, you know, that you are cold-hearted. Like men generally he supposes all intellectual women are so. But I tell him he's a fool. If he could see you, feeding that motherless family, it would convert him."

I blushed, in spite of myself, partly at his injustice, partly at I know not what. And I asked myself, at once, "Why should I? What is he to me?"

"I could not come, yesterday," the lady rattled on. "Visitors came unexpectedly. I did not look for them till next week—I wish people would keep to their plans. And oh, my dear, the old woman is more disagreeable than ever, and as for Ellen Wallis, I hate her and always shall!"

"I am sorry for you," I answered, laughing, finishing my task, and putting the nest aside, as I turned to her, "but as I don't know who Ellen Wallis is, or the disagreeable old woman either—"

"Why, Ellen's aunt—a dragon! Bless me, I thought I had told you—Ellen is Phil's fiancée—oh, an old, old affair—did I never tell you? It was very romantic—he had to go out to India—they were engaged, and the match was broken off because he was poor. Then she married, was left a widow, and somehow they patched it up, when he got rich, and were engaged again. He came home last winter—they could not be married because Ellen's sister died; but it is to come off next autumn: and oh, my dear, she is so faded and almost as spiteful as her aunt, and I often think Phil wishes he had been less precipitate—."

She was rattling on in her usual heedless fashion, but I heard nothing more. I had grown cold and deaf; then I found myself asking, or I heard my conscience ask me, what I had to do with Mr. Lothrop's engagement or marriage? Besides, did he not think me cold-hearted? I cold-hearted! Ah, if he only knew! And it seemed to me as if I had been in an enchanted slumber all these weeks, and had suddenly wakened to find the sunshine gone, the rest and peace a dream; only a cold, gray barren waste all about.

Presently I could hear Mrs. Liscomb's voice again.

"They are coming over to luncheon—I ran off to let you know, and prepare the servants. Now don't mind if they make themselves disagreeable. I explained till I was black in the face just how it all happened: that Phil has stopped at my house since he came back; but the old dragon only sniffed, and Ellen has been as cross as two sticks, and was wigging poor Phil in the shrubbery when I came away."

Here was a pretty state of affairs. I thoroughly understood the whole matter. The fiancée and her aunt chose to find some impropriety in my present situation. I did not speak—I could not. I fancy that Mrs. Liscomb saw the harm her careless tongue had done; she tried to soften things; I listened; there was no use in talking over the matter; I could see myself that, with the best intentions in the world, I had been placed in a position which evil minds could twist into an equivocal one.

I had not much time to reflect or be miserable—a carriage drove up—two ladies and Mr. Lothrop entered. He greeted me very kindly, though he looked pale and harassed. I was presented to the old dragon—she looked like a grenadier in petticoats—and was received with a few icy words and a horrible glare from her gray eyes.

Mrs. Wallis was a faded bit of prettiness and affectation, who began at once to patronize me, and was as impertinent and unendurable as only a spiteful, jealous woman can be.

The meal did not prove a pleasant one. Mr. Lothrop was ill at ease; his sister divided between nervousness and vexation. Whatever was disagreeable the old woman said, and anything in that line which she omitted was supplied by the niece.

"I suppose the children must be quite well again, Miss Howth, since you are able to leave them," said the dragon, by way of expressing her surprise at seeing me seat myself at table.

Before I could answer, Mr. Lothrop said, hastily:

"We have imposed so shamefully on Miss Howth's goodness that we cannot let her shut herself up any longer."

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"Oh," said the dragon, "I beg pardon—I thought the young lady was employed as their governess, or nurse—or something."

"I explained how the matter arose," Mr. Lothrop began, coldly, but Mrs. Wallis interrupted him:

"Never mind that, aunt, please! I should like to see the children—may I, Miss Howth?"

Her resigned air, her pretence of thinking it necessary to defer to my wishes, was more insulting than the elder woman's rudeness.

I felt my blood rise to boiling point, but show emotion of any kind I was determined not to do.

"Amy is asleep just now," I said; "when she wakes I will bring them in to see you."

To my great relief I was called away by the arrival of the doctor. As I was leaving the room I distinctly heard the old dragon say:

"I am sure I have seen your protégée's face somewhere. I wonder if she belonged to Lydia Thompson's troupe—she looks like an actress."

The doctor made a long visit; he found both children well enough to travel, and I told him that I was anxious to start the next morning—a measure to which he consented. I accompanied him down stairs and asked him to speak to Mr. Lothrop, but the party had left the dining-room—were in the garden, the servant thought—and the doctor could not wait.

I had no desire to see anybody, so I went back upstairs. The children had gone out; I told the nurse to pack their clothing, and set myself to the task of arranging my own boxes.

And conscientious packing is a prosaic operation which, when one is not hurried, quiets the temper and calms the nerves. In the course of half an hour, I was no longer angry or unaccountably fluttered. I could smile at the malice of the two strangers; tell myself that Mr. Lothrop's matrimonial projects were nothing to me—only, the children and I must set out the next day, or I should depart alone.

Finally I went down stairs; in the hall I met old Foster, the butler.

"Mrs. Liscomb was looking for you, Miss; I think she is in the boudoir."

I passed into the drawing-room, a fine suite of apartments ending in the cozy nook he had mentioned. I was traversing the third salon—the draperies which hung before the boudoir doors were partially drawn back—I saw Mrs. Wallis and Mr. Lothrop standing there—I heard her say:

"Do not suppose I am jealous; I could not condescend to be that; but if you do such strange things, Philip, you must expect, as my aunt says, that there will be gossip."

I moved a chair in passing; they looked up, and saw me.

"Did you see my sister, Miss Howth?" asked Mr. Lothrop.

"No," I replied; "I came—"

"Do not let me interrupt you," broke in Mrs. Wallis; "I am going to find my aunt," and before either of us could speak, if we had wished—I did not wish—she sailed by me, and went away.

I did not make any apologies for my intrusion, though I was sorry enough therefor; I would not even say that I expected to find Mrs. Liscomb in the room.

"The doctor says that the journey will do Amy good, Mr. Lothrop," I said, "and advises us to start at once. We can be ready to take the ten o'clock train, to-morrow morning."

He began several sentences, and finished none of them. I did not look toward him at first, but when I did, I saw that he seemed paler and more worn than he had done when he entered the house. Somehow, feeling vaguely sorry for him drove away the demon of obstinacy which Mrs. Wallis's words and manners roused.

"I came to look for your sister," I said; "Foster told me I should find her here."

"I think she is out in the grounds with Mrs. Croft," he said.

"I can see her later," I replied. "You will give directions, will you not, about our going?"

"Certainly," he said. "I suppose it is best—I mean since Amy is able to travel, that—" Once more he stopped, then hurried toward me, and took my hand, adding rapidly, "Miss Howth, I can never thank you enough for your kindness to those poor orphans, or express the admiration and respect that each day of our acquaintance has increased."

I made some laughing answer; I was obliged to laugh in order to keep from crying. He dropped my hand, and I moved away. I saw the old dragon glaring in at one of the doors, but I passed on without appearing to notice her.

About an hour later, I was up in my room, when Mrs. Liscomb came in.

"I am in a great hurry," she said, kissing me on either cheek. "The dragon wants to go—she has a headache—my dear, I wish headaches were a mortal disease! Good-bye; you go in the morning it seems. I shall see you first, you sweet, darling girl!"

She kissed me again, and ran away; I thought I understood her haste. She was afraid that I would refuse, at the last moment, to take charge of the children. But she did not know me. I had made the engagement, and I should keep to

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my terms until such time as Mr. Lothrop could supply my place—only I meant that he should do so with as little delay as possible.

The next morning, Mrs. Liscomb drove over. We were ready to depart.

"I am so sorry to lose you!" she said. She talked very fast and of forty things at once. "I am sure Phil meant to come—he was not ready—" She began several such speeches, and finished none of them. I felt confident that Mrs. Wallis had prevented him. But just as the carriage drove to the door, and the children were clamorous to start, he rode up the avenue, dismounted, greeted the little ones, and me, too, in his usual kind manner.

We three grown people stood talking commonplaces, while the luggage was put on the carriage.

"Miss Howth can drive down to the station with you, Maud, and I will go in the barouche with the children," he said.

The brother and sister remained with me till the train came. To my surprise, I found that Lester was to accompany us to our journey's end. I tried to say something about there being no necessity, but Mr. Lothrop checked me so decidedly, that I stopped. Mrs. Liscomb cried outright when we parted; I told myself it was more because her visitors had fretted her than because separating from me, whom she had only known a few weeks, could have caused her pain.

Mr. Lothrop was a good deal agitated too, but I was very quiet and stately! I quite prided myself on my stony behavior, and before bedtime, I cried bitterly to think what a wretch I had been to act like a carved image, after all their goodness to me!

Our destination was a journey of some fifteen hours—a quiet, old house, kept by the nicest possible old woman, who had once been the housekeeper of Mr. Lothrop's mother—in a quaint, little village by the sea.

For a fortnight I was so constantly occupied with the children, that I had no leisure to think about my future plans. I heard frequently from Mrs. Liscomb, and wrote her brief notes, giving her news of my two charges.

At last, I wrote to her, saying that I wished to leave. She answered, begging me to remain till September—at that time a suitable person could be ready to take my place, but not before.

So the days floated into weeks; quiet, sunny, pleasant. The children kept me very busy, and I was glad of that; for to own the truth, I think had I found leisure, I should have been not too happy! I was glad to avoid colloquies with my own conscience as much as possible; for I knew that my silly heart had been betrayed into a weakness, the bare thought of which was a humiliation. Those weeks at Pine Hill—the society of that cultivated man, whom I had learned so rapidly to know and admire—had been the means of whiling me into a great folly! I had learned to care more for his society than I ought; yes, I think I may as well write the truth—I loved him, and I knew it!

But I was very severe with myself; no other person could have been so pitiless toward my folly as I was. I told my conscience that the trouble should pass—be cured—forgotten like a physical malady. I know I tried hard, and I flattered myself—save at some odd seasons—that I was succeeding.

The time went on to August; I had just begun to hope that I was growing tolerably content with life, such as Destiny might choose to arrange it for my benefit when a dreadful blow struck me.

I had very few relatives in the world—among them those who would have helped to make existence easier had not the means, and the others lacked the inclination. Of course it was one of these latter persons who chose to evince an interest in my welfare by dealing me a cruel stab. My distant cousin, Mrs. Evans, wrote a long letter full of bitter condemnation. The most horrible reports, she said, were in circulation as to my conduct. It seemed that I was in the employment of a young, unmarried man, noted for his gallantries, and she felt it her duty to inform me that my character was irretrievably ruined. If I had any sense of decency left, I would at once forsake my present abode—though she plainly insinuated that such action could not restore my blasted reputation.

Either Mrs. Wallis or her aunt had been the originators of this scandal—I was certain of that—as certain when I read Augusta's letter as when, a couple of days later, I received confirmation of my suspicions in an epistle from one of Augusta's brothers, which told me in so many words that Mrs. Crofton and her niece had given Gus her news.

I inclosed the two letters to Mrs. Liscomb, adding only that unless my place were supplied within a week, I should leave the children to the care of the servants, and go away.

The days went by; the week was almost over; not a word of reply had I received.

It was a Tuesday afternoon, I remember; the children and their nurse had gone down to the seashore; I was sitting in the garden, trying to read a book. I spare you the record of what those days and nights had been to me. I think that even the coldest heart has only to picture a girl placed in my position to feel some pangs of

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pity—no words of mine uttered in self-sympathy could count.

Old Mrs. Norris had received some newspapers, and with her usual good nature brought them out to me. I opened one, and turning over its leaves, came upon an account of an aristocratic wedding at Newport. I read the names; then I did start into animation! The bride was Ellen Wallis, but she had married, instead of Philip Lothrop, some Cuban with more names than would fill a line.

Well, there I sat dazed—stupefied—eager to learn more—when suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of voices—Mrs. Norris's and another's. I listened; I heard my name called; an instant more and there was Maud Liscomb, holding me fast in her arms, and crying like a baby.

"What a brute you must have thought me!" she exclaimed. "My dear, we only got home last night, and found your letter. We—I started at once. I am sorry your wretch of a relation wrote you the story—but it is all settled—indeed it is! Oh, my dear, I have so much to tell you—"

"Well," I interrupted, "stop and get your breath."

I could wait now in patience; but Clara could not.

"Phil did not marry that dreadful creature; oh, my dear, she is married—"

"Yes, I know," I began, then checked myself.

"He found her out—she had been going on in the most dreadful way—but that is no matter—"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, he broke off the match; she rushed into an engagement with the Cuban; we cared nothing for that; but when we heard the stories she had told about you, we made her and the dragon eat their own words! I told her I would go to the Cuban; oh, if you had seen me—I was a worse dragon than the old one."

"Do leave those things alone," I said. "Come into the house—you must have some tea and see the children; they are so brown and strong you will not know them."

"Yes—wait a minute; I had to tell this, but I am only the *avant courièr!* I want—I am to say—" then she broke off and called loudly: "Oh, Phil, come here! It is of no use for me to try to manage the business properly—I never was proper in my life!"

The trees danced, the earth swam, the sky was a reeling blaze of glory; but when I could see, and think, and speak, Philip Lothrop was beside me, holding my hands, and telling the story of his long concealed love.

Ah, well, it is only the old story after all, but if you knew how happy we are, you would not wonder that to us, at least, the old, old story always seems new and beautiful.

Yet I could not help saying to him, one day, half-jestingly, "So you don't, any longer, think me cold hearted."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "What a fool Maud was to tell you that! But really it wasn't so."

"Never?" I held up a warning finger.

"Well, hardly ever!" laughing. "Certainly not, after she told me of the poor, little, motherless birds; and your care for them."

A SONG IN THE CITY.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

Only a song in the city sung,
From a bird in a cage, at a window hung,

Yet it sent a thrill to my slumbering heart,
And it made the tears to my eyelids start,—

And spire, and river, and stony street
Vanished—and, lo! beneath my feet

Were tufted grasses; and warm and bright
Shone cowslip yellow and daisy white;

And far away, as though in a dream,
I heard the roar of a mountain stream,

And saw green meadow and orchards brown—
Smooth lawns to the waters sloping down;

And over the woods in the setting sun
Hills changing to purple one by one.

And the air was laden with sweet perfume
From hedgerow blossom and clover bloom;

And garden patches were bright with flowers
And bees were telling the drowsy hours,—

And woven through all, like a golden thread,
Was the song of the minstrel overhead.

Ah, bird! thanks—thanks for thy tender lay
And the lesson it brings my heart to-day;

Nothing is lost that is pure and good,
Be it sown in city or silent wood;

The meanest flower, the humblest song,
Has food for a sermon deep and long.

I will sing like thee in my prison-cage,
And the ear of some passing grief engage.

I may reach a heart with a simple strain,
I may solace a bosom or soothe a brain,

And some weary brother may bless me yet
For the sake of a song that calms regret,

Just as I bless thee now, dear bird
For the peace that follows the song I heard.

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"A FAIR BARBARIAN."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER VI.

WHEN dinner was over, Lady Theobald rose, and proceeded to the drawing-room, Lucia following in her wake. From her very babyhood, Lucia had disliked the drawing-room, which was an imposing apartment of great length and height, containing much massive furniture, upholstered in faded blue satin. All the girl's evenings, since her fifth year, had been spent sitting opposite her grandmother, in one of the straightest of the blue chairs; all the most scathing reproofs she had received had been administered to her at such times. She had a secret theory, indeed, that all unpleasant things occurred in the drawing-room, after dinner.

Just as they had seated themselves, and Lady Theobald was on the point of drawing towards her the little basket, containing the gray woolen mittens she made a duty of employing herself by knitting each evening, Dobson, the coachman, in his character of footman, threw open the door, and announced a visitor.

"Captain Barold."

Lady Theobald dropped her gray mitten, the steel needles falling upon the table with a clink. She rose to her feet at once, and met half way the young man who had entered.

"My dear Francis," she remarked, "I am exceedingly glad to see you at last." With a slight emphasis upon the "at last."

"Tha-anks," said Captain Barold, rather languidly. "You're very good, I'm sure."

Then he glanced at Lucia, and Lady Theobald addressed her.

"Lucia," she said, "this is Francis Barold, who is your cousin."

Captain Barold shook hands languidly.

"I have been trying to find out whether it is third or fourth," he said.

"It is third," said my lady.

Lucia had never seen her display such cordiality to anybody. But Captain Francis Barold did not seem much impressed by it. It struck Lucia that he would not be likely to be impressed by anything. He seated himself near her grandmother's chair, and proceeded to explain his presence on the spot, without exhibiting much interest even in his own relation of facts.

"I promised the Rathburns that I would spend a week at their place, and Stowbridge was on the way, so it occurred to me I would drop off in passing. The Rathburns' place, Broadoaks, is about ten miles further on. Not far, you see."

"Then," said Lady Theobald, "I am to understand that your visit is accidental."

Captain Barold was not embarrassed. He did not attempt to avoid her ladyship's rather stern eye, as he made his cool reply.

"Well, yes," he said. "I beg pardon, but it is accidental rather."

Lucia gave him a pretty frightened look, as if she felt that after such an audacious confession, something very serious must happen; but nothing serious happened at all. Singularly enough, it was Lady Theobald herself who looked ill at ease, and as though she had not been prepared for such a contingency.

During the whole of the evening, in fact, it was always Lady Theobald who was placed at a disadvantage, Lucia discovered. She could hardly realize the fact, at first; but before an hour had passed, its truth was forced upon her.

Captain Barold was a very striking looking man upon the whole. He was large, gracefully built and fair, his eyes were gray and noticeable for the coldness of their expression, his features regular and acquiline, his movements leisurely.

As he conversed with her grandmother, Lucia wondered at him privately. It seemed to her innocent mind that he had been everywhere, and seen everything and everybody, without caring for or enjoying his privileges. The truth was that he had seen and experienced a great deal too much. As an only child, the heir to a large property, and heir prospective to one of the oldest titles in the country, he had exhausted life early. He actually saw in Lady Theobald, not the imposing head and social front of Stowbridge social life, the power who rewarded with approval, and punished with a frown, but a tiresome, pretentious old woman, whom his mother had asked him, for some feminine reason, to visit.

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"She feels she has a claim upon us, Francis," she had said, appealingly.

"Well," he had remarked, "that is rather deuced cool, isn't it? We have people enough on our hands, without cultivating Stowbridge, you know."

His mother sighed, faintly.

"It is true we have a great many people to consider, but I wish you would do it, my dear."

She did not say anything at all about Lucia; above all she did not mention that a year ago she herself had spent two or three days at Stowbridge, and had been charmed beyond measure by the girl's innocent freshness, and that she had said rather absently to Lady Theobald:

"What a charming wife Lucia would make for a man to whom gentleness and a yielding disposition were necessary. We do not find such girls in society now-a-days, my dear Lady Theobald. It is very difficult of late years to find a girl who is not spoken of as 'fast,' and who is not disposed to take the reins in her own hands. Our young men are flattered and courted until they become a little dictatorial, and our girls are spoiled at home. And the result is a great deal of domestic unhappiness afterwards—and even a great deal of scandal, which is dreadful to contemplate. I cannot help feeling the greatest anxiety in secret concerning Francis. Young men so seldom consider these matters until it is too late."

"Girls are not trained as they were in my young days, or even in yours," said Lady Theobald. "They are allowed too much liberty. Lucia has been brought up immediately under my own eye."

"I feel that it is fortunate," remarked Mrs. Barold, quite incidentally, "that Francis need not make a point of money."

For a few moments, Lady Theobald did not respond; but afterwards, in the course of the conversation which followed, she made an observation which was, of course, purely incidental.

"If Lucia makes a marriage which pleases her great-uncle, old Mr. Dugald Binnie, of Glasgow, she will be a very fortunate girl. He has intimated, in his eccentric fashion, that his immense fortune will either be hers or will be spent in building charitable asylums of various kinds. He is a remarkable and singular man."

When Captain Barold had entered his distinguished relative's drawing-room, he had not regarded his third cousin with a very great deal of interest. He had seen too many beauties in his thirty years to be greatly moved by the sight of one; and here was only a girl who had soft eyes, and looked young for her age, and who wore an ugly muslin gown, that most girls could not have carried off at all.

"You have spent the greater part of your life in Stowbridge?" he condescended to say, in the course of the evening.

"I have lived here always," Lucia answered. "I have never been away more than a week at a time."

"Ah?" interrogatively. "I hope you have not found it dull."

"No," smiling a little. "Not very. You see I have known nothing gayer."

"There is society enough of a harmless kind here," spoke up Lady Theobald, virtuously. "I do not approve of a round of gaieties for young people: it unfits them for the duties of life."

But Captain Barold was not as favorably impressed by these remarks as might have been anticipated.

"What an old fool she is!" was his polite inward comment. And he resolved at once to make his visit as brief as possible, and not to be induced to run down again, during his stay at Broadoaks. He did not even take the trouble to appear to enjoy his evening. From his earliest infancy, he had always found it easier to please himself than to please other people. In fact, the world had devoted itself to endeavoring to please him, and win his—toleration, we may say, instead of admiration, since it could not hope for the latter. At home, he had been adored rapturously by a large circle of affectionate male and female relatives; at school, his tutors had been singularly indulgent of his faults and admiring of his talents; even among his fellow pupils he had been a sort of autocrat. Why not, indeed, with such birthrights and such prospects? When he had entered society, he had met with even more amiable treatment from affectionate mothers, from innocent daughters, from cordial paternal parents, who voted him an exceedingly fine fellow. Why should he bore himself by taking the trouble to seem pleased by a stupid evening with an old grenadier in petticoats and a badly dressed country girl?

Lucia was very glad when, in answer to a timidly appealing glance, Lady Theobald said:

"It is half-past ten. You may wish us good-night, Lucia."

Lucia obeyed, as if she had been half-past ten herself, instead of nearly twenty; and Barold was not long in following her example.

Dobson led him to a stately chamber at the top of the staircase, and left him there. The captain chose the largest and most luxurious chair, sat down in it, and lighted a cigar at his leisure.

"Confoundedly stupid hole!" he said, with a refined vigor one would scarcely have expected from an individual of his birth and breeding.

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"I shall leave, to-morrow, of course. What was my mother thinking of? Stupid business, from first to last."

CHAPTER VII.

When he announced, at breakfast, his intention of taking his departure, on the mid-day train, Lucia wondered again what would happen, and again to her relief, Lady Theobald was astonishingly lenient.

"As your friends expect you, of course we cannot overrule them," she said. "We will, however, hope to see something of you, during your stay at Broadoaks. It will be very easy for you to run down, and give us a few hours, now and then."

"Tha-anks!" said Captain Barold.

He was decently civil, if not enthusiastic, during the few remaining hours of his stay. He sauntered through the grounds with Lucia, who took charge of him, in obedience to her grandmother's wish. He did not find her particularly troublesome, when she was away from her ladyship's side. When she came out to him, in her simple cotton gown, and straw hat, it occurred to him that she was much prettier than he had thought her at first. For economical reasons, she had made the little morning-dress herself, without the slightest regard for the designs of Miss Chickie, and as it was not trimmed at all, and had only a black velvet ribbon at the waist, there was nothing to place her charming figure at a disadvantage. It could not be said that her shyness and simplicity delighted Captain Barold; but, at least, they did not displease him, and this was really as much as could be expected.

"She does not expect a fellow to exert himself, at all events," was his inward comment, and he did not exert himself.

But when on the point of taking his departure, he went so far as to make a very gracious remark to her.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in London, for a season, before very long," he said. "My mother will have great pleasure in taking charge of you, if Lady Theobald cannot be induced to leave Stowbridge."

"Lucia never goes from home alone," said Lady Theobald; "but I should certainly be obliged to call upon your mother for her good offices, in the case of our spending a season in London. I am too old a woman to alter my mode of life altogether."

In obedience to her ladyship's orders, the venerable landau was brought to the door, and the two ladies drove to the station with him.

It was during this drive that a very curious incident occurred, an incident to which, perhaps, this story owes its existence, since if it had not taken place, there might very possibly have been no events of a stirring nature to chronicle. Just as Dobson drove rather slowly up the part of High Street distinguished by the presence of Miss Belinda Bassett's house, Captain Barold suddenly appeared to be attracted by some figure he discovered, in the garden appertaining to that modest structure.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, in an undertone, "there is Miss Octavia."

For the moment, he was almost roused to a display of interest. A faint smile lighted his face, and his cold, handsome eyes slightly brightened.

Lady Theobald sat bolt upright.

"That is Miss Bassett's niece, from America," she said. "Do I understand you know her?"

Captain Barold turned to confront her, evidently annoyed at having allowed a surprise to get the better of him. All expression died out of his face.

"I traveled with her from Framwich to Stamford," he said. "I suppose we should have reached Stowbridge together, but that I dropped off at Stamford, to get a newspaper, and the train left me behind."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, who had turned to look, "how very pretty she is."

Miss Octavia certainly was amazingly so, this morning. She was standing by a rose bush again, and was dressed in a cashmere morning-robe of the finest texture and the faintest pink; it had a Watteau plait down the back, a *jabot* of lace down the front, and the close high frills of lace round the throat, which seemed to be a weakness with her. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and showed to advantage her little ears and as much of her slim, white neck as the frills did not conceal.

But Lady Theobald did not share Lucia's enthusiasm.

"She looks like an actress," she said. "If the trees were painted canvas and the roses artificial, one might have some patience with her. That kind of thing is scarcely what we expect in Stowbridge."

Then she turned to Barold.

"I had the pleasure of meeting her, yesterday, not long after she arrived," she said. "She had diamonds in her ears as big as peas, and rings to match. Her manner is just what one might expect from a young woman brought up among gold-diggers and silver miners."

"It struck me as being a very unique and interesting manner," said Captain Barold. "It

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is chiefly noticeable for a *sang froid* which might be regarded as rather enviable. She was good enough to tell me all about her papa and the silver mines, and I really found the conversation entertaining."

"It is scarcely customary for English young women to confide in their masculine traveling companions to such an extent," remarked my lady, grimly.

"She did not confide in me at all," said Barold; "therein lay her attraction. One cannot submit to being 'confided in' by a strange young woman, however charming. This young lady's remarks were flavored solely with an adorably cool candor. She evidently did not desire to appeal to any emotion whatever."

And as he leaned back in his seat, he still looked at the picturesque figure which they had passed, as if he would not have been sorry to see it turn its head towards him.

In fact, it seemed that, notwithstanding his usual good fortune, Captain Barold was doomed this morning to make remarks of a nature objectionable to his revered relation. On their way, they passed Mr. Burmistone's mill, which was at work in all its vigor, with a whirr and buzz of machinery, and a slight odor of oil even in its surrounding atmosphere.

"Ah!" said Mr. Barold, putting his single eyeglass into his eye, and scanning it after the manner of experts. "I did not think you had anything of that sort here. Who put it up?"

"The man's name," replied Lady Theobald, severely, "is Burmistone."

"Pretty good idea, isn't it?" remarked Barold "Good for the place—and all that sort of thing.

"To my mind," answered my lady, "it is the worst possible thing which could have happened."

Mr. Francis Barold dropped his eyeglass, dexterously, and at once lapsed into his normal condition—which was a condition by no means favorable to argument.

"Think so?" he said, slowly. "Pity, isn't it—under the circumstances?"

And really there was nothing at all for her ladyship to do but preserve a lofty silence. She had scarcely recovered herself, when they reached the station, and it was necessary to say farewell as complacently as possible.

"We will hope to see you again before many days," she said, with dignity, if not with warmth.

Mr. Francis Barold was silent for a second, and a slightly reflective expression flitted across his face.

"Thanks—yes," he said, at last. "Certainly. It is easy to come down, and I should like to see more of Stowbridge."

When the train had puffed in and out of the station, and Dobson was driving down High Street again, her ladyship's feelings rather got the better of her.

"If Belinda Bassett is a wise woman," she remarked, "she will take my advice, and get rid of this young lady as soon as possible. It appears to me," with exalted pity, "that every well-trained English girl has reason to thank her Maker that she was born in a civilized land."

"Perhaps," suggested Lucia, softly, "Miss Octavia Bassett has had no one to train her at all—and it may be that—that she even feels it deeply."

The feathers in her ladyship's bonnet trembled.

"She does not feel it at all!" she announced. "She is an impertinent—minx!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE were others who echoed her ladyship's words afterwards, though they echoed them privately and with more caution than my lady felt necessary. It is certain that Miss Octavia Bassett did not improve, as time progressed, and she had enlarged opportunities for studying the noble example set before her by Stowbridge.

On his arrival in New York, Martin Bassett telegraphed to his daughter and sister, per Atlantic cable, informing them that he might be detained a couple of months, and bidding them be of good cheer. The arrival of the message, in its official envelope, so alarmed Miss Belinda, that she was supported by Mary Anne, while it was read to her by Octavia, who received it without any surprise whatever. For some time after its completion, Stowbridge had privately disbelieved in the Atlantic cable, and, until this occasion, had certainly disbelieved in the existence of people who received messages through it. In fact, on first finding that she was the recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had resulted in her brother's death, and that his executors had chosen this delicate method of breaking the news.

"A message by Atlantic cable?" she had gasped. "Don't—don't read it, my love. I—let some one else do that. Poor—poor child! Trust in Providence, my love, and—and bear up. Ah, how I wish I had a stronger mind, and could be of more service to you!"

"It is a message from father," said Octavia. "Nothing is the matter. He's all right. He got in on Saturday."

"Ah!" panted Miss Belinda. "Are you *quite* sure, my dear—are you quite sure?"

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"That's what he says. Listen."

"Got in Saturday. Piper met me. Shares looking up. May be kept here two months. Will write. Keep up you spirits.

MARTIN BASSETT."

"Thank heaven!" sighed Miss Belinda. "Thank heaven!"

"Why?" said Octavia.

"Why?" echoed Miss Belinda. "Ah, my dear, if you knew how terrified I was: I felt sure that something had happened. A *cable* message, my dear! I never received a telegram in my life before, and to receive a *cable* message was really a *shock!*"

"Well, I don't see why," said Octavia. "It seems to me it is pretty much like any other message."

Miss Belinda regarded her timidly.

"Does your papa *often* send them?" she inquired. "Surely it must be expensive."

"I don't suppose it's cheap," Octavia replied, "but it saves time and worry. I should have had to wait twelve days for a letter."

"Very true," said Miss Belinda, "but—"

She broke off with a rather distressed shake of the head. Her simple ideas of economy and quiet living were frequently upset in these times. She had begun to regard her niece with a slight feeling of awe, and yet Octavia had not been doing anything at all remarkable in her own eyes, and considered her life pretty dull.

If the elder Miss Bassett, her parents and grandparents had not been so thoroughly well-known, and so universally respected; if their social position had not been so firmly established, and their quiet lives not quite so highly respectable; there is an awful possibility that Stowbridge might even have gone so far as not to ask Octavia out to tea at all. But even Lady Theobald felt that it would not do to slight Belinda Bassett's niece and guest. To omit the customary state teas would have been to crush innocent Miss Belinda at a blow, and place her—through the medium of this young lady who, alone, deserved condemnation—beyond the pale of all social law.

"It is only to be regretted," said her ladyship, "that Belinda Bassett has not arranged things better. Relatives of such an order are certainly to be deplored."

In secret, Lucia felt much soft-hearted sympathy for both Miss Bassett and her guest. She could not help wondering how Miss Belinda became responsible for the calamity which had fallen upon her. It really did not seem probable that she had been previously consulted as to the kind of niece she desired, or that she had, in a distant manner, evinced a preference for a niece of this description.

"Perhaps, dear grandmamma," the girl ventured, "it is because Miss Octavia Bassett is so young that—"

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, in fell tones, "how old you are?"

"I was nineteen in—in December."

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said her ladyship, "was nineteen last October, and it is now June. I have not yet found it necessary to apologize for you on the score of youth."

But it was her ladyship who took the initiative and set an evening for entertaining Miss Belinda and her niece, in company with several other ladies, with the best Bohea, thin bread and butter, plum cake, and various other delicacies.

"What do they do at such places?" asked Octavia. "Half-past five is pretty early."

"We spend some time at the tea table, my dear," explained Miss Belinda. "And afterwards, we—we converse. A few of us play whist. I do not. I feel as if I was not clever enough, and I get flurried too early by—by differences of opinion."

"I should think it wasn't very exciting," said Octavia. "I don't fancy I ever went to an entertainment where they did nothing but drink and talk."

"It is not our intention or desire to be exciting, my dear," Miss Belinda replied, with mild dignity. "And an improving conversation is frequently most beneficial to the parties engaged in it."

"I fear," Octavia observed, "that I never heard much improving conversation."

She was really no fonder of masculine society than the generality of girls, but she could not help wondering if there would be any young men present, and if indeed there were any young men in Stowbridge who might possibly be produced upon festive occasions, even though ordinarily kept in the background. She had not heard Miss Belinda mention any masculine name, so far, but that of the curate of St. James's, and when she had seen him pass the house, she had not found his slim, black figure and faint ecclesiastic whiskers especially interesting.

It must be confessed that Miss Belinda suffered many pangs of anxiety in looking forward to her young kinswoman's first appearance in society. A tea at Lady Theobald's house constituted formal presentation to the Stowbridge world. Each young lady, within the pale of genteel society, having arrived at years of discretion, on returning home from boarding-

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school, was invited to tea at Oldclough Hall. During an entire evening, she was the subject of watchful criticism. Her deportment was remarked, her accomplishments displayed, she performed her last new "pieces" upon the piano, she was drawn into conversation by her hostess, and upon the timid modesty of her replies, and the reverence of her listening attitudes, depended her future social status. So it was very natural, indeed, that Miss Belinda should be anxious.

"I would wear something rather quiet and—and simple, my dear Octavia," she said. "A white muslin, perhaps, with blue ribbons."

"Would you?" answered Octavia. Then after appearing to reflect upon the matter a few seconds, "I've got one that would do, if it's warm enough to wear it. I bought it in New York, but it came from Paris. I've never worn it yet."

"It would be nicer than anything else, my love," said Miss Belinda, delighted to find her difficulty so easily disposed of. "Nothing is so charming in the dress of a young girl as pure simplicity. Our Stowbridge young ladies rarely wear anything but white for evening. Miss Chickie assured me, a few weeks ago, that she had made fifteen white muslin dresses all after one simple design of her own."

"I shouldn't think that was particularly nice myself," remarked Octavia, impartially. "I should be glad one of the fifteen didn't belong to me. I should feel as if people might say, when I came into a room, 'Good gracious, there's another!"

"The first was made for Miss Lucia Gaston, who is Lady Theobald's niece," replied Miss Belinda, mildly. "And there are few young ladies in Stowbridge who would not desire to emulate her example."

"Oh," said Octavia, "I dare say she is very nice and all that, but I don't believe I should care to copy her dresses. I think I shall draw the line there."

But she said it without any ill-nature, and sensitive as Miss Belinda was upon the subject of her cherished ideals, she could not take offence.

When the eventful evening arrived, there was excitement in more than one establishment upon High street, and the streets in its vicinity. The stories of the diamonds, the gold-diggers and the silver mines had been added to, and embellished, in the most ornate and startling manner. It was well known that only Lady Theobald's fine appreciation of Miss Belinda Bassett's feelings had induced her to extend her hospitalities to that lady's niece.

"I would prefer, my dear," said more than one discreet matron to her daughter, as they attired themselves, "I would much prefer that you would remain near me during the earlier part of the evening—before we know how this young lady may turn out. Let your manner towards her be kind, but not familiar. It is well to be upon the safe side."

What precise line of conduct it was generally anticipated that this gold digging and silver mining young person would adopt, it would be difficult to say; it is sufficient that the general sentiments regarding her were of a distrustful, if not timorous, nature.

To Miss Bassett, who felt all this in the very air she breathed, the girl's innocence of the condition of affairs was even a little touching. With all her splendor she was not at all hard to please, and had quite awakened to an interest in the impending social event. She seemed in good spirits, and talked more than was her custom, giving Miss Belinda graphic descriptions of various festal gatherings she had attended in New York, when she seemed to have been very gay indeed, and to have worn very beautiful dresses, and also to have had rather more than her share of partners. The phrases she used, and the dances she described were all strange to Miss Belinda, and tended to reducing her to a mildly bewildered condition, in which condition she felt much timid amazement at the intrepidity of the New York young ladies, and no slight doubt of the "German" as a theatrical kind of dance involving extraordinary figures, and an extraordinary amount of attention from partners of the stronger sex.

It must be admitted, however, that by this time, notwithstanding the various shocks she had received, Miss Belinda had begun to discover in her young guest divers good qualities which appealed to her affectionate and susceptible old heart. In the first place, the girl had no small affectations; indeed, if she had been less unaffected she might have been less subject to severe comment. She was good-natured and generous to extravagance. Her manner towards Mary Anne never ceased to arouse Miss Belinda to interest. There was not any condescension whatever in it, and yet it could not be called a vulgarly familiar manner; it was rather an astonishingly simple manner, somehow suggestive of a subtle recognition of Mary Anne's youth and ill-luck in not having before her more lively prospects. She gave Mary Anne presents in the shape of articles of clothing at which Stowbridge would have exclaimed in horror, if she had dared to wear them; but when Miss Belinda expressed her regret at

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these indiscretions, she was quite willing to rectify her mistakes.

"Ah, well," she said, "I can give her some money, and she can buy some things for herself." Which she proceeded to do; and when, under her mistress's direction, Mary Anne purchased a stout brown merino, she took quite an interest in her struggles at making it.

"I wouldn't make it so short in the waist and so full in the skirt, if I were you," she said. "There's no reason why it shouldn't fit, you know," thereby winning the house-maiden's undying adoration, and adding much to the shapeliness of the garment.

"I am sure she has a good heart," Miss Belinda said to herself, as the days went by. "She is like Martin in that. I daresay she finds me very ignorant and silly. I often see in her face that she is unable to understand my feeling about things; but she never seems to laugh at me, or think of me unkindly. And she is very, very pretty, though perhaps I ought not to think of that at all."

CHAPTER IX.

As the good little spinster was arraying herself, on this particular evening, having laid upon the bed the greater portion of her modest splendor, she went to her wardrobe, and took therefrom the sacred bandbox containing her best cap. All the ladies of Stowbridge wore caps, and all being respectfully plagiarized from Lady Theobald, without any reference to age, size, complexion or demeanor, the result was sometimes a little trying. Lady Theobald's head-dresses were of a severe and bristling order. The lace of which they were composed was induced by some ingenious device to form itself into aggressive quillings, the bows seemed lined with buckram, the strings neither floated nor fluttered.

"To a majestic person, the style is very appropriate," Miss Belinda had said to Octavia, that very day; "but to me, who is not so, it is rather trying. Sometimes, indeed, I have *almost* wished that Miss Chickie would vary a *little* more in her designs."

Perhaps the sight of the various articles contained in two of the five trunks had inspired these doubts in the dear old lady's breast; it is certain, at least, that as she took the best cap up, a faint sigh fluttered upon her lips.

"It is very large—for a small person," she said. "And I am not at all sure that amber is becoming to me."

And just at that moment, there came a tap at the door, which she knew was from Octavia.

She laid the cap back, in some confusion at being surprised in a moment of weakness.

"Come in, my love," she said.

Octavia pushed the door open, and came in. She had not dressed yet, and had on her wrapper and slippers, which were both of quilted gray silk, gaily embroidered with carnations. But Miss Belinda had seen both wrapper and slippers before, and had become used to their sumptuousness; what she had not seen was the trifle the girl held in her hand.

"See here," she said. "See what I have been making for you."

She looked quite elated, and laughed triumphantly.

"I did not know I could do it until I tried," she said. "I had seen some in New York, and I had the lace by me. And I have enough left to make ruffles for your neck and wrists. It's Mechlin."

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "My dear!"

Octavia laughed again.

"Don't you know what it is," she said. "It isn't like a Stowbridge cap; but it's a cap, nevertheless. They wear them like this in New York. And I think they are ever so much prettier."

It was true that it was not like a Stowbridge cap, and it was also true that it was prettier. It was a delicate affair of softly quilled lace, adorned here and there with loops of pale violet satin ribbon—the very thing for Miss Belinda's fair, little, modest face.

"Let me try it on," said Octavia, advancing, and in a minute she had done so, and turned Miss Bassett about to face herself in the glass. "There," she said, "isn't that better than—well, than emulating Lady Theobald?"

It was so pretty, and so becoming, and Miss Belinda was so touched by the girl's innocent enjoyment, that the tears came into her eyes.

"My—my love," she faltered, "it is so beautiful and so expensive, that—though indeed I don't know how to thank you—I am afraid I should not dare to wear it."

"Oh," answered Octavia, "that's nonsense, you know. I'm sure there's no reason why people shouldn't wear becoming things. Besides, I should be awfully disappointed. I didn't think I could make it, and I'm real proud of it. You don't know how becoming it is."

Miss Belinda looked at her reflection and faltered. It was becoming.

"My love," she protested, faintly, "real Mechlin! There is really no such lace in Stowbridge!"

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"All the better," said Octavia, cheerfully. "I'm glad to hear that. It isn't one bit too nice for you."

To Miss Belinda's astonishment, she drew a step nearer to her and gave one of the satin loops a queer, caressing little touch, which actually seemed to mean something. And then suddenly the girl stooped, with a little laugh, and gave her aunt a light kiss on her cheek.

"There!" she said. "You must take it from me for a present. I'll go and make the ruffles this minute, and you must wear those, too, and let people see how stylish you can be."

And without giving Miss Bassett time to speak, she ran out of the room, and left the dear old lady warmed to the heart, tearful, delighted, frightened.

A coach from the Blue Lion had been ordered to present itself at quarter-past five, promptly, and at the time specified it rattled up to the door, with much spirit—with so much spirit indeed that Miss Belinda was a little alarmed.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "I hope the driver will be able to control the horse, and will not allow him to go too fast. One hears of such terrible accidents."

Then Mary Anne was sent to announce the arrival of the equipage to Miss Octavia, and having performed the errand, came back, beaming with smiles.

"Oh, mum," she exclaimed, "you never see nothin' like her. Her gownd is 'evingly. An' lor'! how you do look yourself to be sure!"

Indeed the lace ruffles on her "best" black silk, and the little cap on her smooth hair, had done a great deal for Miss Bassett, and she had only just been reproaching herself for her vanity in recognizing this fact herself. But Mary Anne's words awakened a new train of thought.

"Is—is Miss Octavia's dress a showy one, Mary Anne?" she inquired. "Dear me, I do hope it is not a showy dress!"

"I never see nothin' no eleganter, mum," said Mary Anne. "She wants nothin' but a veil to make a bride out of her—an' a becominer thing she never has wore."

They heard the soft sweep of skirts at that moment, and Octavia came in.

"There!" she said, stopping when she had reached the middle of the room. "Is that simple enough?"

Miss Belinda could only look at her helplessly. The "white muslin" was composed almost entirely of Valenciennes lace; the blue ribbons were embroidered with field daisies: the air of delicate elaborateness about the whole was something, which her innocent mind could not have believed possible in orthodox white and blue.

"I don't think I should call it exactly simple," she said. "My love, what a quantity of lace!"

Octavia glanced down at her *jabots* and frills, complacently.

"There *is* a good deal of it," she remarked; "but then it is nice, and one can stand a good deal of nice Valenciennes on white. They said Worth made the dress. I hope he did. It cost enough. The ribbon was embroidered by hand, I suppose. And there is plenty of it cut up into these bows."

There was no more to be said. Miss Belinda led the way to the coach, which they entered under the admiring or critical eyes of several most respectable families, who had been lying in wait behind their window curtains since they had been summoned there by the sound of the wheels.

As the vehicle rattled past the boarding-school, all the young ladies in the first class rushed to the window. They were rewarded for their zeal, by a glimpse of a cloud of muslin and lace, a charmingly dressed yellow-brown head, and a pretty face, whose eyes favored them with a frank stare of interest.

"She had diamonds in her ears!" cried Miss Phipps, wildly excited. "I saw them flash. Ah, how I should like to see her without her wraps! I have no doubt she is a perfect blaze!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAYE OF THE ISLE.

BY R. R. M'NULTY.

Oh, queen on thy sea-cliff throne!
Faint falls, on thy high retreat,
The far-off, fluctuant moan
Of tireless tides that beat.
Soft shadows of love's sweet mood.
Mellow thy deep, clear eyes;
Far-fixed o'er the shimmering flood,
Where the purpling sunset dies.

The strength of thy gold, gold hair,
Stirred from its folded rest,
In the soft, sea-laden air,
Out of the gates of the West!
Oh, queen of a day gone by!
Oh, haunting music sweet,
Of summer winds that sigh
Of tides that tireless beat!

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WHOLLY PLATONIC.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Lee Bronson leaned back in his office-chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and thought what a remarkably lucky fellow he had been, all his life.

He had inherited, not only a fortune, but an honored name. He had married an heiress and a beauty. His home was one of the most popular resorts for wealth and fashion in the city. What more could he wish?

"It's partly owing to luck," he mused, "and partly to a cool head. "I had a good lift to begin with, and I did not spoil it by any recklessness or folly. I didn't go into mining speculation, like Tom Woods, and sink my fortune; and I didn't fall in love, like Will Simpson, and disgrace myself and family by a low marriage. I have a wife that my reason approved of, who had position and money and beauty, and consequently everything has gone on like clock-work. We have never pretended to be desperately in love with each other; and yet we are as happy as larks. I allow her to have her way; she leads the fashion; I am proud to see her admired and sought after. On her part, she lets me do as I please; I am never disloyal to her; altogether we are a very happy couple. What is called love is merely imagination."

With this philosophical assertion, Lee Bronson arose, looked at his watch, and went home to dinner—and to Fate.

Leaving his hat in the hall, he ran upstairs to his room, whistling softly an opera air, but when on the first landing, he came suddenly face to face with his wife, and a lady.

A very slight, erect figure, clothed in some dark, clinging robe; a small, pale face, set in a frame of dark, rich hair, and lighted by dark, appealing eyes. That was the picture he took in at a glance, as his wife, stately, and brilliant in rustling silk and gems, came to the stranger's side and said:

"Ro, dear, this is my husband—and Lee, this is my old school friend, Ro Radcliff, whom I have not seen in ten years."

Lee expressed the proper amount of pleasure at meeting a friend of his wife's, and passed on to his room, while the ladies descended to the parlors. As he stood brushing his handsome locks before the mirror, he could not but think what a contrast there was between the two women he had just met—the stranger so slight, so pale, and his wife, so sumptuous in her proportions, so brilliant in coloring.

"Maud always does rather put other women in the shade," he said, mentally. "I never saw a woman yet that could quite hold her own in her presence."

But after dinner, when they gathered in the parlors, Lee Bronson found that he had at last met a woman who could, in regard to some things, more than "hold her own" with his wife—one whose rare conversational powers did for Maud, what her beauty did for other women, viz.: left her in the shade.

Ro Radcliff was a rare talker—a woman who knew just what to say, and how to say it, and when to stop and listen. She was well-read, a good thinker of what she read, and had traveled extensively as companion to a wealthy invalid. Lee had never met a woman like her, and acknowledged as much to his wife, that night.

"Your friend is very interesting," he said; "it is as good as a book to hear her talk."

"Yes," answered Maud, as she brushed at her beautiful hair, and smiled at her lovely image, "Ro always was smart. She took all the prizes at school, and was as much the delight, as I was the despair of teachers, on recitation and composition day. We all liked her, too, she was so full of fun. That was ten years ago: really it makes one feel old to count time by tens."

"How old is your friend?" queried Lee.

"Somewhere near my own age—twenty-seven or eight."

"I wonder why she has never married."

"Well, I was asking her that, just before you came home. She said she'd been too busy. Although she is not, and never was, pretty, Ro has had plenty of offers. Someway, she always took. But she was an ambitious girl, always wanting to learn and to see. She has been self-supporting too; has taught school, and now, for several years, has been a companion to a wealthy invalid, who took her through Europe. It seems the lady is now dead, and Ro has heard of a good opening, in one of our schools, for a teacher of French and German. She is here to apply for it, and knowing I resided in the city, looked me up in the directory, and came here, thinking I might use my influence in her favor. You

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might see about it, to-morrow, Lee, if you have time."

Lee promised, drowsily, to do his very best for Maud's friend, and went to sleep.

The day following, he called upon the necessary officials, and made an application for Miss Radcliff, which, after a few preliminaries, and a meeting with the lady applicant, and an examination of her credentials, resulted in her obtaining the desired position.

"Now, dear," she said to Maud, after all this was settled, "will you help me to find a boarding place—somewhere near you, if possible, for I teach but four hours each day, and should like to be where I could run in and see you often."

"Why not stay here?" suggested Maud. "We have plenty of room, and I shall enjoy it."

"But what would your husband say to it?" objected Ro.

"He will be delighted—he thinks you are charming."

And so Miss Radcliff was installed as a member of the family.

Maud would have been glad to have introduced her friend into her brilliant social circle, but Ro objected.

"You see," she said, "it takes nearly all your time to attend to the demands of society. I could not do justice to it and to my school—and I never half do anything. Then it necessitates a greater expenditure in dress than I can afford. I shall be glad to know some of your friends, but I do not care to enter into general society."

"Then you will be obliged to submit to a good deal of solitude," Maud responded; "for I am, of course, out, or engaged, for half the time, evenings especially. You will find it dull here, unless you can induce Lee to stay and keep you company. If you can, you are welcome to him. He is very agreeable, I have been told."

Ro laughed. "You have been told," she repeated. "Don't you know, from experience?"

"Well, yes, I *used* to, years ago. But you see Lee doesn't care for society as I do, though he likes to have me shine in it; and so we don't see much of each other. Perhaps, that is the reason we get on so finely, and never quarrel. Most couples see too much of each other, I think. But I must be off and dress, and if Lee comes in, be as entertaining as possible."

Lee did come in, and Ro was so entertaining, that he quite forgot the time.

"Take Ro out to the opera, to-morrow night, can't you?" suggested Maud, that evening, just after tea. "I am obliged to attend Mrs. Smith's wedding reception, or I would go with her. Lucca sings, and she will enjoy it, I know."

"Certainly, I will accompany her, if she'll go," assented Lee; and the next night saw him doing duty as Miss Radcliff's escort.

"Lee says you are a delightful companion," said Maud to her friend, the next morning. "If you keep on being so entertaining, you will fare well at his hands. He always did rave about smart women. I really hope he will make it pleasant for you."

Pleasant it proved to be for Miss Radcliff. Intellectual women are avaricious of appreciation; and no more appreciative man ever lived than Lee Bronson. Miss Radcliff's conversational powers were an ever increasing delight to him. It was like looking upon a beautiful picture, to listen to her vivid word-painting of scenes and places and people; and the intonations of her voice, her gestures, all were telling and effective.

"A new life has unfolded to me, since you came," he said to her, one day. "You have done me the double favor of adding a valued friend to my life treasures, and making me more appreciative of my home. I spend twice the time here I used to, and Maud says she doesn't see how we ever lived without you."

"It is very pleasant to be so well liked," said Ro, gratefully. "I feel more as if I had a home than ever in my life before."

Under these circumstances, it was not strange that the two should see much of each other. When Ro had been with them a month, Lee said:

"You have proved to me that there can exist, just what I have always doubted till now, a perfectly Platonic friendship. I think our regard for each other is the very highest type of it. I enjoy your society more than that of any other person I know. I admire you exceedingly, and yet there is nothing, which the most Puritanic mind could object to, in my regard. It is as if I had found a perfectly congenial companion of my own sex."

"It is quite as I feel—and a very delightful bond," responded Ro, and yet there was something that jarred in his words.

No woman, however brilliant intellectually, likes to think that she is looked upon as a "fine fellow" by any man—that she has no hold upon him as a woman. Ro could not have described the nameless dissatisfaction she felt, at his words, and yet it was there.

Two weeks later, she sat reading to him, in the little boudoir—Maud's—where they often spent the after-dinner hours—while Maud was resting and dressing. Ro sat on a little ottoman, almost at Lee's side. She was dressed in a clinging black robe, and the loose sleeve fell back from and exposed her beautiful white arm and hand.

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As she finished reading, and looked up at Lee, with her soft, dark eyes, to ask his opinion of the poem she had just rendered so finely, she saw a new look in his face. He leaned over, and laid his hand on her round arm.

"How beautiful your arms and hands are," he said; "like chiseled marble to look upon. I like to see them resting against your black dress."

Ro bent her eyes upon her book, with a glow of satisfaction warming her heart.

The look she had seen, in his face, was the look a man gives, when he admires a fair woman.

He noticed her silence, but misunderstood it.

"I hope you are not offended at my familiarity," he said. "I think the highest type of regard is that, which appreciates everything about its object. It is first drawn by mental and spiritual gifts; and afterward the physical graces come in for a share of notice. But I will never repeat the offense of *speaking* of what I notice, if I have pained you."

"Indeed, no!" Ro answered, quickly. "You did not offend me, only surprised me. I was not aware that I possessed any personal attractions, that could win a moment's thought from you—who are daily fed on beauty."

"I could not, at first," he said, "have told if your eyes were blue or black. I thought only of your intellectual gifts. But as I see more of you, and grow to like you more and more, and prize your friendship more, I grow also to notice the least things about you—your pretty gestures, your tasteful toilets, your silken hair. Just as, at first, we see only the rare painting; but afterward, grow to notice its shadows, and lights, and even its framing."

His tone was so fervent, his words so strong, that Ro Radcliff's better angel whispered to her to be careful—to be on her guard.

But Ro Radcliff had reached a time in her life, when she felt that desperate craving after something to fill her heart, which comes to every woman sometime—to every woman, whose heart is not filled already with some all-satisfying love. Lee Bronson's friendship and appreciation came very near filling the craving. His love, she felt, would quite fill it.

She knew, very well, he was upon the brink of loving her; that it was in her power to thrust him back, or drag him over; and then and there she must decide it. Like lightning, the thought flashed through her brain.

"Lee Bronson does not—never has—never will," she reasoned, "love his wife. They are good comrades—nothing more. I should take nothing from her, if I let him love me. He may never known that he *does* love me, though I shall know it and be satisfied. I have no fear of his ever saying, or thinking, one disloyal word or thought. But I *must* be loved—and to thrust him back from the brink, where he now stands, to put up that indefinable barrier every woman has in her power to raise, when the time comes, will be to lose all the old freedom and unreserve in his society, which we both so enjoy. Why make him and myself uncomfortable? I would rather die than rob Maud of what is hers; but to take what no one ever had, or ever will have, unless I do take—that which would never have existed but for me—*qu'importe!*"

It was decided. She leaned forward, and laid her two hands in his, and lifted her soft eyes to his face.

"It makes me very happy," she said, "to know that you care so much for me. I am so very, very happy, here with you—and Maud: I wonder what I can ever do to repay you."

She felt his heart throbbing through his hands, as they held hers; she saw his soul burning through his eyes, as he looked at her. But he only said:

"You have only to stay with us—and we are amply repaid."

And then he arose, and went out of the room, with a bright, backward smile and glance.

Ah, if she could have looked ahead, instead of behind her, then!

Lee Bronson spent more time in his home, in the months that followed, than he had ever been known to spend during his married life. Business was neglected, and clerks left to manage important matters that required a cool head.

"Bronson is getting careless," said his associates, one day. "I have always thought him a model in the business world. But he seems to have got the idea, that he is on so sure a footing, that he can let things slide, now-a-days—at least, that's what he is doing. He is secure enough, but I don't like to see a business man getting into that habit."

It was true enough. Lee Bronson thought of very little, from morning till night, but Ro Radcliff. She had bound him, with that dangerous mental fascination, that is far more powerful, when once exerted over one who is susceptible to it, than any mere physical attraction.

He was madly, deliriously happy. He was intoxicated with a passion, that lent new glory to the sunrise, new greenness to the earth, new rapture to life.

He reasoned with himself, and with Ro, that his regard was right, good, and proper, that it was truly Platonic.

"It makes us very happy," he said, "and it

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wrongs no one. I admire, respect, and am just as fond of Maud as ever. Were I to live my life over, I would do precisely as I have done; but I need your friendship to complete my life."

And Ro smiled in his face, and talked to him in her low, thrilling voice; and wove her web closer and closer; and luxuriated in the sunshine of his adoration.

And Maud? She smiled complacently, and said: "I am so glad you and Lee get on so finely. But for that, I should feel compunctions of conscience, at giving you so little of my time."

Ro had been a member of the family, just six months, when Lee brought Mason Grow home to dinner, and introduced him as an old friend newly met. Mason Grow was a man of perhaps thirty-five, handsome, cultured, traveled, and rich. He proved very agreeable, and as he was to remain in the city some weeks, the Bronsons urged him to let them see him often.

"I liked your friend," Ro said, after he had gone. "What a sad mouth he has. Is there a story in his life?"

"Yes," Lee answered. "He married, when quite young, a beautiful girl, who lived only six weeks after she became his wife. He has roamed the world over, but is still true to her memory. It is a loss to some woman—for he would make a splendid husband, and has all that can make life bright: money, position, intellect. But he will never marry."

Ro dropped her eyes, and changed the conversation. But the next day, when Mr. Grow called, she made herself so agreeable, that he begged permission to take her for a drive, the next afternoon.

Lee could not have explained it to himself, but he felt angry, as he saw them drive by the office.

"How nice it is, that Mr. Grow likes Ro," Maud said, that night, to her husband. "I hope he will continue to be attentive. I suppose he will never marry, but I think he would be just the husband for Ro."

Lee bit his lip, to restrain an angry exclamation, and answered, guiltily enough.

"There is no chance of his thinking of such a thing as marriage; and I am sure Ro will not. She is not the sort of woman that marries."

"Still, I think she would be better off, if nicely settled," continued Maud.

"How anxious you women are to make matches," said Lee.

"Probably, because we are so very happy as wives, that we want our friends as well situated," was Maud's response, and nothing more was said, that night.

During the two weeks that followed, Lee saw very little of Ro. All her leisure time was devoted to entertaining Mr. Grow. Lee could scarcely restrain his bitter impatience and annoyance; but he knew he must.

"It will not be for long," he said. "Grow will be obliged to return to his business soon. I can wait." He wondered though, if Mason Grow did not see his illy concealed delight, when the latter bade them farewell. In all his life, Lee had never been so wretched, as during these few weeks.

He told Ro so, that evening.

"I felt as if I was all alone, in a desert island," he said, "with no one to speak to. I don't see how I ever lived before I knew you."

"And what will you do, after I go away for good?" asked Ro, looking up, with soft, appealing eyes. "I—I may as well tell you now as later—I have promised to marry Mr. Grow, in three months from now. He is coming for me then."

"My God!" cried Lee, springing to his feet; and then he sat down again, white as death.

"Don't you approve?" she asked, not appearing to notice his manner. "I thought you would; you spoke so highly of him."

"Oh, yes—I approve—it was only the thought of losing you out of my life, that stunned me. But I will get used to it."

"You have three months to get used to the idea," she said, laying a caressing hand on his. "And a friendship, so great as yours, is unselfish, I am sure."

"Yes," he answered, quietly. "One can steel himself to a great deal, in three months. But I am selfish to talk like this. I do congratulate you, on your good fortune, and trust you will be happy. In the meantime, let us be as happy as possible—just as we have been."

In the weeks that followed, Ro congratulated herself upon her good luck. A few months ago, she was starving—now she was feasting; for letters full of impatience and loving fondness came from Mason Grow, who was preparing an elegant home for her; while the worship, in Lee Bronson's eyes, grew into a steady fire. And yet the man said nothing that any friend might not have said. All he did say was,

"How we shall miss you. What are we going to do without you." And Ro, reading the truth in his face, wondered at his self-command.

Just one week before the time appointed for the wedding, Maud was going out to a reception, when Lee came into the room.

Maud paused, and looked up at him, with troubled eyes. "How very pale you are, dear," she said, "and your head is like fire. I fear you are ill. Shall I not stay with you?"

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"Oh, no!" he answered, "I would not keep you from your friends, for the world. I am a little troubled about my business. Things haven't gone right of late, and it will require steady steering to avoid the breakers. But don't worry—go and enjoy yourself. I am going down to the office, by and by."

Maud went, but she carried a depressed heart, that night, and returned early to find that her husband had not yet come home.

And Lee? He had spent an hour with Ro, and had left her to go to the office. Once there, and alone, he pushed aside the books, with their rows of confusing figures, and laid his head upon his hands, and looked facts square in the face.

There was no self-dissimulation any more, no calling things by fictitious names. He told his heart, that he loved Ro Radcliff, with an all-absorbing passion; that for six months she had made all of life for him; that, strive as he would, the thought of losing her, of giving her up to be some other man's wife, was intolerable agony. His wife was far more beautiful. He could see no fault in her either. Yet it was Ro's voice, Ro's touch, Ro's eyes, that thrilled him, with a rapture akin to madness.

"I have always said love was a matter of imagination," he said, mentally, "but I find it a terrible reality at last. God help the man, who marries, believing that love is not necessary to his happiness, or safety!"

He tried to think it over quietly. Ro would be married, and go away, and leave them; and and life would go on as before. And then a madness seemed to seize upon his brain, and ten thousand demons seemed tugging at his heart.

In the mocking sunlight of the following morning, a white and trembling messenger rang the bell, at Lee Bronson's, and was shown into the reception-room, to await the coming of the mistress of the house. He saw her enter, smiling. He left her white, stricken, ghastly.

"Send Miss Radcliff to me," was all she said; "but do not tell her what has happened."

Ro came, quickly, at the summons from her friend, wondering vaguely what it all meant.

The white face of Maud struck a chill to her heart: her words struck a colder one.

"My husband was found in his office, this morning—dead: a discharged pistol in his hand."

A wild cry broke from Ro's lips.

"Hush!" said Maud, in a stern voice, advancing toward her. "Don't speak one word—don't make one lament. You know, and I know, Ro Radcliff, why this is. The world says it was business disasters—the fear of bankruptcy. Let the world say so. But do *you* think I am a blind fool? My husband never loved me—I knew that. God knows I would have given my life if I could have won his love! but I knew that it was impossible. So I filled my heart with society, and let the world call me frivolous. Then you came—I saw how it was, after a week; saw that he was giving you the gold, while I had the dross. Well, it was bitter, but I loved him too well to blame him—and I was too proud to let you know I saw it. I said it was a mad infatuation, that would burn out, after a time—I would wait. And now the end has come. Go, now, Ro Radcliff—go, and wed the man of your choice, even be happy as you can, remembering the home you have desolated—the brave heart you have slain, the life you have embittered."

She pushed her guest from her as she spoke, and shut the door. They never met again.

Think you Mason Grow's wife is a happy woman? So says the world, for has she not love, money, position and friends? Ah, yes, and *memory*, too, sharper than a two-edged sword.

After her term of mourning had expired, Lee Bronson's widow threw herself madly into the vortex of society again. Her beauty became dazzling, her elegance unprecedented.

"So heartless," the world said, "but then she never did care anything for her husband, and her extravagance was what caused his ruin and death."

Oh, discerning world!

APHRODITE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

She rises from the bosom of the deep;
The waves drip from her rounded limbs with moan,
And lap against her sides with lambent gleams.
Her eyes are languid still, and warm with sleep,
And misty with vague, half-remembered dreams.
She sweeps aside the loosened lengths of hair
That, lily-wreathed, enshroud her slender form,
And lifts one arm, that glimmers white and bare
Up to the heavens, dark and dim with storm.
She leaps upon the sand, and stands alone,
With red lips parted in her strange surprise,
And brooding shadows creep into her eyes—
The dim foreshadowing of the rapturous pain
And passion that shall mar her soul with stain!

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER IV.

THREE days before the events recorded in the last chapter, a boat put out from the same watering-place. In this boat were six persons, evidently prepared for a pleasant hour on the water.

The day was beautiful. Summer clouds, white as snow and luminous with hidden sunshine, were heaped against the vivid blue of the skies in great embankments, that surged and broke and melted together in a thousand picturesque forms evanescent as dreams.

Peaks and pinnacles shot upward from the vapory chaos for a moment, and broke down, leaving the head of a giant perhaps, or the great wings of an eagle in their place. Battlemented towers, grand and colossal, rose up proudly, but undermined by abysses and hollows that seemed paved with pearls, stood distinct as hewn marble for possibly a whole minute, then sunk into a ruin of broken walls, that formed into ridges, or floated off in long, feathery billows that scattered their silvery whiteness far and wide, till the blue softened into pale azure beneath it, and coming out through a mist of gossamer lace-work, became intense again.

The very shadows of those clouds, cast downward on the sea, were pleasanter than the sunshine of other days; for they brought out from the water soft, opaline tints, that melted tenderly into the diamond sparkle beyond, and subdued them into one harmonious whole.

Three of the inmates of the boat, that had thus put out, were females, one of them richly apparelled, and seated under the shade of a parasol that had some faint rose tints in its lining. The soft, south wind that brought a scent of leaf and flower from the land, stirred the fringe that drooped around it, and swept the lady's cheek as if it were a pearl, just ripened into redness. Upon the crimson cushions of her seat, one of those rare Persian shawls that seem matted with all the tints of an American forest in autumn, had been spread, and partly drawn over her lap.

On a cushion at the lady's feet, a little girl was sitting, with her head thrown back upon the mother's lap, and her face uplifted to the sky, full of wonder and childish delight.

In the stern, a young man, tall, well-formed and vigorous with perfect health, was sitting, with one hand laid carelessly on the helm, and his eyes uplifted to the tumultuous shifting of the clouds that had so completely fascinated his tiny daughter.

"Look, Laury, look. The heavens are wonderfully grand, to-day. Did you ever see clouds so full of light?" he said to his wife.

The lady, who had been absorbed by her child, wondering what fancy could have brought that wrapt expression to her brown eyes, stooped to gather a kiss from the smiling and parted lips, before she answered her husband.

"Yes," she said, glancing upward, but dropping her eyes again the next moment, for what were all the glories of the sky compared to that sweet face in her lap? "Yes, everything is so lovely, one does almost feel as if heaven must be close to us."

Then she stooped again, took the child's hand in hers, and softly kissed its dimples.

"What are you thinking of? What are you looking for, Dora?"

"Dosy's looking for de angems," whispered the child, under her breath.

"Angels?"

The child made a faint motion of the head, but did not turn her eyes from the clouds, where they dwelt wanderingly; not speaking a word, though her lips parted like a carnation bud waiting for the dew. Thus she lay awhile, in wrapped silence. Then a smile broke over her face.

"Dora, what is it?" questioned the mother.

"They's comin'. Dosy sees der wings, Dosy does."

The young mother felt a breath of cold pass over her. Somehow, she could not bear to hear the little one talk in that way, sweet and animated as her voice was; for she knew how deep and dark was the valley that must be passed, before her child could find the angels she was searching for.

"No. Dosy only thinks she sees them."

The child turned her eyes on the mother, incredulous; then searched the skies again.

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"All done," she said, mournfully. "Dosy sees noffen now. They's hid in de snow."

"But, my darling, you cannot see the angels. There is nothing like them up there."

"Don't de angems live in hebben, mamma?"

"Yes, Dosy; but that isn't heaven."

The child started up, rested one elbow on her mother's lap, and looked at her, reproachfully.

"Papa said it was heaven. Didn't oo, papa?"

The young man reached out his arms, lifted the child to his bosom, and kissed her tenderly. He could not explain to the little creature that the love in his heart, and the perfect beauty that surrounded him, made the hour and place heavenly to him, and, like her mother, he felt a thrill of dread pass over him, as she thus spoke.

"But, papa, Dosy want to go to heaven."

"No—no!" exclaimed the father.

A strange solemnity fell on the child at this. Leaving her father's arms, she seated herself quietly on the cushion, and watched the skies in wistful silence.

All this time, the boat was moving on, pulled by two lusty oarsmen, with long, lazy strokes; for they too felt the influence of the day, and enjoyed it without much effort of strength; besides, one of the men, a handsome young fellow of the island, was so pleasantly occupied with the smiles and side glances of Dora's nurse, who sat facing him in the bow of the boat, that his oar dragged half the time. More than once, in trying to recover himself, he sent a shower of drops over the ribbons of her French cap, which she shook off with a coquettish gesture of forgiveness that absolutely enticed a renewal of the offence, and brought a great flush of red into the boatman's face.

At last, the boat entered a small cove to which the land came down in crescent-form, edged by a soft, sanded beach.

Dora seemed to recognize the place; for she started up, and clapping her hands, began to search among the cushions, for something that the scene, evidently, had brought to her mind.

"Is this it?" said the lady mother, holding up a rosy-lipped sea shell, which she had bought from a sailor, at Southampton, on her way to the island.

The child stumbled over her cushion, in eager haste to reach the shell, which the maid had told her would talk of the sea, if everything was still, and she would hold it close to her ear. Dosy understood very well that she was to try that experiment on the white sand of the beach, out yonder; that she must sit in one place, and never look away from the water, nor turn her head, no matter what happened; but wait and wait as quiet as a mouse till the shell, ready to talk, brought its message from the sea.

All this had been impressed upon the child, with wonderful ingenuity, and she was quite conscious that some secret lay in the matter, which was to be kept all to herself. So, meeting the eye of her nurse, she settled down again on her cushion, demurely pursing up her mouth, and folding her hands to convince that rather startled person that she was to be depended on.

On one side of the cove a little causeway of stones ran into the water, by which the lady passed on to the sands without wetting her feet. Her husband followed, with Dora in his arms, and the nursery maid came tripping after, with the top of her second-hand French boots quite visible from under her daintily uplifted skirts.

The moment Little Dora was placed on her feet, she ran to the maid, and seized her dress.

"Now," she said, "now mate the shell talk."

The girl put on a mysterious expression of countenance, and lifted a finger to her lips.

"Not yet," she said. "The sea only talks when people are quite alone. Dora must wait."

"Well, by am by!" answered the child, nodding her head in response to the mysterious look, and with exquisite imitation, the little creature put her own tiny finger to her mouth.

Up and down the beach, Mr. Vance walked, with his wife, while the maid, to whom Robert, the oarsman, had brought a little shovel and pail from the boat, was digging wells from the sand, finding cockles and drifts of sea-weed among the foam, and otherwise amusing the child.

CHAPTER V.

After awhile the young man led his wife under some trees, that were near, and lured by the scent of woods and fields, went on and on, till they lost sight of the cove. The hedges were in full bloom, and among them they now and then were plants which reminded them of that happy season in Italy, when the honey-moon, that had never waned, was bewildering in its dawning radiance. The banks and hollows, too, were full of wild flowers; great dog violets starred them with blue; and in the woods wild hyacinths were abundant, filling the air with color and fragrance. The lady gathered these flowers as she passed along, here picking a bunch of myrtle, there a shrub of jessamine, with a little cry of surprise that such things could be found growing wild, in England. When both hands were full, she sat down upon a bank by the side of a lane they had wandered to, and heaping the fragrant spoils in her lap, began to weave them together in a wreath which

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she smilingly said was to crown little Dora on her way home.

"Come, Asher, make yourself useful," she said, with a soft, happy laugh, sorting the flowers with her fingers, in search of some contrast for her violets. "Get primroses. They must be somewhere about—something yellow, at any rate, if you have to tear your hands in the gorse bushes."

"Primroses, if we can get them," answered the husband, "but no thorns for the darling. If they must ever come to her, it shall not be from our hands."

The lady looked up, earnestly, a moment; then a smile came into her eyes.

"Why, Asher, how serious you are. As if I thought of such a thing! But see, I am waiting for the primroses."

The man went off, hunting along the hedges for the desired flower. He came back, at last, with a tuft of yellow blossoms in his hand.

In obtaining these flowers, he had climbed a bank, and taken a survey of the other side of a stone wall that divided the lane from a meadow, through which a small brook was flowing toward the sea, but lost itself in the sand. By this brook, he saw quantities of cowslips, glowing like gold among the reeds and grass. With a vigorous leap he cleared the wall, ran along the winding of the brook, gathering cowslips and rushes as he went.

Farther up the brook, was a clump of young trees, with some wild vines trailing from their branches to the water, which, being deep and clear in that place, took a soft, green tint from the cresses that lined its bed. As Mr. Vance leaped the wall, a girl, who was wading in the brook, with her apron half full of damp cresses gathered close in her hand, ran up stream to the shelter of the vines, seized a branch, pulled herself behind the shelter of the trees, and crouched down there, panting for breath and peering through the leaves, with her great black eyes gazing at him, like those of some wild animal, when watching the movements of a hound.

No, it was not exactly like that; for as the girl gazed, the startled look went out from her features, and the fire softened down to velvety softness in her eyes. The young mother, out yonder, waiting for her flowers, had not looked more tenderly on little Dora than this strange creature did upon the man who was gathering them. If he took a step nearer, she held her breath and crouched close to the ground, trembling, yet thrilled with a delight that was full of pain. Her eyes never turned from the man, but took in every movement of his form greedily. If he turned to go, the panting of her breath ceased; if he turned his face that way, it came back with a sob.

This only lasted a few minutes; for cowslips were plentiful, and Mr. Vance had no trouble in filling his hands; though he did linger by the stream awhile, looking up and down where the waters were choked up with thin gold, or poured in crystal waves over it, between banks so blue with violets, that to gather more, he must have cast those that he had away.

As he stood thus, half-tempted to fling his spoils into the brook for the pleasure of plundering it again, the girl never turned her eyes from him an instant. She was comparing his presence with the youth she had known years—not many, but years—before, when that noble form was taking its first growth of manliness, and worship was a faint word for the childish passion of love she had laid at his feet, and which shook her slender person from head to foot, now that her soul had power to love and suffer like a woman.

Perhaps a minute, the man stood enjoying the beauty of the scene, then he turned, leaped the wall, and disappeared. Then she arose, stood on tiptoe, steadying herself by the nearest tree, and watched for another glimpse of him; but the wall was high, and she saw nothing.

Dropping her water-cresses into the brook, she leaped across it, and ran down its course, leaving prints of her bare and wet feet in the grass, as she ran. Noiseless as a bird in flight, and settling down like one, she crouched low by the wall, so close to the lady, who was on the other side, that only a few stones separated them.

The sound of a sweet cheerful voice, calling out to the man, had led her to the spot.

"Ah, now I see where you have been!" said the lady, as her husband came flying over the wall. "I think no one ever disappeared so suddenly."

"Scaling battlements and fording moats for the sake of my lady love," answered Vance, laughing, as he laid the meadow flowers at her feet. "Here is plenty of gold to match your violets, but no primroses."

"They are beautiful. Just what I wanted. Primroses would be pale compared to these," said the lady, selecting some half open buds from the rushes at her feet. "Now our darling shall be crowned like a little queen; if I could give her a real crown it would suit me better."

"I have already given her something better than a real crown," said Vance, throwing himself on the turf by her side.

"I do not exactly see when or how."

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"When I obtained the fairest and best woman on earth for her mother," he said, with a touch of deep feeling in his voice, "when I gave that mother the first love of a life. What king can offer a better inheritance to his child."

"The first love of a life," repeated the lady, with a blush that made her seem girlish for the moment. "Now, I sometimes wonder if any woman can quite make herself sure of that, Tell me, Asher, if ever—before we knew each other, perhaps—you loved, or thought you loved, some other person. I really am a little curious to know."

Vance lay by her side for half a minute, in thoughtful silence, before he answered.

"You are thoughtful," said his wife. "I did not think my question would make you so."

There was a touch of pain in her voice that troubled him. He took her hand from among the flowers and kissed it tenderly.

"Thoughtful. Yes; your question has made me that, because I was answering it as well as I could to myself."

"Is there so much doubt?" questioned the wife, evidently more and more disturbed.

"You shall judge for yourself," he said; "for I will tell you all about it."

"First tell me the lady's name—do I know her? Was she fair or—or—"

"Fair," said Vance, interrupting her eager questions, with a laugh. "No, no; dark as a gipsy. Instead of being a lady you might know, the poor thing was somewhere between a flower girl, and what the Americans call a tramp."

"Oh, Vance, in love with a thing like that?"

"But was I in love? That is a question we are trying to solve. Wait till you hear the whole story."

"I have hardly the patience," answered the lady, tearing some of the flowers from her wreath, and flinging them from her.

"Oh! it is nothing so very terrible, sweetheart. Only a poor little street wanderer, that I was very sorry for once."

"Was that before you met me?"

"Nearly a year before that happy day."

"And you took a deep interest in her."

"Yes; I cannot deny that."

"She must have been beautiful then."

"No; picturesque, dark—a mere child, Laura; but wonderfully bright, and with the voice of a wild bird. It was that which first drew my attention to her. She was standing near the club, one night, and had a lot of half withered flowers to sell. Understand me, a poor, starved girl, with great black eyes and little bare feet, sprinkled with mud from the crossings. The light from the club house was full upon her, and you have no idea what a picture she made, in that red woolen dress, stained to purple in places, that fell below her knees in a fringe of rags. It was pitiful to see her shrink, and look around for some shadowy spot to hide in, when I approached her; for desperation alone had brought her into the light. She had sold nothing all day; her poor flowers were withering, and she dared not carry them home. I crossed the street, and spoke to her, asking her the price of her flowers, I think. Instead of forcing them upon me, as I expected, she lifted her face, attempted to speak, and burst into tears.

"I have told you her eyes were remarkable; full of tears, they went to my heart. She was shivering, too, for the night was chilly.

"'What is the matter?' I said. 'I have no wish to harm you; only to buy your roses, if you wish to sell them.'

"She looked down at the drooping flowers, and then at me.

"'It is dark in the street,' she said, 'and you may not see how near dying they are.'

"The child's voice was low, and full of tender melancholy; her language that of a far better class than her naked feet and her squalid dress denoted. When I glanced at those wet feet, she crouched down, and strove to hide them under her skirt, almost kneeling in the vain effort.

"I took some money from my purse, and held it toward her.

"'Never mind if the flowers are not altogether fresh,' I said. 'They will do very well.'

"She gave me a quick, searching glance before surrendering her worthless merchandise, then cast a troubled look on the piece of money.

"'I must not take that,' she said. 'It is more than any one ever pays for my flowers.'

"'But I take all that you have. The evening is cold. You should be home by this time.'

"'Home!' she repeated, and again the tears sprang to her eyes. 'Oh! yes, I will go now.'

"She took the money, and turned away, drearily. I walked beside her awhile.

"'Have you a father?' I asked.

"'A father? No, he is dead.'

"'But perhaps your mother is living.'

"'Yes, she is alive.'

"It seemed to me that I detected a shade of bitterness in her voice, and this suggested my next question.

"'Is she not kind to you?'

"The girl stopped short on the pavement, and looked in my face, wonderingly.

"'How did you know, sir? I never said to any one that my poor mother was not kind.'

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"'I know; but she must be very ill off, or very destitute, to allow a young creature like you to haunt the streets at night.'

"'Oh, sir—oh, sir! She can't help it. He makes her do it.'

"'He! Whom do you mean by he?'

"'My mother's husband; the man she married, and loves so much, that she gave him everything to do as he pleased with. Me among the rest.'

"'You among the rest. So it is a second husband who sends you into the street.'

"'But he did not do that till everything else was sold, and we turned out of house and home. Then, you know, mother had to let him. Besides one cannot see ones mother hungry, and fretting all day over what she has had once, without trying to do something. But I can't stay to talk longer; for they won't have a mouthful to eat till I get home; and he's awful cross with her when I have to stay late. I'm just as grateful as can be; but now I must go.'

"With these words, the girl dropped me a curtesy that was full of wild grace, and hurried away.

"I followed her, at a distance, through many dark streets, till she darted into an alley way, and down into what seemed to me like a cellar. A woman was standing at the entrance, which was partly under ground, dressed in some remnants of what had been respectable clothing. A faded shawl that had once been of some value was folded over a dirty cotton dress, and she was in all respects more comfortably clad than the little girl, who ran up to her, eagerly, and displayed the money in her hand.

"The woman seemed overjoyed, and would have taken the money; but Myra—that was the girl's name, I learned afterward—withheld it.

"'Let me buy something for supper first, then he may have the rest,' she said. 'If you give it to him, he will go to some place by himself, and forget that we are hungry.'

"'Oh, Myra!' said the woman, lifting her voice in futile anger. 'You know that my Henry is the soul of honor. If he sometimes goes out with his friends, it is only to keep his spirits up, that he may have strength to support us. I wonder you ever think of keeping a penny back, knowing how willing your mother is to trust him everything. How can you be so hard, after all his losses? I declare it is just breaking my heart to see him brought down to this.'

"'It is breaking my heart to see you brought down to this,' answered the girl, sadly. 'As for your husband—'

"'Don't—don't speak another word against your father.'

"'He is not my father. Do you think that I cannot remember who was—that dear, kind—oh, mother, how can you bear to think of him?'

"'I can't—indeed I can't, Myra.'

"'How could you put another man in his place? He loved you so dearly!'

"'Yes, he did love me—but not as Henry does. You forget how close he was.'

"'I remember how kind he was.'

"'How easy it came for him to stint me in my dresses, and the little pleasures that Henry is so anxious to give me, if he only hadn't lost so much. It is heart-rending to see a man like him—so handsome, so broad-chested, a man among men—brought down to taking shillings from his own step-daughter, and she clenching her hand on 'em like this. Why, he's just dressed himself so nicely to go out. I blacked his boots myself, and he said no fellow in the street could do it better—but you never will appreciate him, Myra, and that is a sore trouble to your poor mother. Come, now, don't be obstinate. He's been waiting so patiently for you to come in.'

"'But I'm not going in till something is got for supper,' answered Myra. The next moment, she flitted past me, clasping her fingers closely over the money, and altogether ignorant that I stood in the shadows near.

"My curiosity was a good deal excited, and I resolved, if possible, to learn something of this strange family. In the next street, I saw the lights of a small public house, and went in, thinking that some knowledge of persons in the neighborhood might be obtained there. It was a low place, where a cautious man would not care to trust himself late at night.

"I seated myself by one of the tables, was served with a can of villainous beer, and waited for an opportunity of conversation with some of the waiters; but they were all occupied: and taking up a three-days old journal, I seemed to occupy myself with that, all the while keeping watch of what was going on about me. After this, two or three persons dropped in, and one of them asked of a waiter, who was hurrying through the room, carrying a cluster of pewter mugs by the handles, if Prime had come in yet.

"The man was answering, 'No, that Prime was awful uncertain, always,' when that person presented himself, and was received with great consideration by the company. A table was instantly made clear for him.

"Prime was a tall, broad-chested man, with a face that might have been handsome, and was

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now anything but repulsive. A thick, black moustache and drooping whiskers concealed the lower part of his features, through which flashed now and then the gleam of strong, white teeth. His gray-blue eyes were always on the alert, after uttering a sentence, as if gathering the effect from the persons around him. This man took his seat at the table, threw back the lappel of his coat, and swelled out his chest, as the waiter approached him, with more deference certainly than he had paid to me.

"'No cloth,' he said, with the air of a grand monarch. 'Is this the way you expect to keep the custom of a gentleman? Send your master here. I'll give my orders to him.'

"The servant went out, and the master came in, bowing and apologetic. Directly, a dingy table-cloth was spread upon the table, and I saw that preparations for some kind of a meal were in progress. Meantime, the man had thrown himself back in his chair, revealing a good deal of rather doubtful white linen on his bosom, and posing grandly, while he seemed to search the columns of a paper he had taken up for something worthy of his notice. In this position he revealed to the admiring crowd a pair of small-sized, close-fitting boots, gently crossed at the ankles, which might have served him for a mirror when he gave that exquisite curve to his moustache, and lost its long ends in the abundant whiskers. In fact, the man was quite a study; and, somehow, I had got an impression that this was the man whom I had heard of in the dark alley; and that some portion of the money I had given to the flower girl, would pay for the meal he was so ostentatiously ordering.

"On my way out, I met the landlord, and addressed him.

"'Who is the person who just came in?' I inquired.

"The landlord drew himself up.

"'That gentleman,' he said, placing a proud emphasis on the last word, 'is a landholder and a man of note from the Isle of Wight, where his mansion is a show place, sir. Travelers from across the Atlantic, sir, go to see it. Carisbrook Castle, sir, isn't better known.'

"I begged his pardon, and observed that the person I spoke of seemed to be so much at home in his establishment, that I fancied he must belong in the neighborhood.

"'Quite so!' was the answer. 'He certainly gives this establishment the benefit of his custom when he happens to be in London, and his charitable disposition often brings him into these parts; for I'm sorry to say that a great many poor people swarm about here. You may see him, at any hour of the day or night, going and coming from the back streets and dark alleys hereabout; for that gentleman is a philanthropist, and don't care a rush who sees him at his charitable work. Shall I introduce you, sir? He is that condescending, one might take the liberty.'

"I declined the offer, and went away very much puzzled, and still doubtful about the social status of this gentleman from the Isle of Wight.

"But you are getting tired of my mere acquaintance, Laura, and as I have never been able to quite make him out, we will drop the fellow, and speak of the girl. I saw her often after this."

"I suppose so," murmured the lady, scarcely above her breath.

"But always by accident; for, though she came about the club house sometimes, and I often saw her gazing up at the windows, in no instance did she ever put herself in my way. On the contrary, if I appeared in the street, she would disappear like a shadow."

"That was strange," said the young wife; "or was it that she knew a course like that would be sure to draw you on?"

Vance shook his head and smiled.

"I do not think the poor thing had so much policy in her mind; but I did see her again and again, always looking sad and ashamed."

"And this touched your heart all the more."

"I suppose so; for it was a terrible thing to see a young creature like that exposed to so much evil. I could not hear her singing in the wind at night, or see her offering her wares, which were usually the refuse of Covent Garden, without compassion."

"No—how could you, being so noble and good?" said the young wife, lifting her beautiful face from its downward droop, and smiling upon him as she never smiled before, for a glow of conquered jealousy lighted all her features. "Poor thing—but you did not love her?"

"Now that I know what love is—you may be quite sure that I never did."

A faint sound, from behind the wall, made both man and wife pause and listen. Then each thought that the other had drawn a deep breath, and he went on:

"Still I was greatly interested. You have no idea how anxious I was at times that she might be redeemed from that perilous way of life; but my position was a delicate one. This child gave promise of great beauty."

"Did she, indeed?"

"But that was not all. There was fire and some subtle power under the shrinking humility

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of her gratitude that frightened me. I dared not be as kind to her as I wished, but for that I would have taken her from the power of her unsafe guardians and provided for her in some way."

"But you did not?"

"No; I gave her money now and then, enough to keep her indoors for weeks together, but was always compelled to force it upon her. I never met her after dark that I did not induce her to go home, and sometimes walked by her side part of the way, encouraging and warning her. It was in this way that I parted with her one night. She was not far from her wretched home, and paused under a street-lamp, probably ashamed to enter the dark alley that led to it. The poor thing seemed as if she wished to say something, for her face bore a look of pitiful anxiety, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Thinking that she might be in greater need than usual, I took a piece of gold from my pocket and offered it to her, without noticing that it was an old guinea, perforated, and with some cabalistic characters scratched upon it—a coin that my god-father had given me when I was a small lad. When the light fell upon it, I recognized that it was my cherished pocket-piece, and drew it back. Then I began to search for my purse, saying:

"'No, no, not this. I have carried it since I was such a little fellow. I will give you something else.'

"The girl reached out her hand, eagerly, and a strange, wild light broke through her tears.

"'Oh, sir—oh, if you would only give me that!'

"She spoke breathlessly, then dropped her hands, her face fell forward, and she stood before me in deep abasement, shocked by her own eager craving.

"'Forgive me, oh, forgive me!' she pleaded. 'I did not mean to be so greedy. It wasn't the gold, only—only—'

"'Only you shall have it, let the wish come from where it will,' I said. 'This is a luck coin, and may bring you good fortune.'

"'Oh, may I have it? May I keep it all to myself?' she exclaimed, and I could see that her hand was trembling, as she held it out.

"'Yes, you shall have it to keep; for remember it will be bad luck to lose it. Besides, here is a bright sovereign to match it.'

"The girl almost snatched at the pocket-piece, but did not seem to heed the sovereign.

"'This one is for use,' I said, pressing it on her, 'it may be long before I see you again.'

"She did not speak, nor did she touch the money, but stood there, mute and stricken, cowering, as it were, under a blow.

"'You will take heed of all that I have said to you, and keep indoors at night,' I faltered, for her attitude of despair troubled me.

"Her lips parted, and she attempted to speak; but could not. Then a great sob broke from her, and snatching my hand, she kissed it wildly, again and again, dropped it, and fled down that dark alley, leaving the gold in my hand.

"I followed her.

"'Myra, Myra, take this,' I pleaded. 'You will need it! You must not drift into destitution as before.'

"She turned humbly, took the gold, and glided away from me.

"That is all, my Laura."

"All! And did you never see her again?" questioned the lady, moved with deep sympathy.

"Never," Vance replied. "That week I went down into Warwickshire, met you, and forgot everything else."

"But the girl loved you, poor thing!" she said, "poor, poor thing."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Ah, how could she help it? But tell me again that you did not love her."

Vance bent down, and kissed the fair questioner on her forehead; for he had risen now, and was preparing to go. "No, my sweet wife, I have never loved any one but you."

Again that sound behind the wall, followed by a swift rushing sweep of the grass.

The dark, wild girl, behind the wall, had heard every word of this conversation. And when the husband and wife arose, and prepared to go, leaving a heap of flowers, and a half-woven garland behind them, she was darting in and out of the thick undergrowth near the cove, with a struggling child in her arms—a child she had been watching from that covert many a day when those young parents had brought it to the beach.

During three weeks she had, unseen, haunted the place, craving to look upon one face, and worship it still from afar. But now a gust of jealous passion swept over her. The one glory of her life had been swept away. She had heard him say that pity alone had made him so kind. He never loved her. Oh! could she live after it?

The child playing out there on the sands was his. She had his eyes, his smile, the same soft and waving hair. She was a part of him, capable of loving. The girl's soul was famishing, her pride terribly wounded. In the madness of the moment she seized upon the little creature, and bore her off, smothering her cries with kisses.

CHAPTER VI.

Lucy, the nursery-maid, while upon her knees,

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digging wells for the amusement of her charge, watched the disappearance of her employers, with many side-long glances, and when they were entirely out of sight, her assiduity died out altogether. She gave the little spade to Dosy, pushed a heap of shells and sea-weed toward her with one foot, and left the little creature to amuse itself, while her own attention was given to the movements of Roberts the young oarsman, who hovered about the boat, evidently waiting for some signal by which he might feel emboldened to join that second-hand young lady, and share the arduous duty of enjoying herself. His elderly mate had settled down, comfortably, among the cushions of the little craft, and shading his eyes with his hat, was drifting off into sleep, rocked thereto by the soft swell of the tide, and the sweet, slumberous air that swept over him dreamily.

Robert became restless, at length—for Lucy, who never offered to look that way, saw his hesitation, and prolonged it as any high-born coquette might have done—so, at last, being desperate, the oarsman came slowly across the sands, and timidly approached that unconscious young creature, who started and was seized with a maidenly tremor of surprise, apparently, when the oarsman spoke to her.

"It's an uncommon fine day," he said, shuffling the sand with his feet, and watching the process, with a side glance now and then at the girl. "They're all out walking. Suppose now that you and I just take a turn at it."

Lucy looked at the little girl, and shook her head doubtfully.

"Oh," answered Robert, taking courage from this uncertain denial. "The young un 'ill do well enough; besides all that, we needn't go out of sight."

"Oh! we can stay here," said Lucy.

"But this is in sight of the boat, and that fellow is just as likely to be in a cat sleep as anything else, and only watching to make game of us. I know him."

Lucy looked tantalizingly irresolute.

"Besides," persisted Robert, "little pitchers have big ears, and I have something to say."

"Something to say that this child mustn't hear? Dear me!"

"Yes; it's been on my mind ever since that day, when we first took Mr. Vance and his lady out. I hope you haven't forgot it."

"How could I ever?" said Lucy, casting her eyes down.

"Then if you have the heart to remember, it isn't natral that you should be cruel now—just let's move along, out of the range of the boat, where that fellow is lying like a fox, and peeping through his fingers, I dare say."

"Dear me, how awful pressing men can be. Now I dare say, you haven't got anything to talk about worth listening to; but, just for this once, I don't mind."

"Now that's hearty," was the jovial answer. "Come along now."

Lucy scooped out a place in the sand that was soft and comfortable as an easy chair, into which she set little Dora with emphasis, and giving her the engraved shell, told her how to hold it that the great sea might tell her about the angels that had gone down into it. Then she reiterated a charge, that she shouldn't move from the spot, under any circumstances whatever.

Little Dosy was delighted; her baby interest was all concentrated in the shell; and her face was full of mysterious gravity, as she lifted the curious thing to her ear.

Then Lucy went away with her victim, smiling demurely at his awkward attempts at self-possession, and enjoying his embarrassment in the very depths of her coquettish little heart.

These two kept along the curve of the cove, which became broken in places and was sparsely wooded, until they reached a rocky point, where quantities of sea-weed had drifted up among the rocks: and here Robert sat down; for, to him, the smell of sea-rock was the most delicious odor in the world.

"Sit ye down by my side," he said, "because it's just what I'm about to ask you to do, now and forever, so long as we both shall live, as one reads in the prayer book."

"Oh, Robert, you surprise me! How can you?"

Lucy stepped back as she said this, and looked the very embodiment of consternation, putting out both hands as if to protect herself.

"But that was just what I wanted you to come for. This making love with one's eyes is like eating husks when a fellow's mouth is watering for corn. I want you to speak out from the heart, and say as you love me a'most as much as I love you, and that'll pacify me."

"But if I couldn't say that?" said Lucy, with a side glance that made the poor fellow's heart leap.

"But you have said it agin and agin, or I never should a got the courage to ask you to come here."

"Oh, Robert!"

"Ah, call me Robert. I like that. It's being sociable. Only go on a bit, and say as you'll always do it."

"But I never did let on that I loved you—oh, no!"

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"Never did. There now, it may be true, being so modest and particular about speaking out, but I've set my heart on it, and want to hear you say it; now, just give me both them little hands, and stoop down while I read what you won't say in them eyes."

"But if I have nothing to say—no, no, please let my hands alone; you mustn't kiss them so. No gentleman ever does that."

"But I'm no gentleman—only a blunt seafaring fellow that hardly ever goes out of sight of land, but has got a niceish bit of a house in a snug corner close by the sea, and a tidy bit of money laid up for the time we move into it man an wife; only say that it is to be."

Lucy's face brightened under this form of love-making, and she surrendered both hands to Robert's ardent kisses, without protest.

"Is it a bargain?" he said, lifting his bright eyes to her relenting face. "Speak out like a whole hearted lass, and say it's a bargain."

Still the girl hesitated.

"More than that," Robert went on. "There is something ahead of us better yet. Mr. Vance has got a yacht lying off Southampton, and I'm to sail in her. He's took a fancy to me."

"How could he help it? I—I'm sure I couldn't," faltered the maid, allowing him to draw her down to his side.

"Then you do love me," cried Robert, with a burst of enthusiasm. "At last you own up to it. Now, lass, give me one kiss on the mouth, and—"

Whether that kiss would ever have been given I cannot tell. It certainly was not at this critical moment; for a loud cry reached them from the cove, and both lovers sprang up, startled into terror by it.

Running swiftly, and taking the nearest route, they came out upon the sands a few minutes after, and found Vance and his wife, white as death, and wild with apprehension.

"Woman, woman—oh, Lucy, where is my child? Where is Dora?" cried the mother, hurrying to meet the girl, who had taken a survey of the position, and was, on the instant, cool enough to protect herself.

"I cannot tell. Oh, madam, she is gone, and we have been looking for her everywhere!"

"Gone!" said Vance, coming up. "But how—when you left my child?"

"No, no, not for one little minute. She was playing with her shells, contented as possible, close by the water. I heard a noise out yonder, went a step or two that way to find out what it meant, and when I turned my head, she was gone. Oh, madam, don't you remember how she was talking about the angels as we came along, and wanted to go to them through the water?"

There was no reply, for that young mother, had fallen, and lay like a dead creature on the sands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BAYARD TAYLOR: IN MEMORIAM.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Let the sable curtains fall;
Let him rest;
While above his honored dust,
Clio keeps her ancient trust,
With her volumes dark with rust,
Antique folios closely pressed
To her breast.

He has closed his eyes forever,
As in sleep;
And the antiquated lore,
That he loved to ponder o'er,
He forgets forevermore,
In the silence dim and deep
Of his sleep.

Now the pen will never more
Serve the brain,
But the many things he taught,
And the noble works he wrought,
Lasting monuments to thought,
With the wisdom they contain,
Still remain.

When ye read the poet's page,
Do ye know
Of the record that it bears,
Of alternate hopes and fears,
Essence of the toil of years,
Weary sight and aching brow,
Do ye know?

One great work is incomplete;
And the pen,
Waits another hand to tell
Of the life, whose chronicle
Stopped when he, who wrote so well,
Passed beyond the haunts of men,
And their ken.

There is tumult in the land;
But he sleeps,
Quietly forgetting all,
In the shadow of the pall;
Stars may fade and suns may gall,
In the unknown polar deeps
Still he sleeps.

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"JUDGE NOT."

BY MRS. ETTIE HOWARD.

I HAD always thanked myself that I was not as my neighbors were. I held them to be only stupid drudges, with not a thought above their daily struggle for bread and butter. Outwardly I listened patiently to the recital of their petty quarrels, and was hypocrite enough to say "yes" and "no," "strange," and "that's too bad," to both parties; but inwardly I was boiling with the desire to ask them if life was long enough to pay for spending the best part of it in pinching, and sordid saving, and talking scandal:

I had nothing in common with them. When they began to gossip about each other, I tried to turn the conversation to books, pictures, or music; I spoke of the grand old hills, looking so cool and still in their drapery of green, in the summer, and blazing in the color of the golden autumn; or of the winding river in the valley: things which brightened my daily labor, but which gave to them alas! no pleasure, for they thought only of dollars and cents, or of "adding acre to acre."

There was one family in particular, that always filled me with a kind of fierce disgust, though I kept on good terms with them. They were a father, mother, and six children; and the family name was French. It was a constant struggle with them to keep their heads above the water. The father had tied a clog to himself, in early life, in the shape of a very pretty girl, with about as much brains as would keep a squirrel in tolerable running order; but she was a great talker, and could gabble as much in one day as an ordinary duck could in two. She had no idea of thrift, which is so indispensable in a farmer's wife, and so, year by year, the Frenches grew, if anything, poorer and poorer.

The pet of the family was the youngest child, a bright, pretty boy, whom his father fairly idolized, and whom all spoiled. When he was about two and a-half years old, he fell ill of scarlet fever: and very soon his life was despaired of; while his mother and father were both worn out with nursing. The latter had walked the floor, day after day, and half the night, for a week, with Jamie in his arms; for the child clung to his father as if he thought only that strong man could save him; and it was almost impossible for him to breathe when he was still. I thought to myself, "what will they do; they have quarrelled with half the neighborhood, and cannot expect much assistance: what will they do?" I was mistaken. I had thought meaner of human nature, and of my neighbors than they deserved. One woman who had privately informed me, "she'd see 'em all sunk before she'd darken their door," carried off their clothes to wash; others went there to make beds and sweep; others to bake; others brought sugar, tea, and flour. I, who had expected to have everything to do, found nothing. Yes! the poor suffering child, would have sinking spells, when all his little strength seemed to leave him, and he would struggle for each breath till it seemed as if each one would be his last. I found I was the one that could best relieve him. Then, when he began to revive, he would sit on the bed and call for milk, and then would insist on his father eating with him, who would eat, with the tears running down his face, until Jamie was satisfied; all the poor little playthings would be brought out, and then Jamie would be happy, while he rattled the tiny cart, with a broken cord fastened where the horses once pranced; rolled the big marble; tore up the paper fans, and looked over the horrid-looking rag babies. But then his throat would begin again; the father would commence anew the weary march; and hope would die out in the weeping mother and sisters. At last, with just one little sigh, the soft black eyes closed, never to open again.

And now was seen still more emphatically, the kindness of those neighbors whom I had looked down on. It seemed as if all the door-yards in the neighborhood had been robbed, for flowers bloomed in every nook and corner of the room, where the dead child lay. Among other visitors came an old, old woman who, going up to the almost distracted mother, produced a cluster of sweet pea blossoms, and asked her to put them in Jamie's hand. "I know he liked them," she said, "He used to come and ask for them as fast as they blossomed, and now I want him to have these; they look just like he did, leastways to me," she added, with a sob.

The funeral was the largest seen for years. When the coffin was lowered into the ground, it was into a bed of fragrant hemlock boughs, and flowers, so that the handful of gravel made no sound, for it was thrown on the wreaths and boquets, which lay on the coffin lid.

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I learned a lesson in those few weeks. These ignorant neighbors, I found, were no longer to be despised. They grew noble to me, when I thought of the sacrifices they had made. The delicacy with which they had offered their services, taught me no longer to wish "I was not as they were." I felt we were, literally, as Holy Writ says, "of one blood."

From that day, I have been, I hope, wiser, if not better, and certainly more charitable in thought. I have learned the great lesson—to "JUDGE NOT."

LINES.

BY MRS. A. D. DAILEY.

I HEAR the patter of childish feet,
Out in the garden fair,
And catch a glimpse of a sunny head,
And I know my boy is there.
But I let him roam at his own sweet will,
For I know he'll come at last,
To the safe retreat of his mother's arms,
When his happy sport is past.

I see through the door of the village school
A boyish head bent low,
As he works away at his simple task,
And the hours pass, oh, so slow!
Till I hear a ringing, boyish shout,
And I know it is my boy,
Who again comes home when school is done,
And is ever my pride and joy.

I see a youth in his hopeful strength,
Starting out on life's proud highway,
And again when his fortune he's carving out,
Little by little each day,
And when with his work he is wearied out,
His new friends beguile him in vain.
For he turns as he did in boyhood's days,
To home and mother again.

I see him again in his manhood's prime;
Fame, Fortune are both his own.
He is reaping at last the fruits of his toil,
The harvest his hand has sown.
But e'en in the press of his busy life,
When harassed by toil or care,
His steps turn back to the dear old home,
Where his mother awaits him there.

And so with us all, when wearied and worn
With pleasure or work or grief,
We long for home, our faithful friends,
And there we find sweet relief.
And when worn out with the life-work here,
We go, but oh! not alone,
But dwell with our Master in peace and joy,
And hear from His lips, "Well done."

THOSE BROWN EYES.

BY EMMA LINN.

SOFTLY into mine, last night,
Beamed your eyes with tender light,
As we stood beneath the trees,
Rustling in the summer breeze;
Over all, the blue of June,
Lighted with a crescent moon.
But I could not see the skies,
For the light of those brown eyes.

Oh, those eyes! their magic glance
Holds me yet in sweetest trance.
Night nor day hath not an hour,
That I do not feel their power;
If I wake or if I sleep,
Still the memory I keep
Of the tender light that lies
In the depths of those brown eyes.

Oh, those eyes! so calm, serene,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."
Will the woes of coming years
Ever shadow them with tears?
Shall my life the sunshine own,
That last night upon me shone,
When beneath the summer skies,
Beamed on me those brown, brown eyes?

"TRUST IN GOD."

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

We have no time to moan and sigh—
With fears assailed, and filled with grief;
For each and all beneath the sky
One happy way will bring relief.

Work, though the heart should throb with pain;
Toil on, and be of better cheer;
Work with both hands, and with the brain,
Busy and bright, and keen and clear.

The lot of all beneath the sky—
We live by faith, assailed with grief;
We have no time to moan and sigh;
We trust in God, and find relief.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1. We give, first, this month, an indoor toilette of prune-colored cashmere, silk, and striped velvet and silk, (called Pekin velvet.) The silk skirt is cut with a very small train, and bordered with a knife-plaiting of the silk, sewn on in the centre with a vandyked border of the



No. 1. No. 2.

striped velvet. The tunic is of cashmere, and it is gathered in the middle, where it opens, and at each side forms a deep point bordered with the striped velvet; the sides are gathered, and the back is simply a straight breadth, cut square at the bottom, and bordered with a bias band of the

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velvet, same width as that upon the sides. The bodice is trimmed with the velvet, cut straight, and put on as coming from under the cashmere basque, to simulate a double basque, the under one being of velvet, likewise the plastroon up the front, and the turn down collar. The sleeves are trimmed to match the trimming on the skirt. Eight to ten yards of silk, six yards of cashmere, three yards of Pekin stripe, will be required for this costume.

No. 2. Is a mourning costume of black cashmere and English crêpe. The plain, all-round skirt has one knife-plaited flounce at the bottom, six inches deep, headed by a band of crêpe cut on



No. 3.

the bias two inches wide when finished. A second and third knife-plaiting, with similar heading, finishes the front of the skirt. The tunic is gathered in the middle, plaited up the sides, and arranged in large pouffs at the back. The edge of it is finished with a three inch band of crêpe. The basque is pointed in front over a vest of crêpe, and only slightly pointed at the back. The sleeves and edge of the basque have a two inch band of crêpe as a finish. Twelve yards of cashmere, three yards of wide crêpe, and four yards of narrow, will be required.

No. 3. Next, we give the back and front view of a walking suit of broché and plain camel's hair cloth. The skirt is cut straight round, and very narrow. The front of it has, first, a box-

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plaiting five inches deep, then over that is a deep box-plaiting a trifle over a quarter of a yard deep, and stitched down in two places, as seen in the illustration. Above this, the material is



No. 4.

laid in cross-plaits, carried across the front in scarf fashion, and very much pouffed at the back. The whole skirt is made of the plain material. The basque is made of broché, is silk and wool, and of the cashmere; colors to correspond with the color of the skirt. It is cut with but three seams in the back, two darts in front, and it fastens a little past the middle, opening and buttoning under the trimming at the left side. The trimming is a narrow knife-plaiting put on under the long leaf-like notches, which are simply bound. The same is done at the back seam, and at the bottom of the sleeves. Three large buttons are placed upon the side seams of the back. The edge of the basque and the collar are simply piped with silk to match. Six yards of double-width camel's hair for the skirt, three and a-half of broché material for the basque, will be required.

No. 4. Is a traveling costume of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet. The short, all-round skirt is kilt-plaited at the sides, the plain tablier having the effect of being buttoned on to the side. The tablier diminishes towards the top as a plastroon. The tunic turns back over the plaits, with a cross-band of black velvet, and is draped at the back in large pouffs. A row of



No. 5

long loops of gray mohair braid over an inch wide ornaments the velvet cross-bands. These may be put on or not, as the taste may decide. The jacket bodice is double-breasted, and has a large velvet collar, slightly opened, heart-shape; pocket at the side, sleeve with turned back cuff, lined with velvet, which turns over. Eight yards of cloth, one yard of velvet, two dozen large buttons, four yards of wide mohair braid, will be required for this costume.

No. 5. For a little girl of six to eight years, we have in our model a costume with a petticoat

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and polonaise. The petticoat has simply one deep knife-plaited flounce. The polonaise is cut out at the bottom in large square tabs, and bound with gros grain silk or velvet; into the opening made by these tabs a knife-plaiting is put. The front of the polonaise buttons below the waist, where it is arranged in three plaits, finished by a bow made with two long loops and ends. The back of the polonaise is looped on the back and sides, seams to form a hollow box-plait at the middle of the back. The turn-down collar is tied in front with a ribbon to match that upon the skirt. The cuff for the sleeve is finished with a knife-plaiting separated by a narrow band of silk. This costume may be made in either plain or basket cloth or flannel. If preferred, the petticoat may be of velvet, put on in larger plaits, or kilted from the waist.



No. 6.

No. 6. Is a corsage of Pekin velvet to be worn with any skirt. It is double-breasted, with collar and revers turning over. Three and a-half to four yards of Pekin velvet are required; no trimming save buttons.

No. 7. Costume of beige-colored cloth, for a little boy of five years. There is a vest and cut-away jacket, worn over a box-plaited skirt, which is attached to an under-waist. Buttons and a binding of silk or worsted braid are all the trimming required.

No. 8. A dark paletot for a little girl is cut with a double front, simulating an over-jacket. The trimming is Pekin velvet cut on the bias, and put on in bands—two inches wide for the under part, and one inch wide for the upper. Simulated buttonholes of braid with buttons trim the jacket fronts, as seen in illustration. Larger



No. 7.



No. 8.

buttons are used upon the paletot proper. The back is cut in three seams. A broad sash from

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under the side seams ties at the back. Turn-down collar, and cuffs trimmed with the Pekin stripe.



No. 9.

No. 9. For a boy of five to seven years, we have a suit in striped cloth, or flannel in dark colors, in two pieces only—the short knee pants and double-breasted jacket. The only trimming is the binding of braid, and buttons. A very simple and useful style.

PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

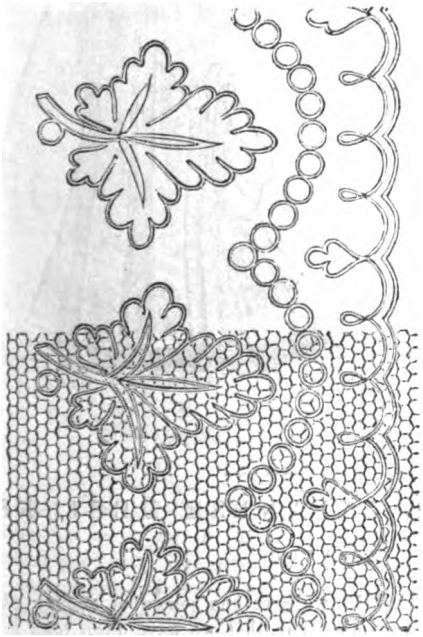
We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

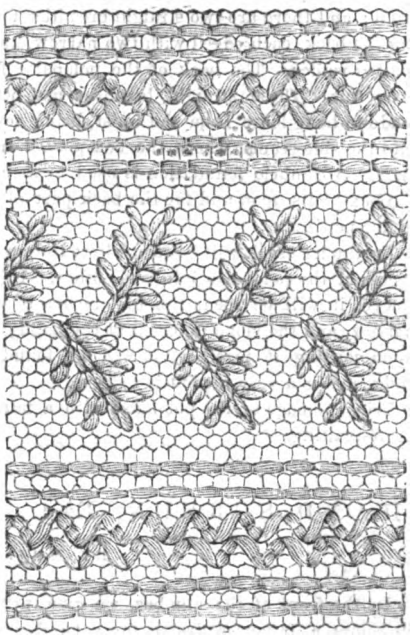
Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas, ...	35 cts.
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For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $5.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and State, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

EMBROIDERIES ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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PANIERE POLONAISE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a new style PANIER POLONAISE, the latest and prettiest thing of the kind that is out in Paris.

Folded in with this number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, containing a pattern, full-size, for it, cut for a 36-inch bust. It is in four pieces, viz.:

No. 1. THE FRONT, which we give from the neck, as far down as the paper will permit. From this point, lengthen the pattern, until it is as long as the side back, and keep it the same width as it is at the point where the pattern stops.

No. 2. THE BACK. At the dotted line, the pattern turns over, and the skirt part is given.

No. 3. SIDE BACK. At the dotted line, the pattern turns over.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

The large notches show where the plaits are arranged to make the panier, on the seams, where the front joins the side back. The notch, in the back seam of the skirt of the back, shows where the looping, or rather bunching, is placed at the back. It all goes in a bunch, from the notch, down to the end of the seam. The looping may be placed higher up if preferred.

The skirt, worn with this polonaise, has five double box-plaits, extending from the waist in front; and there are two straight breadths, forming the back, each edged with two narrow, knife-plaited ruffles. The back of the polonaise falls over this. These straight breadths are better made to hang loose from the waist, being sewed into the side-seams, where the box-plaited front ends. A cambric foundation is used to arrange the box-plaits upon and for the back part of the under petticoat.

By the letters, it will be seen where the several pieces of the polonaise join each other. In the sleeve, it will be seen, the under-part is very narrow, and the slope different at the hand; but upon putting it together, it will be found all right, and is a very nice-fitting sleeve.

Trim the edge of the polonaise with a narrow knife-plaiting.



HAND SCREEN, ETC., ETC. JAPANESE DESIGNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a Japanese design for a hand-screen. In 1878, we gave one somewhat similar, which was so popular, that we have often been asked

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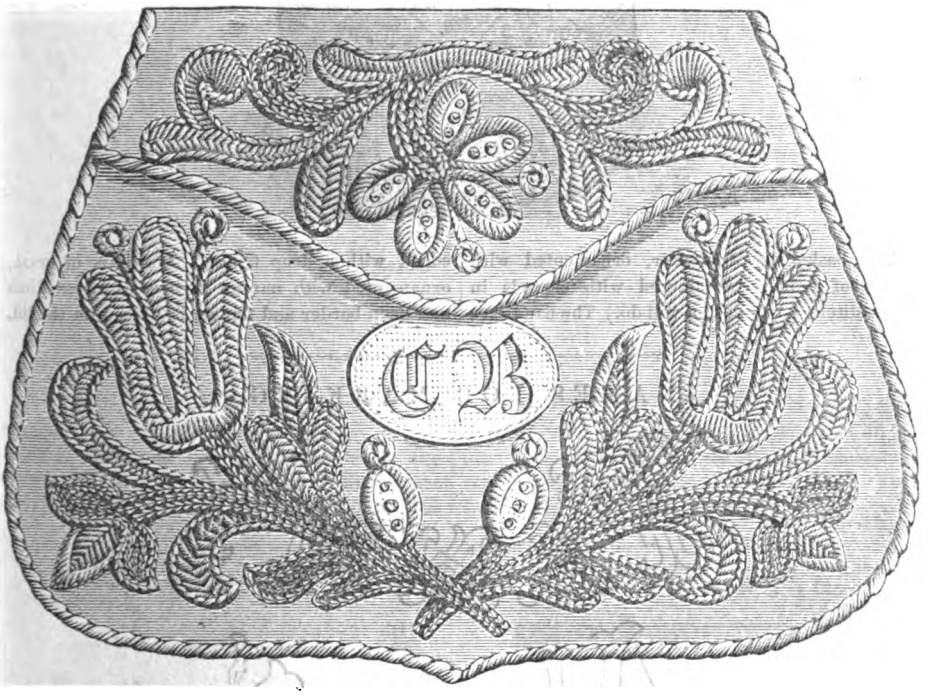
for another in the same style. The present one is a different design entirely, yet so like in character, that the two would make a pretty pair.

The screen may be worked on either satin, cloth, or brown borette. It is to be done in either silks or crewels. The silks are preferable for working on satin or cashmere; the crewels upon cloth or borette. The flowers, birds, and leaves are done in the ordinary crewel stitch, which is very plainly shown in the design; but in making these long stitches, always work the thread towards you, putting the stitch from the outer edge down. The stems are done by taking one long stitch, holding it in place, and then sew it down with one or more different colors as called for in the design. This design would be equally suitable for foot stool, sofa cushion, or table mat. It is the very latest thing out, in art-fancy work.

This design, if enlarged, will also make a pretty ottoman cover, or chair seat. It may be worked, too, on a different ground, if preferred. All this, however, must depend on the skill and taste of the person working the pattern. We may add that Japanese designs of all kinds are now exceedingly fashionable. To meet this demand, we give, in addition to this pattern, several others, in the front of the book, but printed in black and white. We also give, in the Chit-Chat, directions how to work them, with stitches, colors, etc., to be used.

CHATELAINE BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A bag, to be worn at the belt, is once more fashionable, as it was in the days when our mothers were girls. We give, here, a design for one, to be made of crimson velvet, and ornamented with pale blue embroidery, edged with gold cordon-net. The small cable cord bordering the bag is also gold. The appliqué on which the initials are embroidered is blue satin. The lining matches the appliqué. The back of the bag is plain velvet.

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BASKET FOR SOILED LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The basket is of wicker, ornamented with bands of crash, embroidered with crewels in cross-stitch. (Any design will do.) The bands are edged with a deep fringe. A square of crash, ornamented with narrow stripes of cross-stitch and deep border and fringe, is placed on the lid.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



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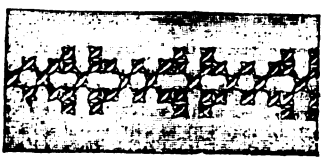
QUILT FOR BABY'S CRIB.

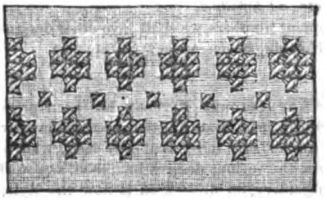
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation is fine white cashmere or flannel, and the design is embroidered in six different shades of blue silk. The leaves and flowers are in satin stitch, and the hearts of the flowers in French knots. When completed, the quilt is lined with blue Marceline silk, and wadded with wool. It is then edged with a plaiting of blue satin ribbon, headed with a blue cord. Any simple design will do well for the embroidery; or it can be braided, if preferred.

BORDERS: IN CROSS-STITCH OR CRASH.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ART EMBROIDERY—JAPANESE.—The colored pattern, for this month, is a very beautiful design, in Japanese embroidery, for a hand-screen. Or it may used, if enlarged, for an ottoman, chair seat, etc., etc. The directions for working it may be found on another page.

Art embroidery, as distinguished from the more ordinary, old-fashioned kind, is becoming, every year, more fashionable; and the designs from the Japanese are ranked first in art embroidery, as being the most suggestive. In the front of the number, we give, therefore, two pages of other designs, and will add, here, instructions how to work them.

The first, it will be seen, is a king-fisher. This could be worked on silk or other material; the color of the bird is bright azure blue, in light and darker shades; that of the plants should be dull green. The design is applicable to the corners of chair backs, to serviettes for the afternoon tea, and to small banners or hand-screens, etc. We give, next, some groups of picotees, capable of being employed together or separately. The light flowers could be worked in shades of gold, the dark in red, and the leaves in another shade of gold, on a yellow-brown silk ground; or the varied natural colors of the flowers could be employed, which would give rise to an endless variety of effects. The application of these picotees is almost endless. We may suggest a few, such as the covers for blotting books; they would produce the most charming bands for trimming, or for borders or corners on five o'clock tea-cloths; and they would be no less applicable to aprons or for children's dresses.

The group of cranes, and a very effective group it is, would answer admirably for a banner screen, if worked of large size, or, if smaller, for hand-screens, book-covers, etc., etc. The circular design, which, like all the others, is an exact reproduction from the Japanese, could be worked by making the flowers in shades of pink, heightened with red, the leaves being shades of brown on a dove-color or silver-gray ground; or, if a cream-color silk background was chosen, the flowers might be pale yellow or pure white, and the leaves yellowish-green. The applications of this circular pattern are endless: it would make a beautiful hand-screen in silk; enlarged, it would adapt itself to a music stool, ottoman, or gipsy table cover; or it could be used as a design for medallions on a carriage rug, or for bed covers, etc. Like the other designs, it is not only capable of being used in silk, but, enlarged, it could be worked in crewels on a coarse material.

The cherry blossoms would be very effective if worked in pink heightened by red, or shaded white heightened by pink, the central stamens being darker. The stems should be brown, the leaves green with dark midrib and veins. These graceful little blooms could be powdered over anything, such as aprons, tea-cloths, rugs, chair and sofa coverings, etc., *ad infinitum*.

In subsequent numbers, we shall give other designs in the Medieval, Holbein, Queen Anne style, etc., etc.

OUR JANUARY COLORED PATTERN has been pronounced, everywhere, the most beautiful that even we have ever published. We may say, here, that any lady, who does not wish to work the various designs in ribbon, can work them in silk embroidery, on dresses, as is now the style, where they would be very beautiful.

DRAWING-ROOM CURTAINS.—A favorite plan with respect to lace or muslin curtains is to drape them across the window, crossing each other half-way up the window, rather high than low; the curtain which starts from the right-hand side is draped or fastened back at the left, and an enormous bow of silk ribbon, either crimson or blue, or whatever best harmonizes with the furniture of the room, is fastened on the curtains where they cross in the centre; others have each curtain fastened back by a somewhat smaller bow. When lace curtains are hung in the once usual style, that is, the lace edges meeting in the centre of the window, a third curtain is now used, or rather blind of plain book muslin; this is placed directly over the window without any fulness, and serves the purpose of a muslin blind, only that it reaches to the ground; it softens and tones down the glare without darkening the room. These muslin blinds are not used in the country when a good view is obtainable from the windows, but are very general in city drawing-rooms. Some ladies use curtains entirely of book muslin, instead of lace, with deep plaited frills at the edges; these are pretty and economical. Lace curtains are now never draped over curtain holders or raised from the ground, but are tied back with a bow. Again, when expense is no object, a border of quaint, oriental embroidery, or silk tapestry, is placed on or near the edge of lace curtains; when on the edge, a frill of lace is added to give a finish to the border, which has a very good effect. Curtains formed of strips of lace insertion, alternate with strips of Turkey-red twill, finished with a border of lace, are very pretty and much adopted by ladies, when they contrast with the surrounding furniture; they last clean a long time, and are not more expensive than curtains entirely of lace. More expensive materials than Turkey twill are employed for these insertion curtains, such as strips of brocade, colored silks, or even satin.

TABLES SHOULD NEVER be placed in the centre of the room, but about them at convenient corners or spots. Pianos, when they are not grand, but have backs that require covering, do not stand with their backs against the wall, but stand the reverse way, the back facing the room across one corner of it; and many are the devices resorted to for rendering these backs pretty and ornamental. Velvet and satin, trimmed with lace, are employed for this purpose, upon which china plates, nick-nacks, and photographs are hung. Cretonne looks well arranged in this manner, with a table covered in velvet standing against it, as some ladies complain that velvet rather muffles the tone of the piano, and prefer something lighter; or a wicker or cane screen, covered with ivy, or a painted panel back. Plain cretonne, or figured China or Japanese silk are placed in the front of pianos in lieu of fluted sarsanet silk; but nothing thick enough to deaden the tone is used.

THE GEMS OF ART, or, the Pictorial Annual, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, instead of a premium engraving, if preferred. Each of these beautiful gift-books contains twenty-five steel engravings, similar to those published in "Peterson." Or they will be sent to subscribers on the same terms as the premium plates, viz.: for fifty cents, extra, each. To persons, not subscribers, the price is one dollar each.

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OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS!—For 1880, remember, we have *two* new premium engravings! Both are copyrighted mezzotints. One is "Washington At Prayer At Valley Forge," size 24 inches by 20, commemorating a tradition of the eventful winter, the darkest period of the War of Independence. The other is "The Parable Of The Lily," 20 by 16. This is, perhaps, more beautiful than the other. It represents Christ, as He says, "Behold the lilies of the field," to the crowd of men, women and children pressing about Him. These mezzotints belong to the highest class of engravings, and ought to be, even apart from their artistic merits, on the walls of *every family in the land.* Some persons may prefer one, some another, and in order to secure either, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson." *By getting up certain of the clubs, however, you may secure both.* See, however, the Prospectus on the second page of cover. These premiums are, decidedly, the best ever offered.

It is still in time to get up clubs for 1880! We expect to double our already enormous list. The accessions to it, during December, have been by the thousands, daily. Everybody is taking "Peterson." Send for a specimen to show. You will find that no other magazine, at anything like the price, approaches this. You will also find that in all respects—merit, cheapness, etc., etc.—*we lead the field.* Additions may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club.

"NEVER TAKEN IN AGAIN."—A lady writes, "I send you a club for 1880. I was tempted, for 1879, to give up 'Peterson,' and try another, which promised a 'chromo' in addition. I find the chromo to be worth not more than fifteen cents, while the magazine was immeasurably inferior to yours. I shall take care *never to be taken in again* in this way." We only wonder that our fair subscriber, or any other intelligent person, is ever "taken in" by these sort of tricks, for it must be evident to them that the price of the "chromo" must come out of the magazine, which will be, at least, that much poorer than it ought to be. Now, "Peterson" puts *all it can afford* into the magazine itself, and hence is enabled to give, as it does, more for the money than any other. We give premiums to persons for getting up clubs, but that is quite a different thing. Any magazine, that has to bribe people to take it by offering a "chromo," or anything else, is not conducted on sound business principles, and the subscribers, sooner or later, find this out.

ABOUT BORROWERS.—A lady writes to us about borrowers, a class she seems to have good reason to dislike. "There are some curious people in the world," she says. "We have such here, in very good circumstances, who do not stint themselves for anything which they think will add to their personal adornment, but feel themselves too poor to subscribe for your magazine, and prefer to impose on their neighbors by borrowing of them." Our advice to this lady, and to all others, is never to lend "Peterson" to a systematic borrower: we mean a person who always borrows, and, though able, never subscribes. Such people only impose on the good nature of those who do subscribe.

REQUESTS FOR PARTICULAR PATTERNS, ETC., are always complied with, when possible. We cannot, however, give all for which we are asked: that would require a magazine of ten times our size. We select those, therefore, for which we have the most requests.

ANOTHER OF THE UNRIVALLED steel engravings, which "Peterson" is now alone in giving, is to be found in this number. Compare it with the lithographs, etc., to be found elsewhere, and notice how immeasurably inferior they are to our *steel* engravings.

COMPLAINT HAS BEEN MADE to us that a firm, which advertised, last year, in "Peterson," has since failed. When we inserted the advertisement, the firm was in good credit, or we should not have taken the advertisement. We insert advertisements because they are a convenience to our readers, who learn, in this way, where to buy articles that they need, at the lowest current prices. At the same time, *we neither guarantee* that the purchaser will like the articles, *nor warrant* that the advertiser will not fail. These are matters on which the reader must judge for himself, or herself; and the first of these they are better able to judge than we are. We have given this notice, frequently before, and now repeat it. Newspapers do not guarantee advertisements. *Neither do magazines.* In fact no publisher does, *or can.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Through Winding Ways. By Ellen W. Olney. 1 *vol.*, 8vo. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This novel has many merits. But one of the most salient—the most salient, perhaps—is its thoroughly American color. It is not a mere echo of the novel of English country life, a story nominally located in the United States, but with manor-houses, and other impossibilities, not to say absurdities. No, it is an American story in every sense. The fresh breezes of New England blow through it. The writer, it is evident, loves her native woods, and knows the haunt of every wild flower. More than this, the social atmosphere, in which her actors live, is that which we breathe, daily, and not that of Rotten Row, in disguise. The story has other merits also. The character of Helen, the heroine, is drawn with great power, and evidently with a loving hand, for it is that of a thoroughly noble and womanly woman. Georgiana is the reverse, cold, cruel, selfish. How we detest her, how we hope her fourth husband will be too much for her. The volume is printed in that careful, workman-like manner, which distinguishes all the books of this house.

Courtship And Matrimony. By Robert Morris. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this volume was one of those modest, refined and intellectual men, who were to be met with, a generation ago, in Philadelphia, but who seem, every year, to be getting more and more scarce. In his capacity of editor of one of the leading city newspapers of that day, he was accustomed, occasionally, to write short essays on subjects of every-day life. The book before us is a collection of some of the best of these essays, happily rescued, in this way, from that oblivion, into which newspaper articles, as a rule, no matter how good, unavoidably fall. Among the subjects discussed are "Courtship and Matrimony," "Never Give Up," "Self-Possession," etc., etc. It would be better, we think, if newspaper editors oftener gave us articles of this kind. People are tired of hearing only politics discussed. There are, surely, things of some moment worth writing about, besides the claims of this demagogue to office, or that politician to a foreign mission.

Myrtle Lawn. By Robert E. Ballard. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a story of modern American life, its scenes lying principally in Maryland. It is written with more than usual ability. If it is, as we have reason to believe, a first attempt, its merit is all the greater. A distinguished critic, in a recent notice of it, says that "there is nothing finer in modern fiction than some of the scenes; that the dialogue is admirable; and that the stream of narrative is at once clear, strong and rapid." Very handsomely printed.

How To Be Strong. By M. Augusta Fairchild, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—Written for the people, not physicians. Apparently full of common sense, and of value, therefore, for reference in a family.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT OLD SUBSCRIBERS SAY.—The best test of the merits of a magazine is what its old subscribers say. They have known it for years, and know whether it keeps its promises or not. We have received, this year, even more letters of praise than ever: they could be counted, not by hundreds merely, but by thousands. We copy a few only. One lady writes, "I must say I would be lost without it, and I find that it has given entire satisfaction, wherever it has went in this place." Another says: "I think it the most attractive periodical of the kind now published." And another: "I have taken your book since 1867, and cannot do without it, and every year try to send you a larger club." While still another says: "I have been a subscriber to your magazine for thirteen years, and feel as if I could not do without it: I count it as one of my family." One, who has been a subscriber even longer, writes in a similar strain: "I have taken your magazine, without intermission," she says, "since 1846—thirty-four years. I have the books all bound, and they make a library in themselves." "We have had 'Peterson' for years," writes another, "and we think no other magazine is equal to it." Still another says, "This is the largest club I have ever sent, and it is the fourteenth year I have sent. I like it better than ever, and every one that takes it, wants it, I find, again." And another—a mother—writes, "It has helped me so much in cutting and making children's dresses, that I cannot do without it." Finally, one says—and there are hundreds who say the same—"I have less trouble, every year, in getting subscribers, for the people say *you always do just what you advertise to do.*"

A GREAT BUSINESS HOUSE.—Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., is the most successful business man we know of, and his celebrated pianos and organs are liked everywhere. Read what a purchaser of one of his organs has to say. George G. Sickles, Esq., father of *Major-General Daniel E. Sickles*, 111 Nassau street, New York City, writes: "*Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.—My Dear Sir:* The instrument is all that can be asked as a musical instrument. The stops work admirably, and when the full swell of the instrument peals forth its harmony, the effect upon myself is of the highest character. My daughter, who plays upon it, is but a child in years, but the harmonious sympathy is truly pleasant. The finish of the instrument is of a high character, and as it occupies a place in the centre of my parlor, adds largely to the grandeur of the furniture which surrounds it. I am pleased to say that it adds largely to my appreciation of your genius and workmanship. Very truly, GEORGE G. SICKLES." See his holiday offer on last page this issue. It will pay you to write Mr. Beatty, before purchasing elsewhere.

CHILDREN CRY for PITCHER'S CASTORIA, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like CASTORIA because it gives HEALTH TO THE CHILD and REST TO THEMSELVES, and Physicians use CASTORIA because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT of our premium engravings at the close of the number.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—ALDER: ALNUS TERRULATA.

[NOTE: Hereafter the best known English or common name of the plant, shrub or tree will be placed first, generally, and taken up alphabetically, so that reference may be had to any particular one more readily.]

Botanical Characters.—Sexual system, Menœcia Tetrandia—Natural order Betulaceæ. The Alder grows in clumps, six to ten feet high, with numerous crooked branches. The name is supposed to be derived from the Celtic, *al-lan*, near the river, as it is generally found growing on the margins of small rivulets or swamps. Leaves two to four inches long, strongly nerved, obovate, pointed, finely notched, smooth and green on both sides. Flowers, leafless, in cylindric, flaccid, drooping, dark, purplish brown persistent aments, which are developed before the leaves in the early spring. This shrub is well known in the country by the names *Tag, Candle, Smooth* or *Swamp Alder.*

MEDICINAL USES.—Not much employed by the regular profession. Yet others deem it an efficient alterative agent and highly recommend it both internally and as a wash in scrofulous eruptions of the skin; in glandular enlargements and where there is suppuration of the lymphatic glands of the neck, etc. In these diseases, they have combined with it the *Yellow Dock* (the better agent, *me judice*), and given it in strong decoction. One ounce of the former with the same quantity of the dark root; water one and a-half pints, boil to a pint, express, strain, and give in doses of one or two tablespoonsful thrice daily, with local application of the same. The same preparation, similarly used, is very useful in nursing sore mouth of mothers. In chronic bronchitis with profuse expectoration, we have used alder bark, dock root, and white oak bark in equal quantities in decoction, made into a syrup, with apparent good results. This resembles in taste Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, and probably is quite as effectual.

Tag Alder has been also used in intermittents; the leaves as a topical remedy in wounds and ulcers, and the bruised leaves have been applied by mothers for the purpose of repelling the milk.

The *specific* effects of Alder, however, is upon the stomach, directly exciting the small glands of its coats, and causing a free outpouring of the gastric fluid. Hence its applicability to such diseases as are connected with imperfect digestion, depending upon inactivity of those glands, and a deficient supply of the gastric fluid. In a healthy stomach or where digestion is well performed, physiologists have shown that large quantities of this fluid is daily secreted; and where these minute glands fail to perform their functions, a species of dyspepsia (the most common form,) results. Now the ordinary stomachics or bitters containing more or less alcohol or poor whiskey may temporarily produce a morbid appetite or craving for food, but as the ultimate effects are rather to arrest than to restore secretion, no permanent good will result.

In all such cases of dyspepsia, then, alder in form of tincture or fluid extract, or much better, its active principle *alnuin* should be given in one or two grain doses, triturated with sugar and taken dry. Mothers or others who are in poor health with impoverished blood, denoted by pallidity of face, feeble pulse, will find *alnuin* with iron in the following combination very useful: Alnuin, one drachm, iron by hydrogen, one drachm. Triturate the two thoroughly with one tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, and add six ounces simple syrup. Mix well, and take one teaspoonful after each meal. A dyspeptic should never indulge in large draughts of *teas* or liquids of any kind, as they dilute the gastric juice, and thereby still further impair an already weakened digestive power. Teas, as a rule, are an abomination to dyspeptics.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

MAKING A DOLL'S HOME.—Endless as is the variety of amusements to be found for the little ones, nothing gives so

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much real and lasting satisfaction as a doll's-house, and this, like many other things, can be made at home if there happens to be a good-natured big brother who will condescend to interest himself in the work. There are always packing-cases about, stored away in cellar or attic, one of which could be spared for the purpose; this, then, with a few deal boards, some two-inch screws, a pair of hinges, a hasp for the door, glue-pot, and last, but not least, the willing brother or uncle with his box of carpenter's tools, can be quickly converted into a charming *doll's-house*. The case, after being thoroughly cleaned, should be set on end, and the places for floors and partitions marked out, if only large enough to admit of two rooms, so much easier to make, as it will only want one shelf in the middle for the bedroom floor, the end of the case itself doing duty as a floor for the sitting-room. If large enough to admit of *four* rooms, then a piece of board should be sawn off evenly, the edges, all but the front one, smeared with glue, and this should be fitted into the case, at about the centre; this would be the bed room floors; then, after proper measurement, another piece of wood should be prepared and slid in edgeways between this floor and the ceiling at about the middle; this will be the partition wall between the two bed rooms; for these should certainly both *be* bed rooms, not allowing one to be used as a drawing-room, for children may thus be taught, even in their play, that it is necessary to health and well-being that sleeping accommodation should not be in any way curtailed.

This floor and partition may be made firm by the use of the two-inch screws, which can be driven in from the outside, the heads being concealed by papering when the carpenters have completed their work, and the house is in the hands of the paper-hangers. After this, a partition of the same kind will be required below to separate the sitting-room from the kitchen. The papering should be done before the door is put on, as the house is much easier to turn about then. White foolscap does best for the ceilings, and any scraps of wall-paper can be used for the other parts, only care must be taken that the *pattern* on the paper or papers is small, or the rooms will be dwarfed and ugly.

If the wax and china ladies who are to inhabit this little mansion are æsthetic in their tastes, and insist on a dado in their parlor, it can be made thus:—Take some white foolscap, such as that used for the ceilings, cut it to the length required for the walls, then with pencil and rule draw some faint lines on the paper perpendicularly and about an inch and a-half apart. This done, cut some strips of colored paper, blue, green, or red, whichever best suits the tone of the room, and paste these on the white paper (using the pencil lines as a guide), bringing them to within three inches of the bottom: then add a horizontal line of the same to hide the ends.

Now comes the dado, the making of which will give intense delight and amusement to the little ones. Collect all the old valentines, Christmas cards, etc., those which you do not particularly care to keep, and pick off or cut out from them all the tiniest figures of birds, insects, etc., with which these works of art generally abound: these, with some bunches of flowers, miniature trees, and tiny cupids disporting themselves in the shade, will, if arranged so that the birds appear to be flying or perching on the branches of the trees, and the insects crawling about beneath among bright flowers and grasses, make quite a charming dado, but it is much more difficult to make than the other, though the planning of the attitudes for the different figures will, as I have before remarked, afford great amusement. In this, too, mother's paint-box will be required, as the foreground will want "touching up" a bit; but with a little patience and perseverance all slight difficulties can be surmounted.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 56.—DIAMOND AND SQUARE.

Diamond:—A letter; to study; pierced; recent; in diamond.

Square:—Behead and curtail the central word, leaving a mineral, and make a complete word-square.

Marblehead, Mass. HARRY CHENEY.

No. 57.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

The first is in life, but not in death.
The second is in mouth, but not in breath.
The third is in course, but not in trail.
The fourth is in knout, but not in flail.
The fifth is in nose, but not in face.
The sixth is in site, but not in place.
The whole grows above the ground,
And sometimes has a buzzing sound.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 52.

P P
REPAIR
E E
CROCUS
I E
PRISON
I T
TRUISM
A E
TRAPAN
E T

No. 53.

Start. Tart. Star. Art. Tar. Rat.

No. 54.

POWER
NEVER
BEVEL
RENEW
LODES

No. 55.

WAIT
ACRE
IRON
TENT

WINDOW GARDENING, Etc.—No. II.

INDOOR PLANTS.—Two other important conditions for the healthy cultivation of plants indoors are adequate supplies of light and air. It is a well-known fact that there is in all vegetable growth a strong tendency to draw towards the light, and this tendency is discovered not simply in turning from darkness to light, but even in the different degrees of light itself; for instance, a greater degree of light is always

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more attractive than a less. To preserve perfect symmetry in plants, therefore, there should be an equal diffusion of light on all sides, and this with plants in a house can only be managed by light overhead; where this is impracticable, growing plants should have their pots turned round every few days, to counteract the tendency we have mentioned. Succulent plants are, of course, more subject to this influence than those which are called hard-wooded. Hyacinths and other bulbs, in glasses and pots, must be turned daily, for if left to themselves, their flower-stalks will in a short time double down on the side of the light. Glass in the present day is a cheap material, and thick, rough glass quite as strong a covering as slate; it does, therefore, seem strange that it should not be more generally used than it is for the covering of porches and outside passages, which might thus be converted into small greenhouses. In the same way, rooms in the roofs of houses in towns where space is valuable may be made available for bringing forward plants for the decoration of sitting-rooms, the sides and roofs being glazed with rough glass. Part of a top room so arranged could be wired off as an aviary for small birds, or the room itself, while holding its stock of plants, might be used as a smoking-room by the gentlemen of the family, who would thus have one excuse less for not passing their evenings at home.

There is yet one more condition which must be carefully considered and attended to if we would meet with success in window-gardening. We allude to ventilation. At first sight, it may appear an easy matter to supply air to plants in rooms. We have but to open doors and windows, and air will soon find its way into a room. There is no difficulty about a supply; the difficulty is to regulate it in such a way that it shall do good and not harm to the plants. Few flowers suited to indoor culture will endure a draught of cold air. To some plants, as the maidenhair and other ferns, a cold draught is certain destruction—the delicate fronds shrivel up and die; and even with plants whose foliage may be uninjured, the blossoms cannot fail to take harm. The only safe plan is never to place anything in a thorough draught. If plants are in the windows of sitting-rooms where the doors are continually being opened, let them have air from the top sashes. This is the best ventilation for them, and also for the room itself. There is very much to be learned in the management of plants indoors, and we should advise any of our readers who at present may have little or no experience to begin in a small way. They will gain knowledge very rapidly, and save themselves much disappointment and useless expense, which is almost sure to be the case when too much is attempted at first. It is a very easy matter for those who have money to spare, and who do not feel any interest in cultivation, to decorate their houses with flowers all the year round. Three or four boxes of flowers in different windows will be quite sufficient charge for one season, and the effort should be to keep them bright and gay with pot plants all the year round. These boxes can be made of rustic wood, zinc in rustic fashion, or of encaustic tiles. Some of them are made to admit of plants being grown in the soil without pots, but to carry out window-gardening in the neatest manner the use of pots is most desirable, for then each flower as it dies off or becomes shabby can be removed, and another introduced without any disturbance to the rest. The intervals between the pots can be filled with cocoanut-fibre refuse or some other loose material—moss is useful for the purpose—and in this way not only, as we have before mentioned, are unsightly pots hidden, but the plants, having their roots protected from the sun and heat, are more easily kept in a healthy condition. Those who like to give their attention to growing plants in the soil without pots, should select a box large enough to hold comfortably a double row of plants, which should be so set that any one of the plants may be removed with a trowel without greatly disturbing the others. If the box be not provided with any proper artificial drainage, a layer of small crocks about two inches deep must be placed at the bottom, and upon these must be carefully arranged another layer of dried moss or some rough material, to keep this drainage open. The most useful compost for filling the box will be found to consist of two parts of turfy loam and one part a mixture made up of well-rotted manure and leaf mould. Should the loam appear heavy, a little sharp sand can be mixed with it. However carefully the drainage may be arranged, it will be no easy matter to keep soil so confined from becoming soddened by constant watering. Under the most favorable circumstances, we imagine that it will be necessary to renew both soil and drainage twice a year. Spring and autumn will be found the most convenient seasons for this thorough shifting. We should prefer May and October. In the former month, the box should be arranged for a summer display, and in the latter, it can be planted with bulbs and some winter flowering plants.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes with White Sauce.—Slice some cold boiled potatoes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, add a little hot water, pepper and salt, and minced parsley. As soon as they are quite hot, stir in off the fire the yolk of an egg, beaten up with the juice of half a lemon, and strained.

Potatoes and Butter.—Cut with a vegetable cutter into small balls about the size of a marble, put them in a stew-pan with plenty of butter and a good sprinkling of salt; keep the saucepan covered, and shake it occasionally, until they are done, which will be in about an hour.

Boiled Onions.—Peel them, and boil them in equal parts of milk and water. When they are tender, take them up, drain them, and add salt, pepper, and butter to taste. Do not put salt in the water they are boiled in, as that will curdle the milk, and cause a scum to settle on the onions.

Spinach and Eggs.—Carefully wash, boil, strain, and chop the spinach, mould into shape, and edge with diamonds of toast. Poach some new-laid eggs carefully, and arrange on the top. Serve very hot.

DESSERTS.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Butter your pie-dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied peel; then place alternate layers of bread and butter in rather thin slices, and the peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full, observing to have currants at the top; then pour over, slowly and equally, a custard of sweetened milk and two or three eggs, flavored to taste, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

Apple Fritters.—Six tablespoons of flour, one of yeast, to a cupful of new milk; mix the batter stiffish, and over night. The next day add two eggs well beaten, an ounce of sugar, a little shred suet, two or three chopped apples, a few currants, and a lemon peel; fry in plenty of clarified dripping a good brown, and dry. The fritters should be about an inch thick in the middle, thinner at the edges. Sauce: vinegar, sugar, melted butter.

Iced Apples.—Pare and core one dozen large apples; fill with sugar, mixed with a little butter and cinnamon, or nutmeg; bake till nearly done. Cool, and, if possible without breaking, put the apples on another dish. If not possible, pour off the juice; have some icing prepared; lay it on the top and sides, and set into the oven a few minutes to brown slightly. Serve with cream.

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Potato Pudding.—Boil four large potatoes, and pass them through a sieve; stir into them powdered loaf sugar to taste and the yolks of two or three eggs; add a few drops of essence of lemon, then the whites of the eggs whisked to a froth; mix quickly and well; pour into a plain mould, buttered and bread-crumbed, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

Sweet Sauce for Puddings.—Mix half a pot of any jam with a cupful of water; warm it on the fire, add a wineglassful of sherry, pass through a fine hair sieve, and pour round the pudding.

CAKES.

Dough Nuts.—Boil one quart of milk, reserving enough to wet a large gill of ground rice; add a little salt, and when the milk boils stir in the rice. Let it boil till it thickens, then pour it hot upon a quart of flour; beat out the lumps, and when cool add one gill of yeast and flour enough to make it as stiff as bread; knead it thoroughly. Let it rise for nine hours, and, when very light, work into the dough three-quarters of a pound of butter and five eggs, well beaten, with one and a-half pounds of sugar; add nutmeg and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Let it rise again then roll out one-third to one-half an inch thick; cut it into small oval or diamond-shaped cakes, and fry in hot lard. There should be enough lard to completely cover the cakes. If the heat be right, the dough nuts will rise in a few seconds to the top, and cause the fat to bubble; turn them when brown. If the fat is too hot, the outside will be burned before the centre is cooked; if too cool, they will absorb fat and be greasy. Serve hot or cold.

Plum Cake.—Mix thoroughly one-half pound of flour, one-half pound of ground rice, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of sugar, one-half ounce of mace and cloves, some mixed peel, a few bitter almonds (pounded), some sweet almonds (split), one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; melt one-half pound of fresh butter in three-quarters of a pint of warm milk, add the yolks and whites of four eggs beaten separately, pour this by degrees on to the dry ingredients, add a glass of brandy, beat it well, put into a buttered mould, and bake. Beat up one-half pound of icing sugar with the whites of one and a-half eggs till stiff and smooth, add a little orange-flower water. While the cake is still warm spread the icing over it evenly. Ornament with dried fruit, and put in a moderate oven to harden, but not to color.

Crullers.—Mix together half-a-pint of sour milk or buttermilk, a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in hot water, a small teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon; add them to two teacupfuls of sugar beaten to a cream, with one teacupful of butter; stir well, add three well-beaten eggs, and two teaspoonsful of rose water. Sift in flour enough to make a smooth, rather soft dough, roll it out one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut in small, oblong pieces, three or four inches long; slit lengthwise into three strands, leaving half an inch uncut at one end, twist or plait these like a rope, and fry in hot fat like dough nuts. Drain, and while hot sift over them powdered sugar; serve cold.

SOUP AND FISH.

Recipes for Cooked Fish.—Take some remnants of any boiled, fried, stewed, or broiled fish, free them from bone and skin, and put them into a deep dish; pour over them a small quantity of stock, milk, or of any sauce left from the previous day; add pepper, salt, and cover them over with a layer of mashed potatoes, lastly with some baked bread-crumbs. Bake in a brisk oven for about a quarter of an hour, and if necessary, brown with a salamander. Or prepare the fish as before, mince it rather coarsely, and then put it in layers into a well-buttered gratin pan, with layers of bread-crumbs, a little pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg between each layer, and a little butter every here and there; pour over a little sauce or stock, just sufficient to moisten it; lastly, add another layer of bread-crumbs, put the dish into the oven, and serve very hot.

Soup Maigre.—Put into a stewpan two ounces butter, add two carrots, one turnip, one onion, a little celery, two potatoes, all cut up in small pieces. Put in one teaspoonful of sugar and some salt, and let the whole lie in the butter fifteen minutes; then add one quart cold water, and let it boil two hours or more. Any vegetables in season can be added, but add water in proportion. Before it boils, put in a bouquet of herbs and plenty of parsley. At the end of two hours, pass all through a hair sieve, skim off all the butter, return to the stewpan to get quite hot, add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with small pieces of fried bread.

Fish Sauce.—Stir in one pint of drawn butter the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, pepper, salt, and a few sprigs of parsley; let it boil, and then pour over the fish when it is on the dish ready to be served.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Potato Pie.—From among the many methods of making a potato pie, it is a serious difficulty to select the most approved. Very good pies for family purposes may be made thus: Four large potatoes, boiled and mashed, with buttor or cream; one-half pound butcher's meat, or one-quarter pound ham or bacon cut small, or chopped hard-boiled eggs; season it, and cover it with a light crust; bake for three-quarters of an hour. Or cut uncooked potatoes into slices, arrange them alternately with layers of meat or preserved fish, add some butter, and season with a sprinkling of onion finely shreded, or ketchup, pickles, or anything tasty; pour over it two beaten eggs, close with a good crust, and bake for an hour. Always employ a proportion of butter when the ingredient added is not of a rich character, such as fish, etc. A thin paste may line the dish or not, according to fancy.

Rissoles of Mutton.—Take one-half pound cold mutton, chop it very fine, and mix it well with rather more than a tablespoonful of flour; chop an onion small, and boil it in a teacupful of good-flavored broth or stock, and add to this the meat and flour, flavoring with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, and boil for five minutes. Pour upon a plate, and set aside to get quite cold, and then divide it into small portions, making each into a small ball or sausage shape; egg and bread-crumb them twice over, and fry in hot fat; drain well, and serve very hot, piled high on a folded napkin, and garnish with sprigs of fried parsley. If the mince should be too stiff, add a little more broth or boiling water.

Plain Veal Pie.—Take the best end of a neck of veal, cut it in pieces, season it with pepper and salt, and stew it in just enough water to cover it. When it is nearly done, make a rich gravy with some butter rolled in flour, added to the water it was stewed in. Line the sides of a deep pie dish with paste, put in the meat and pour in the gravy, roll out a sheet of paste and cover the top; cut an opening in the centre of the top, about three inches long, and another to cross it at right angles; turn back the four corners and ornament with bars of paste twisted and laid over. Set it in the oven, and when the crust is done, send it to the table in the dish it was baked in.

Friars' Chicken.—Quarter two or three chickens, and put them into a saucepan with one pint and a-half of water; add a few sprigs of parsley, some mace, pepper, and salt to taste; simmer very slowly until the meat will separate into flakes. Just before serving, beat up three or four eggs, and stir them off the fire into the broth. Serve in a deep dish.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED SILK. The train is not very long, and is finished with the narrow

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knife-plaited ruffles; the front is trimmed at the bottom with a deep box-plaited flounce; cloak of gray beaver cloth, with large square sleeves, trimmed with wide bands of beaver fur; muff to correspond; bonnet of gray felt, trimmed with dark red and gray feathers.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN VELVET. The skirt is perfectly plain, but a very narrow plaited muslin ruffle shows from underneath; the long cloak is trimmed with black lace, with a row of jet put between the two rows of lace; bonnet of white plush, trimmed with a long white feather and three small birds.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS OF APRICOT-COLORED SILK. The skirt is elaborately trimmed with knife-plaited ruffles, edged with Breton lace; across the front the silk is laid in upward folds, and the back has a drapery of the silk, edged with the lace, and ornamented with a trimming of silk, striped with dark red satin, and long bows and ends of red satin; the basque and open neck of the dress is trimmed in the same way. The mantle is of black satin trimmed with black lace and ball fringe; the bonnet is of black satin and velvet combined, and trimmed with black and red feathers and a bunch of green leaves. This dress, without the mantle and hat, makes a beautiful evening or dinner-dress.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK. The front is trimmed with five deep, knife-plaited flounces, and one flounce to correspond passes around the bottom of the front and the train. The princess over-dress fastens with bows down the front, has two long-pointed sides, which end with a bow, is gathered up across the hips at the back, where there is a large bow, and the train falls from beneath this; a large collar with black lace standing up in the neck. This dress is very suitable for persons in light mourning.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT YELLOW SILK. The front of the skirt is gathered across. The over-dress is of white gauze with a yellow satin stripe, and is worn over the yellow silk; it is turned back from the front, showing the yellow silk lining, and is draped over the yellow train at the back. The gauze dress is open at the neck in front over the yellow silk, which gives it a vest appearance near the neck. The three-quarter-length sleeves are trimmed with silk and lace.

FIGS. VI AND VII are the front and back of a MANTLE that may be made of silk, satin, or of a fine woolen material; the mantle is round at the back, and has the two long ends in front drawn into sharp points, and fastened with bows. Either lace, a feather trimming, or a pinked-out ruche of the silk, makes a suitable and beautiful trimming. At the back there is a round hood with a bow in the centre.

FIG. VIII.—TOQUE OF SILVER-GRAY FELT, bordered with a band of gray plush. The folds are of silver-gray ottoman silk, fastened down with a silver buckle. Three gray feathers curl over the back.

FIG. IX.—BROWN BEAVER BONNET, trimmed with wide, brown satin ribbon, and ornamented with two gilt balls, which appear to fasten the bonnet on the top of the head.

FIG. X.—VISITING OR HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK BROCADED SILK. The skirt has a very short train, and is edged with two narrow knife-plaited ruffles of black satin; above them there is a wide, satin, puffed trimming. The brocaded silk is a good deal wrinkled crassiore, and is drawn back under the full paniers, which are edged with a black silk fringe; the shirred waist is princess shape at the back (of which the paniers are a continuation), and is made full in front, and with a very long point. Dark red plush bonnet, with red and black plumes.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS OF DARK, PEACOCK-BLUE CAMEL'S HAIR. The under-skirt and flounces at the bottom are of peacock-blue silk; the over-dress which opens over the blue silk skirt is of the camel's hair, and is loosely draped at the back. The silk under-skirt and the over-dress are trimmed with bands of peacock-blue silk-striped velvet. The over-dress has a fringe to correspond in color. The coat basque is made with few seams (a good style for slight figures); is slightly gathered at the bottom of the side seams, and is edged with the striped silk and velvet material. A collar to correspond.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR. The bottom is trimmed with a deep, box-plaited flounce, which falls from beneath the skirt cut in deep points trimmed with braid. The deep paletot is of brown cashmere, figured in dull but rich colors, which give it a very oriental effect. The paletot is double-breasted. Dark brown plush hat with feathers of a lighter shade.

FIG. XIII.—YOUNG GIRL'S WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE. The deep kilt-plaited skirt has under it a narrow knife-plaited ruffle of cashmere. The dolmafi cloak is of heavy, gray cloth, and the sleeves and collar are edged with fringe; gray beaver bonnet trimmed with gray satin ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—WINTER WALKING COSTUME OF DARK, FAWN-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The under-skirt has two knife-plaited ruffles. The over-skirt is ornamented only with several rows of machine stitching. Coat of heavy, dark, fawn-colored cloth, double-breasted. The basques are sewed on below the waist, and the whole is trimmed with black velvet. Fawn-colored felt round hat.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this mid-winter season there is but little to chronicle that is new in the fashions; the Winter styles have only become established, and it is much too early for the Spring ones. Our engravings give all that is new.

All Oriental-looking fabrics are much worn, but composing only parts of a dress. Thus we see plain silks, camel's hairs, or cashmeres, trimmed with brocades, or cashmeres, or raw silks, with palm-leaves and other Eastern-looking materials, and an old, plain silk dress is often made to look like a new one by adding a basque or jacket of some brocade, or by re-trimming a body and skirt with it. Coat-basques are very much worn with either new or old dresses, and they are most frequently made different from the dress both in color and material. A very beautiful dress, just imported for a young lady, has a long, plain black silk skirt, with a gray plaid velvet basque. Short dresses still continue in favor for street wear; rather short trains for ordinary house wear, and longer ones for full-dress. Nearly all gowns for more dressy occasions are made open or V-shaped in front, with high, standing collar at the back, and with a good deal of soft tulle or lace, filling in the open space in front. Mantles and bonnets have developed no new features since the early winter, only the shapes have been modified to suit faces and figures.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE VELVETEEN. The skirt is made plain. The deep coat is cut princess shape at the back, open in front over a brocaded velvet vest, and is trimmed with a band of gray chinchilla fur. Hat of blue velveteen trimmed with chinchilla.

FIGS. II AND III.—BOY'S SUIT, BACK AND FRONT. The color is navy blue. The trowsers are short, and the jacket double breasted and rather loose. This suit may either be trimmed with black braid or with white worsted braid, as may be preferred.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK RED CAMEL'S HAIR. The dress in princess shape to just below the waist, where it has deep box-plaits to form the skirt at the back. The coat is of the same material and color; has a long rolling collar, and is confined low down in front by a belt.

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SKETCHING IN THE WOODS.

[*See the Story, "What Happened to Dorothy."*]

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SKETCHING IN THE WOODS.

[*See the Story, "What Happened to Dorothy."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH

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WALKING DRESS FOR SPRING: FRONT AND BACK.

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NEW STYLES FOR HOUSE DRESSES.

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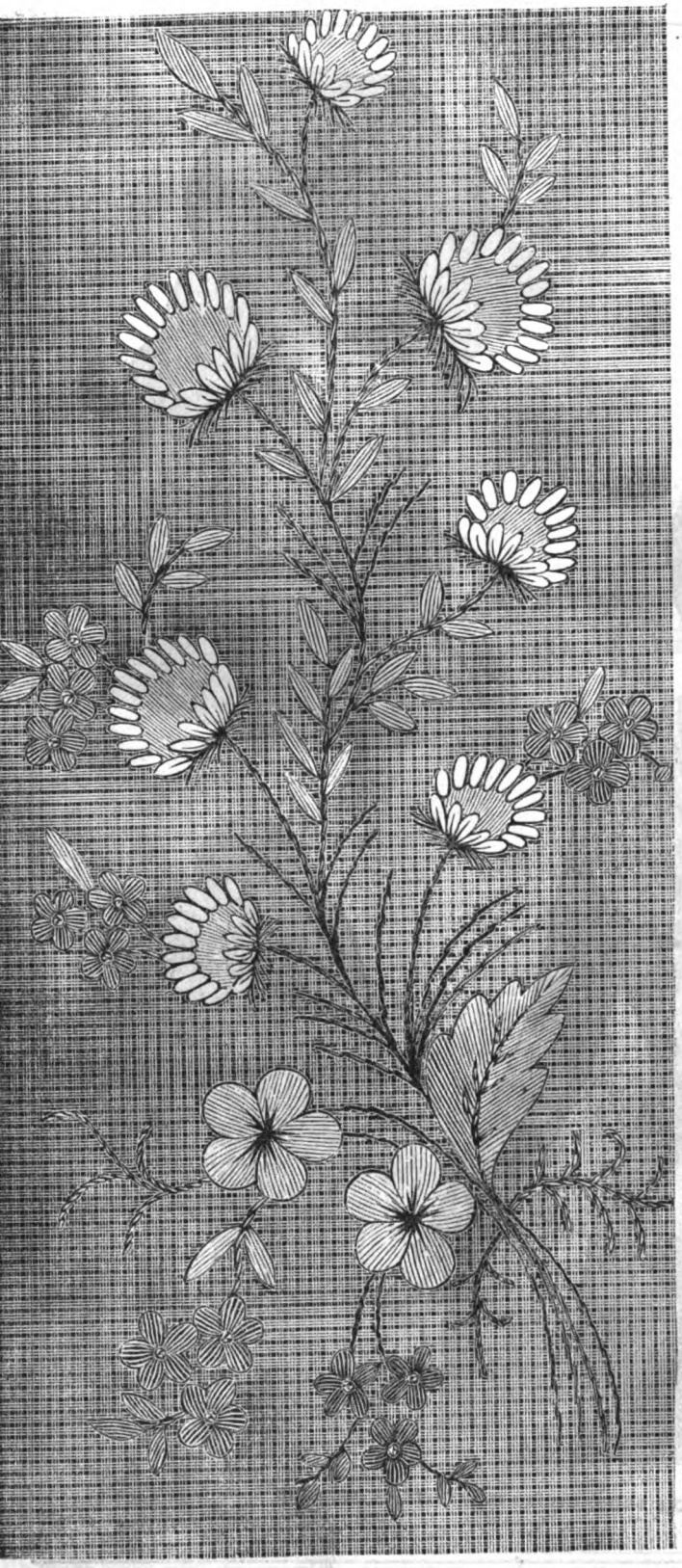
SPRING JACKET. FULL DRESS BONNET. PELERINE.

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HOUSE DRESS. SPRING HAT. BACK OF PELERINE.

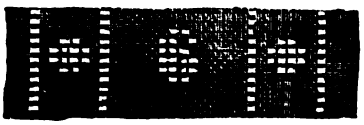
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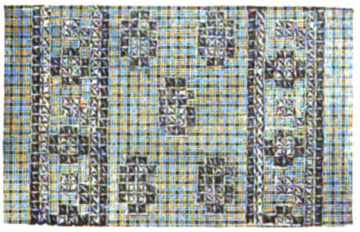




DETAIL OF TABLE-SCREEN. EMBROIDERED STRIPE FOR TABLE COVER.

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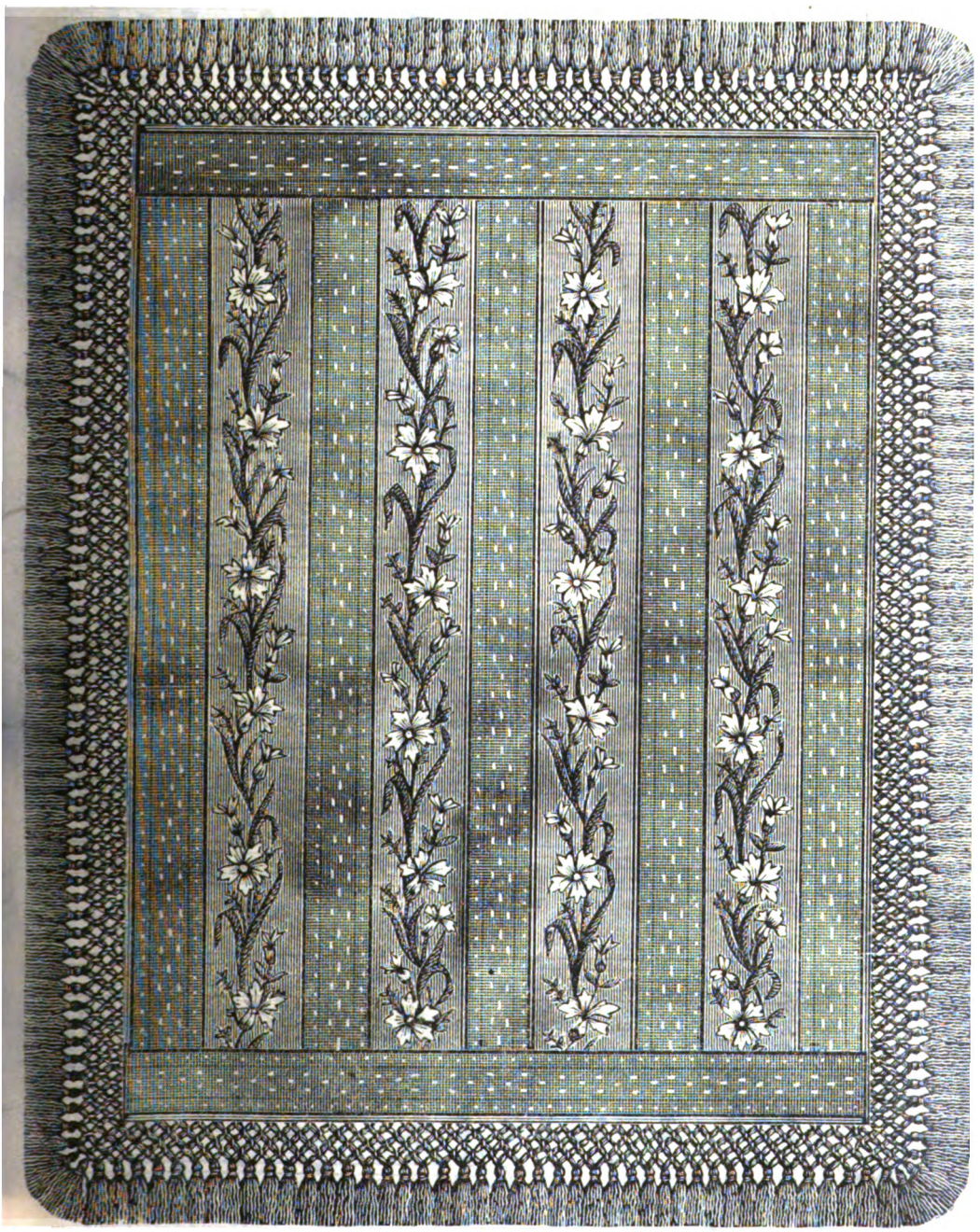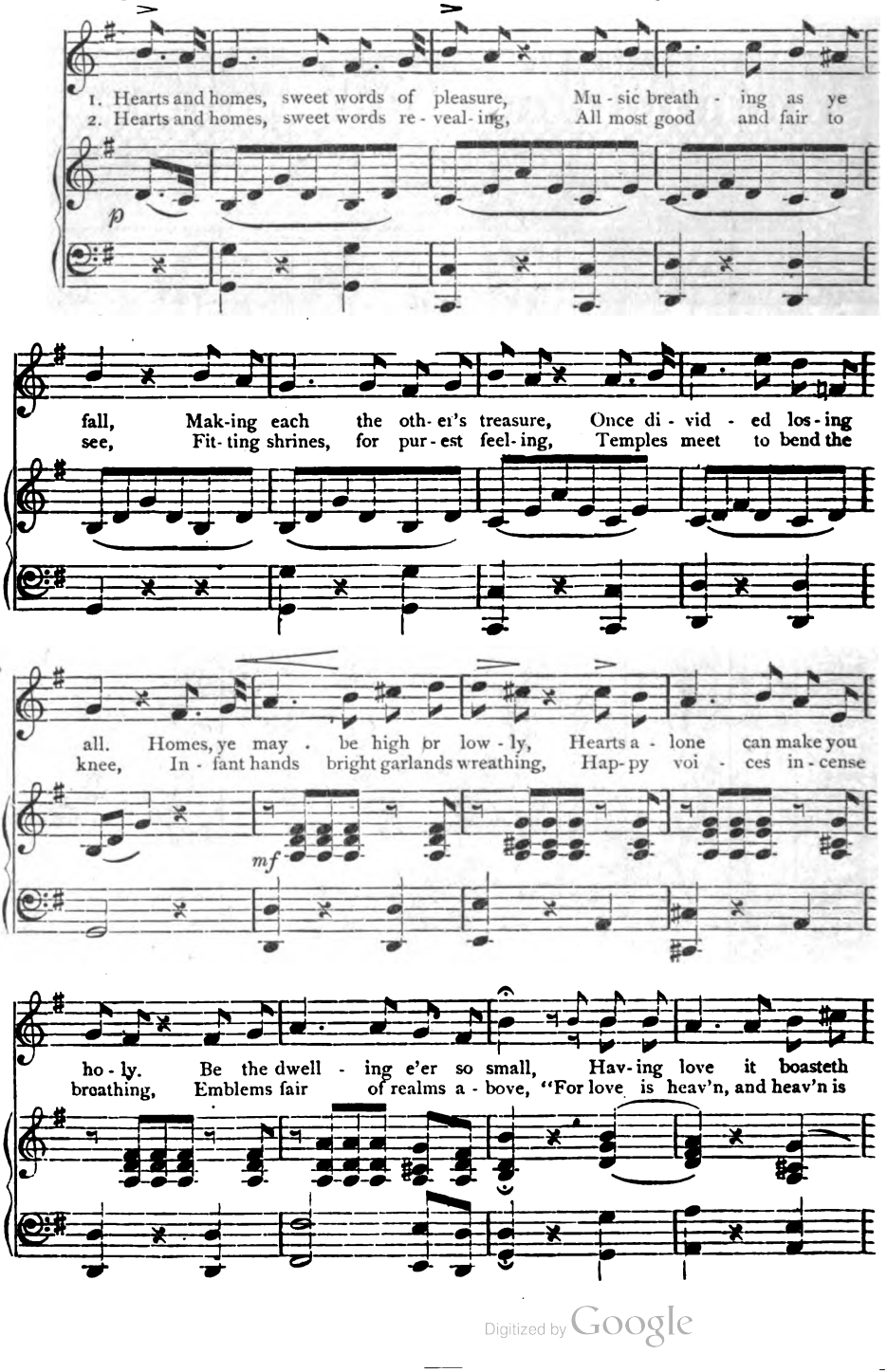


TABLE COVER: EMBROIDERY AND CROSS-STITCH.

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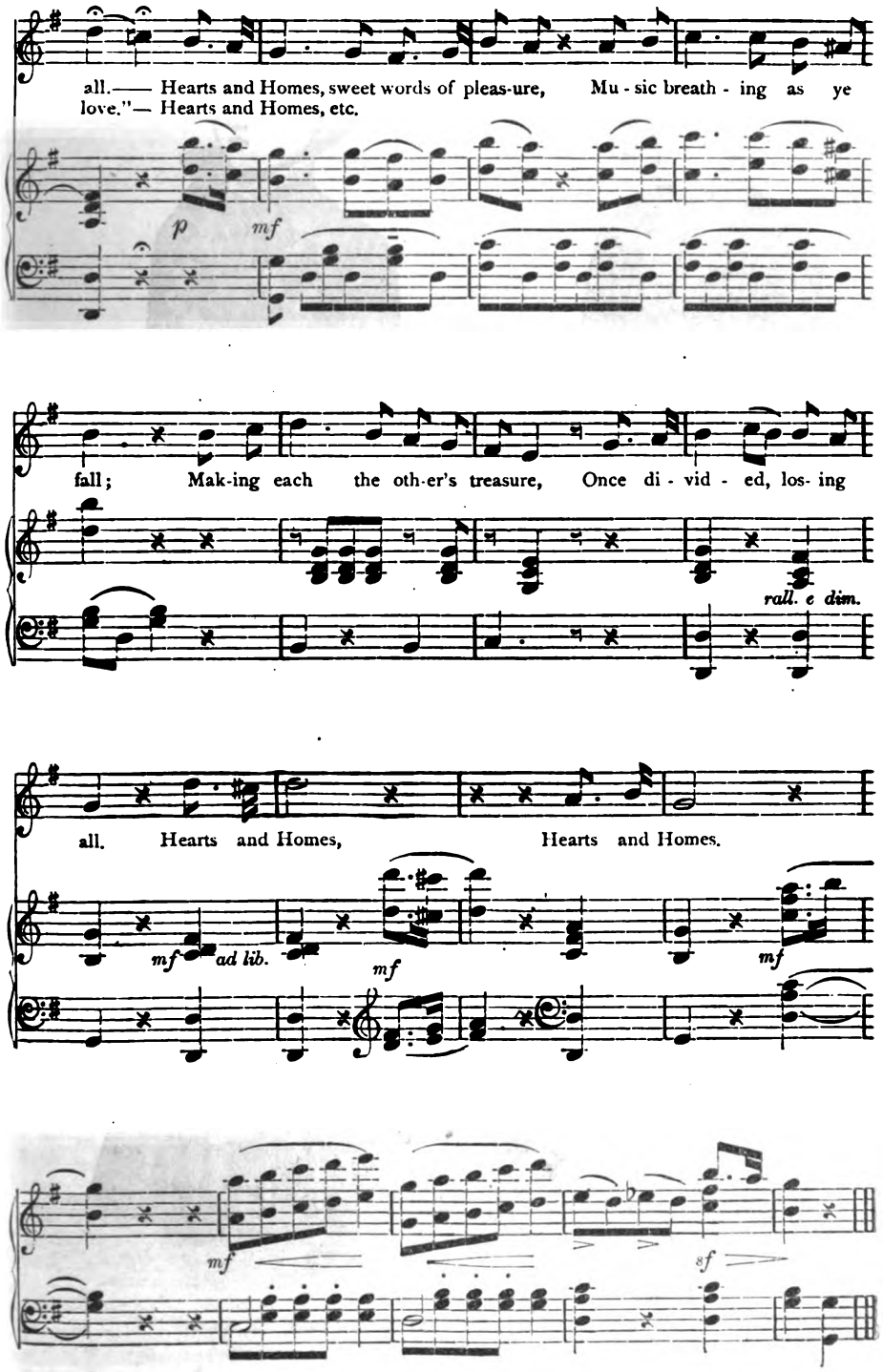
HEARTS AND HOMES.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Moderato. J. BLOCKLEY



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WALKING DRESS. VISITING DRESS.

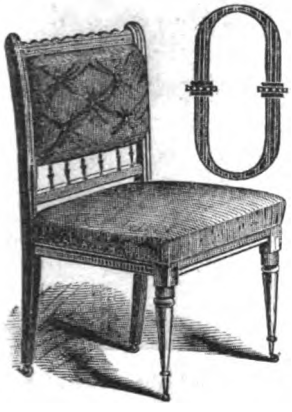
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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HOUSEHOLD DECORATION AND FURNITURE.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



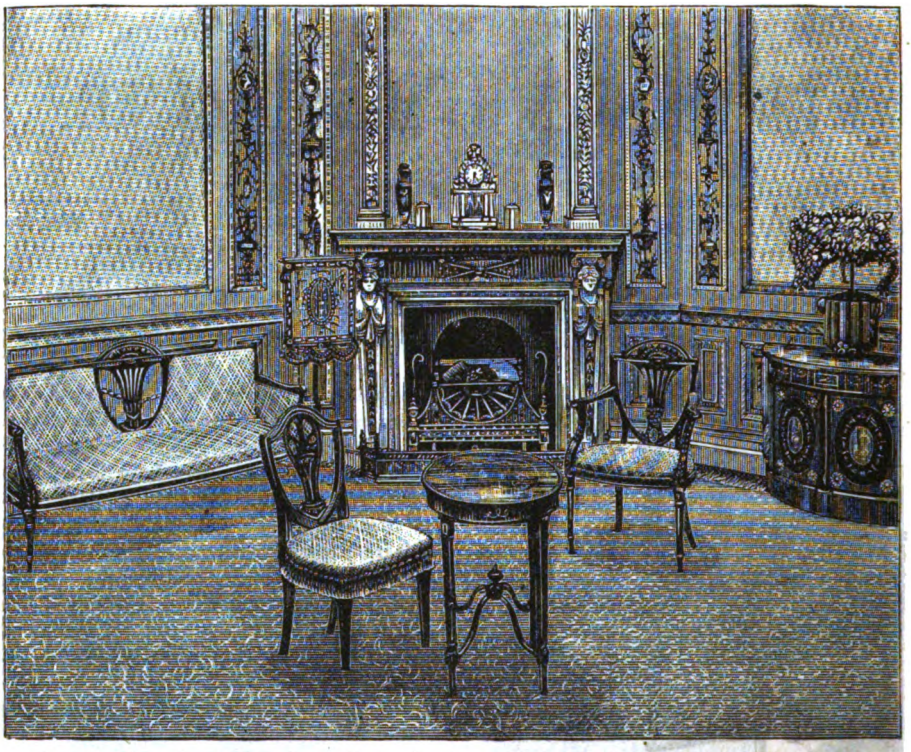
IF late years there have been no subjects, that have received so much attention, as household furniture and household decoration. Our homes were formerly treated, as if whatever was useful must therefore be unsightly. Now, though utility is regarded as quite the first consideration, it is not claimed to be incompatible with beauty. Nor is it found, as a general rule, that a carpet, or chair, is necessarily the dearer for being in good taste.

There have been great changes in the fashions of furniture within two hundred years, and the changes have often been for the worse. To go back no further than the reign of Queen Anne, however, we find, in her time, inlaid furniture more or less the rage. Then came Chippendale, who worked in solid wood, and whose claw-foot chairs may still be found in many old country-houses. The classic shapes followed, appearing towards the close of the last century, and remaining till the end of the first quarter of this. Subsequently, there came into fashion, the ugliest furniture, perhaps, that ever was made. It may be called, for want of a better term, the George the Fourth style. Like that padded and pompous voluptuary, it was false to the core, and hideously ugly. It rioted in veneering. The first blow given to it was by Eastlake, who revived the axiom that furniture should be without sham, and insisted on the great truth that construction should be shown, not hidden. A chair, for example, should be strong, and it should also look strong. Eastlake followed Gothic forms principally; but his theory did not necessarily involve this. His successors have been more eclectic; they have appropriated whatever was good from all styles; and the consequence is that there is more honest, yet beautiful furniture made, to-day, than ever before, perhaps.

The interior decorations and furniture of the Pavilion, prepared for the Prince of Wales, at the Paris Exposition, two years ago, afforded a notable illustration of this. On the next page, we give an engraving of one of the principal rooms in that Pavilion. We would first call attention to the walls. These, it will be seen, have small panels up to the height of about four feet. This is called the dado. Above that is one large panel. This is called the wall space. Above this, though not seen in the illustration, is a border,



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just under the cornice. This is called the frieze. All the best houses are now decorated in this manner. In very expensive ones, such as millionaires build at Newport, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, etc., the dado is in real woods, occasionally even in marble, and the wall space above, up to the frieze, is covered with oriental silk fabrics, or satin, or Spanish leather. But not one house in ten thousand is thus finished. The fortunes of ordinary people do not permit it. Sometimes the walls are painted, but generally paper-hangings are used for dado, wall space, and frieze alike; and in this way, the most beautiful effects are produced, at comparatively little cost.

The fashion is an old one revived. In the palace of the Cæsars, recently excavated in the Palatine at Rome, are rooms painted in this manner; the dado in dark colors, the wall space lighter, the frieze dark like the dado. The style is really derived from Roman architecture, the dado representing the plinth, the wall space the column, the frieze the entablature. It is sometimes objected, that, in papering a room in this way, the paper cuts to waste; but the remedy is to use a slightly cheaper paper, so as to bring the expense within reasonable limits; and in point of fact, some of the lower-priced papers, now manufactured, are really in better taste than the higher-priced ones. Paper, however, that imitates wood, or marble, should never be employed, as that is a sham, and sham is always to be avoided. An infinity of beautiful papers, in all colors and patterns, and at all prices, are now to be found at paper-hangers, so that no one, any longer, has an excuse for not decorating a room properly. If you

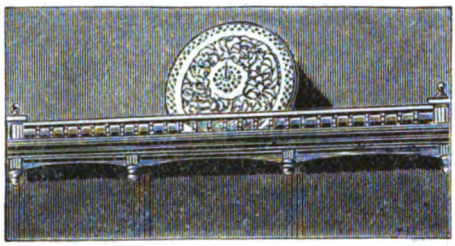


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are doubtful of your own taste, the paper-hanger can generally be trusted.

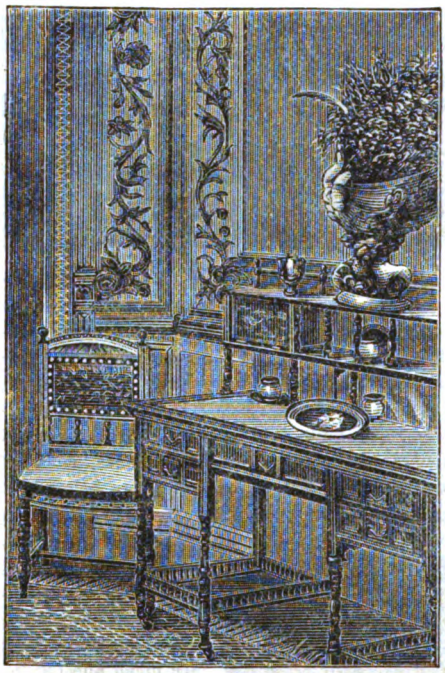
The chairs, sofa, tables, and cabinets, in this apartment, are imitated, more or less, after good models of the last century. They are, it will be observed, graceful and light in shape, and yet strongly constructed. There is but little mere ornamental carving, and even this might be omitted; the carving is in the construction lines. Or a chair, like that used for our initial letter, in which the back is padded like the seat, and the lines are all nearly straight, and follow the grain of the wood, and therefore show constructive strength, might be substituted, with economy, and yet be also in good taste.

A very noticeable feature of this apartment is the fire-place, which, it will be seen, is in the corner. The corners of a room are always the parts most difficult to manage. An *etagere* in black wood, either plain, or with a pretty, incised pattern, is suitable for a corner. We give an engraving of one on another page. Or the corner cupboards, which our grandmothers delighted in, and in which they set forth their rarest china, could be revived. In many old houses, these cupboards may be found, with shell-like tops, built into the wall. In other old houses, there remain moveable ones, made of mahogany or walnut, with drawers below, and glass doors above, the drawers ornamented with brass handles. Small, hanging cupboards, such as can be bought of almost any first-class furniture dealer, are much affected, by many ladies; and are certainly very pretty. But the coziest arrangement for a corner, where the apartment is not too large, is a fire-place. We recall such a one, in an ancient country-house, where we spent some of the happiest days of childhood, and before which we used to kneel, on chill autumn evenings, to hear fairy stories told to us. Open fire-places are much more in vogue now than they were a generation ago. There is no doubt that they ventilate a room better than any means yet discovered. Wealthy families in our great cities, with whom expense is a secondary consideration, now use hot-air furnaces only to heat the halls, and to take



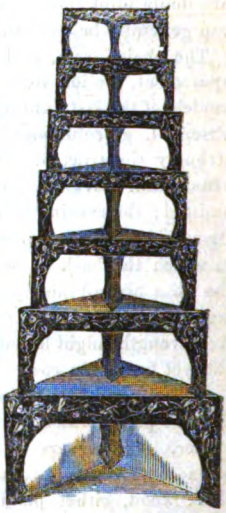


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the chill off the living-rooms; the parlor, library, etc., are warmed by open fires; and so, frequently, are the chambers. Nor is it certain that this method, all things considered, is as costly as it seems at first thought. Probably more is saved in doctors' bills than is wasted on the open fire. Certainly, there is no more fertile source of sickness, in winter, in the houses of the rich, or even those of ordinary means, than the over-heated rooms, with the close, foul air, that we owe to the furnace, or even stove.

The mantel-piece and fire-place, in the Prince's Pavilion, was, it will be observed, quite elaborate. But this need not be so, for a simple wooden mantel, in hard wood, with tiles at the sides, is more suitable in ninety-nine houses out of a hundred. We give, on the preceding page, an engraving of one in wood, with tiles, taken from another apartment of the same Pavilion. Above this mantel-piece, and resting against the mirror, will be noticed a series of mantel-shelves, used for the display of china, etc., etc. A finish of this kind is now quite popular, and deservedly so, for it is in the very best taste. We also give a bit from the same room, showing a light, graceful little side-board, quite capacious enough for any ordinary purpose, and altogether more beautiful than the heavy, cumbrous affairs which were in fashion in the days of George the Fourth. The chair, too, is of a different pattern from any we have given, yet is equally artistic. So is the sofa, in the cut that precedes it.



Many persons, even of comparatively slender means, have a tiny room that they call a library. For such an apartment, be it large, or small, the low-down bookcase, such as is represented in our next engraving, is the correct thing. The old-fashioned bookcases, that required a chair to reach their upper shelves, have quite gone out of fashion. As we began with saying, utility is the first point in furniture; and in nothing is utility more to be demanded than in a library. But these low-down bookcases are not only the most convenient, they are really the most elegant,



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especially when the top has the proper display of old china, statuettes and bric-a-brac, which, somehow, accumulate in every family of taste. Such a bookcase may be made in walnut, maple, or even deal, but always in hard wood. Any veneering would be out of place here.

The cornices that used to be employed, when a window, or door was to be draped, have now given place, almost entirely, to the pole, as seen in an earlier illustration. The pole is much more constructively honest than the cornice, for it shows, at once, what it is intended for, while the cornice is used to hide the rod and rings to which the curtain is hung. A pole, like this, is also more elegant than the cornice: it is not so stiff; and the large rings have quite an artistic effect. Curtains for door-ways, called *portieres*, are coming more and more into use. In rooms which are heated, partly or wholly, by fires, and where the doors into the hall, or other apartments, are left open for ventilation, the *portiere* protects from draughts when dropped, and is, when looped back, a picturesque feature. In this engraving, a view is shown into a chamber behind, where there is a chair, in a still different pattern from any we have yet given, one that was much used in the time of Charles the First, and very beautiful in shape, especially for a library or dining-room.

Whether a side-board is desired for the dining-room, or not—and it should not be if the apartment is small—a handsome dresser is always in place; for it takes up very little space. We give an engraving of one, on an earlier page, to be made of any wood that may match the furniture of the room. The top of such a dresser should be ornamented with a white cloth, embroidered in colors. Either cross-stitch, or Holbein work may be used; the embroidery to be executed in red, blue, and yellow ingrain cotton. Numerous patterns for this kind of work have appeared in these pages. For this dresser see page 190.

A convenient and charming finish, over a door-way, or even against a long stretch of wall, is a rack, something like that shown on an earlier page, (191) where plates of porcelain, or metal, may be displayed. Pretty brackets, fastened about a room, are also an evidence of culture. But they should never be much carved, or otherwise ornamented; a little carving, to mark out the constructive lines, is in better taste. On the wall space, above the dado, should be hung engravings, water-colors, or pictures, according to the means of the owner; and the fact that it is to be used for this purpose should determine the paper to be chosen. If the wall is to be almost entirely covered, as in many houses, a plain paper is the best. Sage-green is a good color. In no case should large, flaring figures be allowed on the paper.

DISENCHANTED.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

Beside the sea, the chill, gray sea,
At last we meet, once more, Estelle;
This is the spot, where long ago,
So long ago, we said farewell.
In mem'ry still I see that night;
The wind was blowing wild and bleak;
It tossed your curls about your eyes,
And brought the crimson to your cheek.

O'er yonder purple crag a star
Hung out its golden spark; and, high,
The solemn hills behind us rose,
Their dusky shoulders 'gainst the sky;
In all the future years one hope
Shone for us then; 'twas this, Estelle,
This meeting, that is sadder, far,
Than Love's most hopeless, sad farewell.

How oft, in lustrous tropic nights,
That fell in languid, silver calms,
I've, waking, watched, on moonlit turf,
The graceful shadows of the palms;
And wand'ring on where blossomed trees,
Like founts of flowers, rained spice and bloom,
I've heard the sweet-voiced night-birds call,
From rich-leaved thickets balmy gloom,
And longed those soft airs to exchange
For northern gales that, free and strong,
Rush over roaring pines that shout
In stormy bursts of weird, wild song.
By rocky coasts, where surges boom,
In thunder on the shaking shore,
And sea-gulls, drifting with the gale,
With white wings, dip and skim and soar.

But now we meet. 'Tis all in vain,
We gaze into each other's eyes.
And bid the old, bewild'ring spells,
With all their soft enchantment rise.
No more we feel the rapturous thrills
Of Love's romance; the warmth and glow
Of boundless faith; they faded out
With youth and hope, long years ago.

The long, slow years of waiting hang,
Between our youth and this sad day,
Like cold, dark mists, that shut the light
And beauty of the morn away.
Let those who doomed us to the pain
Of all these weary, waiting years,
Go reap the bitter harvest now;
'Tis watered well with hopeless tears.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO DOROTHY.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

LANDON HOLLOW was a hamlet, composed of, perhaps, a dozen picturesque-looking white cottages, each with its garden of brightly blooming flowers, its fruit trees and its trailing vines. It was frowned upon by tall mountains in the distance; while nearer, a narrow river wound merrily in and out among the fields and meadows, dancing and rippling in the sunshine. You would have said it was a peaceful little spot, where the cares and struggles of life could scarcely enter.

But Dorothy Landon thought it rather too peaceful, as she sat, on her twenty-fifth birthday, musing at the window.

"Yes, I am almost an old maid," she said. "More than that, I have no one to care whether I live or die. I am tired of this monotony. I wish something would happen—that is, I mean, something pleasant." And Dorothy glanced at the mountains, and the river, and the meadows, which had met her gaze from infancy. "But nothing ever does happen here," she added, with a sigh.

Dorothy was the only living representative of an old family, which had once been wealthy, owning the entire hamlet which bore its name; but the wealth had gradually disappeared, as had those who owned it; and nothing was now left to Dorothy but the old, rambling mansion which her grandfather had built, and a small amount of money, which, being prudently invested, yielded the slender income which was her only support.

The face that was turned so wistfully to the window was comely, and, despite the twenty-five years, looked scarcely more than twenty. A complexion, originally soft and delicate, but hardened and roughened by exposure; a wealth of golden hair; soft brown eyes; cherry lips; hands well-shaped and rather small, but rough and red, for house-work is not always a good cosmetic; figure still slight and girlish, but deformed by illy-fitting dresses; that was Dorothy Landon. The face, we should add, expressed intelligence and refinement, and a good deal of resolution.

Her reverie was interrupted, by the entrance of one of the neighbors, who exclaimed, in a cheery tone:

"Good mornin', Dorothy, this is a very handsome day."

"Yes," was the reply. "Will you have a seat, Mrs. Cleveland?"

"Well, I don't care ef I do. I've come to talk a little business matter with you, Dorothy. You remember my cousin Araminty—she that married a lawyer in York? Well, I had a letter from her last evenin', and she sez she has a friend, that wants to git board fur herself and family fur the summer. She's a widder, and would like a quiet place with views; so Araminty told her she thought this here spot, with all these mountings, would jest about suit her; and she got Araminty to write to me, to see ef I could find accommodations fur her; and me an' the old man couldn't think of no one 'less it was you, that could take the hull on 'em. You've got a plenty of room, in this old house, and no family; so we thought you was jest the one."

"I—I hardly know what to say," answered Dorothy. "I'm afraid I should not be able to meet the expectations of city people."

"La! yes, you can," was the rejoinder. "You know you are called the best bread-maker in the village, and anybody that aint suited with your cake and pies don't deserve to have none."

"How many of them are there?" asked Dorothy, beginning to gain courage, and feeling a little pleasurable excitement.

"Well, there's Mis' Montgomery—and Araminty sez she aint a bit stuck up—and four little children, her own, and a younger brother of Mis' Montgomery's; but he won't be any trouble to you; boys are never in the house 'cept to eat and sleep; he'll probably be climbin' trees, and huntin' squirrels and chipmunks a'most of the time."

After some further talk, Mrs. Cleveland remarked, "Well, I must go, fur I left the dishes standin', and it's time the dinner was put over the fire. But I won't take 'no' for an answer. I'll write to Araminty, that you'll take 'em. Good mornin'," and Dorothy found herself alone again.

"Well," she thought, "something seems about to happen now; but I am afraid it won't be so very pleasant after all. Four children—five, including the boy; I shall not object to that; I like children, and it will bring a new element into the house. But then, Mrs. Montgomery. I wonder if she will feel shocked at everything she sees, and call us all countrified."

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There was just one week in which to prepare. During that time, Dorothy succeeded in finding a young person, who consented, for a consideration, to leave the paternal farm, and officiate during the summer as "hired help."

Dorothy arranged and re-arranged the rooms, which, notwithstanding their plainness, really looked very sweet, with flowers, ferns, freshly-washed curtains, etc.

"Everything is ready now," said Dorothy, as she took a last look at the rooms. She had hardly spoken, when a rumbling of wheels was heard, and the familiar old stage drew up to the door.

A gentleman first alighted, tall and elegant, with a brown beard trimmed in the latest fashion. He handed out a pale and very sweet-looking lady, clothed in deep mourning. Then followed three children, half-tumbling, half-jumping; and a stout, jolly-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, brought up the rear.

Dorothy's self-possession well-nigh forsook her, as she came forward, especially when she saw that the "boy," who was to live out of doors, climbing trees and chasing squirrels, was a magnificent creature of thirty, or thereabouts.

"This is Miss Landon?" said a sweet, gentle voice, inquiringly.

Dorothy blushed, and felt as if she were sinking into nothingness, as the stranger, with easy self-possession, proceeded to introduce herself, after which she presented her brother, Mr. Saltonstall. "And these are my four noisy children," she added, smiling, as she turned to the little group.

Dorothy recovered herself sufficiently to return Mr. Saltonstall's bow, and to speak pleasantly to the little ones, and then was glad to lead the way to the apartments. She had nerved herself for this occasion, and expected to meet it without embarrassment; but in the quiet and cultured manners of her guests, she recognized a something which she did not possess; even her very dress seemed out of place; and she descended the stairs with a weight at her heart. She had read and studied much, was intimately acquainted with the works of some of the best authors, and had a good, substantial education so far as book-knowledge went. But now she began to realize the lack of that something which constant association with good society and works of art alone can give.

A little later, all assembled around the tea-table.

"You have a very sweet home here, Miss Landon," remarked Mrs. Montgomery. "I am charmed with the views from the windows."

"I am glad you are pleased; these old hills are very dear to me," was the reply.

"Do you have any bears here?" asked one of the boys.

"I never have seen any," was the laughing response. "But we have squirrels and woodchucks. Won't they satisfy you?"

"Larry is rather aspiring," remarked his uncle, smiling. "How very nice these wild strawberries are, Miss Landon: so much more spicy than the cultivated ones."

"Dorothy," sounded from the kitchen, at this juncture, "do you want any more bilin' water in the tea-pot, before I fill up the kittle?"

Dorothy's face crimsoned, as she unconsciously glanced at Mr. Saltonstall, and detected a smile dancing in his eyes, rather than playing upon his lips. From infancy, she had been "Dorothy" to every one, and accepted it as a matter of course, whether it came from the minister's wife, or from the washerwoman in the kitchen. Nor had it ever before seemed out of place. However, she made up her mind that when she had an opportunity, she would request her "hired help" to come to her when she had anything to say, instead of screaming from a distance.

That evening, was a new experience to Dorothy. After tea, she went with her guests to take a little ramble, and to show them some of the beauties of Landon Hollow. They expressed themselves delighted with all they saw, and especially with the picturesqueness of Dorothy's own home, which was conspicuous in having the neatest garden, with the finest display of flowers, in the neighborhood. The children were not long in discovering, and going into ecstacies over, her various pets: the cunning little chickens, the soft, white kitten, and the tame, gray squirrel, which would mount upon its mistress' shoulder, and eat apples and nuts from her hand.

"Oh, Miss Landon! are you not perfectly happy?" exclaimed Larry, as this outgoing curiosity was exhibited. "I should think you would be, with all these things to pet."

"No, Larry," was the reply, "chickens and squirrels and kittens do not make people perfectly happy; you have a mamma and little sisters to pet, and they are ever so much nicer."

"A strange mixture is our hostess," mused Mr. Saltonstall, as he retired to his apartments. "Quite pretty, certainly; and she has fine eyes. She has read a good deal, too, if I may judge from the books I see in her book-case. Rustic in some things, to be sure," with a shrug of the shoulders, "but with possibilities which might be developed."

Mrs. Montgomery's mental decision was, "She must be well-born; it is good blood in past

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generations which raises her so far above her coarse surroundings."

The children thought she was "jolly," and looked forward with pleasure to the trips she had promised to take them, in quest of strawberries and wild flowers.

The next morning, Dorothy laid her breakfast-table with the utmost care, putting on an array of pies, and cake, and rich preserves, which she thought could not fail to satisfy the most fastidious taste. She was not a little mortified, when her guests refused all these things, and ate principally oat-meal, strawberries, bread and eggs; while one of the children remarked, "Isn't it funny to have pie for breakfast?"

Dorothy's countenance fell, as she caught the mother's glance of reproof to the speaker. She began to suspect that she had made a mistake; in fact, had been brought up in a mistake; for she had had pie for breakfast all her life, and for every other meal too; pie was the never-failing "piece," with which the refractory children of the neighborhood were supplied, at all hours, to satisfy the cravings of imaginary hunger.

"Don't trouble yourself to make any elaborate dishes for us, Miss Landon," said Mrs. Montgomery, later, that day. "We are very simple in our tastes, and what we want is fresh vegetables and fruit, milk and eggs. I see that you have an abundant supply of vegetables in your garden."

Many were the rambles, which Dorothy took, in company with the children. They all became very fond of her. Mr. Saltonstall often joined the party in their rambles; and Dorothy always found that his presence added greatly to the pleasure. She was led to converse upon subjects she understood, and she received much valuable information without being made to feel in the least her ignorance. Her guest opened to her new and wider fields of thought, and revealed to her glimpses of an existence of which she had never dreamed.

Sometimes, though not often, Dorothy and he went off alone; and, oh! what happy, what blissful days those were. For Mr. Saltonstall had asked Dorothy if she had ever tried to draw, and when she replied in the negative, he had volunteered to teach her. "I'm but an amateur," he said, "but I can, perhaps, teach you the A B C. You have such an appreciative eye for Nature, that I think you would soon get beyond my poor instructions: you seem to me to be a born artist." Dorothy's heart thrilled at these words, and she gladly accepted the offer: and many an hour, after that, was spent in the woods, or by the river, sketching.

But this could not last forever. The summer wore away, and autumn came, with its short days and chill evenings; and our summer idlers wended their way homeward. It was a dreary day for Dorothy, when the old stage drove off, bearing those who had done so much to brighten the last few months for her. For awhile, she walked listlessly about, and finally went upstairs to the deserted rooms. Several newspapers were lying on a table. She took up one, and glanced over it carelessly. Presently the following advertisement caught her eye:

"Madame Réchand's French school for young ladies will re-open on the twenty-fifth of September. Especial attention paid to the manners of the pupils; and every opportunity embraced for visiting with them such works of art as are calculated to form and cultivate correct tastes, etc."

"Why not?" said Dorothy. "I am five-and-twenty, it is true, and rather past the school-girl age; but I do not believe I should be excluded on that account. I have had a glimpse of a higher life; I can never sink back entirely into the old rut. There is the expense. But then, have I not received a liberel amount for my summer's work—or, rather, pleasure? How can I spend it better? This advertisement embodies just what I want, and I will write immediately to Madame Réchand."

When Dorothy's intentions became known in Landon Hollow, the place was thrown into quite a state of excitement. "Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, "I allers did think an awful sight o' Dorothy, but then I knowed she was queer; she was allers takin' yer kinds o' unexpected like; but this is the queerest move of all! Wonder ef that tall city chap aint to the bottom of it."

"Fur my part," returned her auditor, "I never could understand her settin' sech a store by books. Go there when you would, and you'd find her readin'! *I* aint never had time to waste in that way," and she bent lower over the wash-tub, and rubbed still more vigorously at the clothes.

"But then," continued Mrs. Cleveland, unwilling that her favorite should be blamed, "Dorothy is a good neighbor; very obligin', and mighty willin' in case o' sickness."

"That's so," assented the other, immediately softening. "I remember how she came in, when my little Debby Ann had scarlet fever, and took a'most the hul charge of her. Debby Ann thought a heap of her."

New York was a strange experience to Dorothy. But she was charmed with everything she saw. She began her new life by falling in love with

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Madame Réchand, who returned her affection warmly, and interested herself to render the year as pleasant and profitable as possible to her winning and original charge. With such an ally, combined with unfailing health, Dorothy succeeded in improving every opportunity, and acquiring, with astonishing rapidity, those indescribable, finishing touches, which go to make up a graceful and elegant woman. At the little evening *soirées*, which Madame Réchand held every week, Dorothy learned to receive and entertain guests, with an ease which years of study, without practice, could never have imparted. In visiting the Academy of Design, in taking lessons in arts which made her far more than an amateur artist, in attending concerts, in listening to lectures from men of undoubted talent, she realized that she was receiving that culture for which she had vaguely longed; while, in her constant contact with well-bred people, she felt that she had found her natural element. During all this time, she never met her guests of the previous summer; and she felt shy about informing them of her presence in the metropolis.

June came, with its balmy air, and warm sunshine. The closing exercises of the season were held, at Madame Réchand's academy, and the pupils left for the long, summer vacation. Dorothy, too, returned to her home. But she felt, now, that she was not to drag out a monotonous existence. Her experiment had broadened her views, and had opened up to her vistas of unexplored fields, and of hitherto unthought-of possibilities.

Dorothy had scarcely reached Landon Hollow, when she received a letter from Mrs. Montgomery, asking if she could again accommodate herself and family for the summer. It was with unmixed pleasure that Dorothy answered in the affirmative. A fortnight later, when the stage drew up to the door, she went forward, without embarrassment, and, with such an easy grace, to give her friends a cordial welcome, that Mr. Saltonstall and Mrs. Montgomery stood for a moment bewildered. Was this the same, shy country-girl, who had blushingly received them, last summer? Who had seemed to them only pretty, but who was, now, absolutely beautiful? The lovely golden hair was becomingly arranged; the complexion had lost its rough, sun-burned look, and was soft and fair, as were also the hands; the simple white dress fitted perfectly the really fine figure; and there was an indescribable air and expression about the girl, which to her friends seemed unaccountable.

"How well you are looking, Miss Dora!" exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery, who gave her this name unconsciously, for "Dorothy" seemed out of place now.

"You have grown ever so much prettier!" exclaimed Larry, who had not lived long enough in this world to learn to speak in riddles.

"I am glad you think so," replied Dora, laughing, as she lifted the little fellow in her arms, and kissed him.

The rambles of the previous summer were very soon resumed; and now Mr. Saltonstall was always to be one of the party. His hostess was a baffling study to him. Last year, he had been able to read her perfectly; now she seemed equally frank; but there was a something about her, which he was unable to fathom; she was the same, and not the same. He was particularly struck with the advance she had made in sketching. It was a puzzle to him.

"Miss Dora," he remarked, one day, "if I were not perfectly certain of your identity, I should feel disposed to doubt that you are yourself; I should think you must be your sister, with a strong family resemblance; you seem very much changed since last summer."

"Yes," she replied, quietly, "I am changed."

"But the change has not been reverses, I hope."

"Oh, no! I am happy now, very happy."

"I thought you seemed happy, last summer."

"I was; perfectly so, I thought: but now my *life* is happier. I am living; before, I seemed merely to exist. It appears almost as if my past life had been spent on a desert island. But I think now I understand better what living means; life is worth living, and it seems to have only just begun for me."

Mr. Saltonstall was silent. Last summer, her pleasure in his society—not shown exactly in words, but in the flush which mantled her cheeks, and the light which sparkled in her eyes—had been so frank and unsophisticated, that he had taken her homage rather as a matter of course. Now, there seemed to be a shade less of freedom in her manner towards him, and more of self-reliance. Her opinions were firmer, and she did not assent always to what he said. Was his society a matter of indifference to her? The mere suspicion of this piqued his pride. He found his thoughts dwelling long and frequently upon it.

They were all out, one day, on a ramble. The children had crowned Dora with wild flowers and ferns, as she sat on a rock, under the shade of a tree, fanning herself with her round hat.

"Miss Dora," said Mr. Saltonstall throwing himself on the grass, at her feet, "you remind me of a picture I saw, last winter, of a young girl, seated on a rock, just as you are, and sur-

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rounded by a bevy of children, who had crowned her with ferns and wild flowers."

"Was there not a brook in that picture?" asked Dora; "and cows, and some men working in a distant field?"

"Yes," replied her companion. "Did you read a description of it in the paper?"

"No; I saw it."

"You saw it!" exclaimed her companion. "When, and where?"

"At the Academy of Design, last winter," was the demure reply.

"You were in New York, last winter, and never let us know of it!"

"Yes! I did not know that you would feel any interest in my whereabouts."

"Do you suppose that I," he quite ignored his sister, "would spend a winter in your vicinity without seeking to see you?"

"I don't know," she replied, blushing and hesitating beneath his look. "I thought you would be too busy to think of me; you have so many friends in the city, and so much to take up your attention."

"But Dora, nothing else has ever taken up so much of my attention as you have."

"Oh! well," she replied, naïvely, "you came here to waste your time, and I suppose you may as well waste it upon me."

"But," said he, smiling, "I should like to continue to do the same thing, all the year. Will you consent to spend your winters with me, as well as your summers? I want you to be my wife, Dora. I must have loved you, ever since I first saw you, although I scarcely realized it, until lately. I thought, last summer, I was only interested in you, because you were so different from all other women I had met; but I find, now, that the feeling is something far deeper."

Just then the sound of children's voices was heard, and the little troop burst upon them.

"Oh, Miss Dora!" exclaimed Larry, "uncle has been keeping you here ever so long, and I know you haven't had a nice time at all, and you look so hot! Come with us, and we will show you a nice cool place, where you can find beautiful wild flowers," and he seized her arm, eagerly.

But Lisette, the French maid, with true feminine tact, had taken in the situation of things, and she managed to draw off her young charges.

Autumn came again, and Dora's home was the scene of busy preparation, for Mr. Saltonstall insisted upon taking his bride with him, when he returned to the city. Each one in the little village had lent a helping hand, patiently ruffling and tucking and puffing, for nothing was too good for one they loved so dearly. A heterogeneous collection of knitted dish-cloths, patch-work quilts, iron-holders, and pin-cushions were sent in, for wedding-presents.

The eventful day came, and the little church was thronged; even the bashful farmers from away back in the country dodged in, dropping into out-of-the-way seats, where they hoped they would not be noticed.

The wedding-party returned to the house, where a breakfast was provided, to which all in the hamlet had been invited. Soon the stage rumbled up to the door, and a merry party entered the primitive conveyance, and were driven off, amid shrieks of good-byes, and a shower of old shoes; and Dorothy felt that something had indeed happened which was filling her life with sunshine.

IT WILL PASS AWAY.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I stood by a rose-bush, bending low
With lovely blossoms as white as snow,
And I sighed as I looked on its perfect bloom,
And drank its beauty and rich perfume,
For I said, "It is fair and it can not stay,
It will pass away, it will pass away."

I looked on a chill November sky,
And I heard the bleak wind moan and cry.
Never a blossom grew at my feet,
And the birds had flown, and a sad rain beat;
But I said, "Though the hour is dull and gray,
It will pass away, it will pass away."

I saw a young face fair with youth,
Bright with promise and sweet with truth.
'Twas the morn of life, and the sun was up,
Spilling its light like an o'er-filled cup,
"Smile on," I said, "while lingers May,
It will pass away, it will pass away."

I looked on a heart bowed down with woe,
Bent with sorrow like boughs with snow,
And I said there was never a mighty grief,
But yet found comfort and sweet relief,
The snow will melt in the sun some day,
It will pass away, it will pass away.

The One Great Ruler of all expense
Gives us this law of recompense,
That ever must pleasure pay tax to pain,
And pain restore to hope again.
And nothing is lost, however we say,
"It has passed away, it has passed away."

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"A FAIR BARBARIAN."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134.

CHAPTER X.

LADY THEOBALD'S invited guests sat in the faded blue drawing-room, waiting. Everybody had been unusually prompt, perhaps because everybody wished to be on the ground, in time to see Miss Octavia Bassett make her entrance.

"I should think it would be rather a trial, even to such a girl as she is said to be," remarked one matron.

"It is but natural that she should feel that Lady Theobald will regard her rather critically, and that she should know that American manners will hardly be the thing for a genteel and conservative English country town."

"We saw her a few days ago," said Lucia, who chanced to hear this speech, "and she is very pretty. I think I never saw any one so very pretty before."

"But in quite a theatrical way, I think, my dear," the matron replied, in a tone of gentle correction.

"I have seen so very few theatrical people," Lucia answered, sweetly, "that I scarcely know what the theatrical way is, dear Mrs. Burnham. Her dress was very beautiful and not like what we wear in Stowbridge; but she seemed to me to be very bright and pretty, in a way quite new to me, and so just a little odd."

"I have heard that her dress is most extravagant and wasteful," put in Miss Piper, whose educational position entitled her to the condescending respect of her patronesses. "She has lace on her morning gowns, which—"

"Miss Bassett and Miss Octavia Bassett," announced Dobson, throwing open the door.

Lady Theobald rose from her seat. A slight rustle made itself heard through the company, as the ladies all turned towards the entrance, and after they had so turned, there were evidences of a positive thrill. Before the eyes of all, Belinda Bassett advanced with rich ruffles of Mechlin at her neck and wrists, with a delicate and distinctly novel cap upon her head, her niece following her with an unabashed face, twenty pounds worth of lace on her dress, and unmistakable diamonds in her little ears.

"There is not a *shadow* of timidity about her," cried Mrs. Burnham, under her breath. "That is actual boldness!"

But this was a very severe term to use, notwithstanding that it was born of righteous indignation. It was not boldness at all. It was only the serenity of a young person who was quite unconscious that there was anything to fear in the rather unimposing party before her. Octavia was accustomed to entering rooms full of strangers. She had spent several years of her life in hotels where she had been stared out of countenance by a few score new people every day. She was even used to being in some sort a young person of note. It was nothing unusual for her to know that she was being pointed out. "That pretty blonde," she often heard it said, "is Martin Bassett's daughter. Sharp fellow, Bassett—and lucky fellow, too. More money than he can count."

So she was not at all frightened, when she walked in behind Miss Belinda. She glanced about her cheerfully, and catching sight of Lucia, smiled at her, as she advanced up the room. The call of state, Lady Theobald had made with her granddaughter, had been a very brief one, but Octavia had taken a decided fancy to Lucia, and was glad to see her again.

"I am glad to see you, Belinda," said her ladyship, shaking hands. "And you, also, Miss Octavia."

"Thank you," responded Octavia.

"You are very kind," Miss Belinda murmured, gratefully.

"I hope you are both well?" said Lady Theobald, with majestic condescension, and in tones to be heard all over the room.

"Quite well, thank you," murmured Miss Belinda again. "*Very* well indeed." Rather as if this fortunate state of affairs was the result of her ladyship's kind intervention with the fates.

She felt terribly conscious of being the centre of observation, and rather overpowered by the novelty of her attire, which was plainly creating a sensation. Octavia, however, who was far more looked at, was entirely oblivious of the

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painful prominence of her position. She remained standing in the middle of the room, talking to Lucia, who had approached to greet her. She was so much taller than Lucia, that she looked very tall indeed by contrast, and also very wonderfully dressed. Lucia's white muslin was one of Miss Chickie's fifteen, and was, in a "genteel" way, very suggestive of Stowbridge. Suspended from Octavia's waist, by a long loop of the embroidered ribbon, was a little round fan of downy, pale blue feathers, and with this she played as she talked; but Lucia having nothing to play with, could only stand with her little hands hanging at her sides.

"I have never been to an afternoon tea like this before," Octavia said. "It is nothing like a kettledrum."

"I am not sure that I know what a kettledrum is," Lucia answered. "They have them in London, I think; but I have never been to London."

"They have them in New York," said Octavia. "And they are crowded sort of afternoon parties, where ladies go in carriage-toilet, not evening-dress. People are rushing in and out all the time."

Lucia glanced round the room, and smiled.

"That is very unlike this," she remarked.

"Well," said Octavia, "I should think that, after all, this might be nicer." Which was very civil.

Lucia glanced round again—this time rather stealthily—at Lady Theobald. Then she glanced back at Octavia.

"But it isn't," she said, in an undertone.

Octavia began to laugh. They were on a new and familiar footing from that moment.

"I said 'it might'" she answered. She was not afraid any longer of finding the evening stupid. If there were no young men, there was at least a young woman, who was in sympathy with her. She said:

"I hope that I shall behave myself pretty well, and do the things I am expected to do."

"Oh!" said Lucia, with a rather alarmed expression, "I hope so. I—I am afraid you would not be comfortable, if you didn't."

Octavia opened her eyes as she often did at Miss Belinda's remarks, and then suddenly she began to laugh again.

"What would they do?" she said, disrespectfully. "Would they turn me out, without giving me any tea?"

Lucia looked still more frightened.

"Don't let them see you laughing," she said; "they—they will say you are giddy."

"Giddy!" replied Octavia. "I don't think there is anything to make me giddy here."

"If they say you are giddy," said Lucia, "your fate will be sealed, and if you are to stay here, it really will be better to try to please them a little."

Octavia reflected a moment.

"I don't mean to *dis*-please them," she said, "unless they are very easily displeased. I suppose I don't think very much about what people are saying of me. I don't seem to notice."

"Will you come now and let me introduce Miss Egerton and her sister," suggested Lucia, hurriedly. "Grandmamma is looking at us."

In the innocence of her heart Octavia glanced at Lady Theobald, and saw that she was looking at them, and with a disapproving air.

"I wonder what that's for?" she said to herself, but she followed Lucia across the room.

She made the acquaintance of the Misses Egerton, who seemed rather fluttered, and after the first exchange of civilities, subsided into monosyllables and attentive stares. They were indeed very anxious to hear Octavia converse, but had not the courage to attempt to draw her out, unless a sudden query of Miss Lydia's could be considered such an attempt.

"Do you like England?" she asked.

"Is this England?" inquired Octavia.

"It is a part of England, of course," replied the young lady, with calm literalness.

"Then of course I like it very much," said Octavia, slightly waving her fan and smiling.

Miss Lydia Egerton and Miss Violet Egerton each regarded her in dubious silence for a moment. They did not think she looked as if she was "clever," but the speech sounded to both as if she was, and as if she meant to be clever a little at their expense.

Naturally after that they felt slightly uncomfortable, and said less than before, and conversation lagged to such an extent that Octavia was not sorry when tea was announced.

And it so happened that tea was not the only thing announced. The ladies had all just risen from their seats with a gentle rustle, and Lady Theobald was moving forward to marshal her procession into the dining-room, when Dobson appeared at the door again.

"Mr. Barold, my lady," he said. "And Mr. Burmistone."

There was a rustle, this time, of wild excitement. Everybody glanced first at the door, and then at Lady Theobald. Mr. Francis Barold crossed the threshold, followed by the tall, square-shouldered builder of mills, who was a strong, handsome man, and bore himself very well, not seeming to mind at all the numerous eyes fixed upon him.

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"I did not know," said Barold, "that we should find you had guests. Beg pardon, I'm sure, and so does Burmistone, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Broadoaks, and who was good enough to invite me to return with him."

Lady Theobald extended her hand to the gentleman specified.

"I am glad," she said, rigidly, "to see Mr. Burmistone."

Then she turned to Barold.

"This is very fortunate," she announced. "We are just going in to take tea in which I hope you will join us. Lucia—" Mr. Francis Barold naturally turned as her ladyship uttered her granddaughter's name in a tone of command. It may be supposed that his first intention in turning was to look at Lucia, but he had scarcely done so, when his attention was attracted by the figure nearest to her—the figure of a young lady, who was playing with a little blue fan, and smiling at him brilliantly and unmistakably.

The next moment, he was standing at Octavia Bassett's side, looking rather pleased, and the blood of Stowbridge was congealing, as the significance of the situation was realized.

One instant of breathless—of awful—suspense, and her ladyship recovered herself.

"We will go in to tea," she said. "May I ask you, Mr. Burmistone, to accompany Miss Piper."

CHAPTER XI.

DURING the remainder of the evening, Miss Belinda was a prey to wretchedness and despair. When she raised her eyes to her hostess, she met with a glance full of icy significance; when she looked across the tea-table, she saw Octavia seated next to Mr. Francis Barold, monopolizing his attention, and apparently in the very best possible spirits. It only made matters worse that Mr. Francis Barold seemed to find her remarks worthy of his attention. He drank very little tea, and now and then appeared much interested and amused. In fact, he found Miss Octavia even more entertaining than he had found her during their journey. She did not hesitate at all to tell him that she was delighted to see him again at this particular juncture.

"You don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said.

She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke.

"It is very civil of you to say so," he said; "but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true."

"I thought it was too good to be true when the door opened," she answered, cheerfully. "I should have been glad to see *anybody* almost—"

"Well, that," he interposed, "isn't quite so civil."

"It is not quite so civil to—"

But there she checked herself, and asked him a question with the most *naïve* seriousness.

"Are you a great friend of Lady Theobald's," she said.

"No," he answered "I am a relative."

"That's worse," she remarked.

"It is," he replied. "Very much worse."

"I asked you," she proceeded, with an entrancing little smile of irreverent approval, "because I was going to say that my last speech was not quite so civil to Lady Theobald."

"That is perfectly true," he responded; "it wasn't civil to her at all."

He was passing his time very comfortably, and was really surprised to feel that he was more interested in these simple audacities than he had been in any conversation for some time. Perhaps it was because his companion was so wonderfully pretty, but it is not unlikely that there were also other reasons. She looked him straight in the eyes, she comported herself after the manner of a young lady who was enjoying herself, and yet he felt vaguely that she might have enjoyed herself quite as much with Burmistone, and that it was probable that she would not think a second time of him, or of what he said to her.

After tea, when they returned to the drawing-room, the opportunties afforded for conversation were not numerous. The piano was opened, and one after another of the young ladies were invited to exhibit their prowess. Upon its musical education Stowbridge prided itself. "Few towns," Miss Piper frequently remarked, "could be congratulated upon the possession of *such* talent and *such* cultivation." The Misses Egerton played a duett, the Misses Loftus sang, Miss Abercrombie "executed" a sonata with such effect as to melt Miss Piper to tears; and still Octavia had not been called upon. There might have been a reason for this, or there might not; but the moment arrived, at length, when Lady Theobald moved towards Miss Belinda with evidently fell intent.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps your niece, Miss Octavia, will favor us."

Miss Belinda replied in a deprecatory and uncertain murmur.

"I—am not sure. I really don't know. Perhaps—Octavia, my dear."

Octavia raised a smiling face.

"I don't play," she said. "I never learned."

"You do not play!" exclaimed Lady Theobald. "You do not play at all!"

"No," answered Octavia. "Not a note. And

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I think I am rather glad of it; because if I tried, I should be sure to do it worse than other people. I would rather," with unimpaired cheerfulness, "let some one else do it."

There was a few seconds of dead silence. A dozen people seated round her had heard. Miss Piper shuddered, Miss Belinda looked down, Mr. Francis Barold preserved an entirely unmoved countenance, the general impression being that he was very much shocked, and concealed his disgust with an effort.

"My dear," said Lady Theobald, with an air of much condescension and some grave pity. "I should advise you to try to learn. I can assure you that you would find it a great source of pleasure."

"If you could assure me that my friends would find it a great source of pleasure, I might begin," answered the mistaken young person, still cheerfully: "but I am afraid they wouldn't."

It seemed that fate had marked her for disgrace. In half an hour from that time she capped the climax of her indiscretions.

The evening being warm the French windows had been left open, and in passing one of them she stopped a moment to look out at the brightly moonlit grounds.

Barold, who was with her, paused, too.

"Looks rather nice, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"Yes," she replied. "Suppose we go out on the terrace."

He laughed in an amused fashion she did not understand.

"Suppose we do," he said. "By Jove, that's a good idea!"

He laughed as he followed her.

"What amuses you so?" she inquired.

"Oh!" he replied. "I am merely thinking of Lady Theobald."

"Well," she commented, "I think it's rather disrespectful in you to laugh. Isn't it a lovely night? I didn't think you had such moonlight nights in England. What a night for a drive!"

"Is that one of the things you do in America—drive by moonlight?"

"Yes. Do you mean to say you don't do it in England?"

"Not often. Is it young ladies who drive by moonlight in America?"

"Well, you don't suppose they go alone, do you?" quite ironically. "Of course they have some one with them."

"Ah! Their papas?"

"No."

"Their mammas?"

"No."

"Their governesses, their uncles, their aunts?"

"No," with a little smile.

He smiled also.

"That is another good idea," he said. "You have a great many wise ideas in America."

She was silent a moment or so, swinging her fan slowly to and fro by its ribbon, and appearing to reflect.

"Does that mean," she said, at length, "that it wouldn't be considered proper in England?"

"I hope you won't hold me responsible for English fallacies," was his sole answer.

"I don't hold anybody responsible for them," she returned, with some spirit. "I don't care one thing about them."

"That is fortunate," he commented. "I am happy to say I don't either. I take the liberty of pleasing myself. I find it pays best."

"Perhaps," she said, returning to the charge, "perhaps Lady Theobald will think *this* is improper."

He put his hand up and stroked his moustache lightly, without replying.

"But it is *not*," she added, emphatically; "it is *not!*"

"No," he admitted, with a touch of irony, "it is not!"

"Are *you* any the worse for it?" she demanded.

"Well, really, I think not—as yet," he replied.

"Then we won't go in," she said, the smile returning to her lips again.

CHAPTER XII.

In the meantime, Mr. Burmistone was improving his opportunities within doors. He had listened to the music with the most serious attention, and on its conclusion he had turned to Mrs. Burnham, and made himself very agreeable indeed. At length, however, he arose and sauntered across the room to a table at which Lucia Gaston chanced to be standing alone, having just been deserted by a young lady whose mamma had summoned her. She wore, Mr. Burmistone regretted to see as he advanced, a troubled and anxious expression—the truth being that she had a moment before remarked the exit of Miss Belinda's niece and her companion. It happened oddly that Mr. Burmistone's first words touched upon the subject of her thought. He began quite abruptly with it:

"It seems to me," he said, "that Miss Octavia Bassett—"

Lucia stopped him with a courage which surprised herself.

"Oh, if you please," she implored, "don't say anything unkind about her!"

Mr. Burmistone looked down into her soft eyes with a good deal of feeling.

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"I was not going to say anything unkind," he answered. "Why should I?"

"Everybody seems to find a reason for speaking severely of her," Lucia faltered. "I have heard so many unkind things to-night, that I am quite unhappy. I am sure—I am *sure* she is very candid and simple."

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmistone, "I am sure she is very candid and simple."

"Why should we expect her to be exactly like ourselves?" Lucia went on. "How can we be sure that our way is better than any other? Why should they be angry because her dress is so expensive and pretty? Indeed I only wish I had such a dress. It is a thousand times prettier than any we ever wear. Look round the room, and see if it is not. And as to her not having learned to play on the piano or to speak French—why should she be obliged to do things she feels she would not be clever at? I am not clever, and I have been a sort of slave all my life, and have been scolded and blamed for what I could not help at all, until I have felt as if I must be a criminal. How happy she must have been to be let alone."

She had clasped her little hands, and though she spoke in a low voice, was quite impassioned in an unconscious way. Her brief girlish life had not been a very happy one, as may be easily imagined, and a glimpse of the liberty for which she had suffered roused her to a sense of her own wrongs.

"We are all cut out after the same pattern," she said. "We learn the same things, and wear the same dresses, one might say. What Lydia Egerton has been taught I have been taught, yet what two creatures could be more unlike each other, by nature, than we are?"

Mr. Burmistone glanced across the room at Miss Egerton. She was a fine, robust young woman, with a high nose and a stolid expression of countenance.

"That is true," he remarked.

"We are afraid of everything," said Lucia, bitterly, "Lydia Egerton is afraid—though you might not think so. And as for me, nobody knows what a coward I am but myself. Yes, I am a coward! When grandmamma looks at me, I tremble. I dare not speak my mind and differ from her, when I know she is unjust and in the wrong. No one could say that of Miss Octavia Bassett."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Burmistone, and he even went so far as to laugh, as he thought of Miss Octavia trembling in the august presence of Lady Theobald.

The laugh checked Lucia at once in her little outburst of eloquence. She began to blush, the color mounting to her forehead.

"Oh!" she began, "I did not mean to—to say so much. I—"

There was something so innocent and touching in her sudden timidity and confusion, that Mr. Burmistone forgot altogether that they were not very old friends, and that Lady Theobald might be looking.

He bent slightly forward, and looked into her upraised, alarmed eyes.

"Don't be afraid of *me*," he said, "don't, for pity's sake!"

He could not have hit upon a luckier speech, and also he could not have uttered it more feelingly than he did. It helped her to recover herself, and gave her courage.

"There," she said, with a slight catch of the breath, "does not that prove what I said to be true! I was afraid, the very moment I ceased to forget myself. I was afraid of you and of myself. I have no courage at all."

"You will gain it in time," he said.

"I shall try to gain it," she answered. "I am nearly twenty, and it is time that I should learn to respect myself. I think it must be because I have no self-respect that I am such a coward."

It seemed that her resolution was to be tried immediately; for at that very moment, Lady Theobald turned, and on recognizing the full significance of Lucia's position, was apparently struck temporarily dumb and motionless. When she recovered from the shock, she made a majestic gesture of command.

Mr. Burmistone glanced at the girl's face, and saw that it changed color a little. "Lady Theobald appears to wish to speak to you," he said.

Lucia left her seat, and walked across the room with a steady air. Lady Theobald did not remove her eye from her until she stopped within three feet of her. Then she asked a rather unnecessary question.

"With whom have you been conversing?"

"With Mr. Burmistone."

"Upon what subject?"

"We were speaking of Miss Octavia Bassett."

Her ladyship glanced round the room, as if a new idea had occurred to her, and said:

"Where *is* Miss Octavia Bassett?"

Here it must be confessed that Lucia faltered.

"She is on the terrace with Mr. Barold."

"She is on—"

Her ladyship stopped short in the middle of her sentence. This was too much for her. She left Lucia, and crossed the room to Miss Belinda.

"Belinda," she said, in an awful undertone,

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"your niece is out upon the terrace with Mr. Barold. Perhaps it would be as well for you to intimate to her that in England it is not customary —that—Belinda, go and bring her in."

Miss Belinda arose, looking actually pale. She had been making such strenuous efforts to converse with Miss Piper and Mrs. Burnham, that she had been betrayed into forgetting her charge. She could scarcely believe her ears. She went to the open window, and looked out, and then turned paler than before.

"Octavia, my dear," she said, faintly.

"Francis," said Lady Theobald, over her shoulder.

Mr. Francis Barold turned a rather bored countenance toward them—but it was evidently not Octavia who had bored him.

"Octavia," said Miss Belinda, "how imprudent. In that thin dress—the night air. How could you, my dear, how could you?"

"Oh! I shall not catch cold," Octavia answered. "I am used to it. I have been out hours and hours, on moonlight nights, at home."

But she moved towards them.

"You must remember," said Lady Theobald, "that there are many things which may be done in America which would not be safe in England." And she made the remark in an almost sepulchral tone of warning.

How Miss Belinda would have supported herself, if the coach had not been announced at this juncture, it would be difficult to say. The coach *was* announced, and they took their departure. Mr. Barold happening to make his adieus at the same time, they were escorted by him down to the vehicle from the Blue Lion.

When he had assisted them in, and closed the door, Octavia bent forward so that the moonlight fell full on her pretty, lace-covered head and the sparkling drops in her ears.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "if you stay here at all, you must come and see us—aunt Belinda, ask him to come and see us."

Miss Belinda could scarcely speak.

"I shall be most—most happy," she fluttered. "Any—friend of dear Lady Theobald's of course—"

"Don't forget," said Octavia, waving her hand.

The coach moved off, and Miss Belinda sank back into a dark corner.

"My dear," she gasped. "What will he think?"

Octavia was winding her lace scarf round her throat.

"He'll think I want him to call," she said, serenely. "And I do."

CHAPTER XIII.

The position in which Lady Theobald found herself placed, after these occurrences, was certainly a difficult and unpleasant one. It was Mr. Francis Barold's caprice for the time being to develop an intimacy with Mr. Burmistone. He had, it seemed, chosen to become interested in him during their sojourn at Broadoaks. He had discovered him to be a desirable companion, and a clever, amiable fellow. This much he condescended to explain incidentally to her ladyship's self.

"I can't say I expected to meet a nice fellow or a companionable fellow," he remarked. "And I was agreeably surprised to find him both. Never says too much or too little. Never bores a man."

To this, Lady Theobald could make no reply. Singularly enough, she had discovered early in their acquaintance that her wonted weapons were likely to dull their edges upon the steely coldness of Mr. Francis Barold's impassibility. In the presence of this fortunate young man, before whom his world had bowed the knee from his tenderest infancy, she lost the majesty of her demeanor. He refused to be affected by it; he was even implacable enough to show openly that it bored him, and to insinuate by his manner that he did not intend to submit to it. He entirely ignored the claim of relationship, and acted according to the promptings of his own moods. He did not feel it at all incumbent upon him to remain at Oldclough Hall, and subject himself to the time-honored customs there in vogue. He preferred to accept Mr. Burmistone's invitation to become his guest at the handsome house he had just completed, in which he lived in bachelor splendor. Accordingly, he installed himself there, and thereby complicated matters greatly.

Stowbridge found itself in a position as difficult and far more delicate than Lady Theobald's. The tea-drinkings in honor of that troublesome young person, Miss Octavia Bassett, having been inaugurated by her ladyship, must go the social rounds, according to ancient custom. But what, in discretion's name, was to be done concerning Mr. Francis Barold? There was no doubt whatever that he must not be ignored. And, in that case, what difficulties presented themselves.

The mamma of the two Misses Egerton, who was a nervous and easily subjugated person, was so excited and overwrought by the prospect before her, that in contemplating it when she wrote her invitations, she was affected to tears.

"I can assure you, Lydia," she said, "that I have not slept for three nights, I have been so

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harassed. Here on one hand is Mr. Francis Barold, who must be invited, and on the other is Mr. Burmistone, whom we cannot pass over, and here is Lady Theobald, who will turn to stone, the moment she sees him—though, goodness knows, I am sure he seems a very quiet, respectable man, and said some of the most complimentary things about your playing. And here is that dreadful girl, who is enough to give one cold chills, and who may do all sorts of dreadful things, and is certainly a living example to all respectable, well-educated girls. And the blindest of the blind could see that nothing would offend Lady Theobald more fatally than to let her be thrown with Francis Barold; and how one is to invite them into the same room, and keep them apart, I am sure I don't know. Lady Theobald herself could not do it, and how can we be expected to. And the refreshments on my mind, too, and Forbes failing on her teacakes, and bringing up Sally Lums like lead."

That these misgivings were equally shared by each entertainer in prospective might be adduced from the fact that the same afternoon, Mrs. Burnham and Miss Piper appeared upon the scene, to consult with Mrs. Egerton upon the subject.

Miss Lydia and Miss Violet being dismissed upstairs to their practising, the three ladies sat in the darkened parlor, and talked the matter over in solemn conclave.

"I have consulted Miss Piper, and mentioned the affair to Mrs. Gibson," announced Mrs. Burnham. "And really we have not yet been able to arrive at any conclusion."

Mrs. Egerton shook her head, tearfully.

"Pray don't come to me, my dears," she said; "don't, I beg of you. I have thought about it until my circulation has all gone wrong, and Lydia has been applying hot water bottles to my feet, all morning. I gave it up at half-past two, and set Violet to writing invitations to one and all, let the consequences be what they may."

Miss Piper glanced at Mrs. Burnham, and Mrs. Burnham glanced at Miss Piper.

"Perhaps," Miss Piper suggested to her companion, "it would be as well for you to mention your impressions."

Mrs. Burnham's manner became additionally cautious. She bent forward slightly.

"My dear," she said, "has it struck you that Lady Theobald has any—intentions, so to speak?"

"Intentions!" repeated Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes," with deep significance. "So to speak. With regard to Lucia."

Mrs. Egerton looked utterly helpless.

"Dear me," she ejaculated, plaintively, "I have never had time to think of it. Dear me! With regard to Lucia!"

Mrs. Burnham became more significant still.

"*And*," she added, "Mr. Francis Barold."

Mrs. Egerton turned to Miss Piper, and saw confirmation of the fact in her countenance.

"Dear, dear!" she said, "that makes it worse than ever."

"It is certain," put in Miss Piper, "that the union would be a desirable one, and we have reason to remark that a deep interest in Mr. Francis Barold has been shown by Lady Theobald. He has been invited to make her house his home during his stay in Stowbridge, and though he has not done so, the fact that he has not is due only to some inexplicable reluctance upon his own part. And we all remember that Lady Theobald once plainly intimated that she anticipated Lucia forming, in the future, a matrimonial alliance."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Egerton, with some slight impatience, "it is all very well for Lady Theobald to have intentions for Lucia; but if the young man has none, I really don't see that her intentions will be likely to result in anything particular. And I am sure Mr. Francis Barold is not in the mood to be influenced in that way now. He is more likely to entertain himself with Miss Octavia Bassett, who will take him out in the moonlight, and make herself agreeable to him in her American style."

Miss Piper and Mrs. Burnham exchanged glances again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "he has called upon her twice since Lady Theobald's tea. They say she invites him herself, and flirts with him openly in the garden."

"Her conduct is such," said Miss Piper, with a shudder, "that the blinds upon the side of the seminary which faces Miss Bassett's garden are kept closed by my orders. I have young ladies under my care whose characters are in process of formation, and whose parents repose confidence in me."

"Nothing but my friendship for Belinda Bassett," remarked Mrs. Burnham, "would induce me to invite the girl to my house." Then she turned to Mrs. Egerton. "But—ahem—have you included them *all* in your invitations?" she observed.

Mrs. Egerton became plaintive again.

"I don't see how I could be expected to do anything else," she said. "Lady Theobald herself could not invite Mr. Francis Barold from Mr. Burmistone's house, and leave Mr. Burmistone at home. And after all, I must say it is my opinion nobody would have objected to Mr.

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Burmistone, in the first place, if Lady Theobald had not insisted upon it."

Mrs. Burnham reflected.

"Perhaps that is true," she admitted, cautiously, at length. "And it must be confessed that a man in his position is not entirely without his advantages—particularly in a place where there are but few gentlemen, and those scarcely desirable as—"

She paused there, discreetly; but Mrs. Egerton was not so discreet.

"There are a great many young ladies in Stowbridge," she said, shaking her head. "A great many! And with five in a family, all old enough to be out of school, I am sure it is flying in the face of Providence to neglect one's opportunities."

When the two ladies took their departure, Mrs. Burnham seemed reflective. Finally she said:

"Poor Mrs. Egerton's mind," she observed, "is not what it was—and it never was remarkably strong. It must be admitted, too, that there is a lack of—of delicacy. Those great, plain girls of hers must be a trial to her."

As she spoke, they were passing the privet hedge which surrounded Miss Bassett's house and garden; and a sound caused both to glance round. The front door had just been opened, and a gentleman was descending the steps—a young gentleman in neat clerical garb, his guileless ecclesiastical countenance suffused with mantling blushes of confusion and delight. He stopped on the gravel path, to receive the last words of Miss Octavia Bassett, who stood on the threshold, smiling down upon him in the prettiest way in the world.

"Tuesday afternoon," she said. "Now don't forget, because I shall ask Mr. Barold and Miss Gaston, on purpose to play against us. Even St. James' can't object to croquet."

"I—indeed I shall be *most* happy and—and delighted," stammered her departing guest, "if you will be so kind as to—to instruct me, and forgive my awkwardness."

"Oh! I'll instruct you," said Octavia. "I have instructed people before, and I know how."

Mrs. Burnham clutched Miss Piper's arm.

"Do you see who *that* is?" she demanded. "Would you have believed it?"

Miss Piper preserved a stony demeanor.

"I would believe anything of Miss Octavia Bassett," she replied. "There would be nothing at all remarkable to my mind in her flirting with the Bishop himself! Why should she hesitate to endeavor to entangle the curate of St. James?"

CHAPTER XIV.

It was indeed true that the Reverend Arthur Poppleton had spent the greater part of his afternoon in Miss Belinda Bassett's front parlor, and that Octavia had entertained him in such a manner, that he had been beguiled into forgetting the clerical visits he had intended to make, and had finally committed himself by a promise to return a day or two later to play croquet. His object in calling had been to request Miss Belinda's assistance in a parochial matter. His natural timorousness of nature had indeed led him to put off making the visit for as long a time as possible. The reports he had heard of Miss Octavia Bassett had inspired him with great dread. Consequently he had presented himself at Miss Belinda's front door with secret anguish.

"Will you say," he had faltered to Mary Anne, "that it is Mr. Poppleton, to see *Miss* Bassett—Miss *Belinda* Bassett."

And then he had been handed into the parlor, the door had been closed behind him, and he had found herself shut up entirely alone in the room with Miss Octavia Bassett herself.

His first impulse was to turn, and flee precipitately; indeed, he even went so far as to turn, and clutch the handle of the door; but, somehow, a second thought arrived in time to lead him to control himself.

This second thought came with his second glance at Octavia.

She was not at all what he had pictured her. Singularly enough, no one had told him that she was pretty, and he had thought of her as a gaunt young person with a determined and manly air. She struck him, on the contrary, as being extremely girlish and charming to look upon. She wore the pale pink gown, and as he entered, he saw her give a furtive little dab to her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and hurriedly crush an open letter into her pocket. Then, seeming to dismiss her emotion, with enviable facility, she rose to greet him.

"If you want to see aunt Belinda," she said, "perhaps you had better sit down. She will be here directly."

He plucked up spirit to take a seat, suddenly feeling his terror take wing. He was amazed at his own courage.

"Th-thank you," he said. "I have the pleasure of—" There, it is true, he stopped, looked at her, blushed, and finished somewhat disjointedly. "Miss Octavia Bassett, I believe."

"Yes," she answered, and sat down, near him.

When Miss Belinda descended the stairs, a short time afterwards, her ears were greeted by the sound of brisk conversation, in which the Reverend Arthur Poppleton appeared to be taking part with before unheard-of spirit. When

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he rose at her entrance, there was in his manner an air of mild buoyancy which astonished her beyond measure. When he reseated himself, he seemed quite to forget the object of his visit for some minutes, and was thus placed in the embarrassing position of having to refer to his note-book.

Having done so, and found that he had called to ask assistance for the family of one of his parishioners, he recovered himself somewhat. As he explained the exigencies of the case, Octavia listened apparently without interest.

"Well," she said, "I should think it would make you quite uncomfortable, if you see things like that often."

"I regret to say I do see such things only too frequently," he answered.

"Gracious!" she said; but that was all.

He was conscious of being slightly disappointed at her apathy, and perhaps it is to be deplored that he forgot it afterwards, when Miss Belinda had bestowed her mite, and the case was dismissed for the time being. He really did forget it, and was beguiled into making a very long call, and enjoying himself as he had never enjoyed himself before.

When, at length, he was recalled to a sense of duty by a glance at the clock, he had already before his eyes an opening vista of delights, taking the form of future calls, and games of croquet played upon Miss Belinda's neatly-shaven grass plot. He had bidden the ladies adieu in the parlor, and having stepped into the hall, was fumbling rather excitedly in the umbrella-stand for his own specially slender clerical umbrella, when he was awakened to new rapture by hearing Miss Octavia's tone again.

He turned and saw her standing quite near him, looking at him with rather an odd expression, and holding something in her hand.

"Oh!" she said. "See here! Those people."

"I—beg pardon," he hesitated. "I don't quite understand."

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Those desperately poor wretches, you know—with fever, and leaks in their house, and all sorts of disagreeable things the matter with them. Give them this, won't you?"

"This" was a pretty silk purse, through whose meshes he saw the gleam of gold coin.

"That?" he said. "You don't mean—isn't there a good deal—I beg pardon—but really—"

"Well, if they are as poor as you say they are, it won't be too much," she replied. "I don't suppose they'll object to it, do you?"

She extended it to him as if she rather wished to get it out of her hands.

"You'd better take it," she said. "I shall spend it on something I don't need, if you don't. I'm always spending money on things I don't care for afterwards."

He was filled with remorse, remembering that he had thought her apathetic.

"I—I really thought you were not interested at all," he burst forth. "Pray forgive me. This is generous indeed."

She looked down at some particularly brilliant rings on her hand, instead of looking at him.

"Oh! well," she said, "I think it must be simply horrid to have to do without things. I can't see how people live. Besides, I haven't denied myself anything. It would be worth talking about, if I had, I suppose. Oh, by the bye, never mind telling any one, will you?"

Then, without giving him time to reply, she raised her eyes to his face, and plunged into the subject of the croquet again, pursuing it until the final moment of his exit and departure, which was when Mrs. Burnham and Miss Piper had been mutually scandalized at the very freedom of her adieus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S BURIAL.

BY THALIA WILKINSON.

I'll cover it up, and over,
It lieth so white and still.
Shudder! but cover it over,
For do what I can or will,
'Twill never wake to betray me,
It lieth so white and still.

"Shudder?" alas! how I shiver,
It lieth so still and white
While I draw the pall-folds over,
To shut it away from the light.
Up, and under, and over,
To hide it away! from my sight.
Oh! heav'ns, why should I have tasted
This love which I bury to-night.

It is done! I have wrapped it over
With a pall that is heavy as lead.
Up, and under, and over,
From foot to the beautiful head.
Oh, God, how I shudder and shiver!
Alone with my pale, murdered dead,
Lying wrapt in a shroud I have made him,
'Neath a pall that is heavy as lead.

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HIS IDEAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

SERGEANT WALTER DWIGHT, in the autumn of 1874, received his appointment to take charge of Signal Station No. 10. His lines, heretofore, had been cast in pleasant places; but No. 10 was a post on the dreariest stretch of the New Jersey coast.

The house was a red-roofed, wooden one, on a ridge of sand. The sea rolled up in front over a treacherous bar. Behind were the marshes, gray and sullen now, under the freezing, unresting December winds. The incessant driving spray wet the windows and covered the roof with a sheet of ice.

The lower story was occupied by the crew and appliances of the life-saving service. One great, barn-like apartment was filled with the boats, life-car, mortars, etc., kept in exquisite order: back of that was a little room, with the bunks for the men, and another with their cooking apparatus and provisions. They patrolled the beach for five miles, day and night, and when off duty, sat about the fire, smoking and spinning marvellous yarns.

A rickety ladder, in their kitchen, led up to Sergeant Dwight's apartments. The ceiling was hung with flags used in the service. In front of the square window, overlooking the great heaving plain of water, were his desks, instruments, etc. In the little snuggery, at the back, he had his stove, a case of books, and his cot-bed, with a quilt on it, which his mother's old nurse, black Andy, had patched for him, his Bible on a little bracket, and his mother's photograph over it. Walter looked at the photograph every day. She was dead now that mother; he had no kinsfolk; even old Andy was gone. There were a good many other pictures on the plank walls; several racers; Miss Nilsson as Gretchen; and one or two visions of vanishing legs and tulle skirts, to which the men from down stairs, on their occasional visits, gave their hearty approbation. There was, too, a likeness of Ruskin, and another of Huxley. These belonged to the last year of Sergeant Dwight's history.

Seven times a day, the young man measured the heat, the wind, the rainfall, etc.; and telegraphed his account of them to Washington. The remainder of his time was his own.

"Some men," he thought, holding his wet feet up to the bars of the grate, on the night after his arrival, "would find this solitude intolerable. But I like it! I'll use it so that it will tell on my whole life! I'll take up—let me see—I'll take up German philosophy!"

He went to work vigorously, on a queer mixture of Kant, Schlegel, and Novalis; and at the end of a month, made up his mind that he did not know where to begin, and that it was not worth while to find out.

Dwight had been a devout boy, years ago: his old feelings woke again, for a season, in this solitude: he began, half-ashamed, to resume his old habits; read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and put himself through a rigid self-examination every night. But in a few weeks he flagged in this discipline. He kept a diary. He read novels. He wrote a story, and sent it, in vain, to one magazine after another. He wrote letters to everybody that he knew, but nobody answered them.

The most singular change, in his course of thought, was its constant reversion to the young women whom he had known. He had not known many; not more than three or four. He used to sit, by the hour, on stormy nights, whistling, and keeping time with the poker on the grate, conning over the color of their eyes and hair, comparing them, criticizing them. They had not been near friends to him, in the least; but he could not help thinking about them. He begun to listen, with interest, to even the talk of the crew down stairs, about the belles of the fishing village; and once walked to church, (six miles), and saw them all. But he came home disgusted. Some of them were extremely pretty, but their uneducated voices, shrill laughs, and gaudy, artificial flowers nauseated him.

During the next week, after this church going venture, there was a heavy nor'-east gale: many south-bound vessels put into Manasquan inlet: among them, one going to Norfolk with two or three passengers aboard. They landed, hired a wagon, and drove over to Station No. 10, being anxious to inspect the life-boats. Sergeant Dwight was busy telegraphing overhead, when they came in. He gave a little start, when he heard a woman's voice. It was a young voice, sharp and dogmatic, but it seemed to him sweet as the breath of an Æolian harp. He half rose, and sat down again. This detestable despatch

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must go. His hands shook a little. "Humidity, 20 per cent.; velocity of wind—what the deuce was the velocity of the wind?"

There were steps near the stairs.

"And who lives up here?" demanded the lady's voice.

"Oh, that, ma'am," said the keeper, "is Old Probabilities!"

"Ah!"

Was there ever so musical a laugh?

"Do you think we could go up?"

"I'm sure you can, ma'am," answered Kenyon. "Sergeant Dwight is quite the gentleman; and the sight of a lady'll do his eyes good."

Sergeant Dwight reddened with mortification. But he did not turn, even when the footsteps sounded on the stairs. He went on telegraphing.

"Cumulo-Stratus, N. E."

The wires gave a final click, and then he rose. Two or three gentlemen stood at the back of the room, and a lady in a coarse travelling-dress. She was tall, nobly proportioned; a dark brunette, with heavy, black coils of hair. Probably Walter had never made up his mind on the matter before, but he knew now, by an electric flash of conviction, that this was the Woman of his hopes and dreams, a Juno, imperial, with a Siddon's-like sweep of gesture and of drapery.

He went forward to meet her, and in answer to her question, explained his instruments and work, like a man coming out of a dream. He had a vague consciousness that he would like to appear in the life of this strange, beautiful creature, as a being equally noble and divine; to stand at once on her own level, to claim her as companion. *She* would understand these pent-up thoughts and hopes of months. Instead of which he was forced to babble of thermometers.

The sun was nearly down, and the sky was thick with fog; it was so dark in the little shed-like room, that their faces were indistinct to each other. She spoke only once to him, on matters outside of his vocation, and her words were:

"Yours is a terribly solitary life."

He bowed, but did not answer. After she was gone, he thought of a dozen answers, which he might have made, epigrammatic, suggestive, pointed answers, which would have been pregnant with meaning to her, and have lingered in her memory as her words in his.

He looked out over the waste of water. What was this that had come to him? It was Fate, Destiny, he said to himself.

"That was a handsome girl, sergeant," said the keeper, interrupting. "Uppish, though"

Dwight turned on his heel. It was as if a beast had come grunting at his feet, while he listened to a mass of Mozart.

But old Kenyon continued.

"I asked the driver, Joe, who she might be; an' he says she's a Yankee teacher, goin' South. He learn the talk inside of the wagon."

Dwight's heart throbbed fiercely. She was poor then? He could work for her, give all to her. When he had dreamed of this queen, this sweetheart that was to come to him, he always had thought of her as poor, like himself; living in a little house, which love made glorious!

What a fool he was! As if he should ever meet the woman again. He climbed up the sand hill, to measure how fast the wind was blowing. Meet her! Yet why not? As certainly as that he should meet Joy, or Pain, or Death! She was Fate itself, in his life, he felt.

He was so rapt in this belief, that he did not even think to ask her name. But Kenyon told him, as he passed through the kitchen, where the crew were cooking supper.

"That girl's a Miss Paulet, sergeant—Sylvia Paulet, Joe told me."

Sylvia Paulet. The very name was music! All through the night, with the fierce beating of the surf ringing in his ears, he repeated it; and hung upon it the unspent, warm, passionate fancies of his twenty-five years. He felt, in his secret soul, that he had found his ideal.

The gale still kept the vessels in harbor at the inlet. With his field-glass, he could see that the Wing-and-Wing, bound to Norfolk, was among them. In the afternoon, he crossed the sands to the inlet, and boarded the vessel. But Miss Paulet, with her friends, had gone on an exploring journey, up to the head of Barnegat Bay. He returned disappointed, and sick at heart.

That night, there was a change of wind; the vessels scudded out of the inlet, and reached the open sea. Dwight had intended to keep watch, all night, for a glimpse of the sails of the Wing-and-Wing, as she passed down the coast. But in fifteen minutes, he was fast asleep.

Being a healthy young fellow, Dwight slept soundly, until he was wakened by Kenyon's shout below.

"Sergeant! Vessel on the bar! Telegraph for Nos. 9 and 11 to send crews and mortars!"

He sprang to the wires, and sent the message, before he even looked out of the window. Outside, nothing could be seen but fog. Moon and stars had gone out in the impenetrable, universal, wet gray. The Coston signals, which the stranded ship was sending up, looked like mere threads of light. The roar of the incoming tide was deafening.

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Dwight dragged on his clothes, and dashed down to the beach, where Kenyon and his men were launching the life boat.

"What's it all mean?" he cried, as he took hold of it with the others. "The moon was shining, and wind due south, when I went to sleep."

"Chopped round, in ten minutes. Drove this mizzabul little schooner on the bar, first lick. I see it a comin'," said Peters, the man next to him.

"So did I," said another, "cussed fools! Hed their foresails set? Shouldn't think there was a sailor aboord. Yo-o!"

The boat was dashed back by the terrific force of the waves again and again; but at last she cleared the second breaker, and the men took their places. They were cool, held their oars in a grip like iron, and chewed away at the quids in their mouths. Dwight was quivering with excitement.

"Let me go, Kenyon! Give me an oar!" he cried.

"Take care, my lad," was the answer. "You're in the way."

The boat was off, with the keeper and six of the crew. The remaining two men, with Dwight's, fired the mortar, and sent up signals.

In half an hour, the roll of wheels was heard reverberating along the wet sand, and the crew of No. 9 came up, dragging their life boat. Just as they reached the beach, the line from the mortar fell over the vessel, was fastened, and the life car was sent across the raging whirlpool.

"D'ye know what she is?" asked Dwight, of one of the new comers.

"Coast steamer. Wing-an'-Wing."

"Men," said Dwight, with sudden firmness in his tone. "I must do something for the people on that vessel. I—I have a friend aboard."

They did not answer him for a minute: they were hauling on the life car, with might and main.

"This thar," said the keeper of No. 9, standing up. "I felt her strike the hull of the schooner. What d'ye say, sergeant? Want to risk yerself, eh? Wall, ye might go over, in the rubber suit, if you like. Can't do no harm." He chuckled, as Dwight rushed up to the house. In five minutes, the young man came back, encased in the great, water-tight suit of India rubber; and was fastened on to the rope, by a ring through the belt, and hauled over to the ship, as the car had been.

"Boys will be boys," groaned the keeper. "What kin he do thar?"

Dwight knew what he would do. He would save her! It was for this that he was born!

All the high passion, the devotion, which has fired the bosom of knight, or lover, since time began, burned in the breast of the sergeant, as he went whizzing, breathless, through the water. He could see nothing: but groping, striking out wildly with his hands, he felt bits of spar, ropes which told him that the vessel was rapidly going to pieces.

He was close to it, when he felt a hand clutch his arm: he caught at it, and held—a woman's long hair! Dragging her towards him, he raised her, with one hand, out of the water, pulling fiercely on the line, with the other, to be taken back. His nerves stiffened with the strength of a giant.

"Dwight's hed enough of it aready," the men said, hauling him in.

He was almost insensible, when they dragged him up on the beach; but he still held the woman, high above his head. The men, greatly excited when they saw his burden, carried them both up to the house, followed by two or three of their wives, who had come down from the village, at the sound of the firing.

The surfmen gave the lady over to their care.

"She's comin' to," said the keeper. "Take her up to Dwight's room: it's the decentest place. He kin stay here."

The fire, stimulants, and dry clothes brought Dwight to himself. The men, and two women, saved by the boats and car, were brought in; but he scarcely saw them; scarcely cared to hear that no lives were lost. He was thrilling with a sort of rapturous frenzy. She was safe! He had brought her to shore! Had not something told him that Fate came to him, yesterday?

He could hear the women's steps, overhead, and their low, anxious talk, as they busied themselves about her. Once he fancied he heard a low, soft voice, and his heart actually stopped beating, to listen.

He went up, as day broke, to his work room, to take observations. Kenyon came in.

"Hard at it, sergeant? Putty good night's job we made of it, eh? Jes got breakfast for the hull lot ov 'em. Reckon you'd better leave your work awhile. The wagons is come to take 'em over to town, an' that young woman you brought in wants to see you. She's agoin' to my house. She'll hev to keep her bed awhile, they say."

"I'll be there, presently," said Dwight, swiftly writing on.

The keeper went out. It seemed as if his breath was leaving him. The door into his chamber was open, and old Mrs. Kenyon stood beckoning to him. He laid down his pen, rose, put on his hat, took it off again, and went in.

A woman's figure, wrapped in shawls and cloaks, lay on the bed. Dwight approached it.

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The face turned to him was plump, and dimpled, and pink. The hair which swept over the pillow was yellow and curly!

"I'm very glad you took me out of the water," said a babyish voice. "I was trying to swim, but—but—"

"Yes," said Dwight, with a sudden loud laugh. "I'm glad I happened to come along, just when I did."

The blue eyes turned on him, surprised and offended. The girl did not speak for a full minute; and then said, with an odd little dignity: "I wish I could thank you, as I ought. If I speak stupidly, it is not because I do not know what I owe to you."

"You owe me nothing. I did not know it was you that I was bringing ashore."

He bowed and went hurriedly out of the room.

"Who is that woman?" he said to Kenyon.

"Her name's Dempster, they say."

"And—the other passengers on the Wing-and-Wing?"

"Lord, boy, this vessel was the ship Pauline. The Wing-and-Wing's well on her way to Norfolk by this time. Hain't you goin' to help kerry Miss Dempster to the wagon? The wimmens dependin' on you."

"I must go and take my observations," answered Dwight, gruffly, turning away.

But before he reached the instruments, he felt heartily ashamed of himself, and ran back. Mrs. Kenyon, who was as strong as her husband, had carried the girl down herself, and was placing her tenderly in the wagon. Dwight hurried up, and stood, hat in hand. It was a lovely, childish face, after all, on the haze of yellow hair.

The girl held out her hand to him.

"You will come and see me, to-morrow," she said, with a pretty little air of command.

Evidently a weak, womanish creature, used to being petted! A week ago, so lovely a face might have pleased his fancy,—for a moment. But now, he had seen his queen: his heart was impregnable.

He frequently repeated these facts, vehemently, to himself, during the day, He composed a sonnet to Sylvia, the next evening. But he found himself awaiting Kenyon's return, with impatience. The keeper had "run over home to see how things were going on."

"That Dempster girl's got a sprained fut. They've left her behind. She's as purty as a picter, sergeant," said the old man, reflectively, when he came back.

"She's not ill-looking," said Dwight, indifferently. "Where are the other passengers?"

"Gone on to N'York. There was an old lady, who seen to makin' Miss Dempster comfortable; said she'd send somebody down to nurse her; I reckon she's a governess, or sempstress, in the old lady's family. My wife took it up so."

This determined Dwight to go over, in the morning. His noble Sylvia herself would wish him to be at least courteous, he said to himself.

He found the girl in Mrs. Kenyon's small parlor, one foot upon a stool, bandaged to the size of a half bushel measure. She was even fairer, and chubbier, and merrier, than he had at first supposed. Nothing could be more unsuited to his taste. Yet, undoubtedly, there was a charm in it, too. A homely, shabbily-dressed old woman, probably an aunt, had arrived from New York, to take charge of her.

Dwight did what civility required him to do, brought her a drink, and quieted the young Kenyons. Then it occurred to him how wearisome the Kenyon companionship would be to Sylvia, and must be even to this inferior woman. He offered to bring a book over, and read to her. He said, stiffly, that he had a few hours to spare, every day, and would gladly come. She was pleased, and grateful as a sick child. His queen-like Sylvia would have received such service as a matter of course. So the ideal woman should receive the homage of men!

Dwight, as the days crept on, and his work and loneliness grew more unpleasant, solaced himself alternately, with dreaming of Sylvia, and with real practical service for this very commonplace little girl. He made a footstool for her: he carried over his collections of beetles, sea mosses, ferns; he told her the whole history of his life (excepting the Sylvia episode); he began to be conscious of a strange comfort in her soft sympathy, in her quick apprehension of his little fancies and tastes. He found a singular similarity in their condition. She was an orphan, without any kinsfolk, like himself. But she seldom spoke of herself. There was a peculiar reserve and delicacy in the girl, which puzzled him. Yet sometimes, when he was reading aloud, he would look up suddenly, to find her blue eyes fixed, thoughtfully, on him, as if questioning whether he were worthy of trust. At such times he felt he should like to have her for a friend.

Miss Dempster's foot was slow in its recovery. Sergeant Dwight was thoroughly acquainted with her opinion of all the popular poets, and novelists, and most creeds and doctrines, before it was pronounced cured. But there was one thing he did not know, her opinion of himself. There were times when he thought her watchful scrutiny showed distrust. He must know. Part from her, without knowing that they were friends

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—it would drive him mad! The shade of Sylvia began to be a dim ghost by this time, as you see.

Going down, as usual, one day, he met her. She came out to meet him, holding out her foot, in the daintiest of boots.

"I am quite cured," she said, "and I go to-morrow."

To-morrow! The village, the beach, the marshes yawned, suddenly, vacant and bare. To-morrow, there would be no tender, little face; no sweet, piping face; no provoking, mocking laugh. They would never meet again—and he did not even know if she were his friend.

"Will you walk down on the beach with me?" he said. But he hardly knew he had said it.

The sea was quiet, the sun warm. They walked over the frozen marsh, and sat down together, on a log washed up by the tide. Then, with a sudden shock, Dwight saw the truth. Here was the woman, poor and friendless, for whom he could work, even though she was not the ideal queen.

"What troubles you?" she said, looking at him, curiously.

"I wish to heaven," he broke out, "that I knew whether you cared for me, ever so little. If you did—"

"What then?" she said.

"You should never go away. You should share this poor, miserable life of mine. I love you so, Amy, that I could make it soft and beautiful for you! I love you so, that—"

The stupid man gave a tearless kind of sob, stopped, gathered up her shawl, and pressed it to his lips. She blushed, her eyes sparkling.

"You love me?" she said, softly. "When did you find it out? You did not know it, yesterday." Dwight laughed, discordantly.

"When I found you were going away," he said, "then I discovered how I loved you. I cannot live, if I lose you."

"Then I will stay," she said, quietly, and placed her hand in his. That was all.

An hour or two later, as they were walking home together, she said:

"By the way, our life need not be so terribly bare. I am an heiress, I believe, in a small way. I am quite my own mistress, though," seeing his look of alarm; "the old nurse, at the house, is my nearest friend."

But the alarm disappeared, but slowly, from Dwight's face. It was a disappointment to him to find that his wife would not be dependent on him; and he could not, at first, get over it.

There never was, however, a more dependent wife than Amy Dwight. Her money brought nothing but comfort to her husband. He was a devoted lover, even after years of married life; but she never could bring him to say that she was his first love. At night, with the fair head on his breast, the shadow of a Juno-like figure would cross his half-dreaming fancy, and he would sigh restlessly, he knew not for what.

In 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight visited New York, and went, one night, to the theatre to see Hamlet. They occupied a proscenium box.

"I do not like these glimpses, behind the scenes," said Amy. "They destroy all the illusion. Look at that poor queen, in the wing, joking with the scene shifters. One can see the paint, and the coarse, vulgar features. Yet, to the audience, she is a most royal lady."

"Yes," said Dwight, with a forced laugh. He watched the queen narrowly. Coarse and vulgar, truly. How strident was her voice, how unwomanly her stride! Could this vulgar, tawdry creature be the woman—

"Who is the Queen?" he asked a friend, as they went out.

"Her real name is Paulet, I believe," was the answer. "A sham even to the name, you see."

Dwight helped his wife into her carriage, with a new tenderness; and when they drove away, kissed her, passionately.

"My first and only love, Amy," he said. He was disillusioned, at last, of HIS IDEAL.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

So sweet her rest! Her slumbers hold
Thro' all the busy change of hours.
With gentle touch her hands we fold,
And make her pillow fair with flowers.

So sweet her rest! She will not wake.
All pain is vanished from her sleep;
While here, with hearts that yearn and break,
In voiceless agony we weep.

So sweet her rest! We part the snow,
That shrouds our mother-earth, to-day;
And to her bosom, kind and low,
We yield our gift of priceless clay.

Our grief comes freshly with the dawn,
Her sorrow vanished with the night
In shadow we must journey on—
Her spirit walks in Glory's light.

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MISS DERING'S COUSIN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

After a devious course of summer wandering, Jeffrey Conway came to anchor, in the lovely valley of Wyoming. At the end of a fortnight, the demon of change again took possession of him; and one bright September afternoon, he left busy, bustling Pittston, by the Lehigh Railway, so uncertain where he might decide to stop, that he confided his heavy luggage to the care of the hotel-keeper, until he should fix upon a resting-place; and so departed, happy in the consciousness of being, for the time, free from any wordly possessions, save what he could carry in his hand—to wit, a sizeable valise, a jointed easel, and his fishing rod.

Just as the sky began to give token of the approaching sunset, the train came to a halt, at the most picturesque station yet reached. Conway heard the conductor inform some inquirer that there would be a delay of ten minutes, so he stepped out on the platform of the rear car, to make up his mind whether he should not cut his journey for a little at this point.

On one side rose the mountain, on the other spread a view of miles over a most delicious landscape. Beyond the station buildings, he caught glimpses of a pretty village, embowered in trees; the channel of a capricious brook, traceable beyond a pine grove; any quantity of tempting studies to invite his artistic eye; verily, the spot looked promising.

In another moment, his gaze became fixed upon the platform. A young lady was passing, and Jeffrey speedily decided that he had seldom seen one so well worth looking at. Twenty years old, or thereabouts, perhaps, with an indescribable air of elegance, even more noticeable than the beauty of her face, though that was of a high order, and of a type, too, which betokened mental qualities in keeping with its loveliness.

She was evidently waiting for somebody, expecting to see some friend get off the train. As evidently, too, when she reached the end of the platform, she was surprised and disappointed.

Conway went back into the car and picked up his luggage. His mind was settled; he meant to stop and explore the place for a day or two. Even if it was hardly a supposable case, that accident should afford him the pleasure of making the unknown goddess' acquaintance, at least it would be a satisfaction to stay, for a time, within sight of her beauty.

As he descended the steps of the car, he perceived the young lady, standing a little way off. Her eyes were slowly roving down the platform, with the same wondering, disappointed expression. Jeffrey passed quite near her, carrying his impediments. On the old white valise, which was an experienced traveler, his initials were inscribed in huge black letters.

Jeffrey saw the young lady glance towards him. Her face suddenly grew perplexed and inquiring. Then her gaze fell upon the valise and the initials, J. C. A pleased smile flitted over her beautiful mouth. She stepped forward. What was Jeffrey's astonishment, when she hurried up to him, holding out both her hands, exclaiming, gaily:

"J. C.—J. C.! And, I believe, you don't know me! Well, not much wonder, after six years! I was puzzled by your beard. You did not wear it, when you sent me your photograph! Why J. you look as if you couldn't believe your eyes! You foolish old fellow, did you expect to find me fourteen still, in a short frock, and my hair braided down my back?"

She poured out these observations, with great fluency, in the sweetest possible voice; and her mobile, expressive countenance grew more lovely, each instant.

Jeffrey stood, utterly confounded, looking as dazed as he felt.

"Oh, J.—J.!" she continued, laughing merrily. "Don't stand there, like a male edition of Lot's wife, after she was turned into a pillar of salt! I really am Amy Dering, though not exactly the little cousin Amy, you left, so long ago! Don't you mean to shake hands, and have the grace to say you are glad to see me? If California air has made you deaf and dumb, you ought to have sent me word, and I'd have learned to talk with my fingers!"

While she spoke, Jeffrey dropped his valise. Some wild idea flashed through his mind, of at least having the pleasure of holding those pretty hands in his own, for an instant; of letting her think, for a little longer, that he had a right to these gay welcomes, accentuated by the frank joy of her face; but he was too thorough a gentleman to add to the embarrassment, which she must feel, when she discovered her mistake.

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"Oh, Jem, Jem, how glad I am to see you at last!" she cried, and made a movement, with her hands, as if about to lay them on his shoulder.

He must speak. There was no help for it. In his dazed state, he was conscious of an absurd sort of irritation towards fate, that, instead of being himself, he was not the J. C., for whom all this enthusiasm was intended.

"Jem, Jem!" she exclaimed, again.

Jeffrey found his voice, though it was rather broken and confused.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "I—I believe you have mistaken me for some one else—"

She interrupted his stammering speech, by stepping back a few paces, and staring at him. Her countenance showed that, even yet, her mind was divided between doubt, and a hope that his assertion was a jest; and as for Jeffrey, the most absurd part of his sensations consisted in the fact, that he was not embarrassed, but that, besides his positive regret, he felt a downright sense of guilt, as if the blunder had been on his side, and a wilful, impertinent one, too.

"I—I really am very sorry," he began, again; "pray excuse me."

Conviction had overtaken the young lady, by this time. She blushed deeply, looking still lovelier. Then in a flash, her face betrayed that she was inclined to be angry with him; for to be vexed with an innocent offender, is the first impulse of the human mind, when convicted of having blundered.

"Pardon me," she said, suddenly growing quite stately and grand; then she made a little bow, half-apologetic, half-condemnatory; then evidently, through her confusion, the ludicrous side of the matter struck her, for the dimples about her mouth began to deepen and quiver; but she added, sedately, "The initials on your valise helped to deceive me—I was expecting, by this train, a relative, whom I have not seen, for a long time."

She stopped short. Jeffry bowed. She bestowed a second stately inclination of her head upon him; then walked quickly down the platform, and disappeared within the station doors.

Jeffry stared after her, regretfully enough, for moment; then he began to laugh, muttering to himself:

"What an ass I was not to let her blunder a little longer—it couldn't have hurt *her*, and it was very jolly for me! Who the deuce is J. C.? It's like his impudence to own my initials!"

Then, in his turn, he entered the station-room, and looked about for somebody, who could give information in regard to an hotel; but such people as he saw were too busy to offer him any attention; so he went out again, thinking he might find an omnibus to take him into the village. As he descended the steps, he saw a little pony-carriage drawn up near. A lady was seated in it, and by the side of the vehicle stood the unknown J. C.'s charming cousin, and she was evidently giving an explanation of the mistake she had made; for though her companion's face was partially averted, Jeffrey could perceive that she was laughing heartily, while the girl seemed undecided whether to be vexed, or join in her merriment.

There was no omnibus, so Jeffrey walked on. He was quite near the carriage, in passing, and distinctly heard J. C.'s cousin say, in an annoyed undertone:

"Oh, there he is now!"

Her friend turned round, stared at him, and called:

"Why, Mr. Conway, is that you? Who would have dreamed of seeing you in this out of the world place?"

She pushed back her veil, as she spoke, and Jeffrey recognized an elderly lady, whom he had known for years, and had always liked; but certainly never had been so rejoiced to meet, as he was at this particular juncture.

He hurried forward, dropped his luggage, and grasped her hand, cordially, exclaiming:

"My dear Mrs. Bolton, how delighted I am! And what a charming surprise. How does it happen?"

"Oh, I have a right to be here," returned she, gaily. "I own a little box, in the neighborhood. But you—wretched young man? And to come presenting yourself, under false colors, and making my friend here believe you her cousin!"

She burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and the girl, rather against her will, joined therein.

"Miss Dering, my scapegrace favorite, Jeffrey Conway, will offer you his excuses," said Mrs. Bolton, as soon as she could speak.

Jeffrey was laughing, too, in spite of himself.

"I assure you, Miss Dering," said he, "I never felt so guilty in my life."

"I have magnanimously decided to forgive you any blunder," returned she.

"And very amiable it is of you," said Mrs. Bolton. "I am sure he does not deserve that you should."

Then she began to ask questions, and for a few moments they talked as fast as possible, Jeffrey explaining how he had been hunting for some nice place to stop at, for a fortnight or so, and Mrs. Bolton to narrate that, a couple of

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years before, a relative had left her a house and farm in the outskirts of the village, assuring him that he could not find a prettier neighborhood for sketching purposes.

"You must go to Mrs. Swan's hotel," she went on, in answer to his questions; "a nice, old-fashioned house, where you will be very comfortable. I can't offer to drive you out, because this trap only holds two. Get in, Amy, we must go home. Jeffrey, you will come and dine—at six, sharp! I can't eat my dinner, in the middle of the day, even in the country. It is just a pleasant little walk from Mrs. Swan's. Good-bye—don't forget to come!"

In another instant, Jeffrey was lifting his hat, and taking a last glance at Amy Dering. Then the ponies dashed off, and he stood wondering over the sudden kindness of destiny, till a long-legged boy brought him out of his revery, by an offer to carry his "plunder," in whatsoever direction he might desire to direct his steps.

So Jeffrey gave the name of Mrs. Swan's hotel, and followed his conductor down the shaded village street. He found the inn everything he could desire, and the landlady expecting him, as Mrs. Bolton had stopped on her way, to recommend her friend to Mrs. Swan's good offices. Very speedily Jeffrey was put in possession of two quaint rooms, at the back of the house, looking out over the old-fashioned garden, and affording a lovely view of the mountains, that shut in the scene.

It was past four, when he arrived, so, what with examining his new quarters, telegraphing for his baggage, and listening to a compendious history, from jolly Mrs. Swan, of her own life and that of her neighbors, the time, till six, did not hang heavily upon his hands.

The resources of the valise offered no correct evening dress, but he discovered a dark-blue coat and light trousers, to take the place of his rough traveling suit, and consoled himself, by remembering that Mrs. Bolton had told him he was to come without ceremony, and share her's and Amy's dinner.

Such a sweet name, he thought—Amy—and he said it over and over, while he was dressing, and pleased his fancy by calling up a vision of the lovely face, which had greeted him at the station.

A pleasant walk of half a mile brought him to Rose Farm, a commodious, irregular dwelling, with broad verandahs, and plenty of shade, and an air of comfort and feminine occupation about the tastefully furnished rooms, especially attractive to a wanderer, like Conway, with no female relatives to make him a home.

Mrs. Bolton was standing on the front porch, when he arrived, and gave him a cordial reception, after her manner, which was always a little abrupt, but very charming, when she chose that it should be. She took him to look at her autumn flowers. They mounted the knoll, to see what a view one had from thence of the sunset; then went indoors; and by the time they were seated in the bright, cosy, book room, Miss Dering made her appearance. She looked more lovely than ever, in a soft, cream-colored gown, relieved by knots of crimson; while a few odorous blossoms were twisted among the heavy coil of her auburn hair.

The evening proved delightful, only too short, Jeffrey thought. Mrs. Bolton took advantage of her age to indulge in a nap, after dinner, so the young people had a full half hour to themselves, and progressed rapidly towards genuine acquaintance.

It seemed quite natural they should know each other, because, while at table, Jeffrey learned that the expected cousin, for whom he had been taken, was his old college friend, Jem Canfield, whom he had met again in California, only a few months previous, in which favored land Canfield had been residing for the last six years, and where he had proved so fortunate in business, that he was able to return to the Atlantic States, and, if he chose, enjoy—or endure, as you please—a life of leisure.

Jeffrey learned, too, Miss Dering's *status* in his friend's household. He had said something about her visit, and she set him right at once.

"I am not a visitor," she explained, with a certain becoming pride. "I am Mrs. Bolton's companion, and she is so good to me, and makes existence so agreeable, that I often feel quite guilty in taking my salary. It is I, who ought to pay, by rights."

Mrs. Bolton, who had wakened just in time to hear this confession, called out:

"You're a goose, Amy Dering, and you always will be! Men—who are profound idiots, one and all, take you for a swan; but you're a goose, and so I tell you! Jeffrey, ring the bell—I want my tea! I've had a beautiful nap. Amy, go and sing 'Robin Adair,' like an angel, as you can, when you choose! I've been dreaming of my first love, whom I jilted, because he would scent himself with patchouly, and to dream of him always leaves me in a sentimental mood. He had one eyebrow higher than the other. Jeffrey, don't laugh at your elders, else I'll make you play bezique by way of punishment, and I know you hate it! And, talking of eyebrows, it's a pity you can't remember your grandfather's wig. They buried him in it, years before you

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were born. I went to look at him, in his coffin, and there it was, cocked up over one eye, just as he always wore it in life. You'll be the image of him, at sixty, for I know you will be bald. You can't deceive me, though you do look younger than you ought, for you're twenty-nine. Oh, dear me, if you heartless people don't give me my tea, I'll relate the history of your ancestors, and mine into the bargain, and a bad lot they were, one and all."

Jeffrey walked home, in a maze, and decided that, among elderly women, Mrs. Bolton was the most delightful, and that, since she wanted him to remain a few weeks in her neighborhood, it would be downright selfishness to refuse. He ought to be grateful that an opportunity was offered him, for doing a favor to any human being.

When Jeffrey called at the house, on the ensuing day, he learned that Miss Dering had given up the hope of seeing her cousin, at present. She had received a letter, informing her that he had found business awaiting him at Chicago, which could not be deferred. He might not be able to get East for a fortnight, or three weeks yet.

"There is only one thing you can feel certain about with men," said Mrs. Bolton, sententiously.

"And that is?" asked Jeffrey, seeing that she waited for him to inquire.

"That is—you can't depend upon them at all," retorted the old lady, with an emphatic nod.

Amy laughed at the merry skirmishing, which ensued between her friend and Conway, and without attempting to account for the reason, the latter found great satisfaction, in the fact that Miss Dering's disappointment, did not go deep enough materially to affect her spirits: her regret was evidently the calm, cousinly sensation suitable to the circumstances.

So the knot of pleasant days began, all the more enjoyable and dream-like, because no important event occurred to mark their course, or cause any break in their sunny quiet.

The weather remained beautiful. Jeffrey found subjects for sketches and studies even more numerous than he expected; and he was not obliged to undertake his expeditions in solitude. In the very commencement, Mrs. Bolton insisted on showing him Amy Dering's efforts in the way of drawing, and was delighted when he declared that they exhibited no common talent. The old lady would not hear of her favorite's neglecting so good an opportunity for instruction, as Conway's presence afforded, and her decision was the means of bringing the young pair into close companionship, which soon made them feel they knew each other so well, that the girl forgot, as completely as the man, how brief their acquaintance had been. Sometimes, when the pair went for long walks in the morning, Mrs. Bolton would drive in search of them, with a luncheon basket; and then would follow a delightful afternoon. She would read aloud, while they worked, or amused them with her clever talk, and stories of men and things she had encountered, in the years when an indefatigable traveler, in all the four quarters of Christendom. It became speedily a matter of course, that Jeffrey should spend his evenings at the house, and between the old lady's fondness for an after dinner nap, and her deeming it a duty to study newspaper literature diligently, the other two were left a great deal to their own devices; and certain it is the time never hung heavily upon their hands.

The days flew by, and grew into weeks, and Jeffrey was profoundly astonished, when he discovered that rather more than a month had gone, since he halted in the charmed retreat. Jem Canfield had not yet arrived, but he was really coming at last. Jeffrey had heard the news from Miss Dering; but he had long since decided that this cousin was of too little importance in her life, for him to speculate upon the possibility of the visitor's appearance, causing any special change in their occupation or amusements. Indeed, he was prepared to be glad to see Jem Canfield again. He had always liked his old college friend, and now felt quite enthusiastic over his merits, which gained a sort of halo in Jeffrey's eyes from the fact of his relationship to Amy Dering.

For Jeffrey had learned the truth, where his own soul was concerned; he loved this gentle girl, upon whom nature had seemed to delight in lavishing precious gifts. It was only now, when certain business letters roused him to a consciousness, that this idyllic season must soon come to an end, that he discovered all that it had been to him, and learned how completely Amy had taken possession of his heart, and become the prominent object in his life.

He loved her, and he must leave this enchanted valley before long. Could he go, without telling his secret? The time of their acquaintance had been so brief, if counted according to the ordinary prosaic fashion of mortals, that perhaps he had no right to speak. Yet, on the other hand, as he looked back over the days, it seemed to him that she must have perceived something of the truth; and she was too earnest and sincere to have allowed him to drift on, amid the glamour of a vision, which could never grow into a blessed reality.

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It was receiving his letters, which set him seriously to reflect. He had found them lying on his table, when he returned to his lodgings, after an evening spent as usual at Rose Farm. He sat in his solitary chamber, till long past midnight, meditating he would have said, though, I think, dreaming would be the more applicable word, and when he at last induced himself to go to bed, his resolution was taken.

He was a very happy man, when he laid his head upon his pillow, for the mental reviewal of these weeks had convinced him that they had not been common, ordinary ones to this peerless girl any more than to himself. He was not a conceited man; he did not, in his thoughts, go so far as to assume that he had already won Amy Dering's heart; but he admitted that she had given him grounds for believing that he might do so; and, oh! more than this, it was impossible that his soul could so completely have centered all hopes of happiness in her, without winning some responsive thrill. Fate could not be cruel enough to thrust such misery upon him, after opening a whole new existence to his eyes, without voluntary action upon his own part!

The next day came. Jeffrey woke, firm in the determination, with which he had fallen asleep. Amy Dering should listen to his story. The fact that he must soon go away would form an excuse for his precipitation, which no tender-hearted woman could refuse to accept.

He was kept at home occupied, all the morning. Those letters must be answered. Tiresome as the delay was, he could not actually be impatient, for they brought business offers, the acceptance of which would effect a material change in his prospects, would give him indeed the certainty of pecuniary success, which, added to his present means, would afford, if not a large fortune, an easy competency without delay.

As early as he could, in the afternoon, he went over to Rose Farm. Instead of finding Mrs. Bolton and her friend alone, as he expected, he discovered the old lady busy entertaining some guests, who had driven over from a neighboring town without warning, and though Mrs. Bolton was making herself agreeable, Jeffrey knew her well enough to be confident that inwardly she felt very cross. Then, too, Miss Dering was nowhere to be seen, and he presently learned that she was not even at home. An accident had happened to a little daughter of the farmer, and Amy, with whom the child was a favorite, had been sent for.

So Jeffrey thought it easy enough to account for Mrs. Bolton's crossness: it bored her to entertain these uninvited guests, without Amy's efficient aid; though he could not quite understand why, now and then, she looked at him, in an odd way, either as if annoyed at something he had done, or as if she had some unpleasant matter, on her mind, about which she desired his advice.

He remained for a time, helping Mrs. Bolton find conversation suited to her somewhat dull, heavy visitors, but in his excited mood, the position grew intolerable; the house was a desert without Amy, a waste, a wilderness.

The elderly people were drinking tea. Two young ladies were at the piano, performing the noisiest duet that ever the mind of German composer conceived; and Jeffrey determined to slip away. He wanted a little comfort before going. In the next room, he knew there was a photograph of Amy Dering. He would have a peep at the beautiful face, so as to give himself courage to endure the hours, which must elapse before he could see her. She would be at home by evening; he would come back then.

As he stood by the table, gazing at the picture, Mrs. Bolton came quickly into the library.

"You are meaning to run off," said she; "I know you! Everything goes wrong, to-day. I'd like to be an Eastern Satrap, with the power to bowstring people, till I got good-natured, though I might have to decimate the neighborhood. What are you staring at? Oh, Amy's photograph! I'm crosser with her than anybody. I think she might have shown me more confidence. It is true, I am not such a very old friend; still she has been over a year with me, and I thought—oh, the cousin is coming, to-morrow—I shall just tell him what I think, and—"

Before she could add another word, the two young ladies, who had been torturing the piano forte, rushed into the room, talking both at once.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Bolton, you said the next time we came, you would show us your cameos. Please do. Aunt Mary wants to see them, and so does mamma."

Then the two elderly ladies were in the room also; there was a noise of chatter and laughter, which sounded deafening to Jeffrey; he heard his own voice in answer to some question; knew that he talked and laughed; then he found himself out of the house, in the air, rushing away down the path to the gate; though how he got out of the library, or what excuse he made for his exit, he had no idea.

He hurried away, along the road, to the village. He could not think yet. Think! Why, he could neither see, nor hear, any more than if a thunder clap had just stunned his senses. *Amy Dering was engaged to her cousin!* He could just realize

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that this was what Mrs. Bolton's words meant. But beyond the horror and agony, caused by the shock, he could comprehend nothing.

He was near his hotel, when an open carriage drove past. He heard somebody shout his name, and then the vehicle stopped. In another instant, Jem Canfield was beside him, shaking his hand, and exclaiming:

"Jeffrey, old fellow, I'm awfully glad to see you. I was afraid you might be gone, before I came, I was detained so long. My cousin doesn't expect me, till to-morrow. I thought I'd give her a little surprise, after disappointing her so often—ha, ha! But, Jeff, you don't look well; rather pale, it seems to me! Well, I'm very glad to fall upon you again—jolly times we had in San Francisco, hadn't we?"

And the great, handsome giant was holding Jeffrey by the shoulders, and pouring out a torrent of talk; and Jeffrey was trying to answer, to be calm; while the sole distinct thought, amid the frenzy of his mind, was a wild impulse to spring upon his former friend, and never release his hold till one or both were dead.

It all seemed like a hideous dream—and Jem talking still—and the road, and the trees and all objects, dancing and reeling in a sort of fiery mist.

"And now I must get on," Jem was saying. "Ta, ta, old man—see you this evening. They're well at the house? And aren't you charmed with my little Amy, my wee wifie—ha, ha, I used to call her that, ages ago. She's told you all about it of course—you're great friends, she wrote me."

Then Jeffrey felt his hand wrung again, and Canfield sprang into the carriage, shouted out fresh adieus and last words, which might have been uttered in some unknown tongue for all his listener caught of their meaning, and the vehicle rolled on. Jeffrey stood, automatically staring after it, with some insane, half-developed fancy in his mind, that it was the Car of Juggernaut, and had driven straight over his very soul.

The hours went by, and twilight came. The confinement of the house had became intolerable to Jeffrey; and he had wandered out, into the grove, which stretched along the hill, between the hotel and Rose Farm. It was a path he had many times taken during these last weeks.

And there, midway in the wood, where he had so often found her, he came upon Amy Dering. He was close to her, before he perceived her.

She sprang up, with a little frightened laugh, from the mossy bank, on which she had been seated.

"How you startled me!" she exclaimed. "Why, where is cousin Jem?"

"I—I have not seen him," Jeffrey answered.

"We went down, by the road, to your hotel. Mrs. Bolton sent him to bring you back to dinner! I told him I would walk through the grove, by the short cut, after those tiresome people had gone. What a shame of you to leave poor Mrs. Bolton, all alone to entertain them! She means to scold you well. I give you fair warning!"

Jeffrey tried to speak. Amy had been too busy, extricating her gown from a bush, to look at him. She turned round now, and cried out, in terror:

"Mr. Conway, what is the matter? How pale you are—oh, are you ill—are—"

"I am quite well," he interrupted, in a slow, choked voice, though he was shaking from head to foot. "I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting you. Since I have, let me take this opportunity to say good-bye."

"Are you going away?" she asked.

"By to-night's train," he replied.

"You have had some bad news!" she hurried on, almost as pale as himself. "What has happened? Surely, you know, how I—how we—should sympathize with any trouble that—oh, Mr. Conway, what is it?"

"Nothing," he said, in the same unnatural tone. "I—I am wishing you good-bye—and happiness! I don't blame you—I have no right—but I think you must have seen! I don't mean to say rude things—but I think you might have told me, instead of letting me hear, as I have. I have no right, perhaps, to accuse you of coquetry; but—yes, I must say it—I think it would have been kinder to tell me the truth!"

A sudden anger flashed into the girl's eyes.

"How dare you speak to me like this!" she cried.

Then, between fright at his pallor, and a vague suspicion of the real state of the case, she burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed aloud.

"What the deuce!" cried Jem Canfield's voice, close by. "Oh, I say, what does this mean? Why, you, Jeff, are you making Amy cry—I can't have that, you know."

"No—no," Amy began, but fresh sobs checked further speech.

"I have no idea what the matter may be," said Jeffrey, turning, with a sort of subdued fierceness, on Jem. "I was wishing your cousin every happiness, in her marriage with you—and I was bidding her good-bye."

He had not the slightest idea what he was saying. He moved on as he spoke. In an instant, Jem's great hands were laid on his shoulders, and, with a colossal laugh, Jem cried:

"Lord bless us, Amy, this goose wants to keep

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us steady to the old days, when you wore braids and short frocks, and I called you my little wife!" Then he wheeled Jeffrey round, and whispered in his ear: "Oh, you muff! I've only just got here, and been told nothing. But the case is plain enough—I'd advise you to make your peace!"

He hurried off, and left the two standing there together.

"Amy!" Conway exclaimed.

But it took some little time for the pair to arrive at a clear explanation. Mrs. Bolton had been vexed, that, instead of applying to her, Amy had employed the whole of her little capital, to pay some debts of her brother, who had died just before the girl entered her present home; and Mrs. Bolton thought the matter had been arranged, through Jeffrey's assistance, and so imagined that her abrupt disclosures were perfectly clear to him.

The stars were up, and the moon was shining, when the young couple reached the verandah of the house, and heard Mrs. Bolton calling:

"Two nice people! Don't hurry yourselves. It's only an hour and a-quarter after dinner-time, and Mr. Canfield and I are prepared to be patient, because we dined without you."

Then Jeffrey seized her hands, and began to shake them, and she pushed him away, and took Amy in her arms.

"There's nothing to tell," said she.

"I saw all this, in a vision, more than four weeks ago! You're a pair of ducks, and I love you both—because—because you have done just what I intended you to do!"

THE BROKEN IDOL.

BY JENNIE M. THURSTON.

'Tis just one year ago to-night,
We stood together at the gate,
The silvery moonbeams, cold and bright,
Enshrouded us in fairy light—
How could I know, that happy night,
That this would be my fate?

My lover stood beside me here,
My hand in his was closely clasped;
And, while he whispered in my ear
The tale—oft told—yet ever dear;
How could I know, or even fear,
It was too sweet to last?

But, woe is me! to-night I stand,
Forsaken, lone—am I the same?
A maid, less fair, but in whose hands,
Rest title-deeds of broad, fair lands,
And gold and gems from foreign strands,
Nor wear my lover's name.

Five years have gone—how like a dream
The far-off past appears to me,
My present life glides like a stream,
The current, flecked with golden gleam,
(As sunshine, sifted on the stream,)
To an untroubled sea.

My faithless love, by strength of will
I banished from my mind, and heart;
His voice has now no power to thrill,
His warmest smiles, now, only chill.
I triumph, for he loves me still,
Time has not cured the smart.

Again beside the gate I stand;
My own true love beside me waits,
The future seems enchanted land,
Where we shall wander, hand in hand,
And reach, at last, the golden strand,
Far from our earthly hates.

THE FARM HOUSE FAR AWAY.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

The wild birds sang, the silvery rill
Danced merrily then alway,
In the shade of the pines, upon the hill
Was the farm-house far away.

'Twas the home I loved, and I love it still,
Its fields, and lanes so green,
Where I wandered oft, at my own sweet will,
Though many a year's between.

The old clock ticked in its place on the wall,
Telling the passing hours,
And the glow of the summer was over all,
With the scent of the new-blown flowers.

Oh! happy spot, most blest, most fair,
When over the earth we roam,
Remembrance fond will bear us here,
To the old-time, farm-house home.

As scattered pilgrims from afar,
Return to some treasured shrine,
So may we come, with our garnered hopes,
To that old roof-tree of thine.

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PUTTING HIMSELF IN HER PLACE.

BY MRS. MARY R. P. HATCH.

MRS. GRAY stood looking out of the window, while her husband put on his hat and gloves, preparatory to going into town. They had just risen from a nicely-spread table, and the room was neatly and tastefully furnished.

There were no indications of poverty there, yet Mrs. Gray's voice and manner were faltering as she asked for some postage-stamps.

"How many?" asked her husband, curtly.

"Three will do. I thought I would write to mother and the girls."

"Did you ever reckon up, my dear, how much you spend for postage stamps, in the course of the year?" asked Mr. Gray, as he lit his fragrant cigar. "Well, let us see. You write, at least, five letters a week, which is fifteen cents, and fifty-two times fifteen are seven dollars and eighty cents a year, to say nothing of paper and envelopes. *I* haven't a correspondent in the world, outside my business."

"Your friends," said his wife, "live near you, while mine are in another State. Do you wish me to give up writing to them?" And her face took on an extra tinge of color.

"By no means. I only mentioned the cost of the thing. But I must go. Good-bye."

"Albert!" she said, timidly.

Mr. Gray turned back.

"Can you leave me five or six dollars? I want to go down town, to-day."

"Five or six dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, in astonishment. "What on earth can you want with five or six dollars?"

"I knew you would wonder, but I have needed some money, for a long time, to get a few necessary articles."

"I gave you two dollars last week."

"I know it; and I used it for materials to work up for our church fair."

"Church fiddlestick!" said Mr. Gray, contemptuously. "Well, I can't see what you need five or six dollars for."

"Here is a list of what I need," said Mrs. Gray, handing a little slip of paper to her husband:

1 pair kid gloves,	$2.00
1 " " slippers,	2.00
8 " Balbriggan hose,	1.00
Silesia,	.25
Crêpe de lisse,	.50
Total,	$5.575

"*Crêpe de lisse!* What is that?"

"Ruffling for the neck."

"Will it wash?"

"No."

"I thought so. A sheer waste of money. What fools women are! What would a man think of putting a piece of stiff, white, papery nothing, around his neck, that cost fifty cents. And four dollars for gloves and slippers! Well, I must say, Annie, you are growing extravagant. I pay for your dresses, bonnets and all the essentials, without a murmur, that is," said he, with sundry recollections to the contrary, "when they come within reasonable bounds. But these little things, things which are of no earthly account, I should think you might do without."

"They are what no lady can do without. The slippers are to save my nice walking-boots. You yourself noticed my gloves, last Sunday, and said you detested a soiled, or torn, glove. Stockings are rather necessary in our land, and—"

"Say no more. But why is it that these wants come up all at once?"

"For the simple reason, that, hitherto, I have bought them myself, with money earned by plain sewing. But since my illness—in the autumn—it hurts my side to sew much, and I have had to give it up."

Mrs. Gray enjoyed her husband's horrified look.

"Plain sewing! Annie, I thought you had more pride."

"I had too much pride to *beg* of you, for what I could earn myself," said she, with some spirit.

"Well, here are four dollars and a-half. Try to make that do." And he hurried off.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"He means well," she said, "but men seem to think women are like children—not to be trusted with money."

Meantime, Mr. Gray was soliloquizing.

"Strange, how extravagant women are. Annie is one of the best in the world, but she does not know the worth of money any more than a child. That four dollars and a-half will be all spent before night. Women can't keep money."

Mrs. Gray went down town, as she intended; but she walked instead of riding, in order to save her money. While down town, she felt faint and hungry, from her walk, and would have liked a lunch, but she had no money to spare.

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"Oh, by the way, Annie, did you go down town to-day?" asked Mr. Gray, at night.

"Yes," she replied.

"Spent every cent, I'll be bound," jokingly.

"No, I have exactly two cents left; but I walked both ways, got no *crêpe de lisse*, and went without luncheon, although faint with hunger."

Mr. Gray looked shocked.

"Why did you not come to me?"

"Because it was out of the way; and because, to tell the truth, I felt too cross."

"Cross with me?"

"Yes, with you," and poor Annie's grievances burst forth.

"To be going along the street hungrier than any beggar, while my husband is known as the successful Mr. Gray! To have no money in my pocket, because my husband thinks I am not to be trusted! Before I married you, I was in business, the same as you; that is, I earned my living, by teaching; you earned yours, by trading. Now, suppose when we married, you had given up your business, to assist me, or because it interfered with your new duties, and I allowed you no money to spend, as you chose. I dressed you well, to be sure; but gave you no money, without the why's, wherefore's and whither's being inquired into; in short, treated you as you do me?"

"You exaggerate the case, Annie. Men and women are differently situated. I should think you would be glad to be saved the trouble of earning a livelihood.

"But just consider the disadvantages of an empty purse. Put yourself in my place. How would you like it?"

"Why, if I had only to ask, first rate."

"Well, then, suppose you let me carry the pocket-book, for a week."

"But, Annie, it isn't practicable. You couldn't attend to business, at the store."

"Of course not. It is only your personal expenses I will regulate. You come to me for what money you wish to spend for yourself; that's all; and give me your word that you will take no money from the store."

"All right. I'll do it, just to show you that it's easy enough. Here's the pocket-book." And he gave it into her hand. "But I'll take a quarter, first, to begin on."

"What do you want of a quarter?"

"Cigars."

"Well, there are two ten cent pieces. Try to make that do. Did you ever reckon up how much your cigars cost you, in the course of the year? Let us see. You smoke at least two a day, at an average cost of ten cents a piece, which amounts to one dollar and forty cents a week. Now, fifty-two times one forty make seventy-two dollars and eighty cents a years, to say nothing of those you give your friends. A hundred dollars will scarcely cover your expenses in that line."

"As our old friend Abigail Stillings says, 'Who'd a-think it,'" said Mr. Gray, laughing; but he was surprised to find the sum so large.

The next morning, Mr. Gray had gone some distance from the house, before he remembered that he had only twenty cents.

"I'll risk it," he said to himself. "Perhaps I'll not want to buy anything. I'll show Annie that a man can do without money."

"Hallo, Gray!" cried a voice, interrupting his reflections. "What is the brain-study about?" It was his old friend, Frank Raymond.

The two men had not met since Mr. Gray's marriage; and as Frank was to remain in town for a week, Mr. Gray invited him home.

He lit a cigar, and handed its mate to Frank, as he did this. The two conversed of old times until they reached Mr. Gray's place of business, when they separated, Frank agreeing to be at the Grays' at six o'clock. Annie was apprised of his coming by a note from her husband.

Going home, that night, as was his invariable custom, he ran into Benson's, to buy some cigars. Benson was surprised to see him drop the dozen he had taken up.

"Are they not good?" inquired the dealer. "we think them our choicest—"

"They are good. But on second thought, I will not take any to-night."

Mr. Gray had always purchased his cigars as he used them; but now he wished he had a box at home. However, he decided to ask his wife for some money, and run out and fill his case, without his friend's knowledge. Twenty-four hours had passed, and he had already begun to experience a feeling of shame, and a disinclination to ask for money. A thought of Annie crossed his mind. "Pshaw! she doesn't have to treat friends to cigars," he muttered.

Frank Raymond was already at his house; and Annie had a tempting little supper for them; and Annie was looking her prettiest.

When supper was over, he took Annie aside, and asked for a dollar, which Annie gave him, grudgingly. Then he excused himself, for a moment, and bought some cigars. They were wretched affairs, however, and filled the house with a villainous odor, for he had to get them at a new place, Benson's being too far off.

The next day, the two friends started out together, when Mr. Gray, with an air of having forgotten something, said, "Excuse me a minute."

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"I'll go back with you, if you have forgotten anything," said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Gray clapped his hand on his pocket.

"I thought I had forgotten my pocket-book, but I haven't," he said. "So it's all right," and then hurried on, his cheeks tingling with shame at the deceit. But he could not risk having his friend go back with him, and stand by, while he asked for money.

Mr. Gray was lucky, that day. He had no calls for money, and he had half-a-dozen of those horrid cigars left, a couple of which he smoked on the street, after his friend left him. In fact, he concluded to risk another day, in the same way. But on this day, he realized the old adage, "It never rains but it pours;" for from being asked to change a bill, to getting his coat ripped, and asking for credit at his tailor's, the day was a series of mortifications.

Annie was unaware of all this; in fact she thought her husband was failing to realize the situation; so when, at night, Mr. Gray asked her for money to spend the next day, she wickedly put him off with some excuse, and ingeniously evaded the request until he was forced to prefer it before his friend.

"I want a dollar or two, Annie. Please get it for me," he said, in an off-hand manner.

"A dollar or two! What do you want with a dollar or two?"

"There, Annie, don't bother a fellow. I'm in a hurry."

But with grave deliberation, she drew out a quarter, and laid it down, then another and another, next two dimes.

"Let me see—three quarters—seventy-five, ten is eighty-five—ten—ninety-five, and here is a three cent piece—ninety-eight cents. Will that do?"

"Yes," and Mr. Gray hustled them into his pocket, and hurried from the room.

He was in hopes his friend would inquire into the cause of the scene, when he would tell him of the compact and how it originated. It would then pass as a joke. But Mr. Raymond did not make any remark. Instead, he thought to himself:

"Good gracious! What a horrid grind she is! And I thought her so pretty. I never supposed Albert would have made such a meek husband. Catch me getting married, and having quarters doled out to me, in that way!"

He pitied his friend's embarrassment, but did not appear to notice it. Instead, he chatted unconcernedly of old friends and past times. Suddenly turning a corner, they met two mutual acquaintances. Hand-shakings and inquiries followed, and the four had so much to say, that Mr. Gray decided to send a note to his partner, and spend the forenoon with his friends.

The party now adjourned to a *restaurant*, and Mr. Raymond, aware of the exact amount of his —Mr. Gray's—funds, ordered lunch.

Before separating, a little excursion to Beach Island was proposed for Monday. Mr. Gray invited them, meantime, to spend the evening at his house. The evening passed was a pleasant one. Annie was in excellent spirits; sang and played; and was altogether charming. Mr. Raymond, remembering the money, decided that matrimony was indeed a snare, when women were so deceptive.

The next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Gray, without being asked, gravely handed her husband fifty cents. Mr. Raymond was present, but did not appear to notice it. He was apparently engrossed with the book he was reading. But he heard Mr. Gray ask:

"What's that for? Oh, the contribution box! Thank you!" he said. But to himself, he added-

"Why not save it, to go with the twenty-five cents I have already, so as not to be compelled to ask for money on Tuesday? Then if I can succeed in getting some for Monday's trip, without the knowledge of my friends, this absurd farce will end, without any more unpleasantness."

Monday morning came, all too soon; for try as he would, he could not get the attention of Annie, when he endeavored to broach the subject of the projected trip. Fidgetting with his knife and fork, he cleared his throat, at last, and in a nervous way made the plunge.

Mrs. Gray elevated her eyebrows.

"To the island? Pray for what? It is hardly the season for excursions."

Mr. Raymond really pitied his friend's evident distress, so he said, jokingly:

"Why, you see, Mrs. Gray, we want to get off, for a time, as we used to, when we were boys."

The lady smiled, grimly, and said:

"Albert is, as you see, too extravagant by half. I cannot, in the present state of our finances, give my consent to his going." With these words, spoken with great composure, she walked off, leaving the gentlemen to themselves.

"By heavens, Albert, I never would stand that!" said Frank, vehemently. "To be tutored like a schoolboy! Haven't you any money at the store? If not, call upon me for any amount, and let us hurry, or we shall be late."

"No. I'm afraid I cannot go. I am pledged not to take any money from the store, and it would not be right to accept of any from you."

Glad of an excuse, Mr. Gray then told his friend the secret of his wife's conduct.

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"Whew, so that is it?" said Frank. "Well, I'm glad to have my faith in womankind restored; but isn't she overdoing the matter? Did you ever refuse her money before others?"

"I think I did, last summer, when Mrs. Osgood was visiting her. They wished to go and see a friend, living in Biddeford. I thought it was foolish, and told them so; and finally refused my wife the money. The truth is," apologetically, "I had met with some losses, and felt that we must economize."

"Why not have allowed her to use her own judgment? Perhaps she intended to economize in other ways," said Frank.

"I believe she said something of the kind. But to tell the truth, I had got into the way of thinking, that women needed to be continually curbed, or they would run into extravagances."

"It's a shame to treat a high-spirited woman in that way."

"I realize it now fully, more fully than you can, unless you go through with my experience. Annie said she had done plain sewing to pay for things she needed, rather than ask me for the money. I understand it now; for I would far rather have earned the money for our trip by sawing wood, than have asked for it. Fancy having to always ask!"

"Do you know, Albert, I am glad this happened? I may marry sometime; in fact, I'm thinking of it strongly; and now I shall avoid the course you have taken. Otherwise, I presume I might have done just the same. I believe a great many men do."

"Do? Why, yes. My mother never had a penny without asking father for it, and she helped earn it all, and was prudence and industry personified. I'll turn over a new leaf. Ah, here come our friends!"

Mr. Raymond, to Mr. Gray's great relief, said it would be impossible for him to go on the proposed trip, owing to unforeseen circumstances, whereupon Mr. Gray, in an off-hand manner, proposed, that as Frank could not go, they should all come to his house that evening again.

"My wife will be glad to see you," said he.

The week had passed, and "Richard was himself again," or could be if he chose. But his wife had mirrored his past actions so truly and forcibly, that he had no wish to repeat himself. Annie had taken care to curb his extravagances, by giving him always a little less than he asked for, and invariably inquiring just how he spent it; and, meantime, reckoning up how much he had had each day, with great exactness. All this, as he knew, was copied from his own custom. Besides, he reflected, if he found it so disagreeable for a week, how much more so must it seem year after year, with no prospect of change? In short, he felt himself to be the meanest man in existence. "'Tis one half to own it," and the other half to reform, we suspect.

"There, Albert," said his wife, "I am glad the farce is ended. Resume your prerogative."

It was Tuesday evening, at half-past six precisely, when Mrs. Gray said this. At the same time, she handed her husband his pocket-book; and then returned to her seat.

Mr. Gray counted the money carefully, and then divided it into two equal piles.

This accomplished, he crossed over to his wife, and placed one in her lap, saying:

"Henceforth, we will share alike. Buy what you choose. I have faith in your prudence and judgment. I am not infallible. Why need I sit in judgment upon you?"

Mrs. Gray's eyes glistened with pride and happiness, as she replied:

"Believe me, Albert, you will never have cause to regret this; for now I shall have an opportunity to use my reasoning faculties."

He never *did* regret it.

ONLY JOE.

BY FLOY H. SEWARD.

Yes, ma, I know he kissed me,
But then, he loves me so;
And if you feel like scolding,
You'll have to talk to Joe.
He put his arms around me:
I couldn't move, you know;
But then, I didn't try much,
For it was only Joe.

He put his arms around me,
You dosing in your chair;
I told him he would wake you,
He said "he didn't care."
And whispered, "May I kiss you?"
I tried to tell him "No!"—
I guess I spoke too softly,
But then 'twas only Joe.

He said he'd bear the blame, ma;
And pressed his lips to mine.
He said he only wanted one.
I guess 'twas ninety-nine;
I fear I kissed him back, ma,
Indeed, I almost know—
In fact I'm sure about it,
But then 'twas only Joe.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148.

CHAPTER VII.

THE girl Myra had crept to the top of that rickety staircase, and listened, with fear and trembling, to the conversation that passed in the room below. To her horror, she heard they were about to sell the child, which she had stolen, back to its parents.

Yes, they would sell the child back to that thrice happy woman, and leave her, Myra, to the old famished life, to poverty and despair.

They would sell the child, and give her up to a prison, or anything, that the cruel law might do with her. That beautiful child, who had just begun to love her, to cling to her for protection, and fall asleep on her bosom, would be lost to her forever.

But, she would not endure this. Why should one grandly beautiful woman have everything? Was not the love and care of that strong man enough? What more could she ask than the smiles that had made her own heart ache with gratitude, when they were bestowed upon her, even in pity, during her street wanderings?

No, no, they should not take the child from her. Neither the law, nor those two persons plotting against her, in the room underneath, should tear them apart. She was young, she was strong, and afraid of nothing, so long as the child was with her.

Creeping, softly, back into the little room, almost on her hands and knees, for she dreaded the creak even of a loose board, Myra searched among a heap of old garments and worn-out bed clothes, for something strong enough to form a rope. She found some narrow sheets of coarse cotton, and, knotting them together, made a sort of hammock of the centre one, in which she softly laid the child, and, leaning from the window, lowered the burden down to the sward below. Then she knotted one end of her improvised ladder to the bedstead, dropped down it with the still swiftness of a cat, and stood, for a moment, in the moonlight, listening.

All was silent. Even the two persons plotting together, had ceased to speak, hushed, perhaps, by some noise she had made. Pushing the sheet aside, with both hands, she took the child in her arms, and fled with it, toward the ruins of the old house. There, at least, were trees to shelter her and shadows to creep under, if pursuit came.

It did come; for, as she passed under the cherry trees, a sound of smothered curses followed her from the house, and the slam of a door broke sharply through the still night.

Swift as thought, Myra darted down to the ruin, and shrunk into a hollow of the old chimney, huddling the child to her bosom, and dragging the ivy over them. The leaves were still rustling around her, and the little one had just ceased to struggle in her arms, when the shadow of a man fell across the hollow, and she heard the hard breathing of her father-in-law, as he stood upon the broken cellar wall, looking eagerly around him. Myra scarcely drew a breath, as she pressed herself back against the stone, and regarded the man through the ivy. The moonlight lay full upon his face, and she saw that all the usual reckless good nature had departed from it. A thunder cloud seemed to have passed over his features.

"Not here," he said, after a swift look. "She must have gone through the gateway."

Myra heard these words, and gave a great sigh of relief, when the man turned, with his usual military swing, and strode off toward what had been the lodge gate. During the next fifteen minutes, that seemed an age, she kept under shelter, trembling with dread if the child murmured in her sleep or moved restlessly in her arms.

At last, she stole out of her hiding place, and avoiding the avenue, kept along the wall of a neighboring field, then down a scarcely used lane, always sheltering herself in the shadows, and always moving toward the sea. Finally, she came to a little inlet that broke up the shore, about half way from her home and the watering place that was now full of company. Here was a half-dozen dwellings, inhabited by fishermen. One of these humble cabins stood apart from the rest, and Myra, still carrying the sleeping child, approached it through a back garden.

A window of four panes looked from the gable end of this building into the garden, and against the wall, close by it, Myra rested awhile, panting for breath, but still holding fast to the child.

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After awhile she drew close to the window, and tapped on the glass, at first lightly, but afterwards with some impatient force. This was answered by a slight movement within the room, and a face was dimly visible through the glass.

"Hist—hist—it is only a friend," whispered Myra, pressing her face close to the pane. "Open the window just a little. Don't you know me? Just a little—I want to say something."

The window now opened, cautiously.

"Myra—is it Myra?" said a man's voice.

"Hush, hush! don't speak so loud. Yes, it is Myra, of course. I—I'm in trouble, Barnaby, and want you to help me."

"At this time o' night, Myra?"

"That's just why you can help me."

"Oh! Well, how is it to be done?"

"I can't tell you, here, Barnaby: if my voice goes above a whisper, somebody besides yourself will hear; if you could only come out—"

"I will—wait!"

Myra listened intently, but she had neither heard a footstep or the lifting of a latch, when Barnaby stood before her in his fisherman's rig.

"Now tell me what it's all about," said the lad, stooping to put on a pair of rough shoes that had been carried in his hand when he, cautiously, stole through the room where his parents slept. "I seen your face agin the winder, and come straight out. Who could a-helped it. You looked like a picter, Myra."

Myra shook her head, as if being a picture was not exactly what she came to talk about.

"Barnaby, I'm in trouble. I want you to help me."

"Just as if I wouldn't—all as I can, you know."

"To help me, and never say a word to any human creature about it."

"Well, I ain't given to tellin' over-much—am I, now?"

"No, Barnaby. You're true blue as any sailor-boy on the coast."

Barnaby blushed through all his freckles, and wriggled pleasantly in his clothes; otherwise Myra might not have known how effective her bit of flattery had proved, for, of course, the blush was lost in the moonlight.

"True blue I allus mean to be, anyway, betwixt us. So just speak out. I ain't here for anything but to listen."

"Barnaby, if you want to help me, get out the boat. The one with single oars."

"The boat—that ain't much. The tide's up, and she's only just to be pushed into the water."

"But that isn't all. I want you to get into the boat, and take me just as far along the coast as you can, and get back before you are missed in the morning."

"You and—and that?" questioned Barnaby, starting, as a soft murmur came from the sleepy child.

"Yes, Barnaby, you must take us both, and never to your dying day tell any human being one word about it."

"Let me look at the creetur," said the lad. "I want to see its face. I want to know what it is to you: that's what I want to know."

Myra laughed. This rough anxiety amused her.

"It's only the little girl," she said.

Barnaby reached out his arms.

"Just let me heft her."

"There, now!"

Barnaby took the child, made a cradle of his arms, and lifted her up and down with an air that grew more sheepish every moment.

"I only wanted to make sure that you hadn't overdone your strength," he said. "Of course I didn't think it really was a little baby. Why, Myra, she's enough to break your back."

"Oh, no, she isn't," answered the girl, eagerly. "Give her to me. I feel lonesome without her."

Barnaby gave up the child, but said,

"But what are you taking that little sister of yours away for? They haven't took to cuffing her about, have they? I s'pose the don has come home again, and is ordering things about as if he was captain of a first-class fishing-smack, and you won't bear it."

"No, I can't," said Myra. "So I'm just running away, and mean to take her with me."

"But where are you going to?"

"Don't know. Along shore, just as far as you can take me to. Only remember this, Barnaby. I haven't trusted a human soul but you, and they'll be searching for me, high and low."

"Coming about here and asking questions? I shouldn't wonder. It won't do 'em no good."

"I am sure you'll never put them on my track, Barnaby."

"I should think not; but where on earth do you mean to hide with that skittish cretur—a'most young enough to be yer own baby, instead of yer sister, as I'm glad to say that she is. You don't mean to go clear off for good and all. It isn't that you want me to help you do?"

"I don't know yet. How can I?"

"Never to see you again? If that's it, I say the boat may lay on the beach, and drop to pieces, afore I'd strike an oar for you."

"But I shall come back. How can I help it?" pleaded the girl. Barnaby saw that tears were swelling into those great black eyes and his jealous heart relented.

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"Come back—in course you will. I was a grampus to think you wouldn't. We'll find you a hiding place, somewhere along the coast, that the don'll never think about; and when he gets himself up to London—which he's sure to do—the boat as takes you away will bring you back, and no questions answered."

"Oh, Barnaby, if you will only do this!" exclaimed the girl, through her tears.

"Do it! Isn't that just what I'm about, this minute? Here, give me that young un. You won't! Then foller down to the water."

Myra obeyed him, and stood, while Barnaby pushed his boat into the water.

"There; now jump in, and let her rock a minute, till I come back again," said the kind-hearted fellow, trailing the cable on the ground, before he darted off toward the house.

Directly he came back, carrying an armful of old sail-cloth and a blanket, out of which he arranged a sort of bed in the bottom of his boat.

"Now lay the little cretur down, and wrap yerself up. I can see dew glistening all over yer head, that'd be worth looking at, if it wasn't for the dampness—besides yer feet must be wet."

"Oh, that's nothing!" answered Myra. "I'm used to it."

"But you're shivering, for all that."

"Because I'm afraid—horribly afraid, Barnaby, with that man after me."

"He can't walk on the water—and here we go," answered the lad, with a subdued laugh, floating his oars, and shooting the boat to sea.

"Cannot we keep under the shadow of the rocks out yonder," said Myra, glancing with terror over the broad, moonlit sea. "That man has eyes like a hawk."

"And claws like a devil-fish, I know," said Barnaby; "don't you be afraid. He can't reach us, and he ain't goin' to see us, nor nobody else. So just cuddle that little cretur down into the bed I've made for her; then make yerself comfortable like, and you shall see this craft shoot along like a swallow, without letting out a ripple to tell where we're going to. That's right! She'll sleep like a top. Now just you look on, and see how a feller can row, when he tries."

Myra knelt down in the bottom of the boat, laid her little charge in that singular bed, and kissed her tenderly before she took the seat that Barnaby pointed out for her in the bow. There, with her arms folded, and her eyes wandering anxiously to the shore, she listened to the quite hilarious conversation that Barnaby took almost entirely on himself; for, as he said, it was not often that he got a chance to speak with her alone; and a night like that, with the soft wind blowing over them, and the water all quivering with moonlight, was enough to make any fellow feel like the king of some unknown island, which island it would be his glory to find, if rowing a hundred miles could do it, and make her a queen at once. In that case, he wouldn't think that little sister in the way, and for Myra's sake, would make a crown princess of her.

To all this hilarious talk, the girl listened with forced smiles; for, now that immediate danger seemed avoided, her thoughts turned anxiously on the course she must take, and the dangers that lay in her path.

"Barnaby," she said, breaking into his gorgeous day-dream, "where is it that the great ships come in?"

"Great ships, do you mean them 'Merican steamers that come round the Needles, sweep up to Southampton, and off again, big as Noah's ark, and running over with people?"

"No," answered Myra, frightened by the magnitude of the description. "I want to know about ships that poor people go aboard, when they leave England."

"Oh, yer means hemergrant ships!"

"Yes, I dare say that is what I mean. Ships that go a great way off, and set you ashore among strange people."

"Injuns, for instance?"

"I don't know what they are, Barnaby."

"But I do. People that live in the States, and hunt bufferlo with wild tigers through the streets of New York, slinging their tomahawks about, and whooping till you can hear 'em half across the sea. Them's the sort of people you're thinking about, Myra."

Myra stared at him with wide, frightened eyes.

"You don't more'en half believe me," said he, almost terrified by his own description.

"Yes, I believe you. Only there must be other people across the seas, because so many go there."

"Yes, I 'spose they do," answered Barnaby, thoughtfully; "but them are discontented persons, that can't kill a hare or a pheasant here, without being took up for it, and are 'ticed off to the Injun hunting-grounds, that are free as water and broad as all England. Why, a feller can take a gun, and go out into them hunting-grounds, and knock over moose and wild horses just as if they wos rabbits, and not a word said. You can blaze away just as much as you want to, so long as you don't knock over a pappoose, which is a sort of game they hold special."

Myra heaved a deep sigh. A wild project of going on board some outward bound ship, and

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thus escaping all chance of pursuit, had possessed her; but this description of the wild hunting-grounds was disheartening.

After awhile Barnaby, too, dropped into a thoughtful mood, and pulled with less vigor at the oars; for the night had deepened, and the moon was almost down.

"Here is the best place we can stop at," he said, resting dejectedly on his oars, as they came opposite a low, thatched house, evidently occupied by some farm worker of the better sort. This dwelling stood on the bank of a small stream that emptied its bright waters into the sea, and behind it was a fruit orchard that had been flooded with moonlight only an hour or two before; but now formed a shadowy background to as pretty a picture of English rural life as even an artist could wish to see.

Up the mouth of this stream Barnaby urged his boat, and seizing on the branches of a willow that swept down to the water, laid the little craft close to the shore. He seemed to work very reluctantly now, and his voice was sorrowful when he turned to Myra.

"I suppose it can't be helped," he said, "but it's awful hard to leave you here, alone, at this time o' night, without knowing what is to become of you. If you'll only stay here, I'll call the people up, and ask 'em to take you and the young un in. They'll do it for me."

"No, no, We're too near home for that," said Myra. "There is yet time to go on a long way before daybreak."

"But where will you come up, at last, Myra?"

"It makes no difference, so long as I keep out of his reach."

"But how are you going to live—with her along?"

"I have a little money—just a little."

"Ah," said Barnaby, drawing a deep breath. "Only a little? And you'll want more; for this cretur'll be a load. Here, now, just take this, and don't mind spending it. Fish is plenty now, and when I carry it home, people are apt to give me a trifle that don't count for the old man. I can get more fast enough."

While he was speaking, Barnaby drew from some unknown depth in his clothes a leather shot-bag, that would have contained a fortune, if the coin within it had been gold instead of copper and worn silver pieces. This he held toward the girl, half-timidly, half-glowing with a sense of his own generosity; but Myra drew back, and waved the treasure away with her hand.

"Take it—you must take it—every penny," he persisted.

"No, no—I have gold!"

"Gold!"

"Yes, gold, Barnaby, that I have carried hid away against my heart ever since—ever since I was a little girl. I would have starved rather than spend it, but now that it is for her—"

Barnaby stepped back and regarded the girl with a shrewd expression of disbelief in his face.

"Myra, yer just saying this 'cause yer too proud for taking anything from me. Yer never will forgit that yon grand house they tore down years agone was the place ye were born in. That lifts ye above us poor fisher-people. It's yer proud stomach as rises agin taking money from any of us."

"No, no, Barnaby! how should I scorn your help? The poorest of you are better off than I am, if my father was a gentleman."

"Then take the old shot-bag, and say no more about it, if you don't want to send me away with a lump in my throat," said the generous lad, almost crying in his earnestness.

It was a sore temptation for the poor girl, to whom the thought of parting with the gold pieces in her bosom was like taking her own heart out. Still she shrunk from the generous offer, turning her head away, and clenching her hands together, with a passionate effort to keep them from reaching forth, and seizing upon the coin that might save her from this supreme sacrifice.

Barnaby saw the struggle, and that made him resolute.

"Take the bag," he said, "or I'll jump into the boat, and take the young un back to the gate house. Just as sure as I live, I'll do it."

Myra uttered a faint cry of distress, and reached forth both hands.

"Give it to me, Barnaby—I was proud and wicked—give it to me; and, oh! keep your word. Do everything to keep them from finding out which way I have gone. Sometime or another, I will pay back, every penny of it—"

"I don't want no paying back. I—I won't take it! Only think of me, once in awhile, as a feller that has loved yer dear as the heart in his own bosom ever since he first sot eyes on you, and never asked any one thing for himself, only to look at you, and pass a kind word now and then. Think that much of me, Miss Myra, and I can live on the thought of it, till yer come back to the gate house, next summer, which yer'll be sure to do."

Myra had taken the shot-bag between both hands, which were shaking with emotion, and the generous lad knew by the sound of her voice that tears were swelling to her eyes.

"I don't know where I shall be, next summer, Barnaby; but make sure of one thing. You

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will be remembered as one of the best friends I ever had."

"Now that's prime. It—its—but never mind. You've got the money, and got the little sister, and—and—what can I do more for ye? Jest speak. That's all."

"You have done so much, Barnaby—everything."

Myra arose, as she spoke, and prepared to leave the boat. Barnaby took the little girl from her nest, folded the soft woolen shawl, in which Myra had wrapped her, tenderly about the pretty sleeper, without once looking into her face, and bore her up the bank. Myra followed, with her bundle, and took the child from his arms.

"Miss Myra—"

The lad broke down in something he was about to say, and stood upon the bank, gazing wistfully into that dark young face.

"Did you speak, Barnaby?" questioned Myra, in a soft, low voice.

The lad caught his breeth.

"Yes—no—"

"Barnaby!"

"Yes, Myra."

"Would you like to kiss me, now that we are saying good-bye?"

"Would—would I—"

Myra leaned toward him, offering her sweet, tremulous lips in farewell.

He stood a moment, shy, trembling, irresolute; then touched those offered lips, reverently as he might have kissed the flowers on an altar, drew a deep breath, and stepping into his boat, rowed away, muttering to himself:

"No lady—no, not even the old mother—shall kiss me after this."

Myra watched the little boat, till it curved out of the mouth of the river into the sea, then turned and entered upon her pilgrimage.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a lovely night, fragrant with the breath of flowers, and dim with the soft obscurity which follows a setting moon. Myra was grateful for the shadows, and put forth all her young strength to shorten the distance that already lay between her and the step-father she dreaded. The child, softly wrapped in her shawl, was scarcely a burden during the first hour; but, as the night wore on, the poor girl grew weary with the strain upon her slender form, and looked anxiously around for some place of shelter and rest. She had as much as possible avoided the highway, and both her feet and garments were wet with dew from the grass and bushes that had made her path a heavy one to tread.

At last, the tired girl kept to the highway that skirted the shore, and gathered new strength from the scent of sea-washed rocks, and the drift-weed that was sometimes swept, in wet and shining ridges, almost to her feet. As she progressed, the shore became vaguely picturesque. Miniature breakers tossed their foam, in veiled whiteness, in one direction, and a great ocean of fields and meadows spread to the opposite horizon, along which the sea-breeze swept and died away in the scent of woodlands and the breath of flowers.

Now and then, a farm-house or some gentleman's habitation came in sight, which the girl avoided, keeping close to the sea. Now and then, she saw a sail sweeping the waters like a bird steadily poising its white wings for a long flight. This brought to her mind that wild, wild project of a refuge beyond sea, where no one could reach her, and the child would be all her own.

Was the idea altogether a madness? Could the wild Indians, Barnaby talked about, be more cruel than her father-in-law? Surely they would be kind to little children, and Dosy was so beautiful—so rich in infant loveliness, that even savages must be good to her.

In her weariness, the poor girl sat down on a fragment of rock just lifted above the tide-mark, and watched the ships come and go, with intense longing. If she were only in one of them, with a right to lie down, and rest, and all that water between her and pursuit, it would seem like heaven. How her limbs ached! How numbly her strained arms clung around the child! If she could only sleep as the little one did, on some bosom that loved her—on the green turf, those heaps of sea-weed, anything that promised an hour of repose—then perhaps she might wake up strong enough to think of something persistent and real.

While these broken thoughts weighed upon her, Myra turned her eyes dreamily on a heap of sea-weed that had been tossed up by some storm, and lodged among the broken rocks that lay around, so far beyond the reach of high tide, that the sun had dried them, and they formed a crisp little bed so tempting, that in her half sleep she sunk down on it, and in another minute was lost in profound slumber.

Thus those two young creatures lay, in a close embrace, with the sea murmuring at their feet, and the stars bending over them, until a faint gleam of the breaking day fell upon the waters, and touched them with its tender light.

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Then Myra sat up on her couch of sea-weed, and looked around, in vague bewilderment, now upon the ocean, now upon the green fields, wet with dew and veiled with mist, that seemed to her like a vast, beautiful dream. Then, thought by thought, came back a realization of events that had driven her to that lonely spot. All nature was waking up around her. There was a flush of roses on the water, trembling lights among the mists that were rising from the meadows. Even little Dosy was stretching herself on the sea-weed, and rubbing her dimpled knuckle into her sleepy eyes. Rolling over to her hands and knees, she scrambled to her feet, and shaking back her hair, looked out upon the waters, with a happy laugh in her eyes.

"Look, look," she said, pulling at Myra's garments; "det up, and see. It's booful!"

Myra threw her arms about the child, and kissed her passionately.

"Dosy wants to go with the big birds," said the child, struggling out of an embrace that took away her breath, and beckoning to a distant vessel whose sails were rosy white in the dawn; "tome, Miza, tome!"

"Yes, you shall go. We will find a ship, if I live," cried the girl, kissing the red lips that had formed her name, for the first time, in a burst of new delight. "Dosy and I will go off together."

"And find mamma?" questioned the child, with eager, wistful eyes.

Something in Myra's throat choked her suddenly. She turned her head away.

Just then, the child found an object that distracted her attention. The incoming tide was creeping up the sand, bringing tiny foam wreaths with it, and among them, a bit of sea-weed, where barnacles were clinging like jewels. Before this string of sea gems could be swept away, Dosy was knee deep in the water, trailing it behind her, and shouting with triumph. A wild, beautiful creature she looked, with the wind lifting her hair, this dripping sea trophy trailing behind her, and her bare feet dancing in the shallow water. Myra ran down, and seized upon her, struck with dread; but the little rebel broke from her hold, and made a plunge for deeper water.

"Dosy likes it. Let Dosy alone."

"Yes—yes," answered Myra, breathless with affright. "Dosy shall go in, all over, and wash herself. Come."

The child laughed, and allowed herself to be led away into a little basin of rocks, which sheltered them from the road; and here Myra bathed the child, smoothed the soft masses of her hair, and left it to curl and float as it might, while she took some garments from her bundle, and dressed her in them.

"Now Dosy is like a little lady," Myra said, standing back to judge of her success.

"Dosy *is* a little lady," answered the child, looking earnestly in her captor's face.

Myra was perplexed; this persistent memory, in the child, might lead to her betrayal. She reflected awhile, then said, quietly:

"Dosy is Miza's sister—her dear little sister."

"What's dat?" questioned the child.

"Somebody that loves you dearly.

Dosy did not speak, but kept her large, brown eyes fixed on the girl's face. After a moment, she smiled.

"Some one that takes care of you," continued Myra, speaking softly, and with infinite tenderness.

This went straight to the little creature's heart; for she nodded her head approvingly.

"So you will call me sister?"

Again Dosy nodded.

"Try, darling, try."

The child, in answer to this gentle pleading, pursed up her rich lips, and tried to form the desired word; but only filled her pretty mouth with broken kisses.

"That's my own darling! See, now, try again."

Here Myra slightly parted her own rare lips, pressed her tongue to the white teeth, till a gleam of red shone through, and this difficult word was distinctly uttered. The child watched her, eagerly, and brightening all over with the effort, echoed the word, with a sweet lisp that delighted her teacher.

"That is my name, Dosy—remember, that is my name! Sister, sister, sister! Oh, if you only were! No, no, how foolishly I am talking! Then you would be a saucy little thing like Zuma, and nothing to him. Only a little plague to me."

"Dosy won't plague oo," said the child, troubled by the change in Myra's voice.

"Plague me, you blessed little darling!" cried the girl, kissing the pretty mouth that was just beginning to quiver.

Delighted with these caresses, the child pressed Myra's cheeks between both her little hands, and shaking her head, seemed to laugh the new word from her lips.

"Sister—sister!"

"That is a little angel. Now, let me tie this on your head—so."

Dosy stood quietly, while the girl folded an old Madras handkerchief, that had somehow fallen into her possession, and tied it over the

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rich hair, which had broken into waves and curls the moment it was quite dry. This gave the pretty face it shaded a demure look, and answered almost as a disguise.

Myra, well pleased with her efforts, arranged her own dress, and sitting down by the fragment of rock that had sheltered them, during the night, took Barnaby's shot-bag from her bundle, and poured its contents into her lap. A pile of shillings, sixpences and pennies, with here and there a half-crown, rolled out, and seemed to her a world of riches.

"Now, Dosy, we will walk on, and have a nice breakfast," she said, taking a shilling from Barnaby's store, and returning the rest to her bundle. "Nice bread and milk—"

"And cherries," said Dosy, flinging out her dimpled hands, "cherries!"

"Yes, cherries, if we can find them," was the smiling answer. "Come, now."

Hand in hand, those two young creatures went up from among the rocks, and kept on their way along the coast, until they came in sight of a small farm-house, standing back from the road, and approached only by a green lane that gave it a kind of isolation that encouraged Myra to approach. In front of this house, a group of cows had been brought up for milking, and a woman stood at the front gate, with a pail in one hand, while her other carried a three-legged milking-stool. She had seen two strange figures coming up the lane, and was watching their approach with some natural curiosity.

Myra saw this, and hastened forward.

"We have been walking along shore, this morning, and my little sister here is getting hungry," she said, addressing the woman. "Would you sell me some new milk and part of a loaf?"

The woman received this singular proposal with evident kindness, and turned her eyes on the child, with a look of motherly admiration.

"So the little one has come out fasting," she said. "Well, well, if you can find the patience to wait, she shall have a drink warm from the best cow on this or any other island, and a slice of white bread fit for the Queen. Come here, my pretty, and watch me, while I milk."

Dosy, lured thereto by the woman's cheery encouragement, went close to the Alderney, and with great interest, watched the double stream of milk as it rattled, like shot, into the bottom of the pail, which was soon covered over two inches deep with foamy whiteness. Then the remainder fell into it, with a soft, muffled sound as if falling upon cotton wool.

Directly another woman appeared, whom the mistress chided for being late, and went into the house soon after, with the pail in her hand, from which the milk foamed over and dropped like snow flakes here and there on the grass.

"Come in, come in," she said, looking over her shoulder at the pretty wayfarers. "You shall have the milk from this pail, for the Alderney is kept apart, and I allow no one but myself to touch her. No wonder you hang back, little un. Isn't she a beauty? When you come out, we will pull some sweet, fresh grass, and you shall see her feed from your own little hands. Come in, come in!"

Myra led her charge—who was constantly looking back at the beautiful animal they had left—along a path that led around the house, and entered a kitchen, blazing with bright tin and copper vessels, that shone along the walls and dressers like silver and gold.

The woman took a pan from the dresser, drew a white cloth around the edge of her pail, and the milk came rushing through it, like a cataract of melted pearls.

Dosy looked on, delighted, while the good woman brought a couple of old, deep bowls from a cupboard, set forth a half loaf of bread, and invited her hungry guests to partake, with that genial hospitality, that is in itself a feast.

"So you're taking a long walk," she said to Myra, glancing at the bundle that had been left by the door. "Which way is it that you are going?"

Myra blushed guiltily, and hesitated.

"Perhaps it's to the next place beyond, where the boats and fishing-craft put in, that you belong," said the woman.

"Yes, yes, that is the place. Can you tell me how far we have wandered away?" said Myra, seizing upon this chance for information.

"Not more than five miles, or thereabouts," answered the woman, "but that is a good bit for the child to walk."

"Oh, I can carry her!" answered Myra. "You say I've only to keep in sight of the water, always going that way, till I see ships?"

"The boats from Southampton put in there; of course you know that, being of the place; but it is only touch and go with them. In one minute and out the next, on their way to Ventnor and back. Sometimes we can see them from here."

Myra did not venture to pursue the conversation. Her way was in a degree made clear, and being an English girl, to whom exercise was second nature, the idea of a five-mile walk was anything but discouraging.

By this time Dosy had finished her bread and

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milk, placed the antique silver spoon decorously in the empty bowl, and sat, listening, with both hands folded in her lap.

"What a little dear it is," said the woman.

"Will you let me pay for her breakfast and mine?" said Myra, hesitating, and blushing like a criminal. "We are very thankful that you have been kind."

The woman laughed, took the money so timidly held out to her, and placing it in the child's hand, folded her small fingers over it, with a loving pressure. Then she took up the loaf, planted it against her breast, cut some even, thin slices from it with a broad-bladed knife, and spread them daintily with butter. These she folded in a clean bit of cloth, and gave them to Myra, saying, kindly,

"It is a long walk to yonder place, and children need a bite and sup between meals. So put this in your bundle."

Myra took the parcel with a look of thankfulness that brought fresh smiles to the comely face of her hostess. Then she reached out her hand to the child, and led her to the front of the house, where the Alderney cow stood waiting, as if her part of the morning performance was incomplete. So it was; for the farmer's wife had forgotten her usual tribute of fresh grass; and an impatient moo of the pampered animal brought her to the front door again, just as Myra and her charge were passing out.

"Here, now. I promised you, little one," said the woman, gathering a handful of soft, rich grass from under her rose-bushes, and giving it to the child. "Now don't be afraid. Go and feed her."

Dosy took the grass, looked wistfully at Myra, then at the woman, and encouraged by their smiles, went toward the cow, step by step, shyly holding out her offering.

The Alderny opened her velvet mouth, and gathered the grass into it with a swift lap of the tongue that startled the child, and sent her running back to the shelter of Myra's garments, breathless.

The woman enjoyed this heartily, and under the cheerful music of her laugh, Myra left the farm-house, with Dosy.

The girl walked slowly, regardful of the little steps she guided. But Dosy soon tired of that, and constantly darted off at angles, now tempted by a tuft of violets on the wayside, or the flutter of a bird from the hedges, where nests might be found. Anything and everything bright or beautiful was enough to set her upon the run. Butterflies or flowers, she was always ready to choose one, and to pluck the other, and both abounded on that pleasant road.

At last, the sun rose higher, the day began to grow warm, and the roads dusty. The child lost something of her bird-like spirit, and began to drag on Myra's hand. The girl looked around for some place where they might rest awhile. She could have walked twice the distance, without fatigue; but made slow progress, while the little one exhausted her childish gaiety, and wore out her strength, in chasing insects, and plucking wild flowers.

At last, they came to a little hollow that ran back among the fields, so lined with grass and ferns, that it seemed choked up with emeralds. At the bottom ran a tiny stream, twinkling up here and there, as if one had broken a string of diamonds, and left it trailing through the hollow. Following this bright thread, Myra came to a rock, over which a young birch tree drooped, while from beneath it gushed a spring which, babbling merrily along for awhile, finally emptied itself into the brook.

Dosy had asked for a drink of water more than once. Here it was, fresh and sparkling. Myra formed a cup with her two hands, and the child drank from it. Then she took the dusty shoes from those dimpled feet, bathed them, and wiped them with handfuls of grass, untied the kerchief, and shook the dust away before she covered those bright curls again. Then lifting Dosy to a seat on the rock, she fed her with slices as mother birds care for fledglings. Thus an hour of rest was secured. Then Myra went on her way again, carrying her charge more than half the time. At last, the houses of a small town appeared, the low stone tower of a church, and some masts looming up, like dead trees, from the side of an old pier stretching itself into the water. Invigorated by the sight, Myra took the child in her arms, and almost ran, shaping her course toward the pier; for rounding a point of the harbor, she saw the stack-pipe of a boat throwing out billows of black smoke, and could hear its machinery moving.

Panting and breathless, she reached the pier, just as the boat was ready to put out again, and was hurrying toward it, when something upon the deck made her halt, draw back, and crouch down under the cover of a pile of boxes that had been recently left upon the wharf. When Dosy became impatient of sitting there in the coal-dust, and attempted to free herself, the girl held her closer, with a convulsive clutch.

"Don't, don't; for mercy's sake be quiet!" she said, in a whisper so sharp, that the little creature obeyed it without a movement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1 is a costume of foulard, in a small chintz pattern combined with plain silk, for the skirt and jacket. The skirt is trimmed with seven narrow knife-plaitings in front, four of which extend all around. Then there is a polonaise of the foulard, opening in front, and turned back



No. 1.

near the bottom, and ornamented with a rosette of ribbon, as seen in the illustration. This under-skirt, as it were of the polonaise, is arranged to fall from under the panier, which is looped up high on the hip, and carried to the centre of the back, from under which the back fulness in disposed in graceful looping. Over this, simulating a jacket, the plain silk is fitted, and it is made with revers in front to show the foulard. Tight-fitting coat sleeves, slashed over the foulard, and finished with three tiny bows. Standing collar of foulard. This would be a good design for remodeling old silk, by combining a damasee, or foulard material, corresponding in color with the old silk, which can be used for the skirt and plaiting, keeping the best of it for



No. 2.

the jacket-waist. Ten or twelve yards of such figured material will be enough to make out this costume, using an old dress for the other parts. If more be required of the plain silk, ten to twelve yards will be required.

No. 2 is a charming costume *a la* Pompadour,

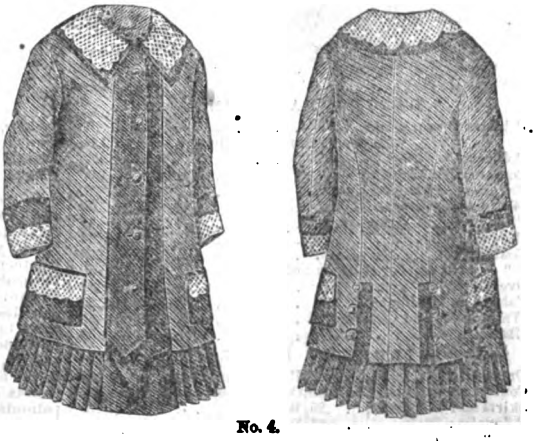
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No. 3.

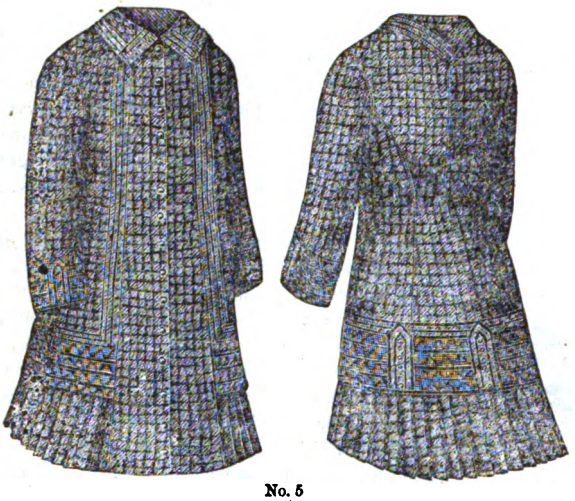
—also, combining plain and figured material—in fact almost all costumes are so composed, those entirely of one material being the exception, and not the rule, in fashion at the present time. Here we have a plain, round skirt, very scant, of the figured material, its only trimming being a narrow knife-plaiting of the plain. The polonaise has a vest front; a half-way jacket, over which is fitted the plain material forming the waist, paniers, skirt, pouffs, etc., all disposed as seen in illustration. On the hips the fulness is carried back and confined under a large buckle. The looping at the sides is arranged and fastened to the skirt, and held in place by a large bow and ends of ribbon. A turn-down collar and revers display the vest, and the same is arranged for the cuffs. This is one of the newest and most picturesque toilettes we have seen, and will be suitable for early spring or summer costumes. Six yards of figured, and eight to ten yards of plain material, single width will be required.

No. 3.—We give, next, a costume composed of myrtle-green satin de laine, united with silk in Pekin stripes to match, or it may be made of the plain de laine or cashmere, and the striped satin and wool goods, to correspond. It is made with, first, a short round skirt of the plain de laine, trimmed with two narrow knife-plaitings at the bottom. Over this is the polonaise, which is made with a simulated waist-coat of ivory-white Pekin stripe. The polonaise is made of the striped material, and the front is arranged with the fulness to come just where the vest ends, and it is carried back upon the hips in three plaits. A similar arrangement is placed about the middle of the skirt, and still a third just below the knee. These three groups are ornamented with long loops of satin ribbon knotted in the centre. The edge of the polonaise is finished with a narrow knife-plaiting of the plain satin de laine to correspond with the skirt; this plaiting is continued up each side of the front as far as the first loop of ribbons. The back of the polonaise is looped in large pouffs. Very tight-fitting coat-sleeves, with small cuffs tied in the middle with a band and loops of ribbon. A knife-plaiting of the white Pekin stripe finishes the dress at the neck, and is carried down the left side of the waist-coat. Six yards of plain and eight to ten of striped goods will be required.



No. 4.

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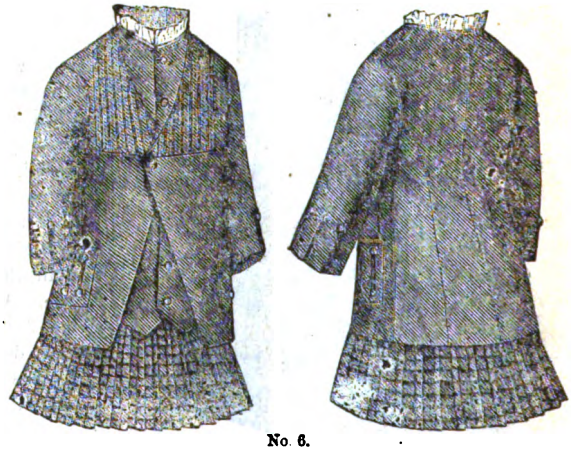


No. 5

No. 4 is a pretty little costume for a girl of three or five years. It is made of basket or twilled flannel combined with velvet of a darker or contrasting color. There is, first, a kilted skirt of velvet on a petticoat waist. Over this is worn the close-fitting sacque which is trimmed with velvet and torchon lace, as seen in the illustration. We give the front and back view, so that any lady can arrange the trimming without mistake.

No. 5 is another for either girl or boy of seven to nine years, made of a small plaid cloth in blue and green. Here the kilting is arranged underneath the edge of the garment, and does not extend across the front. We give the front and back, showing how the trimming is arranged; this trimming consists of four rows of wide, plaid, worsted braid, put on to touch, and held in place by three upright straps, edged with a narrow black braid; these straps are ornamented with six small buttons each. Same forms the cuffs at the sleeve. The collar is pointed at the back, and square in front, trimmed with the narrow, black braid; three rows of this braid is continued down the fronts and around the dress-skirt, as seen.

No. 6.—For a boy of three to five years, we have a kilted plaid skirt, on to a petticoat waist. Over this the jacket with vest attached from the collar in front is of the plaid material. Braid and buttons form the trimmings for pockets, cuffs, etc.



No. 6.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters,	.25
" Fancy,	.35		

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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COSTUME FOR YOUNG GIRL, FROM TWELVE TO FOURTEEN YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an illustration, front and back, of a costume for a young girl from twelve to fourteen years old. Folded in this number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with a paper pattern diagram, full-size, by which to cut it out.

This costume may be utilized for either dress or *negligée*, and will be suitable for spring or summer goods. The skirt is short and very narrow, and trimmed with two kilt-plaited flounces; the upper one reaching up above the knee. We give, for our SUPPLEMENT, the entire pattern of the polonaise with the corselet jacket, which is sewed into the seams under the arm, and is loose in front, where it buttons with one button, as seen in illustration.

The polonaise consists of six pieces:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.

II.—HALF OF BACK.

III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.

IV.—HALF OF OVER-JACKET.

V.—UPPER AND UNDER PARTS OF THE SLEEVE.

The letters and notches on the polonaise show

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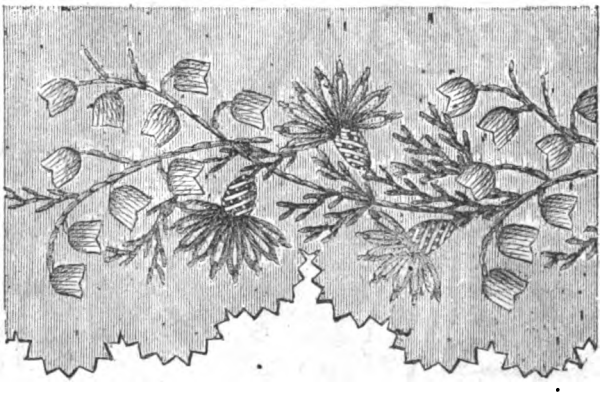
where the seams meet. The notch on the arm-hole, marked G on the front, and also G on the corselet jacket, show where the two pieces come together; and at D and D they are sewn under the arms. The long notches at the bottom of the skirt, on the back and side-back, show where plaits are laid, and then the skirt of the polonaise is turned under to meet the front, and there hangs over like a bag, as seen in the back view of the illustration. The smaller notches, marked F F F, are also plaits. On the front, from E to E, plaits are arranged, and the fulness is put into the side seam from E to E.

The corselet and trimmings are of velvet or contrasting material in cashmere damaseé, or silk of a darker shade. The letters at the top of the sleeve show where the seams begin; and the notches must come together on the elbow seams. The pattern is so exact, and as we give the front and back view, any lady can arrange this polonaise.

The dotted lines show where the pattern turns over on the back part of the skirt of the polonaise, and at the neck in front. Also the dart in the front of the corselet. There is one to match in the front of the polonaise, which can be put on to fit the figure; the pattern does not give it.

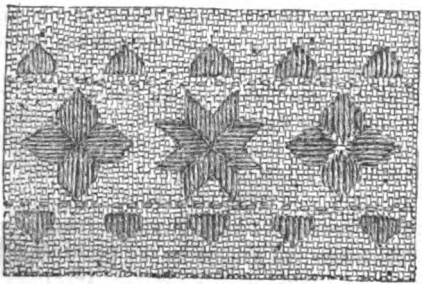
EMBROIDERY ON CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



STRIPE ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

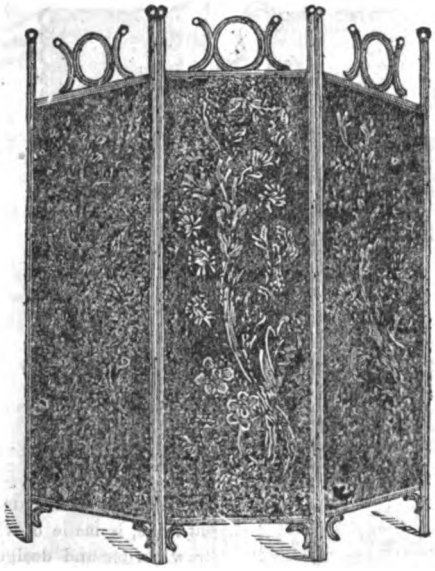


This is a simple design for working in crewels on Java canvas, and is suitable for ornamenting scrap-baskets, borders of tidies, music rolls, shawl covers, in fact, for anything where a simple and easy pattern, and not much work, is required. The stripe will be pretty for alternating with a crochet stripe for antimaccassars. It may be done in silks, if preferred. The foundation is folded to form a hem, which is fastened down with back stitches. The remainder of the design is worked in satin stitch.

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EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an engraving of a very pretty screen, which may be made large, for standing on the floor, to protect from a fire, or from draughts, or, if preferred, may be made small, to stand on a table, like the table-screens that the Japanese had at the Centennial Exhibition, and which were so much admired, and sold at such high prices.

In front of the number, we give an engraving of one of the panels, full-size (if for a table-screen). The panels may be either Japanese canvas, or black satin, and the embroidery is worked in floss silk. Do the leaves and stalks in natural colors: the Marguerites in white silk; the Forget-Me-Nots in shades of blue. The panels can be worked in crewels if preferred.

This screen, if used as a table-screen, forms an admirable shade from a too-powerful lamp, and being different from the shades, so long used, is a novelty, and more liked.

TABLE-COVER: WITH DETAILS.

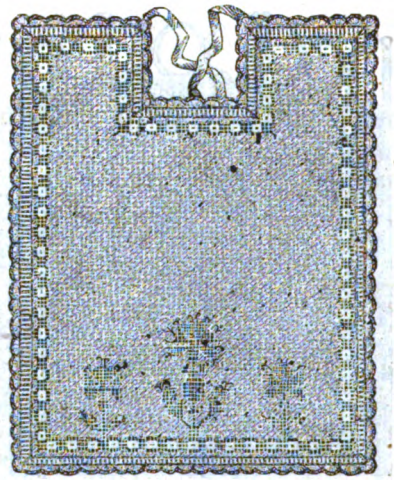
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

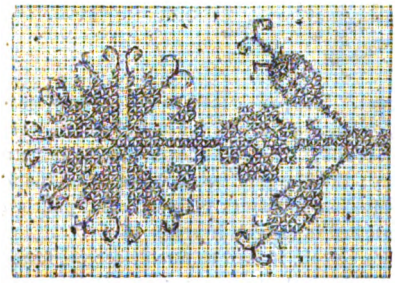
In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a new style table-cover, to be done in embroidery; and we add, also, the details, viz.: the embroidered stripe, and the patterns for the cross-stitch. There are two or three cross-stitch patterns, which may be used alternately; the colors are white, two shades of green, red, violet and yellow. The embroidered stripe is in satin, and ornamented with embroidery *au passé*, representing corn-flowers, with foliage. The fringe is cream silk, knotted with blue, and the table-cover is lined with blue silk. The embroidered stripe, by the bye, may be used for a variety of purposes, besides that of a table-cover.

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DINNER NAPKIN FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This very useful article for the use of children at table, is made of white Aida cloth, with narrow border and design in cross-stitch and Holbien stitch, done in dark blue embroidery cotton, or red, if preferred. The opposite illustration gives the pattern for the centre figure, full-size. The side ones are the same design for the top of the figures—leaving off the lower part. The outer edge is worked in buttonhole stitch, in which is worked a row of double crochet. This is edged with a row of shell-stitch done in white.

INSERTION: OPEN WORK ON LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This insertion is useful for a variety of purposes, such as ornamenting children's frocks, house-linen, towels, tidies, etc., and may be worked either on linen or crash. The open rows are done by drawing a certain number of threads (as many as you please,) from a quarter of an inch to an inch in depth. After drawing the threads, put in the fancy stitches, with colored embroidery cottons, blue or red, or both, as these colors wash best. For tidies or fancy towels use crewels, in any pretty combination of colors; they are all so pretty, it is almost impossible to make a bad selection.



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SCREEN: CREWEL EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



This design may be carried out either in crewel embroidery, or as "borderee-perse," which is done by cutting out designs from cretonne, and sewing them down with buttonhole stitch, in silks to match. The foundation may be either crash, velvet, satin, felt or serge. Unbleached sheeting also makes a very pretty foundation, especially with cretonne appliqué. The screen should be from four to six feet in height, and each leaf two feet in width.

EDGING: EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For this edging either cashmere or cloth may be used. The color of the embroidery depends on that of the foundation. The design is carried out in point lancés and back-stitches.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE USE OF MOSSES, for adorning dresses, is becoming quite fashionable. It is a species of ornament, which has this to recommend it, that, even apart from its beauty, it is within the means of all, at least of all who live in the country. Of the hundreds of mosses, however, comparatively few are fit for the purpose. The greater number are too minute and ineffective.

Those most suitable are the large mosses, popularly known as "feather moss" (Hypnum); the common green moss, like a miniature fern (Hypnum tamariscinum), Tamarisk-leaved feather-moss, with its cousin, a red-stemmed, golden-green one, like a tiny ostrich plume (Hypnum splendens), Splendid feather-moss; and that member of the same family, of upright, fir-like growth (Hypnum triquetrum) Triangular feather-moss. There is also a shaggy moss of most beautiful bronze and brownish-green, abundant on trees in hilly districts, which might be found in sprays large enough. Its botanical name is Leskea sericea, or Silky moss. The seed vessels of the great Hair mosses (Polytrichum) found in dry, healthy places in summer, and easily distinguished by their upright growth and their yellow, hairy, extinguisher-like caps, could be tied up in little bunches and mixed with the others. As, however, different mosses prevail, in different sections of this vast republic, and as it is difficult to describe mosses briefly to unbotanical readers, the choice of mosses may be left safely to the lady who wishes to use them, and who, if she has taste, will always select those most effective. But as some of those, which we have mentioned, may be selected, we will give a few hints how to employ them.

Feather-moss to be used for wreaths and borders, should be collected in damp weather, when its color is brightest. It is at its very greenest after a thaw. Large tufts should be pulled, the sprays separated, and soused in water, then dabbed on a cloth, laid out flat between sheets of brown paper, and immediately ironed till quite dry. The irons should be of the heat required for smoothing linen, but the process must not be continued too long, or the moss will become brittle. Practice will soon teach the amount of drying it will bear. The Leskea may be prepared in the same way, but the Hypnum triquetrum must not be ironed. The sprays should be pulled apart and soused, and then left to dry separately on a tray about three feet from a fire for an hour or two, if they are wanted immediately, or left in a room all night, if haste is not an object. The "Maiden hair" should not be put in water at all, but left to dry as it is, for the golden extinguishers may wash off. Moss should be chosen of as many shades as possible, but dying it will destroy all its natural gradation of color. One advantage attending the present rage for subdued coloring is, that leaves and flowers are represented in their natural shades.

The sprays thus prepared may be arranged with their own stems, or have fine flower wire twisted round them; and with care they will keep for months. They can be mixed with real or artificial flowers, or sewn to buckram or stiff net for borders, a border of moss and brightly-colored leaves, such as those of the Virginian creeper, would be beautiful; yet more beautiful would be an inch-wide border of moss with the flowers of the Bougainvillea speciosa depending from it. Small, natural, mossy twigs can be used without preparation, and by occasionally being put out to be refreshed by rain, they can be made to last for some time. The way in which mosses are employed is of course a matter of taste, but we may suggest that too much of the flat feather mosses in a head-dress looks at a distance like frizzy hair, and that the Hypnum triquetrum is much more suited for the purpose, while the tamariscinum and the splendens are better on the dress.

There are plants allied to the true mosses which also may be used for the same purpose, The "club moss," or lycopodium, is even better adapted for it, as it is larger, more effective, and of stouter growth; it might be mixed with the true mosses. It has also an advantage in the great length of its branches, which with great care could be collected from a quarter of a yard to a yard in length. It may simply be placed between brown paper and left to dry, or used fresh. There are several species, much alike in general habit, all being branched and trailing, and suitable for wreaths; but one exception, the upright Fir tree club moss, is well adopted for looping up a dress.

Many of the gray and orange lichens could also be employed as personal adornments. They can be collected and used as they are found, requiring no drying at all; and fastened on in tufts or made into borders. From their color they should be sparingly used in the hair, unless in combination with black, scarlet, or crimson velvet. The common "lung-wort," which is found on tree trunks, and the "thrush Lichen," both of which like large brown and gray leaves, are beautiful when made into borders by sewing on stiff muslin, and might be mixed with pink or crimson flowers for trimming pale brown or gray silk, or velvet; and the gray and sea-green lichens would look almost like frosted silver on black velvet, crimson, cardinal, or ponceau.

AUTHENTICATED CURE OF DIPHTHERIA.—Put a teaspoonful of sulphur into a wine-glass of water, and stir it with the finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not mix readily with water. When the sulphur is dissolved the patient must gargle with it, and, after gargling, swallow it, and the patient will be out of danger in ten minutes. When the fungus is too nearly closed to allow gargling, the sulphur in that case should be blown through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus has shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful of flour of brimstone upon it; let the sufferer inhale it by holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, and plant in a few minutes.

RIBBON EMBROIDERY was first brought into fashion again, by the Duchess de Mouchy, it not having been produced in France since the reign of Louis XIII. In this kind of embroidery, the narrowest China ribbons are used in the same manner as silks, sometimes shaded, sometimes not. The sheet of designs for ribbon embroidery, in our January number (a New Year's gift to our subscribers), was in shaded ribbon. But where shaded ribbons cannot be procured, plain ones may be substituted, with hardly less effect. Or colored silks may be used, as we said in our February number.

HUSBANDS, who can find plenty of money for cigars, or other little personal expenses of their own, and yet cannot see what their wives want with a few dollars, now and then, ought to read the story, "Put Yourself In Her Place," in this number.

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OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS!—For 1880, remember, we have *two* new premium engravings! Both are copyrighted mezzotints. One is "Washington At Prayer At Valley Forge," size 24 inches by 20, commemorating a tradition of that eventful winter, the darkest period of the War of Independence. The other is "The Parable Of The Lily," 20 by 16. This is, perhaps, more beautiful than the other. It represents Christ saying—"Behold the lilies of the field," to the crowd of men, women and children pressing about Him. These mezzotints belong to the highest class of engravings, and ought to be, even apart from their artistic merits, on the walls of *every family in the land*. Some persons may prefer one, some another, and in order to secure either, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson." *By getting up certain of the clubs, however, you may secure both.* See, however, the Prospectus on the second page of cover. These premiums are, decidedly, the best ever offered.

It is still in time to get up clubs for 1880! We expect to double our already enormous list. The accessions to it, during December and January, have been by thousands, daily. Everybody takes "Peterson." Send for a specimen to show. You will find that no other magazine, at anything like the price, approaches this. You will also find that in all respects—merit, cheapness, etc., etc.—*we lead the field*. Additions may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR.—It is necessary from time to time to cleanse the hair. But certain precautions must be taken. Do not use soap if you can avoid it; in any case let it be the very mildest and unperfumed. Use rain-water, filtered. The yolks of two new-laid eggs make a beautiful lather, and answer the purpose of soap, which latter generally contains an alkali of some kind. When the washing is finished, and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain-water, you will find, when dry, that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water must be only just warm, and the last cold. Rub dry with soft towels—but not till the skin is tender—and afterwards brush thoroughly. Keep your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease.

HOW TO PACK BULBS.—The Japanese method is an excellent one. Their lilies usually arrive, from whatever distance sent, in perfect condition. Each bulb is put into a coat of thick clay mud at least a quarter of an inch thick. Thin paper is next wrapped round them, to prevent the clay cracking and coming off. The next process is the packing of these balls of mud into a box with sawdust or bran, or some light substance packed between them.

ART EMBROIDERY, in its more general sense, we would say to our correspondent, Lucy, refers rather to the material with which the embroidery is done, than to the pattern to be worked. When worsteds are used, it is crewel work; when silks, it is art embroidery. The pattern has nothing, *necessarily*, to do with it, though, of course, some patterns are more artistic than others.

OUR COLORED PATTERN for this month, in the front of the number, is for a Tidy on Java Canvas. The design represents the humorous old story of the Monkey, getting the Cat to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. If preferred, the pattern may be worked in crochet.

BACK NUMBERS of this magazine can always be had of the principal news agents, or of the publisher. When the local agent is unable to supply you, write to us, remitting the price, and we will forward the numbers, by mail, postage free.

A NEW PLAN.—One of our old subscribers writes as follows: "I have a suggestion that might be useful to others. I take my 'Petersons' at the end of the year, and cut out the steel engravings, and make scrap-books. One can buy, almost anywhere, suitable scrap-books: a book of engravings, as fine as those of Peterson's, is indeed a gem. I mount the music on heavy paper, and make excellent additions to my sheet-music. Cut out colored pattern for future use, save recipes for my scrap-book of cookery. Placing each wood-cut in front of the reading matter of that month's issue, I put the extra steel engraving of the December number as a frontispiece, and then have the volume bound, thus making a fine looking book, as well as a very valuable one. The reading matter, i. e., the stories and poetry, for two years, could easily be bound as one book, thus saving the cost of one binding. I like them much better so, with all patterns and receipts, etc., cut off."

ALL LETTERS INTENDED for this magazine should be addressed to Charles J. Peterson, and *not* to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, as frequently happens. There is no business connection whatever, nor ever has been, between C. J. Peterson and T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The latter are book publishers only; the former a magazine publisher only. This notice applies as well to manuscripts as to letters; in fact, more confusion arises from misdirected manuscripts than from misdirected letters.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Angele's Fortune. By Andre Theuriet. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the most charming stories that has recently appeared. "Gerald's Marriage," and "The God-son of a Marquis," former novels by the same author, will be remembered, with pleasure, by all who have read them. "Angele's Fortune" is, in no sense, inferior. French writers of fictions, at their best, far surpass English, or American ones, in the artistic marshaling and fine evolution of their materials; and Andre Theuriet is one of those French authors of fiction who is always at the best. One never meets, in such stories, the pages on pages of padding, that disfigure all English novels, except those of George Eliot, Thackeray and a few others. Every sentence, almost every word, tells. It is really a literary education, so to speak, to read such a book as "Angele's Fortune." Very handsomely printed and bound.

Bide A Wee, and Other Poems. By Mary J. Mac Coll. 1 vol., 16mo. *Buffalo: Peter Paul & Brothers.*—In this very beautiful little volume, we have a collection of poems, by Mary J. Mac Coll, a writer well-known to the readers of this magazine. The principal poem, from which the volume takes its name, is one of exceptional merit; but all are characterized by euphony, taste, and nobility of sentiment. A lofty, religious strain is seen in many of them; as, for example, in "Two Autumn Days" and "In Memoriam." In others there is quite a sportive vein; "Decorative Art," "Follies of To-Day," and "Tired To Death" are examples.

Art-Needlework, No. III. By Lucretia P. Hale. 1 vol., 12mo. *Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—Many new stitches for decorative embroidery are given, in this volume, the third of the series. About eighty engravings illustrate the text. Among the prominent stitches described are the Holbein, Vienna Cross-Stitch, and Double Platt Stitch.

How He Won Her. By D. A. Moore. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.*—This is an American novel, by a new American author, and has very much more than the usual merit. Its characters are natural, the incidents striking, the plot unusually well developed. We cordially commend it.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for "Peterson's Magazine," or to make up clubs for it. *Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied.* Every year, scores of new periodicals are started, that promise everything; get in a lot of money; and then either fail, or fall off in character so as to be worthless. When they die, others are started, with a like result. In this way, tens of thousands of people, year after year, are taken in. Meantime, "Peterson" maintains its position, as it has for more than a generation, constantly improving in character. All its promises are fulfilled. Nobody is ever cheated. The newspaper press unites in saying that no other magazine of its kind combines so much for so little. Says the Greensboro (N. C.) Beacon, echoing the verdict of hundreds of other newspapers, "It is both the cheapest and best of its kind." Says the Chanute (Kansas,) Democrat, "Always fresh and bright, each number rivalling its predecessor." "The February number is even more beautiful, in some respects, than the January one," says the Clinton (Ill.) Register; "we can imagine nothing better in the way of a lady's magazine. The wonder is how so much, and of such excellence, can be given for only two dollars a year." "If you want a first-class family periodical," says the Osage (Iowa) Press, "subscribe for it."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

CASTORIA IS PLEASANT TO TAKE, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No SOUR-CURD or Wind-Colic; no FEVERISHNESS or Diarrhœa; no Congestion or WORMS, and no CROSS CHILDREN or WORN-OUT MOTHERS where CASTORIA is used.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.—ARNICA (LEOPARD'S BANE).

This medicinal plant is found in the order, Compositæ; subtribe Senecionideæ; grows about one foot high, with ovate, radical leaves, and one or two pairs of lance-shaped leaves on the stem, all of a bright green color, and a few peduncle-like branches at the summit, each bearing a solitary flower, of a large size (comparatively), and of a fine orange-yellow color.

This plant is better known by its generic name, Arnica, than by its English cognomen—Leopard's Bane—and hence it is placed first.

It is a native of the mountainous regions of Europe and Siberia, but has been introduced into England, and should be cultivated here. It is questionable whether the medicinal *species* of this plant, Arnica Montana, is to be found in the United States, though Nattall, a distinguished botanist, says it grows in northern districts west of the Mississippi River. But it is probable that the A. Nudicaulis, occasionally found in counties contiguous to Philadelphia, but more abundant in wet sands from Virginia to Florida, possesses similar properties, as the two species strongly resemble each other.

The flowers are almost exclusively used in medical practice.

The Homœopaths have brought Arnica very prominently before the profession and the people, and it has become almost a "Household Panacea," in the form of a tincture of the flowers. Any wide-mouthed bottle may be loosely filled with the flowers, coarsely ground, and covered with alcohol three parts, water one part; and after standing two weeks, it is fit for use. It may be strained by hard pressure, and filtered through bibulous paper, or used from the bottle as occasion needs.

MEDICAL USES.—The ancient reputation of arnica, as an internal remedy against the effects of falls, blows, strains and mechanical injuries to the muscular system, has been thoroughly established by intelligent Homœopaths, and hence the names, *Fallwort, Panacea, leperwort*, etc. Arnica acts specifically upon the muscles: those numerous affections termed myalgia—muscle-pain, induced by over-exertion.

So, too, in weak patients of lax fibre, pain comes on sometimes during the swallowing of food, or after meals. This trouble arnica relieves.

Arnica is a specific stimulant to the spinal nervous system; in advanced stages of disease with feeble respiratory power, as in pneumonia and typhoid fever; also in lame back or backache, soreness of the bank, etc. But Arnica, internally, is only useful in patients who are feeble with deficient circulation, except in cases of injuries. But I would call the attention of mothers to its external use mainly. Of course they can use it internally at pleasure in cases of falls, bruises, etc., when the mischief is too slight to call in a physician, and in the same cases they can bathe the injured parts *ad libitum*. In such cases, as well as in those where extravasation of blood has taken place—producing unsightly discoloration or otherwise—this tincture can be diluted with an equal quantity of water, and be quite strong enough to answer every purpose. A small pamphlet (16 pages,) has been published, and can be had at Homœopathic book-stores, on the uses of Arnica, both internally and externally, with illustrative cases that are very remarkable, and mothers will find this little treatise very useful and interesting.

The following will be very useful to mothers to relieve face-ache, nervous headache, and all neuralgic pains: Take tinctures of aconite root, arnica, camphor and chloroform, of each one fluid ounce, mix, and it is ready for use. This preparation is not used by bathing or *rubbing* on, but simply by pouring a few drops on the back of the neck, on the crown of the head, or by wetting a folded piece of brown paper, and applying it in the palm of the hand to the painful part. Relief generally immediately follows. It will also relieve tooth-ache.

PLANT-RAISING.—No. I.

FOR THE GREENHOUSE AND FLOWER GARDEN.—Gardening operations are many and various. Some few no doubt are too laborious for ladies to attempt, but the generality of garden-work is calculated to afford a healthy amusement even to the most delicate.

Plant-raising, which will form the subject of our present article, is one of those operations in which almost everybody can take an interest, for it can be engaged in with a very small amount of labor and trouble; the expense attending it is trifling, and the profit considerable. While admiring some splendid specimen, whether under glass or in the open garden, there is a feeling of infinite satisfaction in being able to say that we ourselves raised it from a tiny seed, and in reflecting that while such a plant could not be purchased for several dollars, the seed from which we raised it did not cost as many pence.

In a natural state the increase of plants is effected by seeds, suckers, and offsets, and under cultivation plant-rais-

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ing for all practical purposes may be considered under these heads, with the addition of cuttings, layering, grafting and budding—these last four processes being wholly artificial. We shall have something to say upon each of these; our remarks will be of a practical character, explanatory of the processes, and indicating the sorts of plants to which they may be suitably applied.

By way of introduction, however, it will be desirable to give some instruction as to the formation of a hot-bed and the working of garden-frames, for without these appliances not much progress will be made. Of course in large establishments a regular propagating house would be required; but our garden articles, it must be borne in mind, are not written for those who make gardening their profession, but for that very much larger class of persons who take it up as an amusement, and for whom it is desirable not only that gardens and greenhouses should be well furnished, but that they should also be economically managed. We have admitted that there is some garden work too laborious for ladies to undertake, and of this class certainly must be the making of a hot-bed, and the working of garden-frames. Still every amateur who aspires to be manager should have a competent knowledge of these matters, though she may not be required to carry them into effect; just for the same reason that every mistress of a family should know how everything affecting her household ought to be done, though she need not scrub floors and clean the saucepans herself.

To keep a moderate sized flower-garden and small greenhouse or conservatory well stocked with plants raised for the purpose, one large two-light frame, one small two-light frame, and one or two small single-light frames are required, also a pit not smaller in size than the two-light frame, and the larger the better. This pit should be dug about three feet deep, the back, front, and sides banked up with turfs, or flags, as they are called in some parts of the country, to the height of about six inches in front, and two feet at the back, the sides inclining to meet them. It should be covered with glass lights working in a shallow, wooden frame. A pit so constructed will be found most useful not only to preserve delicate plants out of bloom during severe weather, but to receive pots of cuttings, etc., that may require to be hardened off, as the gardeners form it, before they are planted out. The hot-bed should be made thus: Take two or three horseloads of stable manure that has been turned over several times to sweeten, and add to this by a careful mixing about the same quantity of leaves that have been collected in the shrubberies or elsewhere. While the materials are being thus prepared, mark out a bed that will contain the large and small two-light frames with not less than a foot margin on all sides. At each corner of the bed drive an upright stake into the ground, then pile up the material within the stakes, taking care that the whole bed is so firmly laid that it is not likely to settle in one part more than in another. As soon as this is done set on the frames, and after two or three days, when all rank smell has gone off and there is no fear of overheating, the hot-bed will be fit for use. Into each frame place a coating of clean sawdust about five or six inches thick to receive the seed pans and pots. This is greatly preferable to sifted mould, which is generally used for the purpose. From 70° to 80° is a good general heat, and whenever the temperature falls, say below 70°, the margin of the bed should be cut down and some fresh, hot manure introduced, by which means the hot-bed can be kept in good working order for a considerable length of time. Steps should be placed both back and front, to give ready access to the frames and save the margin of the bed from being trodden down. During night the lights should always be carefully covered with mats, straw hurdles, or other warm material, to prevent the condensation of moisture upon the glass, and the consequent dropping of wet, which is so fatal to young plants. Too great attention cannot be given to this particular.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE UHLAN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 58.—NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 11 is the dearest place on earth.
My 7, 8, 9, 4 is a temptation.
My 16, 17, 16, 19 is wealthy.
My 6, 5, 19 is salt.
My 14, 13, 15, 12 is a title.
My whole is the name of a well-known author.
Marblehead, Mass. HENRY CHENEY.

No. 59.—WALL-SQUARE WORD.

1. A waterfall. 2. A musical term. 3. A genus of animals. 4. Money. 5. A boy's name. 6. To transact. 7. A letter.
Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 60.—HIDDEN FURNITURE.

1. PETERSON'S is the best and cheapest in the world. 2. Men are not able to do all things. 3. This is the lace bib Edward gave her. 4. Harry ran so fast, I could not catch him.
Amsterdam, N. Y. CLARA VAN BROCKLEN.

No. 61.—WORD PUZZLE.

I am a word of five letters containing: 1. An extremity. 2. Two numbers. 3. Accent. 4. Dispatched. 5. Thus. 6. A habitual drunkard. 7. A relative. 8. Firm. 9. An adverb. 10. A negative. 11. To observe. 12. Part of the face. 13. A weight. 14. An abbess. 15. A preposition. 16. A snare. 17. An attack. 18. Above.
Norwalk, Conn. ANNIE L. BARRETT.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 56.

B
CON — CON
BORED — ORE
NEW — NEW
D

No. 57.
Locust.

HINTS FOR EVERY ONE.

FOLDING SCREENS are a great feature in the drawing-rooms of to-day; they cut off the corners and fill up the angles of rooms, and form a good medium for the display of china and photographs. One of the latest fancies of the day are the bird screens; storks, wild ducks, and flamingoes are painted at the base of the screens amongst grasses and entangled weeds on a gold ground; on the upper part of the screens are painted smaller birds, with bright plumage; and leaves and stalks of Pampas and other long grasses are painted on one side only—the hinge side, that is to say. Other screens are painted in panels with birds, fruit, and flowers; others are covered in velvets and foreign-looking fabrics or satin, with gold beading; on these screens innumerable photographs are hung, and china plates and small velvet brackets with ornaments of china. Wicker screens,

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which are placed at the back of writing tables and other convenient spots, are also ornamented with brackets for holding flowers; sometimes these screens are covered with ivy, and have a tray for flowers.

How to Calcimine.—A subscriber asks us how this elegant way of finishing a ceiling, which she very properly calls vastly superior to white-washing, is to be done. The material to be used, and which is called Calcimine, must be bought at a drug-store, as it is a preparation of Kaolin, made after some French method. For a ceiling, say 14 by 22, two pounds are sufficient, and will cost twenty cents, or thereabouts. It should be prepared for use by placing the calcimine in a vessel of suitable size, then scald with sufficient water to make it the consistency of hot gumsh, let it partly cool; then thin down with *skimmed milk* to the proper consistency for use. Skimmed milk is best, as the fatty or butter part of new milk would spoil the mixture. Apply with a whitewash brush. This mixture will work smoothly and not drag under the brush, as most other mixtures for whitewash. It can be colored to suit the taste of those using it. Any skilful whitewasher can also calcimine a wall or ceiling.

Directions for Spatter Work.—For spatter work any kind of cardboard can be used. It should be placed on a board, and the leaves and ferns when arranged should be fastened to the cardboard with very small pins standing upright, the leaves, of course, having been previously well pressed. The Indian ink must be mixed very thickly. Hold a comb in one hand, and a toothbrush in the other, dip the brush into the ink, and then rub it backwards and forwards on the comb which you hold over the cardboard. Be careful not to make large spatters, as they will run into each other and make blots. To prevent the whole design looking equally white in all parts, ferns overlying others should be removed when the work is nearly finished, and slight spattering continued. This will cause some leaves to appear darker than others, which will produce the effect of distance. Colored paints can be used, but Indian ink is the most usual.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP AND FISH.

Fresh Halibut Fish-Balls.—To two pound boiled halibut add double the quantity of hot mashed potatoes; the fish must be picked in small pieces; add butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs; mix them well, and make them into round flat balls, and when the weather is cold they can stand over night, but in the summer they must be made in the morning. Have a kettle of boiling hot lard, and put in only a few at a time, and boil them until they are a nice light brown. If the lard is not quite boiling, they will soak the fat, and if too hot, they will come out black instead of brown. If the fish, potatoes, etc., seem too dry when you mix them, add a very little milk.

Carrot Soup.—Four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or beef has been boiled, a few beef-bones, six large onions, one turnip; seasoning of salt and pepper to taste; cayenne. Put the liquor, bones, onions, turnip, pepper, and salt into a stewpan, and simmer for three hours. Scrape and cut the carrots thin, strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair sieve or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea-soup. Add cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make this soup the day before it is wanted.

MEATS, ETC.

Giblet Pie.—Wash and clean your giblets, put them in a stewpan, season with pepper, salt, and a little butter rolled in flour, cover them with water, stew them till they are very tender. Line the sides of your pie dish with paste, put in the giblets, and if the gravy is not quite thick enough add a little more butter rolled in flour. Let it boil once, pour in the gravy, put on the top crust, leaving an opening in the centre of it in the form of a square; ornament this with leaves of the paste. Set the pie in the oven, and when the crust is done take it out.

Hashed Mutton.—Mince an onion and fry it in butter to a brown color, add a tablespoonful of flour, stir well, pour in enough stock or broth to make the sauce, with a dash of vinegar, pepper, salt, and spices to taste. Let the sauce give a boil, then strain it, and when cold put in the slices of meat, well trimmed of any outside parts, and a good allowance of pickled gherkins cut in slices. Let the whole get warm by gentle simmering, and keep it hot till wanted for table.

Casserole or Dressed Mutton.—The dish must be lined with mashed potatoes, the mutton, nicely minced and properly seasoned, placed in the dish, a little stock added, and then covered over with mashed potatoes, roughed with a fork, and place before the fire, till the dish assumes the appearance of a nicely-browned baked hedgehog. The hotter served the better it will be relished, provided it has only been allowed to simmer and not to boil.

Kidney Stew.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then let it lay in cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put in a saucepan with three half-pints of cold water; let it boil two hours; half an hour before it is done, add one large onion sliced, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with mashed potatoes.

Veal Sausages.—Take fat bacon and lean veal in equal quantities, with a handful of sage, a little salt, pepper, and an anchovy. Let all be chopped and beaten well together, floured, rolled, and fried.

VEGETABLES.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Slice an onion finely, and fry it in butter till it begins to take color, add four or five cold boiled potatoes cut in slices three-eigths of an inch thick, salt and pepper to taste, and keep shaking the saucepan till they are quite hot, and also begin to brown. Beef dripping, if properly clarified, may be used instead of butter.

Potatoes à la Creme.—Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, and mix with it a very small quantity of flour, moisten with a gill of cream or simply milk; add a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste, and minced parsley. Stir well, then put in cold boiled potatoes cut in slices, and let them gradually warm in the sauce by the side of the fire.

Potatoes and Bacon.—Fry some fat bacon cut into small dice in a saucepan, add the potatoes cut into large squares, pepper and salt to taste, moisten with a little stock. Put in a small quantity of powdered sweet herbs, and let the whole stew till the potatoes are quite done.

DESSERTS.

Imperial Rice.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice, picked and washed clean, in a pint of milk, with sugar to taste, and a piece of vanilla; when quite done, put it into a basin to get cold. Make a custard with a gill of milk and the yolks of four eggs; when cold, mix it with the rice. Beat up into a froth a gill of cream with some sugar and a pinch of isinglass dissolved in a little water; mix this very lightly with the rice and custard, fill a mould with the mixture, and set it on ice. When moderately iced turn it out, and serve with any jam, sauce, or fruit round it, such as strawberries.

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College Pudding.—Take eight ounces bread-crumbs, eight ounces suet, eight ounces currants, one ounce citron-peel, one ounce orange-peel, a little sugar and nutmeg, three eggs beaten, yolks and whites separately, and a glass of brandy. Mix well, and shape them into balls; rub them over with egg, and roll them in flour. Fry a nice brown in boiling butter or lard, and drain them on blotting-paper. Or they may be put into small moulds and baked in the oven. In either case, serve with wine or brandy-sauce.

Corn Flour Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk, then beat the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of corn-flour and a little milk; stir into the boiling milk, let it boil up once, and turn into a pudding-dish; then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add four spoonfuls of white powdered sugar; cover the pudding with the mixture, and set in the oven and brown lightly; flavor with vanilla, lemon, etc. The frosting is improved by adding a flavor to it.

Cheese Cakes.—Line some patty pans with puff paste, and then fill them with the following mixture: Melt two ounces of butter, add two ounces sifted loaf sugar, the yolks and white of an egg well beaten, the rind of two lemons grated, the juice of two lemons strained; beat well, and it is ready. Bake in a moderate oven.

Fruit Creams.—Six ounces red currant jelly, six ounces strawberry jam, six ounces sifted sugar, the whites of two eggs; mix all well together for half an hour, and serve in a glass dish. Never cease stirring it.

CAKES.

Tea Cakes.—Put one pint of warm milk into a pan with one quarter pint of yeast and sufficient flour (about two pounds,) to make a good thick paste. Knead it well, and leave it to rise for a couple of hours; sweeten with two ounces of powdered sugar, mix with it a quarter pound of butter, and add four eggs well beaten up. Let it stand for half an hour, then divide it into cakes and put them in tins, stand them to rise again near the fire, then bake in a quick oven.

Egg Loaf.—One pound of dough, two ounces of butter, two ounces of pounded sugar, two eggs. Beat all well together in a basin in the same manner as eggs are beaten, only using the hand instead of the whisk; set in a plain mould to rise for three-quarters of an hour, then bake in a quick oven. When cut it should have the appearance of honey-comb. This is a very nice breakfast cake, and will make delicious toast when stale.

Biscuits without Butter.—To one-half pound of pounded sugar, add a couple of eggs, and stir always one way for a quarter of an hour, then add the finely grated rind of a fresh lemon, and very gradually one-half pound of flour. When well mixed and reduced to a smooth paste, roll it out very thin; cut it into any shape preferred, with a paste cutter. Put the biscuits on to a buttered tin, and bake in the oven to a pale yellow color.

CornCakes.—Into a quart of milk stir enough yellow corn meal to make a thick batter, add it to four well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of salt. Butter small basins or tin pans, fill them one inch deep, and bake for nearly an hour in a moderate oven; do not open the oven for forty minutes.

Luncheon Cake.—One pound flour, one-half pound currants, six ounces moist sugar, six ounces dripping, one teaspoonful of Yeastman's yeast powder. Rub all these ingredients together dry, add one egg, and a little milk or water, which many cooks think makes it lighter.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Keep Furs, Woolens, Etc.—Take large, plain, square chests or boxes, into which you can put an old sheet for lining, after dusting the bottom with Persian moth powder; over this lining scatter powdered gum camphor thickly, then lay your woolens in a layer after they have been thoroughly brushed or cleaned, if necessary. Upon this scatter another sprinkling of powdered gum camphor, and then another layer of woolens, and so on until the chest is full. Fold the sides and ends of the sheet tightly over the top if the size will admit of it, or cover with another old sheet; then lock and strap. This method will prove effectual, particularly if precautions against moths are taken in every part of the house by thorough cleanliness and the use of preventives.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

LITTLE PILLOWS, round, square, or oblong, provided with a loop to sling them on chairs, and stuffed with down or feathers, shred rags or paper, are welcome comforts, as well as holland, crash, or sheeting pockets, provided with safety pins to fasten on quilts, bed-backs or sides, for bed-ridden people, and which will contain a book, pocket-handkerchief, or work. Very handy workboxes can be made for mothers and daughters from cigar, blacklead, or other cases, not too large, and with lids. If the box has wire hinges, a strip of strong linen glued on both sides will keep it firm enough. If not, small hinges or a strip of leather can be put on. Cover the inside and outside neatly with black paper, on which colored scraps are pasted, or with colored paper. Bright-flowered cretonne is pretty too, and lasts longer. Tack a round or oval pincushion on the outside of the lid, which can be finished off with a ruching of braid or ribbon. Put straps for scissors and other work implements on the inside of the cover. Fasten a strong needle-book on one end, with the leaves turning down, and a little pocket almanac on the other end of the book. A long, shallow pocket on the length of the box will contain knitting or crochet needles. A bag with running strings, to contain buttons, another for tape, and a space for reels, completes the box, which can be furnished, or not, or but partly so; in either case a most acceptable present. If the box is covered with black paper and scraps, it can be varnished over. A bag, with running strings, can be put on the outside instead of the pincushion; in which case a piece of proportionate width must be tacked round the edge of the box, turned up, and tied together. This will contain pieces, work in hand, etc.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF SOFT CLARET-COLORED SILK, lightly brocaded in the same color. The bottom is trimmed with knife-plaiting of silk, and fringe of the color of the dress. The mantle is of black silk, and is trimmed with black fringe and passementrie. Black straw bonnet, trimmed with black and claret-colored feathers.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREY CAMEL'S HAIR, trimmed at the bottom with two deep knife-plaited ruffles. The apron-front is gathered full at the sides. The skirt at the back is prettily draped, and finished with three rows of machine stitching. The coat-waist is finished with plaitings of silk set in at the back, and on the collar and cuffs.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED FOULARD, brocaded in dark red and gray. The bottom of the skirt has a wide knife-plaited flounce of plain cream-colored silk. The trimming around the upper part of the skirt, down the front, and at the back of the train, is of the same material. The waist is coat-shaped, and open in front, with collar and cuffs of the plain silk.

FIG. IV.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF FINE INDIENNE CASHMERE OF A DEEP CREAM COLOR. The bottom of the skirt and train is trimmed with a knife-plaiting of silk of the same color. The front of the skirt is laid in large box-plaits, and at the bottom is trimmed with point Languedoc, (a lace

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nicer than the Breton, and looking more like the old English thread lace). The over-dress is princess shape, and is trimmed with a bias band of crimson and cream-colored brocade. The train is caught up loosely at the back, and is confined at the bottom with a large bow of crimson satin ribbon. The corsage is open in front, and trimmed with straight bands of the crimson striped brocade.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with blue and black striped velvet. The *visite* is of fawn-colored cloth, cut with large square sleeves, and is richly embroidered and trimmed with fringe. Fawn-colored felt bonnet, trimmed with gold braid, and a bright colored bird.

FIG. VI AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS. The under-skirt is of brocaded cashmere, edged with a pleating of the plain material. The bodice and over-dress are of claret-colored Indienne cashmere, the latter being draped high at the sides under a buckle. The mantilla is of the brocaded cashmere, edged with a fringe of the mixed colors of the cashmere. The hat is of straw, faced with claret-colored velvet, and has long claret-colored plumes. The tunic may be draped on both sides alike, or with a buckle on one side, and a bow of ribbon on the other.

FIG. VIII.—HOME-DRESS OF SOFT GRAY BUNTING. The entire under-skirt is kilt-plaited. The over-dress is polonaise shape, trimmed with a knife-plaiting of silk of the color of the dress, and is looped up at the back in paniers, where the costume is finished with a bow and ends of the silks. Cuffs of gray silk.

FIG. IX.—HOME-DRESS OF STEEL-BLUE BEGE. The skirt is cut open quite high up to show fan-plaitings of steel-blue satin. The jacket bodice is draped at the sides in panier fashion. There is a plastron of satin extending from the neck to bottom of the bodice, the upper part of which is plaited, and the lower part is embroidered in small flowers of the color of the satin. The cuffs are also embroidered.

FIG. X.—BONNET FOR FULL DRESS OF WHITE CRÊPE, trimmed with roses and forget-me-nots, and a good deal of Breton lace.

FIG. XI.—FRONT OF PELERINE OF BLACK INDIENNE CASHMERE, embroidered in gold. It has a band of black and gold embroidery, and a black and gold fringe around it, and small gold acorns at the ends, and is trimmed with black satin ribbon and a ruff of black lace.

FIG. XII.—SPRING JACKET OF BLACK BROCADED CASHMERE. It is tight-fitting, and is edged with a deep fringe in which all the colors of the brocaded figures are introduced. Black straw hat, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S HAIR, made in the princess style. The fichu is of soft Indian muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

FIG. XIV.—BLACK STRAW HAT, trimmed with soft old gold silk and Breton lace.

FIG. XIV.—BACK OF PELERINE, No. XI. This pelerine looks equally well in brown and gold, white and gold, blue and silver, or lilac and silver, and is extremely pretty for a light summer wrap, or for cool days in the house.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN DE BEGE. The skirt is bordered with a deep plaiting, the back is draped, and the front is gathered in the centre, and terminates in long bows of brown satin ribbon. The basque body is gathered at the waist, and the fulness, which is gathered at the shoulders, forms a fichu.

FIG. XVI.—VISITING-DRESS OF BRONZE-COLORED CASHMERE, brocaded with old gold. The front of the dress is of bronze-colored silk kilted, and is fastened down with bronze-colored satin ribbon, which ties in long loops. The princess over-dress is of the brown brocaded cashmere, it has paniers in front, and is looped up twice in the back. A knife-plaiting of the silk edges the paniers, and the long square train. Bonnet of black chip, with gold-colored roses.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is much too cold as yet for any new costume to have appeared on the street; only in the shop and at the dressmakers can the hints at the fashions be attained. The rage for Oriental patterns is greater than ever; this is not to be wondered at, as it gives such a variety and richness to the toilette, and plain and figured materials combined enter into nearly all the newest dresses; even the chintzes and calicoes follow the fashion of more expensive goods, and we now see solid plain chintzes with those richly colored, with palms, arabesques, flowers, etc., together, to make up in a dress.

For street wear, long coat basques or shorter close-fitting basques, (but still retaining usually something of the coat, or Louis XVI. style,) are often made entirely of brocaded cashmere, worn over plain colored skirts, which sometimes are entirely plain, or have panels or some other little trimming of the brocaded cashmere; in other cases, the whole suit is of the plain color, with cuffs, vest, collar, etc., etc., of the brocade. There never was a time when individual taste could be so developed, or when two or three old dresses could be made to furnish one extremely pretty new one.

As to the new spring colors, they are infinite, but after all, only varieties of old ones, but of so many new tints, that they are quite indescribable. All shades of mauve, lilac, and purple are again coming into vogue, and for the spring nothing can be prettier.

Mantles, Visites, etc., are not at all abandoned, as they are requisite for cold days; they are usually with the square sleeves, or are cut in the cape-like style seen in our colored fashions.

Bonnets and Hats, retain the winter styles as yet, but will no doubt be modified in some way as the season advances; there cannot be a greater variety of shapes than we have already had, during the winter. In fact, anything may be worn, large or small, much or little trimmed.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR; the skirt has a knife-plaited ruffle of a lighter shade of brown silk which is placed under the vandyked edge of camel's hair; these vandykes like all the others on the costume are bound with the lighter brown silk, and edged with a narrow Hamburg trimming; the deep coat is very much cut away in front, and shows a deep brown silk vest; the coat is trimmed with vandykes, and the sleeves have a loose tie with bow and ends of brown silk above the wrists and a knife-plaiting at the hand. Hat of brown felt, trimmed with feathers of the two shades of brown, with brown ribbon loop under the brim.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF GRAY KNICKERBEIN; the trousers are rather close-fitting and reach below the knees; long, loose jacket; gray helmet-shaped hat.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SCOTCH COSTUME; the jacket is of black velveteen; the full kilted skirt and scarf are of red and black plaid, cut bias; the Scotch cap is of black velveteen with a red plaid band.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S OVER-DRESS, made princess style, of dark blue Shoodah cloth; it is buttoned down the entire front, and is trimmed with braid; this dress may either be worn over a white one edged with white embroidered ruffles, or the ruffles may be tacked under the bottom of the dress. Black straw hat with white wing.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED DE BEGE; the vandyked edges falls over a full knife-plaited ruffle of silk of the same shade as the dress; the apron front is wrinkled; at the sides are long plaited pieces, held together by a band of blue silk; the back is slightly draped and the bottom is finished like the front with vandyke. Louis XV. jacket with collar, cuffs, pockets and vest of blue silk. Dark brown straw hat trimmed with fawn-colored feathers and a bird.

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"FIELD FLOWERS."

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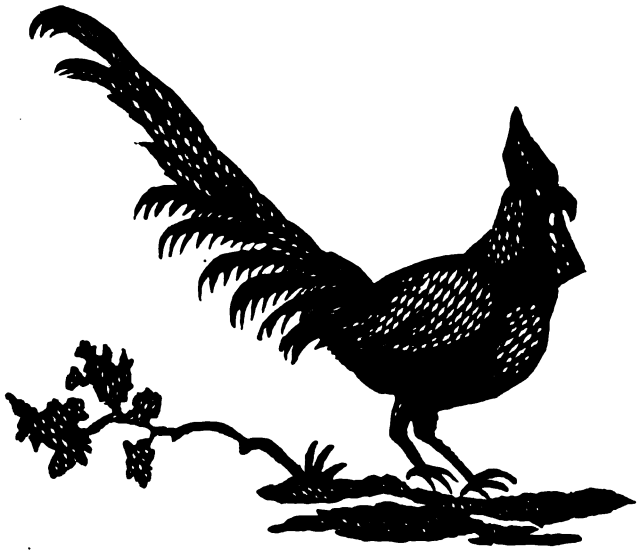
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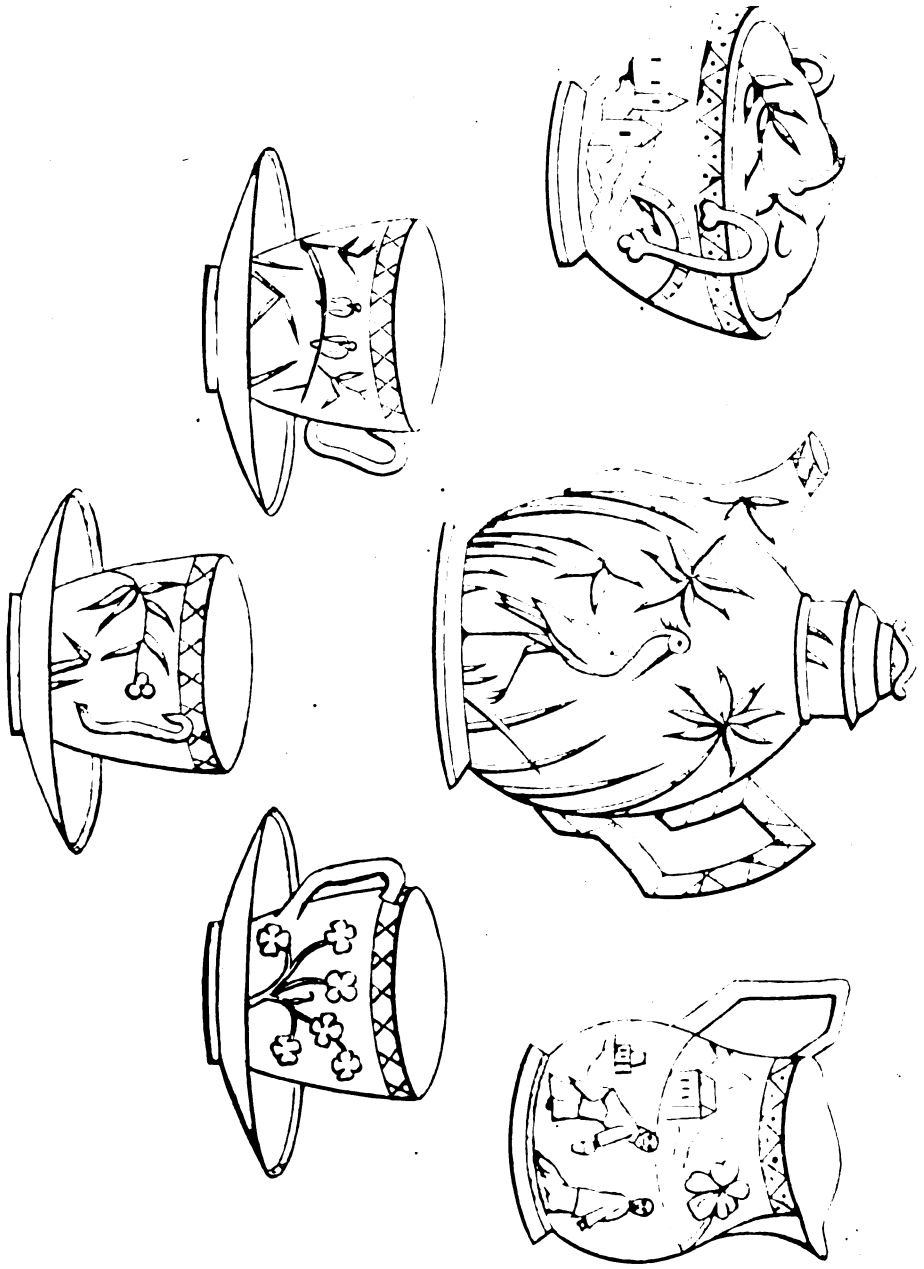


DESIGNS FOR TOWEL ENDS, &c. &c.

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EXTRA COLORED PATTERN.



DESIGN FOR CORNERS FOR TEA-TABLE CLOTH

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THE MOONRISE BY THE SEA. [*See the Story, "Her Aqua Marines."*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL. NECK-TIE.

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VISITING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

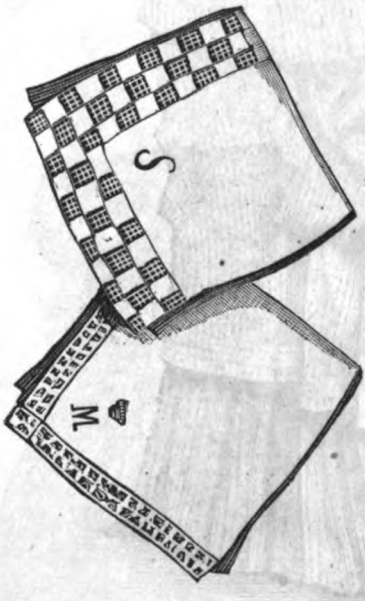
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WALKING DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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YOUNG GIRL'S HOUSE DRESS. CHEMISE. HANDKERCHIEFS.

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VISITING DRESS. CAPE FOR SAME. LACE TIE.

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NEW STYLES IN SPRING BONNETS.

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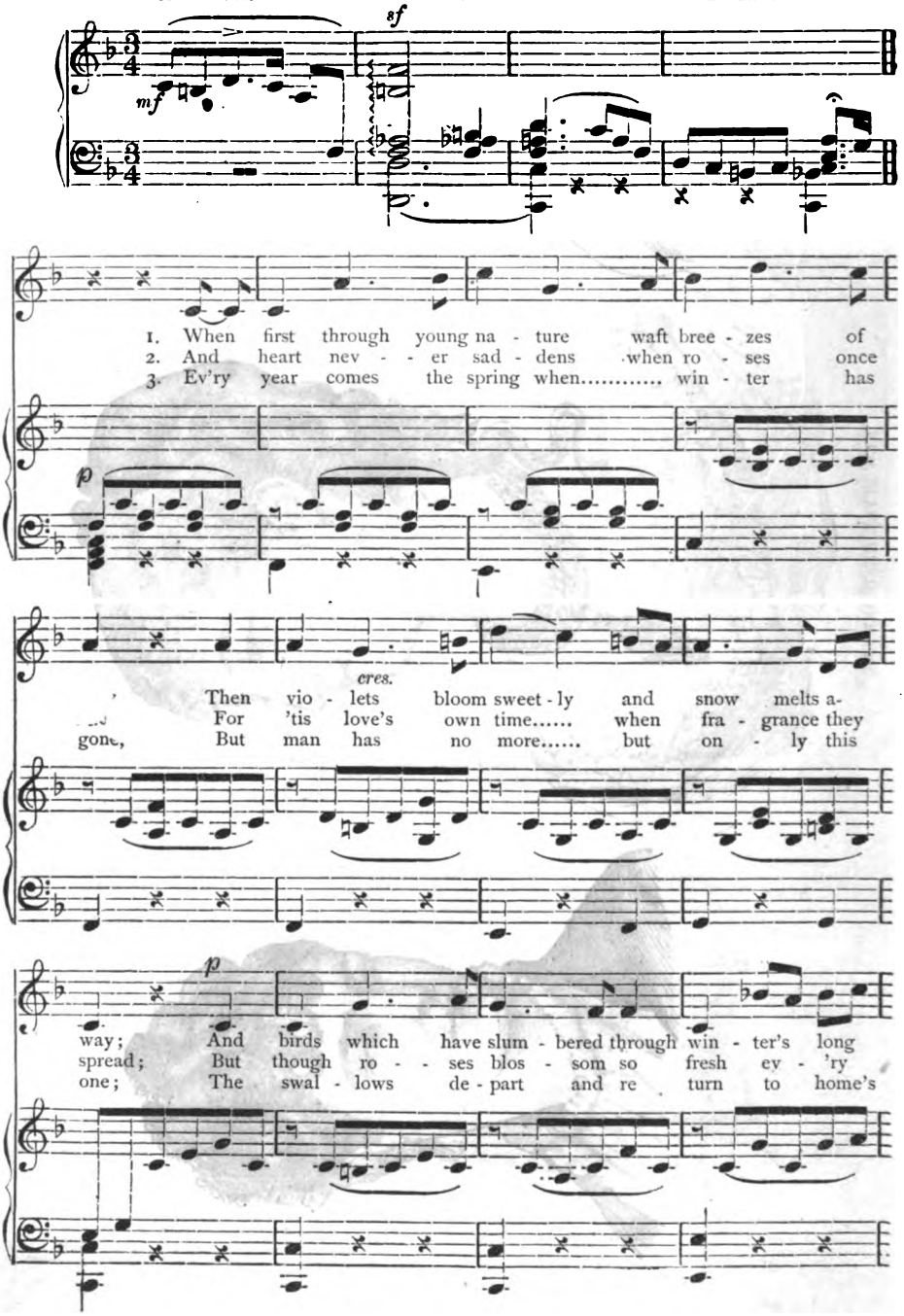


NEW STYLE HEAD DRESSES.

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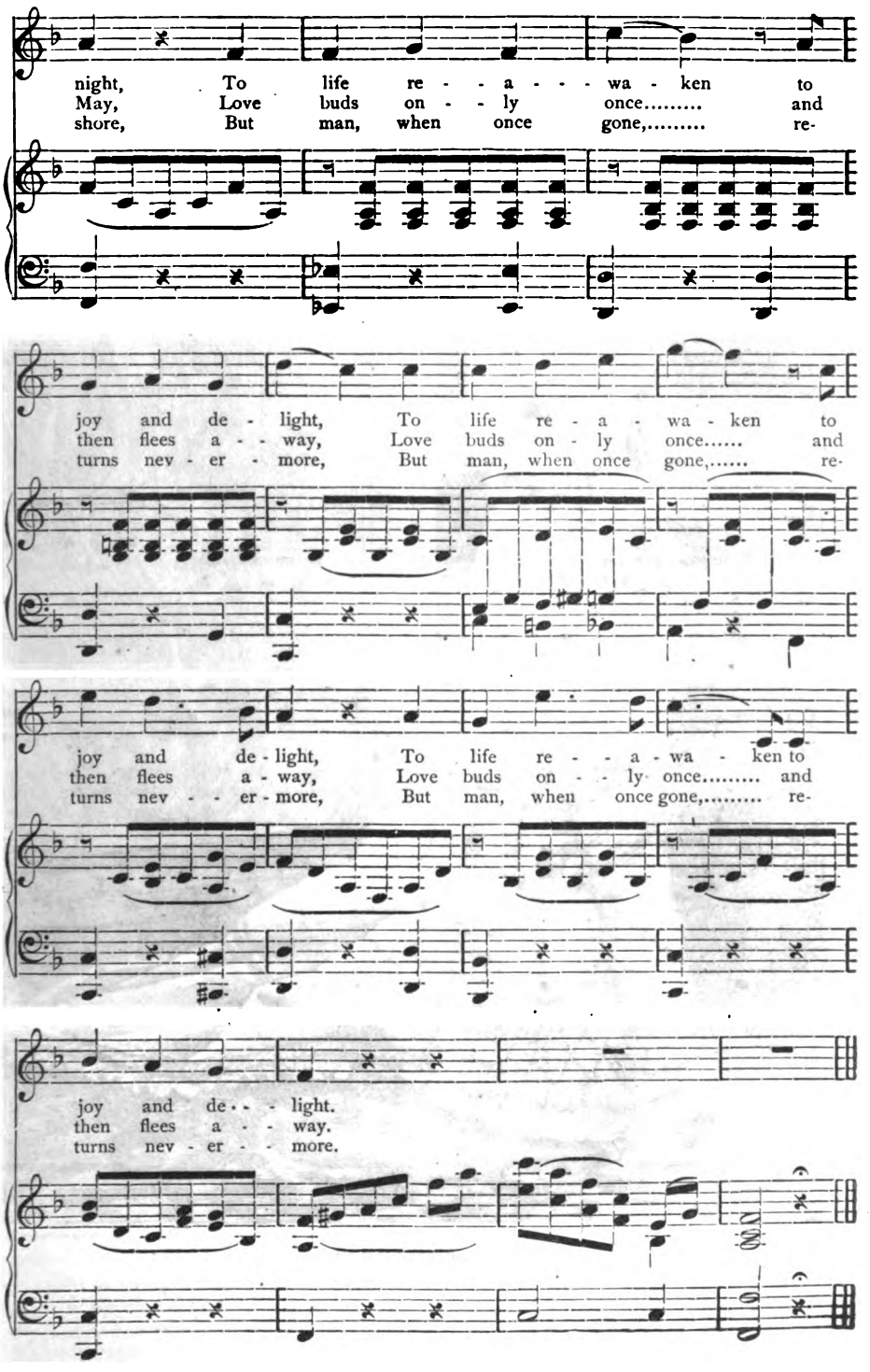
THE MAY BREEZE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philada.

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DINNER, OR EVENING DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1880. No. 4.

HOW LUTIE'S LOVER FOUND HER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.



THAT afternoon, we had both been picking uppine-cones, Lutie and I, to finish out our picture-frames, and fancy baskets. There was to be a Bazaar in the village, the following week, for the benefit of the poor; and the good ladies, who had the charge of the preparations, were in need of all sorts of pretty trifles.

Lutie and I, hearing of this, set to work making frames and baskets. All the girls, in the neighborhood, were engaged at some sort of fancy work; and the greater part of them intended their articles as gratuitous contributions. But Lutie and I were too poor for that. We were too proud to ask, or to receive the value of one farthing as charity, and not one of the committee would have dared to offer it; but we were obliged to demand pay for whatever work we did, and it was very willingly given.

Lutie, who was an exceedingly business-like little person, went down to see Mrs. Fitzhugh, who was at the head of the charitable committee, and arranged the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned. We were to make as many frames and baskets as we liked, and to receive a reasonable price for them. Such a chance to get money was seldom offered to us, and we went to work in earnest, and were busy from morning until far into the night.

"Mrs. Fitzhugh will pay us a shilling apiece for the frames, and twenty-five cents for the baskets, and we can complete at least a dozen of each. That'll be twelve shillings and twelve quarters," said Lutie, counting on her pretty, slender fingers, her brown eyes shining with animation, "why, Bess, we shall get rich."

"Yes, dear, we shall do famously," I said, but a sigh stifled the laughter on my lips, as I thought how many needs there were for every shilling we could make.

But we set about our work with brave hearts, and willing hands. We were always thankful for employment, Lutie and I; but there was not much in our line to be had in the neighborhood. People, for the most part, did their own plain sewing, and fancy sewing, too, for that matter; but occasionally Lutie made a bonnet for a neighbor, a work for which she had a particular aptitude and some experience. There was drudgery to be done, to be sure, but even if we had been willing, mamma would not have allowed us to go out as housemaids. "No," she said, "we will never stoop to that."

Poor mamma, sitting in her easy chair, in the corner of the little brown cottage, her white, handsome, helpless hands crossed upon her lap; unable to make one step; with no employment, no amusement, but her dreams of brighter days gone by, and the sunny glimpse of green hill, and winding river, beyond the window!

It was dreadfully dull for her; for there had been a time, when she was the happy wife of an adoring husband, the pretty, stylishly-robed mistress of a home, which lacked none of life's best luxuries.

But all that was past and gone. Poor papa was in his grave, hundreds of miles away; and the pretty home, with all its luxuries and attractions, had passed into other hands. How the

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change came about, matters little, for this life is full of changes; but that autumn day, when Lutie and I went out to gather pine-cones, we had only the latticed window shut in from the road by its rude stone wall, and what our hands could earn; and poor mamma was a helpless invalid.

We had not lived in the cottage a great while. Immediately after papa's death, we had moved to a pretty, rural town; and mamma and I had rooms in the dwelling of a widow lady, while Lutie sought a situation as governess. But, alas, there were more governesses than situations, and finally, Lutie, who had always had great taste in dress, was employed by the fashionable milliner of the place. It was a descent, so to speak; "but we must live," said Lutie, bravely. Her wages kept mamma and me quite comfortably, and with what little I could do in the way of sewing, we were getting on ever so nicely, when a sudden and mysterious trouble fell upon us.

One day, Lutie came home, in a drenching rain, with a bonnet that she had been sent out with, but had not delivered. She had a face like a ghost. I was sure she was ill—dying, perhaps—she looked so ghastly.

I flew to her side.

"Hush, hush," she whispered, in a stifled voice, putting her hand to her heart, "if you love me, Bess, don't ask me a question; and on your life don't give mamma a hint of this. I shall be myself again in a very little while, if you'll leave me. Go out and make the tea, dear."

I always obeyed Lutie. While I was making the tea, a boy came with a letter. It was for Lutie, and I took it in to her. Her soft eyes seemed to blaze as she looked at the address.

"Take it back, Bess," she said, with the voice and air of a queen, "and tell the bearer never to bring another." Then she went up to her room.

I did as I was bidden. An hour later, Lutie came down, with her old face and smile.

"Bess," she said, and put her arms round me, and kissed me, "you've always been a good sister to me; be better than good now: never speak to me of this—this—trouble, Bess."

"I never will, Lutie," I said.

The very next day, we left the town, and found refuge in the brown cottage, a day's journey by rail away. Here we made our home. Mamma fretted a little, but she had such confidence in Lutie's wisdom, that she let her have her way. And Lutie never once alluded to her trouble, nor did I dare to press for her confidence.

"It's so lucky we've the baskets and frames to make, Bess," said Lutie, as we sat down under the pine-ridge, to rest, and shell off the pretty, brown cones, "we're sadly in need of a little money. Nobody, hardly, seems to want a new bonnet, this fall, or even to have an old one trimmed; the times are too hard, they say. We can't sell the brown pullet's brood, we must keep them for mamma; and the eggs count up dreadfully slow; and mamma must have a warm double-wrapper, and the money we get for these will just do."

She kept her pretty, slim fingers busy, while she talked, shelling off the cones. The afternoon sunshine, falling on her uncovered head, made its waving brown hair gleam like gold. Lutie was so pretty, so gentle, so lady-like!

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Yet the shadow of that old, mysterious trouble still saddened her soft eyes. I often wondered what the trouble could have been.

"I think we can crowd in, at least, two more baskets, Bess," she went on; "and I'll tell you what I intend to do. I shall cut up that spotted shawl of mine, and line them."

"But, oh! Lutie, it will be such a pity to cut it up. It is such an odd old fabric."

A little quiver stirred her lips.

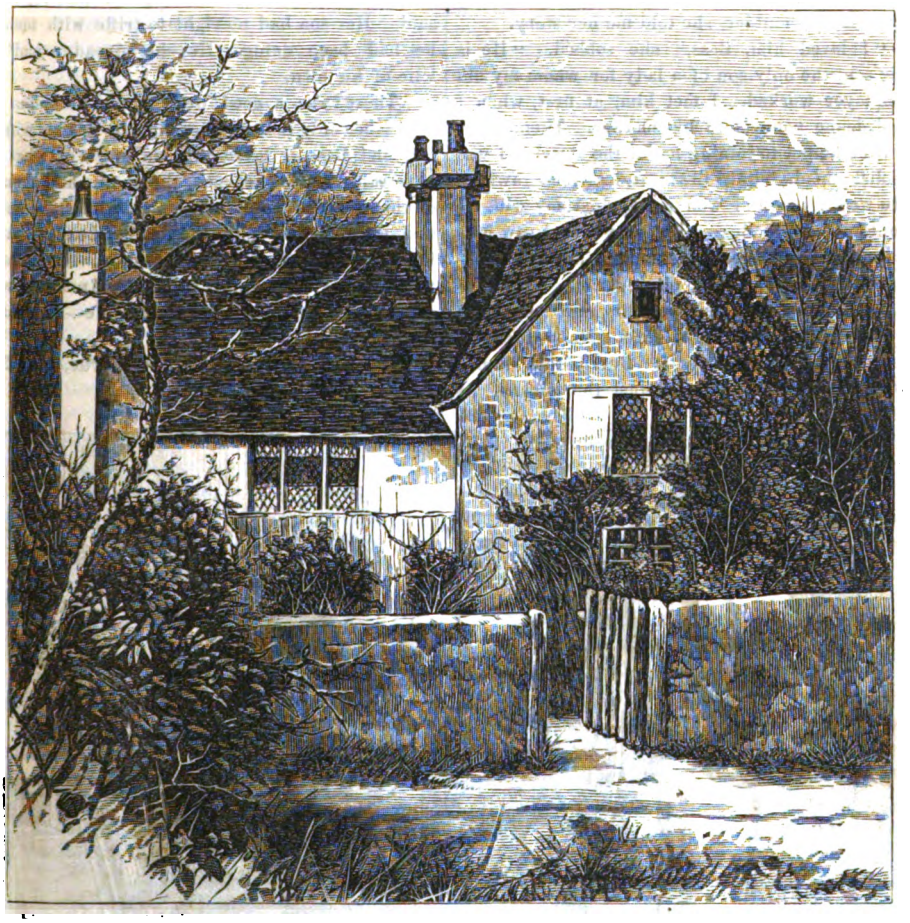
"No, it won't," she said, with a certain resolute ring in her voice. "The baskets will sell better."

Of course I said no more, and we gathered up our cones, and went home.

I attended the bazaar almost every night, but Lutie stayed at home. She seldom went out, save on business.

Our baskets, lined with the gay, curiously spotted silk, attracted much attention.

When I went up to the table, on which they were



ranged, on the last night, I noticed a tall, bearded, very handsome but masterful man, examining them critically. He looked up as I approached.

"Can you tell me whose baskets these are?" he inquired.

"There comes the lady who sells them," I replied.

"But who made them, I mean?" He was almost abrupt, in his commanding eagerness.

"My sister and I made them," I answered, a little haughtily.

He wheeled round upon me, his fine eyes blazing, one of the baskets in his hand.

"Your sister, did you say? This lining, this spotted silk, was her shawl? Her name is Ludlow—Lutie Ludlow?"

"Yes," I stammered, in amazement.

"I thought so," he said, his dark cheek flushing. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Ludlow. When I get an opportunity, I will explain all this."

The crowd surged up, and separated us, and with an intuitive feeling that some trouble, or

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some great joy, was in store for Lutie, I made my escape, and ran home to tell her about it.

She listened to me, with whitening lips.

"Oh, Bess!" she faltered out, when I had finished, her hand on her heart, "I won't see him. I can't; I must go away."

I put my arms about her, and drew her head down on my breast.

"Tell me all about it, dear," I said. "You can surely trust me with your trouble, Lutie?"

And then, her face hidden, her heart throbbing against my shoulder, she told me her story.

"I loved him, Bess," she sobbed. "He is the son, the only son of a lady for whom my old employer worked. I met him, at first, when I took home bonnets to his mother. Then, afterwards, he got to joining me in the street. I was foolish, mad, blind, Bess—at least, for awhile. He wooed me, and won me against my will. I couldn't help it, Bess. But very soon I saw how wrong it was to meet him clandestinely—"

"Well, dear," I said, pityingly.

"Ah, Bess, well may you pity me! For then he offered to marry me at once. He wanted me to elope, that very night. But I told him I would enter no family, against the wish of its head; and his mother would never consent. And then I broke away from him.

"The very next day, I was sent to his mother's, to fetch a bonnet she wished altered. He must have told her of his offer to me, and the bonnet was only a trick to get to see me. She sent for me into the parlor, a look of mocking pity on her proud face.

"I'll not try to repeat what she said; I'll make it as short as I can, Bess. It was her duty to warn me of the danger I was in, she said. Her son had no right to trifle with me as he had been doing. He—he already—had a wife of his own.

"There was a good deal more, Bess, but I remember only that another woman was his wife; for, oh! Bess, I loved him, in spite of what I have said. Great heavens, the shame and agony of that hour! I left her house, almost insane, and came home, with the bonnet-box, as you know, instead of going to the shop. Up in my room, alone, I fought it all out. And then we came here, before a week had gone—and that is all."

"But how can you be sure it is true, Lutie?" I said.



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"True, Bess? Why, his own mother told me so."

"Nevertheless, it may be a falsehood. I saw the man, to-night, and his face isn't the face of a villain. If he comes, Lutie, you had better see him—"

"I can't," she interrupted. "Oh, I can't! The shame would kill me. I must go away."

But she had no time to go. He was there, the next day, when we came home from church. Lutie found him in the sitting-room, awaiting her. I had passed on, into the dining-room, which was next to it, when the sound of his voice startled me.

"Lutie, Lutie, have I found you at last?"

"Leave this house, sir! This intrusion is unpardonable," cried Lutie.

But his eager tones drowned her indignant words. He came up close to the table, behind which she had entrenched herself, and rested his hand on it.

"I cannot—I will not," he answered, masterfully; "not till you hear me, Lutie. You need not explain. I know what sent you fluttering out into the world, my precious, little dove. Seeing that she had spoiled all my life for me, my poor mother confessed the wrong she had done me. For months, I have been trying to trace you. You saw my mother. Her desire for my worldly welfare, her anxiety to see me marry a fortune, caused her to seek to separate us. I have no wife, Lutie, and I shall never have one, unless I can get you."

Only Lutie's sobs answered him.

"My mother," he went on, "waits to receive you, with open arms. Come back to me, Lutie, poor, tired, storm-worn little dove, come back to your shelter. Precious, pretty, labor-worn little hands," and I knew he was kissing them, "your toil is all ended. Lutie, Lutie, have you no word of welcome for me? Look up, dear. Oh! I have searched for you everywhere, and at last, the dear, old shawl, that I used to like so to see you wear, was my clue to your hiding-place. I knew the queer spots, and the brilliant colors, the instant I caught sight of those baskets. I was sure; an odd sort of feeling convinced me that I wasn't mistaken. And it was so. I have found you at last. Lutie, look up, and speak to me. Tell me that you have cared for me just a little, through all the dreary months of our separation."

"I have cared for you always," answered Lutie, softly, and at that moment I realized what a shocking thing I was doing in listening.

I was at work on an unfinished basket that we had had left over from the bazaar. I had found out, at church, that Mr. Egerton, the young minister, had been very anxious to obtain one, but was too late, all of them having been sold, so I determined to finish that one, and send it to him as a present, that evening.

Catching it up, and scattering the cone-shells in every direction, I rushed headlong through the low window, and almost into the arms of Mr. Egerton himself.

"Oh, pray excuse me!" I gasped out, and down went my poor basket.

He picked it up, looking at it admiringly.

"I wanted one like this, particularly," he said, "but I was too late."

"I am finishing this one for you, if you'll accept of it," I blurted out, and then stood tingling, to my very finger-tips, with shame and embarrassment.

"You were finishing it for me? How very kind of you," he said, his grave eyes kindling. "I shall prize it very highly. But," he added, after a momentary pause, "there is something I should prize infinitely more than this pretty basket, if I might venture to ask for it. Something, Bessie, I have wished for a long time."

My heart gave a great jump, and my cheeks flamed. I stammered, in confusion,

"Come in and see mamma."

"Not just yet," he replied, with a smile, that was half mischievous. "I must have your consent first."

Conscious of the blunder I had made, unwittingly, I tried to escape; but he held me fast, and we strolled down the sunny lane, under the bare, wintry trees.

I scarcely know, even to this day, what was said, or how it all was settled. But I do know that the one dim, unacknowledged hope of my life was realized.

GOD KNOWETH.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

Low stirs the wind, swift runs the wind,
All day it cometh, goeth,
But where, and how, and whence it flies,
Alone, the dear Lord knoweth.

Soft comes the soul, swift goes the soul,
No wind so voiceless bloweth,
Along its realm of mysteries,
And yet—the dear Lord knoweth!

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KITTY'S MILLIONS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"You are an awful little humbug, and you know it!"

So Kitty Seabright's tall brother, Murray, used sometimes to say to her, when she had vexed him beyond control by her caprices, or he had watched her driving some one of her adorers, who chanced to be a friend of his own, to the verge of distraction, by her coquetries.

"You are an awful little humbug, and you know it!" he would repeat, with emphasis.

"I am not!" Kitty would asseverate. "How can you be so cruel to a poor little thing like me? I wonder at you, I do, indeed!"

Sometimes, she would pout, sometimes go into a passion. Then Murray would sternly read her a lesson, which had no effect whatever. But more frequently the discussion ended by her coaxing him to forgive her.

One other person used occasionally, when she fretted and worried him beyond endurance, to bring the same accusation against Kitty. This was Roy Devereux, who had been her adorer, her victim, and her chevalier *par excellence*, ever since she was a golden-haired fairy of six, and he a brave little knight of eleven.

But Roy's formula of condemnation differed slightly from that of his friend Murray.

"You are an awful little humbug, Kitty," he would say, "but you don't know it!"

"And I don't believe it, either," Kitty would say; and generally forced him to repent his outburst, in metaphorical dust and ashes, before she forgave him.

Aunt Henderson never told her she was a humbug. That wise and wordly dame had carefully trained Kitty, in the ways wherein a marriageable maiden should walk, who is expected to make what is called "a good match," that is, marry wealth and position. And Kitty seemed to be going the way that her aunt wished.

In the ordinary affairs of life, Kitty was gentle, loving and honest. But when men were concerned, she displayed neither conscience nor heart. Murray said it was because she possessed neither. But Roy inclined to a more merciful opinion, excusing her, on account of the vitiated atmosphere of aunt Henderson's influeuce.

These two, Kitty's brother, and her chief knight, were firm friends, though Murray was several years the elder, and had already begun to gain wealth as well as win praise in the artistic career which his example, as well as personal longings and aspirations, had induced Roy to enter. This step mortally offended Devereux's old uncle, who had brought him up to be respectable, and a broker in Wall street, and he turned his back on the misguided youth accordingly.

The two men discussed Kitty, with as much freedom as if she had been no relation to Murray; and the nearest approach they ever got to quarrels, was when Murray's harsh judgment of the girl roused Roy to a passionate defence of the little Circe.

For bewitching Kitty was! She could even fascinate women, and when a pretty girl is able do that, one must admit there can be no limit to her powers. She was not a regular beauty; pick her features to bits, and you could find blemishes; inconsistencies as great as these were in her character; but somehow these very defects made her the prettier! Her complexion was purity itself; her great hazel eyes could express every shade of feeling, from fun to tenderness; her smiles were Legion, and varied from heavenly sweetness to Lurely-like provocation; and her dimples—but there is no comparison for Kitty's dimples—they had to be seen to gain the slightest idea of their charm, and few men ever saw them, if free, and of an age to be inflammable, without growing enamored to imbecility.

Aunt Henderson permitted her to amuse herself, but she kept careful watch. When any ineligible adorer threatened to prove dangerous, that wily lady artfully encouraged him to put his passion into words, and then Kitty sent him to the right-about. "Because you know, aunty, there is no fun at all when they get maudlin," said Kitty.

She had not yet ended her first season "in society," and she would not be eighteen for some months yet; but thanks to aunt Henderson's care she was as worldly as if she had been money-hunting for a decade; and thanks to certain naughty instincts of her own, as skilled in coquetry as a veteran flirt, long before she left the schoolroom.

Roy Devereux had been making love to her, for so many years, that she took it quite as a matter of course that he should do so. She missed him if he were absent, and was glad to

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see him come back; she liked to indulge in an approach to poetical dreams, now and then; but they didn't mean anything.

Murray read her aright so far—Kitty was a humbug; but then Roy was right, too—Kitty did not know it. There was nobody whom she humbugged so successfully as she did herself, for under all her folly and her wickedness, Kitty had a heart, and if it awakened one day, when too late, there would be terrible misery.

Early in February, Mr. Erastus Chillingford came back from Brazil, after an absence of several years. He was sixty, though he did not look his age; a widower; rich as Crœsus; and a very elegant man. He was handsome, too.

He had two married daughters and two sons, and he quarrelled incessantly with the whole brood. But people declared that Mr. Chillingford was in the right, for his children were an idle, extravagant lot, with the exception of the eldest son, who was a miser, and grudged every penny his father spent as if stolen from himself. And now he wanted to punish them! And the most effectual way of doing this was to marry.

Only two evenings after his return, he met his old friend Mrs. Henderson at a dinner-party, and they resumed at once their former familiar relations. He knew she was a woman to be trusted, and he confided his secret to her, though he did not mention his desire to revenge himself on his family. He talked about his loneliness, his empty home, and though he frankly admitted that for a man of his age to take a wife was usually a folly, he opined that in his particular case there were cogent reasons, which would not only excuse, but render his determination meritorious.

He had never seen Kitty half a dozen times, since she was a child, and had forgotten her existence; but Mrs. Henderson's pulses beat fast, with triumph, as she listened to his confidence. Naturally she held her peace, made only casual mention of her niece, and invited him to dine with her the next night, so that they could talk of old times, and discuss the future with more freedom.

He accepted the invitation, and appeared, looking such a stately cavalier, in his scrupulously-correct evening dress, his luxuriant gray hair softening his stern-cut features, and instead of making him look old, taking away from his age, and brightening his black eyes, till the effect was rather as if his curly locks had been whitened powder instead of years, that Mrs. Henderson felt he must prove satisfactory to Kitty in every way.

And while the two sat waiting, in the carefully subdued light of the library, till dinner should be announced, Kitty herself came floating in, with her white robes trailing about her, and a wreath of ivy in her hair. She chanced to be in one of her quiet moods, and looked like a youthful Sybil, or an enchanted princess, or some other rare and marvellous creature far removed from the capabilities and petty charms of ordinary girlhood.

Mr. Chillingford did not lose his head. Aunt Henderson saw that. But she saw that Kitty was a new revelation to him, and to a man of sixty this means a great deal! He was an admirable conversationalist. His manners, without being stiff, were a happy contrast to those of the free and easy youth of our day; he descended to no compliments; but every word and glance was a delicate tribute of admiration; and Kitty was charmed.

The dinner proved delicious. Mr. Chillingford surpassed himself, and Kitty flashed into gayety, and displayed half a dozen of her Protean guises, before ten o'clock came, and Murray appeared to escort her to some reception at the house of a friend.

The confederates were left alone. Not an approach to any open arrangement was made. They were both too finished artistes for that. But it was perfectly understood between them, that if maturer acquaintance with the young lady warranted Mr. Chillingford's opinion, he should become a suitor for her hand. It was equally well understood, too, that aunt Henderson, who was horribly extravagant, and fearfully in debt, would be assisted by her old friend's experience in certain Wall street ventures, and that his experience would be so well exercised, that whether stocks went up or down, she would stand assured of winning enough to pay her creditors at once. Besides this, she could indulge in a vision of forty thousand dollars coming to her, as a gift, the hour that Kitty Seabright fixed the date of her marriage with—well, say a person whom they could both approve!

Two weeks later, Mrs. Henderson was in a seventh heaven of delighted expectancy; Mr. Chillingford looked more than ever, as if his hair was silvered by art, not age; and Kitty was in a maze! Life had suddenly become a sort of Alnaschar dream, a receiving of delicate attentions, from flattery up to beautiful gifts. Roy Devereux sent her a small bouquet of some rare and costly new flowers, which were the rage. An hour before, her boudoir had been literally filled with the same odorous exotics. Another admirer sent seats for the opera. That morning a box for the rest of the season had been placed at

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aunt Henderson's disposal. Her birthday came. One old enough to take liberties with his new little friend—the daughter of a man who had been a dear ally—the niece of the lady who held the highest place in his esteem, sent—so the giver said in his note—a necklace of pearls, that had once gleamed on the white neck of an empress, a bracelet, which, besides the beauty of its rubies, possessed the inestimable value of having belonged to Marie Antoinette. And Kitty was bidden by her loving aunt to accept them without scruple. Nor was that affectionate relative wanting in attentions on her own part. New dresses daily roused the girl's enthusiasm. Jewelled fans, delicate laces, rare gifts of all sorts dazzled her eyes. Economy was never even alluded to, the necessity for great wealth was no longer preached in her ears; but the glimpses of what it could do were artfully made to force upon her the belief, that it was the one imperative need of life—this world's highest good.

The conspirators managed so artfully, too, that scarcely a whisper of what was going on reached outsiders. Kitty was given no leisure for thought. She was hurried on down the perfumed atmosphere, until her head was in a whirl; her vanity was excited till it became for the time her most prominent characteristic; her love of power was gratified, by her influence over this man, whom the world delighted to honor, whose manners and conversation were charming beyond anything she had ever known.

Then Murray and Roy discovered something of the truth, and poor Roy allowed his impulsiveness to get the better of his reason, and he flew to Kitty and upbraided her bitterly.

"You are the very embodiment of the Eastern myth of the fire-fly and the white moths," cried he, so terribly in earnest, that exaggerated speech came natural. "The moths are her lovers and she sends them to bring her a light, and they burn their wings off and die!"

"I have no sympathy for their folly," said Kitty, setting her face as hard as a flint. Murray had just been lecturing her, and she was in her worst mood.

"I know you are only flirting—I know you never mean to marry him," cried Roy, quite beside himself. "Kitty—Kitty—you are breaking my heart! I have loved you all my life—you do care for me at bottom—I know you do—you must!"

"We are the best friends in the world—always have been—oh, Roy, don't spoil it all by turning silly like the rest!" she answered, a little disturbed, she could not have told why, by his pleading. Something seemed to stir away down in the depths of her being; some chord responsive to his prayers. Some secret lying there seemed to waken, to be trying to make itself intelligible; but her ears were so dulled by the brazen ring of wordly noise, that she heard it only vaguely, and the language was unintelligible—unknown. Aunt Henderson had trained her in many tongues, but she had so carefully smothered the creature's head under the swaddling bands of vanity and pride, that the girl did not even recognize its tones, when the stifled prisoner heard the voice of the enchanter, and strove to call in answer.

"Don't put me off. You can't. I have gone too far. I must speak!" cried Roy. "It is no new thing for you to hear. You have always known I loved you! Listen, Kitty. I have to go away, you know—to Europe—oh, the time is coming very near! Let your heart speak. Give me your promise. It will only be a few years! I shall succeed. I shall be able to offer you a home—and love too, for you do love me, Kitty."

She began to feel indignant with his presumption. She caught at that sensation, in order to escape the kind of fright, which that sudden and inexplicable inward tumult had roused.

"How dare you talk to me like this?" she exclaimed. "I have liked you, but I shall hate you if this goes on. You and Murray do nothing but make scenes! I have told you, over and over, I don't know what love means. I am incapable of it. I haven't what you call a heart. I've told you that, too! Oh, don't teaze me, Roy, don't! It's a shame! You will make me cry, and then my eyes will get red, and I shall look horrid, and we are going to Mrs. Wentworth's ball, and I've such a lovely gown!"

He stared at her, with eyes full of wrath and pain. Their anguish hurt her a little. Her own nonsensical talk hurt her also. But she meant it, every word, and her sorrow for him was only because he was her old friend. Of this she assured herself again and again, as she shivered under his glance.

"My God!" he groaned. "Don't—don't make me believe you in earnest!"

"But I must," she said; "it's all true! Go away, Roy, and get your senses back, till we can be as we were in old times."

"You love me, Kitty. You can't deny it. You love me!"

Again, something stirred, away down beneath what she called her real self. Again that frightened sensation smote her, that vague consciousness, that though she had never learned the tongue he spoke, something in her soul partially understood and tried restlessly to catch its full meaning.

"If you ever say that again, I will never

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speak to you as long as I live!" she exclaimed. But angrily as she spoke she was nearly crying, and he saw it.

He caught her two hands. He tried to draw her towards him. But she resisted, he pleading all the while.

"I shall not give you up," he said. "You shall not break my heart, nor your own; for if you sent me away, it would wake, sometime, when too late, and teach you the truth. Kitty, Kitty, let your real self speak. Promise me now. Once you have promised, I know nothing could induce you to break your word. Say that you will be my wife!"

She had a hasty, half-formed thought, that it was a pity Roy had not a fortune; then her fright and her anger rose higher. The dread that she should weep seemed, in an instant, to nerve her. She pulled her hands free; she ran to the piano; she dashed into the old Scotch melody of "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;" turned her head towards him, with her cruelest smile, and half-said, half-sang:

"But her name it wasn't Kitty—no, no, her name was never that!"

Roy fairly staggered into a seat. For the moment, it seemed to him that he hated her. Before he could speak, the door opened, and a maid entered, saying:

"If you please, Miss, your aunt says will you come into the other parlor—there's visitors, and she wants you."

Kitty sprang up, waved her hand to Roy, and ran out of the room. He sat still, for a few moments. Then he rose, and left the house.

A week went slowly by. Again Roy found an opportunity to see Kitty alone. Again he fluttered, pained, and angered her. But aunt Henderson, finding that he was there, came to the rescue, and after Kitty had fled, the two had a battle royal, and Roy was forbidden to enter the house.

He wrote to Kitty, and she sent his letter back, having scribbled on the envelope:

"I have not read it; I hoped you meant to be sensible; when I found you did not, I stopped reading."

And so she had. The tender, passionate words disturbed her to read, in the same odd fashion they had done, when his lips uttered them.

That night, Roy left town. He stayed away for a fortnight. When he got back, and rushed to Murray's studio for news, Murray told him that Kitty was engaged to Mr. Chillingford. "The engagement," he said, "was publicly announced yesterday." Murray had quarrelled with his aunt, and tried to quarrel with the intended bridegroom. But his wrathful reproaches glanced off the polished armor, which that gentleman wore, as a child's arrows might off a steel breastplate. Kitty herself he had formally disowned, cast off; patience and moderation had never been virtues possessed by any of the Seabrights. That night, as he watched his friend, struggling through the awful hours, which must carry him on to the more unendurable new day, he could have found the heart to curse the girl outright; for he understood the capabilities of her character as no one else ever had; he knew that she was able to understand what she had done; that she remained wilfully deaf and blind.

Roy was really very ill, for a week. But Seabright guarded him in his lodgings, and kept the fact of his return a secret; for he reflected that, later, it would be hard on the poor boy, if careless acquaintances discovered how completely the blow had prostrated him.

The marriage was to take place in a month. But before that time Murray and Roy would have crossed the sea. When aunt Henderson and Kitty heard that Murray would not come to the wedding, they were both somewhat disturbed. "It would look odd," the elder lady said; and anything which looked odd, was terrible in her eyes. She wrote a beseeching letter to her nephew. But he paid no attention to it. At last, Kitty determined to try if a personal application would not soften Murray. He would scold her, she knew, and she hated to be scolded. Still she could not believe that any human being could resist her very long.

With her usual impulsiveness, Kitty acted upon her resolution as soon as it came into her head. She had to go out shopping, and took occasion to pass by her brother's lodgings. She ran lightly upstairs, putting on her most pensive expression of countenance, in order to subdue Murray's obduracy at the first glance.

The ante-chamber led into both parlor and studio, and the two rooms were connected by double doors. Kitty decided to enter the salon, and knock in order to give Murray warning of her presence, as she had often done in the days before her conduct brought trouble between them.

The curtains were drawn, the room in shadow. Kitty was near the studio door, when up from a sofa rose Roy Devereux, and confronted her, pale, and gaunt, and changed, as if years, instead of a few weeks, had passed since they parted. He stood still, and looked at her; but did not speak. Kitty was frightened, and troubled, too. But she got her wits back quickly.

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"How you startled me, Roy!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know you were in town. I almost thought you were a ghost."

She tried to laugh. But the merriment died on her lips, as she met the heart-broken reproach in his eyes, and heard his answer.

"It is the ghost of the man, whose life you have ruined," he said; "and you are only a ghost, too! The real Kitty, noble and honest, died when she stooped to falsehood—sold herself for gold!"

Kitty shivered from head to foot. The old terror came back. But as usual, anger came also.

"I'm afraid you have been drinking, Roy," she said. "I'd be ashamed, if I were a man, to talk about any woman's ruining my future."

"Don't you be afraid, Kitty Seabright," he cried, savagely. "You'll live to see what I can make of my life. You'll live to repent what you have made of yours."

"Is my brother in, Mr. Devereux?" she asked, loftily.

"Your brother is not in, Miss Seabright."

"Then I'll go," said Kitty. "Perhaps you will kindly tell him I called. Good morning."

She turned to flee. Roy started forward, caught her in a fierce embrace, and kissed her twice. Then he released her.

"Go!" he said. "Every time your husband touches his lips to yours, my kisses will burn you like fire, Kitty Seabright, for you loved me—you'll find it out, some day."

Kitty rushed away. She was sick and blind, between wrath and a strange pain at her breast, a pain so sharp that she thought it wholly physical. On the stairs, she met her brother. She said not a word about what had happened, but held him fast, and pleaded with him to remain for her wedding.

"I'd rather go to your funeral," he said, and then Kitty sobbed, piteously, till at last he took her in his arms, moaning, "Poor little girl! It's not all your fault. Come, we shan't meet, often, in this world, so we won't part enemies. Good-bye! I shall sail, in three days."

The month passed. Murray and Roy had crossed the sea. Aunt Henderson had been dazzled by the promised golden rain. *Kitty was married.*

I have no persecution, no cruelty, no hardness to record of her husband, during the years which followed. Yet, from the first, under all his elaborate courtesy, his gentleness, his affectionate attentions, Kitty was made to feel that the hand which guided her every step was iron, that she must walk withsoever it willed, else the velvet glove which covered it would be flung aside, and if she did not obey its slightest impulsion she would be dragged ruthlessly along in the way it pointed.

She shut her eyes to the fact as much as she could, and Kitty had marvellous powers of self-deception. She was such an odd compound, too, that though wilful and headstrong, she could not help admiring the man who was able to make himself her master. Then, too, Mr. Chillingford was the most cultivated, the most intellectual person she had ever known intimately. His superiority was so manifest, that to be admired by him was a triumph; and shallow and frivolous as her education had been, Kitty had real talents, and was capable of appreciating mental supremacy.

Her house was almost as luxurious as Alladdin's palace. Kitty's jewels might have been the envy of a queen. She was allowed every amusement; she could have the world at her feet. But the handsome face, so stern beneath its smiles, was always beside her; the iron hand never released its hold.

She could receive as much general attention from men as she pleased; but there must be no approach to flirting, no singling out one man for the recipient of her smiles! He did not tell her this in words; he seldom put his commands into speech; but she was made to feel this restriction, as she was made to feel all others; and rebellion was useless.

She tried it once, and three months seclusion was the consequence. Yet he was so charming a companion all the while, that she could not hate him. Aunt Henderson attempted to interfere, and met with her reward.

"Keep by me, and we are friends," said Mr. Chillingford, with his iciest smile. "Oppose me, and you never enter my doors. I am your niece's master, and so far, I am yours."

Kitty came back from her seclusion, more quiet, older, but immensely improved. With her natural gifts, her mind, in companionship like her husband's, could not fail to grow; and he took every pains with her, and enjoyed his task. But she was not to become grave, and lose her playful ways. He wanted to be amused, and she must amuse him.

"You are not so kittenish as you used to be," he said.

"Perhaps, because I'm growing old," said she; and then she sighed to herself.

But she knew that he meant her to play at being a kittten, if she was no longer one—and she had to do it! Wealth and luxury gradually lost their charm. They were so freely lavished, that satiety followed. Amusements no longer interested her, as they had done in more frivolous

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days; she was outgrowing the petty power of their spell. Life, brilliant as it was, looked cold and hard amid its glitter; yet what she needed to fill it, Kitty could not have told for a long, long while; but the knowledge came at length.

Her husband entered her room, one day, so softly that she did not hear him. She was nestled in an easy chair, vaguely dreaming. He drew her head back, and kissed her lips. For the first time Kitty remembered Roy's menace! She did not love Roy. She hated him, for it was his doing that she had at last reached the truth, which must embitter her existence! She knew what the lack was. The touch on hers of the lips of the husband, whom she did not love, had, at this moment, in some strange way, made her comprehend what life would have been with a man she had loved.

Eighteen months after her marriage, Mr. Chillingford was seized with paralysis, which confined him to his chair. But his mind remained as vigorous as ever, his will as indomitable. From that time, for nearly two years, it is scarcely an exaggeration to assert, that Kitty was never allowed to leave his presence. He removed into the country; he could take daily airings; he could read and study. But he lived on. And in every occupation, Kitty must bear her part—must amuse him!

Life was sad and dreary, and she hated it. But she could not hate him. She learned almost to hate money, for she saw in family quarrels, in the mercenary spirit of professed friends, what a curse it could become. She hated Roy Devereux, too, for the knowledge he had taught her never faded from her mind, and yet she never played a Scotch melody, and she had to do it often, (Roy's wife among them,) for Mr. Chillingford was fond of the old tunes, without there rising before her eyes that scene with Devereux in the library. Ah! it looked so far off, and yet so near, that day when in cruel mockery she had frenzied her lover's soul by her scornful chant—and she knew now—she knew that his wife's name might have been Kitty, had she only believed him, when he told her that she had a heart, and she comprehended that the voice she had heard crying out, in a language she did not then understand, was her own heart, beseeching to be heard.

But she never went beyond this reflection. Kitty was dead. Roy was dead! Mr. Chillingford's wife was alive, and a man called Roy Devereux alive, too, far away over the seas, earning fame and fortune already. But he was not the Roy whom Kitty had known; he was an enemy, who loathed and despised Mrs. Chillingford.

Three years from the date of her marriage, Kitty was a widow. The will could not be read for three months, because Mr. Chillingford had ordered that it was to be done in the presence of both his executors, and one of them was in Europe, and ill, and could not return for at least that time. However, everybody knew that Kitty was mistress of the millions. Her husband had made no secret of his testament. When the will was opened at last, and proved to be in her favor, the eldest son determined to dispute it. But after taking the preliminary steps, Oscar Chillingford was obliged to go back to China, and the case was kept off by artful delays for a whole twelvemonth.

Aunt Henderson lived with Kitty now, and Kitty had her millions! Already, into her seclusion, admirers forced themselves. Go where she might, they followed, and Kitty could not forget a speech an old friend made, unaware that she overhead it.

"It is now Mrs. Chillingford's turn to be hunted. She is a gold fish now, and all the sharks are after her. She is young enough, and handsome enough to be loved—but it won't happen! Every good has its curse. Kitty can never trust any more, and there isn't one living who wouldn't think more of the millions than of her, try as he might to forget them."

Money, money! It seemed to Kitty as if every creature who approached her, from aunt Henderson to the slightest acquaintance, thought of nothing else—wanted nothing else—tricked her—deceived her; And it was almost the truth, for that is the curse gold brings!

A distant relative died, and left her three thousand dollars a year. Oh, how delightful it would be, Kitty thought, if she had this income, and nothing more. But for all that, I don't think she would have given up her fortune. The lawsuit was to begin at last. There were times when she longed to fling the property at her dead husband's children. But Oscar Chillingford had hinted at wrong conduct, doubtful mysteries on her part as to the making of the will; and Kitty was not a woman to shrink from having everything exposed and cleared up.

She was in New York. It was early spring. An intimate friend persuaded her to go to her house, one night. "There would be none but the family there," Kitty was told. And Kitty went, and found herself face to face with Roy Devereux, who had returned unexpected from Europe, that very day, and had come to visit his cousins!

He avoided speaking to Kitty. There were at least a dozen people in the rooms, all excited

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over his appearance, so it was easy enough to manage.

Such a changed Roy! So much older, graver, but so handsome, so noble-looking! And there he was; only the length of a room between Kitty and him, and yet as far away from her as if death and the grave had swept between. She realized this the instant his eyes met hers.

She could not go away. She could find no excuse. After awhile, there was music, and under its cover Kitty moved away into another salon, and Roy entered, not knowing she was there. When he saw her, he turned back. Her pride broke down then. She was not thinking of him, as her former lover, only of the days when he had been her friend; their childish games upon the grass, the thousand and thousand trifles, which linked their childish past.

"Won't you speak to me, Roy?" she cried out. "We used to be friends. Won't you speak?"

In spite of her sombre dress, her changed face, in that moment she looked more like the girlish Kitty than she had done in years. Her very attitude was unconsciously the same, as that she used to assume, when they had quarrelled, and she wanted to be forgiven. But the resemblance only made him hard and cruel.

Again her tremulous voice cried:

"Won't you shake hands, Roy?"

"No!" he answered.

"I didn't think you could treat me so!" she sighed—the very words she used to utter. "I wonder you can hate me so, if you ever liked me—but you couldn't have done so—you couldn't!"

He strode up, and stood before her, cold and white.

"I loved Kitty Seabright," he said; "or what I thought was her! You are Mrs. Chillingford, and I don't know you."

"Oh, Roy, Roy!" she moaned. "And you don't even take the trouble to tell me about Murray."

"He is well—you hear from him."

"So seldom—and he never comes home," sighed Kitty. "Oh, Roy, won't you say anything—won't you try to be glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you?" he cried. "You broke my heart, Kitty Seabright, once. Do you want to see if you can't torture me again? Don't hope it. I am not the man you knew. You are dead to me—more, you never existed. If I wished, I could not care about you, I could not love you. I wouldn't marry you, if you had the wealth of the world, added to your millions."

Kitty rose. She was not angry. But she had got her self-control back—she was stately Mrs. Chillingford again.

"You are right," she said. "You are not the man I used to know, you are a stranger. Permit me to remind you that strangers, in civilized countries, do not speak to a lady in that way."

She reached the door.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed; "I beg your pardon!"

Kitty received his words, with a slight inclination of the head, and passed on. She went home, and cried herself to sleep, as if she had been a girl still. As for Roy, he rushed into a violent flirtation with a damsel, who was his distant cousin and had pink eyelids, a proof that the young gentleman was not so indifferent to Kitty as he wished to believe.

Within the next fortnight they met quite often. Both were determined not to speak. But they always did. Sometimes, Roy said bitter things. Sometimes Kitty was cold and haughty. Sometimes they forgot themselves, and talked about their childish days, and grew interested and pleasant, till some chance word brought them both back to consciousness, and they would part on worse terms than ever.

The weeks flew by. Roy still lingered, still saw Kitty occasionally. He learned one thing: that he loved her yet, that he was a fool! She cared for him though, she cared! But marry old Chillingford's millions, live on his money—never! Not if he had had a dozen hearts, and to leave Kitty again must break them all.

The suit dragged its slow length along. It got into court at last. Nothing had been spared Kitty. She was forced to give evidence herself. Oscar Chillingford's lawyer cross-examined her, tortured her till a fiend might have felt pity; but he had none; and Kitty never faltered once.

The last day of the trial came. Kitty had to go. Passing down a crowded street, her carriage was brought to a stop, by a press of vehicles. She looked out, and saw Roy Devereux standing on the curb stone, waiting for an opportunity to cross. He lifted his hat, and was turning away, when her white face suddenly moved him to compassion. He hurried up to the carriage. He took her hand.

"Poor Kitty!" he said, softly. "You pay dear for it all, very dear!"

Whiter she could not grow. But a strange light flashed into her eyes, and illuminated her whole face. She held his hand fast. He looked at her in wonder.

"You are going away?" she asked.

"I sail, to-morrow."

"We shall not meet again, Roy," she said.

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"Will you do me a favor? A very little one. You needn't be afraid to say yes."

"I do say it," he answered. "What do you want, Kitty?"

"Come into the court-room," she said. "The decision will be given to-day. You'll not be kept more than an hour."

He drew his hand from hers.

"A most singular request," he said, angrily.

"But you promised! Think, Roy, if it went against me," said Kitty. But she knew her triumph was sure.

"I will go," he said. She made a sign, inviting him to get into her carriage. "Thanks," he replied. "I prefer to walk."

The vehicle drove on. Kitty held a consultation with her chief lawyer, in one of the waiting rooms. When he led her to her place in the court, she saw Roy Devereux sitting on a bench, facing her.

The trial ended. Judgment was pronounced in Kitty's favor. Not only that, but the judge, in summing up the case, overwhelmed Oscar Chillingford with the contumely he merited for his conduct from first to last, and bestowed an eloquent tribute upon the defendant.

Friends were hurrying forward to congratulate Kitty. Roy Devereux rose to go, when he was stopped by Kitty's principal counsel getting on his feet, and requesting the attention of the court.

Amid a breathless silence, he stated that his client, knowing in advance that her just claims must be acknowledged, had confided to him a decision which he was requested to announce then and there. It was, perhaps, a little out of place, regarded from one point of view; in another it was eminently proper. Mrs. Chillingford had only resisted the ignoble attack upon her, because to have yielded to a compromise, or announce her intentions, would have given evil, suspicious tongues an opportunity of declaring that there had been grounds for the infamous insinuations levelled against her, and that she feared to face the contest.

Everything was clear now. Her vile asperser was shown in his true light. The fortune was Mrs. Chillingford's, as her husband had willed it should be—hers to keep—hers to give—and given it was to be, to the last penny. One half the amount would be divided between the two daughters and the younger son of her late husband; the rest would be placed in the hands of trustees, for the use and benefit of such charitable institutions and purposes as they might hereafter select.

Amid a still unbroken silence, he led his client from the court, and as she disappeared, such a shout went up from the crowded room, as those old walls had never heard before.

An hour after, Kitty was sitting in her boudoir, when the door opened. Supposing it to be a servant, she did not turn her head.

"Kitty, Kitty!"

Roy Devereux was kneeling at her feet.

"Roy!" she murmured.

Then she burst into tears.

"Can you forgive me?" he cried. "Oh, how noble a woman, how grand you are! How can I dare tell you that I love you? Not a moment, during all these dreadful years, has my love altered. Strive and battle as I might, it lived on. Can you forgive me, Kitty?"

"I can thank you," she answered, looking down into his face with a heavenly smile. "You always told me I had a heart, Roy—you have wakened it at last!"

A SONG OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE I. M'ALILLY.

Touch lightly the strings of my old guitar,
Touch softly, and tenderly pray.
And sing to the music that saddest of songs:
"The dream of a vanished day."
Oh, think it not weakness, to muse on the past,
Nor deem me to wisdom unwise,
'Tis the mem'ry of sunshine and clouds that alike
Make the sweetness of days that I prize.

Sing softly, and sadly and slowly, I pray
That my heart may live over the hours,
That I spent in the beautiful hey-day of youth,
'Mid the fragrance of fancy-wove bowers.
'Tis the song of the days, the long-vanished days,
Like light o'er a dark shadow cast,
That brings to my mind hope's sweet music again,
And echoes the bliss of the past.

Then linger, oh, linger one moment, I beg,
On the low, thrilling cadence so sweet,
For I am re-living those bright, sunny hours.
My lips each dear name would repeat,
For the long vacant chair seems again to be filled,
Each form seems familiar and near;
And the voices long silent are speaking again,
'Tis the same sweet, old music I hear.

But the song is now ended, the low wail has ceased,
And only the mem'ry retains
The name of the singer, the sound of the song,
And the sadness of gloom that remains.
Then think it not weakness, nor deem me unwise,
To weep when the music has fled;
For the sweetness of life is not prized by the heart,
Till it mourns o'er the hopes that are dead.

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HER AQUA-MARINES.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

THE evening-dress was laid on the bed ready, with all the other necessary articles, even to the white boots and delicate fan; but Nathalie, in those restless, aimless, weary hours, which always come between the ceremony of choosing and laying out the things and the time to put them on, kept going back to the bed every little while, and showing plainly by wistful glances at her mother, who sat placidly sewing, that some longing unfulfilled was tugging at her heart. Finally she spoke:

"Mamma—"

"Yes, my daughter?"

"When I was a very little girl, you used sometimes to let me, as a great favor, look over your jewelry box, and I fancied all sorts of things about the pretty stones and the different sets. Well—" she hesitated.

"Well," asked her mother, smiling, "what was it you fancied?"

"I used to think about this time, you know, when I should go to my first ball, and I always hoped I might appear in a fluffy, bubbly illusion dress, with grass trimmings; for I had read of such a toilette somewhere, and then I used to think that—maybe—you might let me wear your aqua marines. My dress is just what I always longed for; but could you let me?—*might* I have the aqua marines to wear, to-night?"

Her mother reflected. She had been brought up in France, and had foreign ideas and theories about girlish simplicity in dress.

"You see, mamma," begged Nathalie, "they are nothing like diamonds, or emeralds, or dowager's stones of that sort. They are not worth much in themselves—hardly more than crystals or quartz; it is only the setting that makes yours so valuable, and their old-fashionedness."

"True," wavered Mrs. Devere; "still they are remarkable, and hardly suitable for so young a girl; but if your heart is set on them—"

"Which it is, mamma."

"You shall have your desire," and Mrs. Devere rose and went out, returning presently with a long, red case.

Nathalie sprang up from her low seat, and held out her hands for the case, opening it with delight. The aqua marines were exquisitely set in antique filigree gold of the most delicate workmanship. Tiny shells, which might have won a fairy's approval, fastened the greenish water-drop stones lightly in place, and they were linked together with airily wrought chains. Decking herself, Nathalie ran to the glass, to try the effect.

Her mother sighed. "Those stones have a history which you ought to know, since you are to wear them," she said.

"Oh, a long, romantic story, I hope!" cried her daughter, resuming her seat, and looking up eagerly.

"No; not a long story. At least, I do not mean to spin one out for you. A few words will give you an outline. I was born and bronght up, as you know, in a seaport town of France. After I left my convent, I made my *entrée* into the gay world at my aunt's house. There was a French man-of-war in port at the time, and one of the officers fell in love with me, and came often to see me. But we went to Paris, where I met your father, loved him, and soon after married, and came to America. My officer lover followed me to Paris. On the day before my marriage many gifts were sent to me, and Captain D'Artois came, asked to see me, and gave me this old set of stones, which he said had belonged to his mother. He wished me to wear them, if I would, and if I ever had a daughter, to give them to her when she married. I hardly dared accept them, but he left so abruptly, that I had no time to think how I could refuse them. I have never seen him since."

"How strange! Haven't you ever—I suppose I oughtn't to say it; but have you never regretted him a little? and thought that, perhaps—"

"Never," replied her mother, calmly. "My life has been the happiest that could be. I have had no *arrière pensée* for my old lover. Recollect, I never cared an atom for him."

"Have you ever worn the stones?"

"Never. Your father did not wish it."

"Will he mind my wearing them?"

"Not in the least, I am sure."

Nathalie played absently with the case and the jewels, and then fell into a long reverie. The late dinner had to be gone through, and, oh! would the time never come to dress, and wear those lovely stones.

"Do you want any flowers, my pet?" asked her father, after dinner. "Gregory may cut

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any you please, or if there are none in the conservatory to suit you, you may send him out for some."

"I don't care for any, papa. Mamma is going to let me wear her aqua marines, and it may be treason to say so, but I don't think there is any flower that can go with those stones."

"Nathalie is bewitched about that old set of Victor D'Artois'. If he should turn up himself, by some romantic chance, I would give nothing for our longer possession of either daughter or gems," Mrs. Devere laughed, not knowing what was near.

Nathalie had been, like all American girls before their *début*, to many small parties, and so at this, her first ball, she was spared much of the awkward timidity that attends those kept in greater seclusion. Yet, for all that, the brilliant gathering was unlike any of her girlish "sociables," and, after paying, with her mother, their respects to host and hostess, her breath was almost taken away, in the brief interval of "waiting for a partner," when she saw the exquisite grace and beautiful toilettes of the women, and the handsome and decorated men of all nations who passed and repassed. Then one after another wrote their names on her card, and she was soon dancing to her heart's content. Toward the end of the evening, while she was promenading with a devoted admirer, the hostess approached with a commanding-looking officer, and presenting him as Admiral D'Artois, proposed a change of partners, and carried off Nathalie's old friend.

At first, the young girl felt a little frightened as she looked up at the magnificent personage beside her; but though his dark brown mustaches were slightly grizzled, and were undoubtedly fierce-looking, his brown eyes smiled down at her pleasantly; and then, noting her timid glance, his whole face smiled, as he said in purest English: "I do believe you are afraid of me."

Nathalie looked down confused, then gathering courage, she smiled back and said: "I was at first; I am not now."

"Your old-fashioned aqua marines caught my eye as I passed you a little while ago in my promenade with Mrs. Browne. I have a fancy for stones, and these are very quaint. I like them better than flowers, if such a statement may be made to a young lady without shocking her."

"Ah, that's like me!" cried Nathalie. "I do, too. Mamma thinks it odd, and she can't understand when I say:

'Flower—I never fancied. Jewel—I profess you:
Bright I see, and soft I feel, the outside of a flower.'

"But I forgot. I know I ought not to quote, only I can't help it. I was only going to say that perhaps mamma can't understand Browning because she is French, and of course—oh, I beg your pardon!"

"But I *can* understand Browning, I insist, although I am also French. See, I can finish what you began:

'Save but glow inside, and—jewel, I should guess you,
Dim to sight and rough to touch, the glory is the dower.'"

"You can't think how odd it is to find anyone who understands one's own thoughts," said Nathalie, after a pause. "I should never have believed it, if anyone had told me when you passed a little while ago. But I see mamma wants me. Will you take me to her, please? You will like my mother, for she, too, is French."

Nathalie was not prepared to see her new friend's face light up with recognition as she performed the introduction, nor to hear him say:

"And so, Delphine, we meet again!"

"By means of those old jewels, Victor. Ah! but time brings about strange events."

"I might have known," he said, resting a long look on Nathalie's face, "for she is very like you." And then they went on talking of one thing and another until Mr. Devere came up and joined them.

Nathalie felt impatient. It was very delightful, and very romantic; but would they never remember that they had her penned in that corner, and she wanted so to dance. She could not bear it finally, and turning to her mother, she said, impulsively: "Oh, mamma, won't you ask the admiral to come to dine to-morrow, and talk all you and papa want, but mayn't we dance now, before the music stops?"

They all laughed, but Nathalie had her way. Happily she glided round in the arms of her gallant partner, while the sea-water stones flashed white, tinted green, and flashed again.

The Admiral D'Artois dined the next day, and visited frequently at Mr. Devere's. His old love for Mrs. Devere had subsided into a calm friendship, and she and her husband found much pleasure in the society of one who belonged to the happy old days of youth and France.

Spring wore on, and the gay Easter season was over and done.

About the middle of June the Devere's moved to their cottage at a fashionable sea-side resort. Many of their city friends were staying at the large hotel near by, and among them was Monsieur l'Amiral D'Artois, who lingered, he said, to see more of American life.

The summer was one of continual gayety. Nathalie's pretty face and pleasant ways made her a favorite, and her little feet had enough of

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dancing. She had contrived to get the aqua marines into her possession, and wore them almost every night.

One day, her mother said: "My dear, you know people will talk, and I have heard a number of remarks about your wearing that set so constantly."

"I don't care if they do; for what can they say?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Please."

"They say you wear them because they resemble the sea-water, and are named for it; and that you do this for the sake of Admiral D'Artois."

Nathalie stood for a moment, looking at her mother, in wonder. "Is it possible," she said, at last, "that people all notice and think of such things? But that *is* the very reason I do wear them," she added; "for when I first used to meet Monsieur D'Artois he was always more attentive when I wore the set, and I grew superstitious about it, and so came to wear them almost always. I believe he asks me to dance, and walks me about, only to watch those stones sparkle!"

"Are his attentions so very much to you, my child?"

"He waltzes well," replied her daughter, evasively; "better than anyone here at the shore."

Mrs. Devere half-sighed, but only said: "I have ordered some lovely flowers for you to wear at the ball, to-night. Will you please me by accepting them?"

"Certainly, mamma, if you wish it," answered Nathalie, promptly; but her anticipations of pleasure were gone. She had indeed grown fanciful over her stones, and it was true that on the evenings she had not worn the old set she had received less attention from Admiral D'Artois; but the real reason had been that she was less pleased with herself, and was not so agreeable by half, and so it came naturally about.

The hours drew on. Nathalie stood waiting for her mother to arrange her gift of flowers. Her dress was a light, delicate material just tinged with green. She had chosen it for her favorite stones, and now it had to be worn with white buds and green leaves. Oh, it was hard! Her eyes filled, and the tears almost fell as her mother's deft fingers twined the fresh, sweet flowers about her.

The dress was wonderfully becoming, and so her many admirers seemed to think; for her card was full before she had been long in the ball-room. But the admiral, after giving one disappointed glance over her toilette, and writing his name for three waltzes, left her to her other friends.

Later, she sat alone for a few minutes, while her *cavalier* went to bring her a glass of water. Just outside sat her mother, who did not see her. The admiral approached Mrs. Devere, saying: "Delphine, what is the matter with Nathalie? She isn't civil to me. And why did you spoil her pretty toilette with those half-fresh flowers? They never last an evening out, and the old stones would have gone well with that delicate green."

"Well," she returned, "the truth is that the child has worn those stones until remarks have been made about it. People have asked me if she were under any vow to wear them, and that is not half of it. Besides, she was even growing superstitious about them. Actually, she says you are never attentive to her when she leaves them off."

"Did she say that, really?" he asked, in an animated tone. "Then I—"

At this moment, Nathalie's partner brought her the water. She could have thrown it over him in her wrath at his untimely approach; for, although she was ashamed in her heart of listening, and a little angry, too, with her mother for telling of her foolish fancy, still she longed to know what Victor had been going to say. She was rather short with her devoted admirer, and as soon as she could make an excuse for leaving him, she ran alone across the way to their cottage, and making her way to her little room, unlocked the box where she kept her jewels, and put them on—earrings, necklace, bracelets: and holding her wax candle high, she tore off all the flowers except those in her hair, and then felt frightened. "I suppose I ought to have asked mamma's permission," she thought. "I want to go back, and see what will happen; but I must go first and tell her."

She did so, and received only a gentle reproof. "I think it would be best not to go back to the room," said her mother. "Your dress has been noticed, and there would be much comment, if this change should be observed."

"But my card is full," urged Nathalie.

"You must beg off," replied her mother. "I will make your excuses. Draw your wrap around you, and sit a little more out of the air."

As Nathalie obeyed, the admiral stepped up, drawn by the stones, she instantly thought. "Will you walk with me?" he asked. "The night is divine, and the moon just rising."

"Yes, go," whispered her mother, "for then you'll not be seen, with the jewels."

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The girl accepted his arm, and they promenaded the verandahs for some time, in the half-gloom. Suddenly the admiral said:

"Will you go with me down to the beach? It is but a step, or two, down the cliffs, and we can have the moonrise to ourselves, away from this noise and stir."

She consented and they went. They passed a fisher-boat, drawn up from the tide, and found, further on, a rude bench. "I always wish," she said, as they sat down, side by side, "whenever I see that moon-path of light over the sea, that I could sail right up the silver way, and go on always, always, never getting there."

"Where?"

"Nowhere—I mean anywhere. Oh, I don't know what I mean. It is only a feeling, not a thought. Don't you ever have it?"

"Perhaps I do," he laughed; "but your expression is vague, and I am not sure."

Her wrap had been drawn close about her, but it slipped back as she spoke, and the moonlight fell on the greenish-white lustre of the stones. Her companion started; then, after a moment's silence, said:

"Those stones have a history. Have you ever heard it?"

"Yes; mamma told me before she let me wear them."

"Well," he went on slowly, "I have a fancy to claim them back. I love them—I want them."

"Oh, no!" cried Nathalie. "I could not part with them—don't ask it. Almost from the time I was a baby I have loved them. You can't care for them as I do. When I was a little thing, I would be good for any length of time, only to have a peep at them, and once mamma went away, and before she left she said: 'Nathalie, if you are a good child while I am gone I will let you see the pretty stones when I return, and I may even let you try them on.' And I was good all that week with that hope before me, and felt myself well repaid when mamma kept her promise. No, I will *not* part with them."

But he only smiled as he quietly took the flowers from her hair, and threw them into the moon-path over the sea, saying:

"'You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love, a jewel—
Jewel at no mercy of a moment in your prime.
Time may fray the flower-face: kind be time or cruel,
Jewel, from each facet, flash your laugh at time!'"

Nathalie looked at him in wonder.

He went on: "Since you care so much for this set let me tell you that it is incomplete. There was one thing belonging to it that I kept back. I have it here."

"What is it?" asked Nathalie. "Show it me, quick!"

"I will, if you agree to wear it on my own conditions."

"I agree to anything," she answered, rashly, "only don't keep me waiting."

He drew a tiny case from his pocket, and opening it, took out a ring. One clear aqua marine was held in the same curious setting.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how lovely! I always noticed one place in the red case where nothing would fit, and mamma said she didn't know what belonged there."

"Will you wear it?" he asked, looking down into her dark, trustful eyes.

"To keep always?"

"Yes."

"And I needn't give you back all these others?"

"Why, that's as you choose to consider it. A man's wife generally shares everything with him, does not she?"

"A man's wife! What are you talking about?"

"You agreed to my conditions?"

"Well, yes; I suppose so."

"Then this is your engagement ring."

Nathalie was silent.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I think you might ask me if I want to be engaged to you, without taking it for granted."

"Well, do you?"

"Of course."

The moon-path glimmered and widened until the rays fell over two happy heads; the waves sung low songs full of love words; and the stone in Nathalie's ring sparkled, glittered, tinted green, and flashed white.

CLOSE OF DAY: A PICTURE.

BY P. KNUTT.

Far in the west,
Above the sunset's amber glow,
The purple clouds have gone to rest,
And others, like huge banks of snow,
Are drifting overhead.

At such a sight,
All nature stands like one entranced,
And, flattered by the sunset's light,
Its beauty is ten-fold enhanced
By all the blushing red.

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"A FAIR BARBARIAN."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Mr. Francis Barold called to pay his respects to Lady Theobald, after partaking of her hospitality, Mr. Burmistone accompanied him. And upon almost every other occasion of his presenting himself to her ladyship, Mr. Burmistone was his companion.

It may as well be explained, at the outset, that the mill owner of Burmistone Mills was a man of decided determination of character, and that upon the evening of Lady Theobald's tea he had arrived at the conclusion that he would spare no effort to gain a certain end he felt it would add to his happiness to accomplish.

"I stand rather in awe of Lady Theobald, as any ordinary man would," he had said, drily, to Barold, on their return to his house; "but my awe of her is not so great yet, that I shall allow it to interfere with any of my plans."

"Have you any especial plan?" inquired Barold, carelessly, after a pause.

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmistone. "Several. I should like to go to Oldclough rather often."

"I feel it the civil thing to go to Oldclough oftener than I like. Go with me."

"I should like to be included in all the invitations to tea for the next six months."

"I shall be included in all the invitations, so long as I remain here, and it is not likely you will be left out in the cold. After you have gone the rounds once, you won't be dropped."

"Upon the whole it appears so," said Mr. Burmistone. "Thanks!"

So, at each of the tea-parties following Lady Theobald's, the two men appeared together. The small end of the wedge being inserted into the social strata, the rest was not so difficult. Mrs. Burnham was at once surprised and overjoyed by her discoveries of the many excellencies of the man they had so hastily determined to ignore. Mrs. Abercrombie found Mr. Burmistone's manner all that could be desired. Miss Piper expressed the highest appreciation of his views upon feminine education, and "our duty to the Young in our charge;" indeed, after Mrs. Egerton's evening, the tide of public opinion turned suddenly in his favor.

Public opinion did not change, however, as far as Octavia was concerned. Having had her anxiety set at rest by several encouraging paternal letters from Nevada, she began to make up her mind to enjoy herself, and was, it is to be regretted, betrayed by her youthful high spirits into the committing of numerous indiscretions. Upon each festal occasion, she appeared in a new and elaborate costume; she accepted the attentions of Mr. Francis Barold as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be offered; she joked—in what Mrs. Burnham designated "her Nevada way"—with the Reverend Arthur Poppleton, who appeared more frequently than had been his habit, at the high teas. She played croquet with that gentleman and Mr. Barold day after day, upon the grass plot, before all the eyes gazing down upon her from the neighboring windows; she managed to coerce Mr. Burmistone into joining these innocent orgies; and in fact, to quote Miss Piper, there was "no limit to the shamelessness of her unfeminine conduct."

Several times much comment had been aroused by the fact that Lucia Gaston had been observed to form one of the party of players. She had indeed played with Barold, against Octavia and Mr. Poppleton, on the memorable day upon which that gentleman had taken his first lesson.

Barold had availed himself of the invitation extended to him by Octavia, upon several occasions, greatly to Miss Belinda's embarrassment. He had dropped in, the evening after the curate's first call.

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit.

"It is very kind of her, if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she fond enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires. I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked, after a pause, "I believe you are not. I shouldn't think so."

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Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

"I want you to ask Lady Theobald to do something," she said.

"I am afraid I am not in such favor as you imagine," he said, looking slightly annoyed.

"Well, I think she won't refuse you this thing," she went on. "If she didn't loathe me so I would ask her myself."

He deigned to smile.

"Does she loathe you?" he inquired.

"Yes," nodding. "She would not speak to me if it wasn't for aunt Belinda. She thinks I am fast and loud. Do *you* think I am fast and loud?"

He was taken aback, and not for the first time either. She had startled and discomposed him several times in the course of their brief acquaintance, and he always resented it, priding himself in private, as he did, upon his coolness and immobility. He could not think of the right thing to say just now, so he was silent for a second.

"Tell me the truth," she persisted. "I shall not care—much."

"I do not think you would care at all."

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't. Go on. Do you think I am fast?"

"I am happy to say I do not find you slow."

She fixed her eyes on him, smiling faintly.

"That means I am fast," she said. "Well, no matter. Will you ask Lady Theobald what I want you to ask her?"

"I should not say you were fast at all," he said, rather stiffly. "You have not been educated as—as Lady Theobald has educated Miss Gaston, for instance."

"I should rather think not," she replied. Then she added very deliberately: "She has had what you might call very superior advantages, I suppose."

Her expression was totally incomprehensible to him. She spoke with the utmost seriousness and looked down at the table.

"That is derision, I suppose," he remarked, restively. She glanced up again.

"At all events," she said, "there is nothing to laugh at in Lucia Gaston. Will you ask Lady Theobald? I want you to ask her to let Lucia Gaston come and play croquet with us on Tuesday. She is to play with you against Mr. Poppleton and me."

"Who is Mr. Poppleton?" with some reserve. He did not exactly fancy sharing his entertainment with any ordinary outsider. After all there was no knowing what this little American might do.

"He is the curate of the church," undisturbedly. "He is very nice, and little, and neat, and blushes all over to the toes of his boots. He came to see aunt Belinda, and I asked him to come and be taught to play."

"Who is to teach him?"

"I am. I have taught at least twenty men in New York and San Francisco."

"I hope he appreciates your kindness."

"I mean to try if I can make him forget to be frightened," she said, with a gay laugh.

It was certainly nettling to find his air of reserve and displeasure met with such inconsequent lightness. She never seemed to recognize the subtle changes of temperature expressed in his manner. Only his sense of what was due to himself prevented his being very chilly indeed, but as she went on with her gay chat, in utter ignorance of his mood, and indulged in some very pretty airy nonsense, he soon recovered himself, and almost forgot his private grievance.

Before going away he promised to ask Lady Theobald's indulgence in the matter of Lucia's joining them in their game. One speech of Octavia's connected with the subject he had thought very pretty, as well as kind.

"I like Miss Gaston," she said. "I think we might be friends, if Lady Theobald would let us. Her superior advantages might do me good. They might improve me," with a little laugh. "And I suppose I need improving very much. All my advantages have been of one kind."

When he had left her, she startled Miss Belinda terribly.

"I have been asking Mr. Barold if he thought I was fast," she said. "And I believe he does—in fact, I am sure he does."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda, "what a terrible thing to say to a gentleman! What will he think?"

Octavia smiled one of her calmest smiles.

"Isn't it queer how often you say that?" she remarked. "I think I should perish if I had to pull myself up that way as you do. I just go right on and never worry. I don't mean to do anything queer, and I don't see why any one should think I do."

CHAPTER XV.

Lucia was permitted to form one of the players in the game of croquet, being escorted to and from the scene by Francis Barold. Perhaps it occurred to Lady Theobald that the contrast of

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English reserve and maidenliness with the free and easy manners of young women from Nevada, might lead to some good result.

"I trust your conduct will be such as to show that you at least have resided in a civilized land," she said. "The men of the present day may permit themselves to be amused by young persons whose demeanor might bring a blush to the cheek of a woman of forty, but it is not their habit to regard them with serious intentions."

Lucia reddened finely. She did not speak, though she wished very much for the courage to utter the words which rose to her lips. Lately she had found that now and then, at times, when she was roused to anger, speeches of quite a clever and sarcastic nature presented themselves to her mind. She was never quite equal to uttering them aloud, but she felt that, in time, she might, because of course it was quite an advance in spirit to think them, and face even in imagination, the probability of astounding and striking Lady Theobald dumb with their audacity.

"It ought to make me behave very well," she was saying now, "to have before me the alternative of not being regarded with serious intentions. I wonder if it is Mr. Poppleton or Francis Barold who might not regard me seriously. And I wonder if they are any coarser in America than we can be in England when we try."

She enjoyed the afternoon very much, particularly the latter part of it, when Mr. Burmistone, who was passing, came in, being invited by Octavia across the privet hedge. Having paid his respects to Miss Belinda, who sat playing propriety under a laburnum tree, Mr. Burmistone crossed the grass plot to Lucia herself. She was awaiting her "turn," and laughing at the ardent enthusiasm of Mr. Poppleton, who, under Octavia's direction, was devoting all his energies to the game; her eyes were bright, and she had lost, for the time being, her timid air of feeling herself somehow in the wrong.

"I am glad to see you here," said Mr. Burmistone.

"I am glad to be here," she answered. "It has been such a happy afternoon. Everything has seemed so bright and—and different."

"'Different' is a very good word," he said, laughing.

"It isn't a very bad one," she returned. "And it expresses a good deal."

"It does indeed," he commented.

"Look at Mr. Poppleton and Octavia—" she began.

"Have you got to 'Octavia,'" he inquired.

She looked down, and blushed.

"I shall not say 'Octavia' to grandmamma."

Then suddenly she glanced up at him.

"That is sly, isn't it?" she said. "Sometimes I think I am very sly, though I am sure it is not my nature to be so. I would rather be open and candid."

"It would be better," he remarked.

"You think so?" she asked, eagerly.

He could not help smiling.

"Do you ever tell untruths to Lady Theobald?" he inquired. "If you do, I shall begin to be alarmed."

"I act them," she said, blushing more deeply. "I really do—paltry sorts of untruths, you know; pretending to agree with her when I don't, pretending to like things a little when I hate them. I have been trying to improve myself lately, and once or twice it has made her very angry. She says I am disobedient and disrespectful. She asked me, one day, if it was my intention to emulate Miss Octavia Bassett. That was when I said I could not help feeling that I had wasted time in practising."

She sighed softly as she ended.

In the meantime, Octavia had Mr. Poppleton and Mr. Francis Barold upon her hands, and was endeavoring to do her duty as hostess by both of them. If it had been her intention to captivate these gentlemen, she could not have complained that Mr. Poppleton was wary or difficult game. His first fears allayed, his downward path was smooth, and rapid in proportion. When he had taken his departure with the little silk purse in his keeping, he had carried under his clerical vest a warmed and thrilled heart. It was a heart which, it must be confessed, was of the most inexperienced and susceptible nature. A little man of affectionate and gentle disposition, he had been given, from his earliest youth, to indulging in timid dreams of wild future bliss—of bliss represented by some lovely Being whose ideals were similar to his own, and who preferred the wealth of a true affection to the glitter of the giddy throng. Upon one or two occasions, he had even worshipped from afar; but as on each of these occasions his hopes had been nipped in the bud by the union of their object with some hollow worldling, his dream had, so far, never attained very serious proportions. Since he had taken up his abode in Stowbridge, he had felt himself a little overpowered by circumstances. It had been a source of painful embarrassment to him to find his innocent presence capable of producing confusion in the breasts of young ladies who were certainly not more guileless than himself. He had been conscious that the Misses Egerton did not continue their conversation with freedom when he chanced to approach the group

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they graced, and he had observed the same thing in their companions—an additional circumspection of démeanor, so to speak, a touch of new decorum whose object seemed to be to protect them from any appearance of imprudence.

"It is almost as if they were afraid of me," he had said to himself, once or twice. "Dear me! I hope there is nothing in my appearance to lead them to—"

He was so much alarmed by this dreadful thought, that he had ever afterwards approached any of these young ladies with a fear and trembling which had not added either to his comfort or their own; consequently, his path had not been a very smooth one.

"I respect the young ladies of Stowbridge," he remarked to Octavia, that very afternoon. "There are some very remarkable young ladies here—very remarkable, indeed. They are interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools, and indeed in everything—which is most unselfish and amiable. Young ladies have usually so much to distract their attention from such matters."

"If I stay long enough in Stowbridge," said Octavia, "I shall be interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools."

It seemed to the curate that there had never been anything so delightful in the world as her laugh and her unusual remarks. She seemed to him so beautiful, and so exhilarating, that he forgot all else but his admiration for her. He enjoyed himself so much, this afternoon, that he was almost brilliant, and excited the sarcastic comment of Mr. Francis Barold, who was not enjoying himself at all.

"Confound it!" said that gentleman to himself, as he looked on. "What did I come here for? This style of thing is just what I might have expected. She is amusing herself with that poor little cad now, and I am left in the cold. I suppose that is her habit with the young men in Nevada."

He had no intention of entering the lists with the Reverend Arthur Poppleton, or of concealing the fact that he felt that this little Nevada flirt was making a blunder. The sooner she knew it the better for herself; so he played his game as badly as possible, and with much dignity.

But Octavia was so deeply interested in Mr. Poppleton's ardent efforts to do credit to her teaching, that she was apparently unconscious of all else. She played with great cleverness, and carried her partner to the terminus, with an eager enjoyment of her skill quite pleasant to behold. She made little darts here and there, advised, directed and controlled his movements, and was quite dramatic in a small way when he made a failure.

Mrs. Burnham, who was superintending the proceeding, seated in her own easy chair, behind her window-curtains, was roused to virtuous indignation by her energy.

"There is no repose whatever in her manner," she said. "No dignity. Is a game of croquet a matter of deep moment? It seems to me that it is almost impious to devote one's mind so wholly to a mere means of recreation."

"She seems to be enjoying it, mamma," said Miss Laura Burnham, with a faint sigh. Miss Laura had been looking on over her parent's shoulder. "They all seem to be enjoying it. See how Lucia Gaston and Mr. Burmistone are laughing. I never saw Lucia look like that before. The only one who seems a little dull is Mr. Barold."

"He is probably disgusted by a freedom of manner to which he is not accustomed," replied Mrs. Burnham. "The only wonder is that he has not been disgusted by it before."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE game over, Octavia deserted her partner. She walked lightly, and with the air of a victor, to where Barold was standing. She was smiling and slightly flushed, and for a moment or so stood fanning herself with a gay, Japanese fan.

"Don't you think I am a good teacher?" she asked, at length.

"I should say so," replied Barold, without enthusiasm. "I am afraid I am not a judge."

She waved her fan airily.

"I had a good pupil," she said. Then she held her fan still for a moment, and turned fully towards him. "I have done something you don't like," she said. "I knew I had."

Mr. Francis Barold retired within himself at once. In his present mood it really appeared that she was assuming that he was very much interested indeed.

"I should scarcely take the liberty upon a limited acquaintance," he began.

She looked at him steadily, fanning herself with slow, regular movements.

"Yes," she remarked. "You're mad. I knew you were."

He was so evidently disgusted by this observation that she caught at the meaning of his look, and laughed a little.

"Ah!" she said, "that's an American word, ain't it? It sounds queer to you. You say 'vexed' instead of 'mad.' Well, then, you are vexed."

"If I have been so clumsy as to appear ill-

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humored," he said, "I beg pardon. Certainly I have no right to exhibit such unusual interest in your conduct."

He felt that this was rather decidedly to the point, but she did not seem overpowered at all. She smiled anew.

"Anybody has a right to be mad—I mean vexed," she observed. "I should like to know how people would live if they hadn't. I am mad—I mean vexed—twenty times a day."

"Indeed?" was his sole reply.

"Well," she said, "I think its real mean in you to be so cool about it, when you remember what I told you the other day."

"I regret to say I don't remember, just now. I hope it was nothing very serious."

To his astonishment she looked down at her fan, and spoke in a slightly lowered voice.

"I told you that I wanted to be improved."

It must be confessed that he was mollified. There was a softness, in her manner, which amazed him. He was at once embarrassed and delighted. But at the same time, it would not do to commit himself to too great a seriousness.

"Oh!" he answered, "that was a rather good joke, I thought."

"No, it wasn't," perhaps even half a tone lower. "I was in earnest."

Then she raised her eyes.

"If you told me when I did anything wrong, I think it might be a good thing," she said.

He felt that this was quite possible, and was also struck with the idea that he might find the task of mentor—so long as he remained entirely non-committal—rather interesting. Still he could not afford to descend at once from the elevated stand he had taken.

"I am afraid you would find it rather tiresome," he remarked.

"I am afraid *you* would," she answered. "You would have to tell me of things so often."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that you would take my advice?" he inquired.

"I mightn't take all of it," was her reply, "but I should take some—perhaps, a great deal."

"Thanks," he remarked. "I scarcely think I should give you a great deal."

She simply smiled.

"I have never had any advice at all," she said. "I don't know that I should have taken it, if I had—just as likely as not I shouldn't; but I have never had any. Father spoiled me. He gave me all my own way. He said he didn't care, so long as I had a good time, and I must say I have generally had a good time. I don't see how I could help it—with all my own way, and no one to worry. I wasn't sick, and I could buy anything I liked, and all that—so I had a good time. I've read of girls, in books, wishing they had mothers to take care of them. I wish I had a mother," she said, with a little pathos; "but not exactly to take care of me. I should like one to love, and pet, on the contrary. I can take care of myself. I must say, too, that I don't think some mothers are much of an institution. I know girls who have them, and they are always worrying."

He laughed in spite of himself, and though she had been speaking with the utmost seriousness and *naïveté*, she joined him.

When they ceased, she returned suddenly to the charge.

"Now tell me what I have done, this afternoon, that isn't right," she said; "that Lucia Gaston wouldn't have done, for instance. I say that because I shouldn't mind being a little like Lucia Gaston—in some things."

"Lucia ought to feel gratified," he commented.

"She does," she answered. "We had a little talk about it, and she was as pleased as could be. I didn't think of it in that way until I saw her begin to blush. Guess what she said."

"I am afraid I can't."

"She said she saw so many things to envy in me, that she could scarcely believe I wanted to be at all like her."

"It was a very civil speech," said Barold, ironically. "I scarcely thought Lady Theobald had trained her so well."

"She meant it," said Octavia. "You mayn't believe it, but she did. I know when people mean things, and when they don't."

"I wish I did," said Barold.

Octavia turned her attention to her fan.

"Well, I am waiting," she said.

"Waiting?" he repeated.

"To be told of my faults."

"But I scarcely see of what importance my opinion can be."

"It is of some importance to me—just now."

The last two words rendered him really impatient, and it may be spurred him up.

"If we are to take Lucia Gaston as a model," he said, "Lucia Gaston would possibly not have been so complaisant, in her demeanor towards our clerical friend."

"Complaisant!" she exclaimed, opening her lovely eyes. "When I was actually plunging about the garden, trying to teach him to play. Well, I shouldn't call that being complaisant."

"Lucia Gaston," he replied, "would not say that she had been 'plunging' about the garden."

She gave herself a moment for reflection.

"That's true," she remarked, when it was

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over, "she wouldn't. When I compare myself with the Stowbridge girls, I begin to think I must say some pretty awful things."

Barold made no reply, which caused her to laugh a little again.

"You daren't tell me," she said. "Now do I? Well, I don't think I want to know very particularly. What Lady Theobald thinks will last quite a good while. Complaisant!"

"I am sorry you object to the word," he said.

"Ah, I don't!" she answered. "I like it. It sounds so much more polite than to say I was flirting and being fast."

"Were you flirting?" he inquired, coldly.

He objected to her ready serenity very much.

She looked a little puzzled.

"You are very like aunt Belinda," she said.

He drew himself up. He did not think there was any point of resemblance at all between Miss Belinda and himself.

She went on without observing his movement.

"You think everything means something, or or is of some importance. You said that just as aunt Belinda says, 'What will they think?' It never occurs to me that they'll think at all. Gracious! Why should they?"

"You will find they do," he said.

"Well," she said, glancing at the group gathered under the laburnum tree, "just now aunt Belinda thinks we had better go over to her, so suppose we do it. At any rate I've found out that I was too complaisant to Mr. Poppleton."

When the party separated for the afternoon, Barold took Lucia home, and Mr. Burmistone and the curate walked down the street together.

Mr. Poppleton was indeed most agreeably exhilarated. His expressive little countenance beamed with delight.

"What a very charming person Miss Bassett is," he exclaimed, after they had left the gate. "What a very charming person indeed."

"Very charming," said Mr. Burmistone, with much seriousness. "A prettier young person I certainly have never seen; and those wonderful gowns of hers—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Poppleton, with natural confusion. "I—I referred to Miss Belinda Bassett; though, really, what you say is very true. Miss Octavia Bassett—indeed—I think—in fact, Miss Octavia Bassett is *quite*—one might almost say even *more* charming than her aunt."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Burmistone; "perhaps one might. She is less ripe, it is true; but that is an objection time will remove."

"There is such a delightful gaiety in her manner," said Mr. Poppleton; "such an ingenuous frankness; such a—a—such spirit! It—quite carries me away with it—quite."

He walked a few steps, thinking over this delightful gaiety and ingenuous frankness, and then burst out afresh.

"And what a remarkable life she has had, too! She actually told me that, once in her childhood, she lived for months in a gold-diggers' camp—the only woman there. She says the men were kind to her, and made a pet of her. She has known the most extraordinary people."

In the meantime, Francis Barold returned Lucia to Lady Theobald's safe-keeping. Having done so, he made his adieus, and left the two to themselves. Her ladyship was, it must be confessed, a little at a loss to explain to herself what she saw, or fancied she saw, in the manner and appearance of her young relative. She was persuaded that she had never seen Lucia look as she looked this afternoon. She had a brighter color in her cheeks than usual, her pretty figure seemed more erect, her eyes had a spirit in them which was quite new. She had chatted and laughed gaily with Francis Barold, as she approached the house, and after his departure, she moved to and fro with a freedom not habitual to her.

"He has been making himself agreeable to her," said my lady, with grim pleasure. "He can do it, if he chooses; and he is just the man to please a girl—good-looking, and with a fine, domineering air."

"How did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Very much," said Lucia. "Never more, thank you."

"Oh!" ejaculated my lady. "And which of her smart New York gowns did Miss Octavia Bassett wear?"

They were at the dinner-table, and instead of looking down at her soup, Lucia looked quietly and steadily across the table at her grandmother.

"She wore a very pretty one," she said. "It was pale fawn-color, and fitted her like a glove. She made me feel very old-fashioned and badly dressed."

Lady Theobald laid down her spoon.

"She made you feel old-fashioned and badly dressed—you!"

"Yes," responded Lucia. "She always does. I wonder what she thinks of the things we wear in Stowbridge." And she even went to the length of smiling a little.

"What *she* thinks of what is worn in Stowbridge!" Lady Theobald ejaculated. "She! May I ask what weight the opinion of a young woman from America—from Nevada—is supposed to have in Stowbridge?"

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Lucia took a spoonful of soup, leisurely.

"I don't think it is supposed to have any," she said; "but—but I don't think she minds that. I feel as if I shouldn't if I were in her place. I have always thought her very lucky."

"You have thought her lucky!" cried my lady. "You have envied a Nevada young woman, who dresses like an actress, and loads herself with jewels like a barbarian? A girl whose conduct towards men is of a character to—to chill one's blood!"

"They admire her," said Lucia, simply. "More than they admire Lydia Egerton, and more than they admire me."

"Do *you* admire her?" demanded my lady.

"Yes, grandmamma," replied Lucia, courageously. "I think I do."

Never had my lady been so astounded in her life. For a moment, Lady Theobald could scarcely speak. When she recovered herself, she pointed to the door.

"Go to your room," she commanded. "This is American freedom of speech, I suppose. Go to your room."

Lucia rose obediently. She could not help wondering what her ladyship's course would be, if she had the hardihood to disregard her order. She really looked quite capable of carrying it out forcibly herself. When the girl stood at her bedroom window, a few minutes later, her cheeks were burning, and her hands trembling.

"I am afraid it was very badly done," she said to herself. "I am sure it was; but—but it will be a kind of practice. I was in such a hurry to try if I was equal to it, that I didn't seem to balance things quite rightly. I ought to have waited until I had more reason to speak out. Perhaps there wasn't enough reason then, and I was more aggressive than I ought to have been. Octavia is never aggressive. I wonder if I was at all pert. I don't think Octavia ever means to be pert. I felt a little as I meant to be pert. I must learn to balance myself, and only be cool and frank." Then she looked out of the window, and reflected a little.

"I was not so very brave, after all," she said, rather reluctantly. "I didn't tell her Mr. Burmistone was there. I daren't have done that. I am afraid I *am* sly—that sounds sly, I am sure."

CHAPTER XVII.

"LADY THEOBALD will put a stop to it," was the general remark. "It will certainly not occur again."

This was said upon the evening of the first gathering upon Miss Belinda's grass plot, and at the same time, it was prophesied that Mr. Francis Barold would soon go away.

But neither of the prophesies proved true. Mr. Francis Barold did *not* return to London, and, strange to say, Lucia was seen again and again playing croquet with Octavia Bassett, and was even known to spend evenings with her.

Perhaps it might be that an appeal made by Miss Belinda to her ladyship had caused her to allow of these things. Miss Belinda had, in fact, made a private call upon my lady, to lay her case before her.

"I feel so very timid about everything," she said, almost with tears, "and so fearful of trusting myself, that I really find it quite a trial. The dear child has such a kind heart—I assure you she has a kind heart, dear Lady Theobald—and is so innocent of any intention to do wrong—I am sure she is innocent—that it seems cruel to judge her severely. If she had had the benefit of such training as dear Lucia's, I am convinced that her conduct would have been most exemplary. She sees herself that she has faults—I am sure she does. She said to me, only last night, in that odd way of hers—she had been sitting, evidently thinking deeply, for some minutes—and she said, 'I wonder if I shouldn't be wiser, if I was more like Lucia Gaston.' You see what turn her mind must have taken. She admires Lucia so much."

"Yesterday evening, at dinner," said Lady Theobald, severely, "Lucia informed me that *she* admired your niece. The feeling seems to be mutual."

Miss Belinda colored, and brightened visibly.

"Did she indeed?" she exclaimed. "How pleased Octavia will be to hear it. Did she indeed?" Then warned by a chilliness and lack of response in her ladyship's manner, she modified her delight, and became apologetic again. "These young people are more—are less critical than we are," she sighed. "Octavia's great prettiness—"

"I think," Lady Theobald interposed, "that Lucia has been taught to feel that the body is corruptible, and subject to decay, and that mere beauty is of small moment."

Miss Belinda sighed again.

"That is very true," she admitted, deprecatingly; "very true indeed."

"It is to be hoped that Octavia's stay in Stowbridge will prove beneficial to her," said her ladyship, in her most judicial manner. "The atmosphere is wholly unlike that which has surrounded her during her previous life."

"I am sure it will prove beneficial to her," said Miss Belinda, eagerly. "The companionship of well-trained and refined young people

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cannot fail to be of use to her. Such a companion as Lucia would be, if you would kindly permit her to spend an evening with us now and then, would certainly improve and modify her greatly. Mr. Francis Barold is—is, I think, of the same opinion—at least, I fancied I gathered as much from a few words he let fall."

"Francis Barold," repeated Lady Theobald. "And what did Francis Barold say?"

"Of course, it was very little," hesitated Miss Belinda; "but—but I could not help seeing that he was drawing comparisons, as it were. Octavia was teaching Mr. Poppleton to play croquet, and she was rather exhilarated, and perhaps exhibited more—freedom of manner, in an innocent way—quite in an innocent, thoughtless way—than is exactly customary, and I saw Mr. Barold glance from her to Lucia, who stood near; and when I said, 'You are thinking of the contrast between them.' He answered, 'Yes, they differ very greatly, it is true;' and of course, I knew that my poor Octavia could not have the advantage in his eyes. She feels this herself I know. She shocked me, the other day, beyond expression by telling me that she had asked him if he thought she was really fast, and that she was sure he did. Poor child, she evidently did not comprehend the dreadful significance of such terms."

"A man like Francis Barold does understand their significance," said Lady Theobald, "and it is to be deplored that your niece cannot be taught what her position in society will be if such a reputation attaches itself to her. The men of the present day fight shy of such characters."

This dread clause so impressed poor Miss Belinda by its solemnity that she could not forbear repeating it to Octavia afterwards, though it is to be regretted that it did not produce the effect she had hoped.

"Well, I must say," she observed, "that if some men fought a little shyer than they do, I shouldn't mind it. You always *do* have about half-a-dozen dangling around, who only bore you, and who will keep writing you to go to places and sending you bouquets and asking you to dance when they can't dance at all, and only tear your dress, and stand on your feet. If they would 'fight shy,' it would be splendid."

To Miss Belinda, who certainly had never been guilty of the indecorum of having any member of the stronger sex "dangling about" at all, this was very trying.

"My dear," she said, "don't say 'you always have;' it—it really seems to make it so personal."

Octavia turned round and fixed her eyes wonderingly upon her blushing countenance. For a moment she made no remark, a marvellous thought shaping itself slowly in her mind.

"Aunt Belinda," she said, at length, "did nobody ever—"

"Ah, no, my dear. No, no, I assure you," cried Miss Belinda, in the greatest possible trepidation. "Ah, dear, no! Such—such things rarely—very rarely happen in—in Stowbridge—and besides I couldn't possibly have thought of it. I couldn't, indeed!"

She was so overwhelmed with maidenly confusion at the appalling thought, that she did not recover herself for half an hour at least. Octavia feeling that it would not be safe to pursue the subject, only uttered one word of comment:

"Gracious!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

BY MRS. A. D DAILEY.

Press the dainty, waxen eyelids
O'er the eyes now blind in death.
Kiss the lips that fast are stiff'ning,
Through them comes no fainting breath.
Nevermore those eyes will open,
On this sunny world below,
Ne'er those lips, with sweet caresses,
Win you from your weight of woe.

Fold the little hands like snowflakes,
On the pulseless, marble breast.
Strew the couch with purest blossoms,
She has found "eternal rest."
Angels seem to hover o'er her,
Shedding brightness on the flowers,
She is safe among their number,
Hers "another morn than ours."

Now they safely bear her with them,
Through the shining, golden street.
Hark, they join the glorious anthem,
Swelling round the Saviour's feet.
See, He lifts her to His bosom,
Welcomes her to share His love,
Loud and louder swells the chorus,
Ringing through the courts above.

She left all her pain and sorrow,
When she left this form of clay.
We have still the empty casket,
God has called the gem away.
So we feel we have not lost her,
Though to us she may not come,
For we'll find her up in heaven,
When the angels bear us home.

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"A SORROWFUL JOKE."

BY CATHARINE KEENE.

She held the letter to the fire-light, and read it, to herself, half aloud:

Dear Old Nell:

Victory perches on my banner! Have got my leave, and will be with you, Tuesday night. I bring an offering with me, in the shape of my chum, Jack Morris. But I warn you, that, if you dare to confide to me, that "he is perfectly lovely," "so charming," or "too sweet for anything," you may prepare for instant death. Upon my word, the poor fellow is utterly worn out by the attentions and appreciations of your fair sex. I daily render thanks to the powers that be, that my womenkind are cast in a different mould. I shan't tell you any more about him: you may explore for yourself. Kiss the blessed old *madre* for me. How I long to see her sweet face again. Affectionately, your brother,

Tom.

P. S.—By the way, I happened in upon Fanny, last evening. How awfully fond she is of you, Nell! Wouldn't it be a happy thought, to have her down to the old shanty, next week? She might help to amuse Jack, who, by the way, is the only man she never flirts with. She'd come, I think: for that old imbecile, aunt Maria, is going to have the house full of sixth cousins.

T. S. P.

What a pretty little "*genre*" picture she made, as she knelt on the bear-skin rug, in front of the blazing wood-fire, in the old library. Her wavy hair looked so bright, her dark eyes so earnest.

The dancing flames lit up the picturesque old room, with its high wainscoting, ponderous book-cases, gleaming brasses, and quaint old china. The family portraits, in their tarnished frames, seemed to nod and smile in the uncertain light, as they looked down on their little descendant.

It was a charming old house, which had been in the Perrin family since the days of good old Geoffrey Perrin, *gentleman*, as he wrote himself, in the fashion of his times. He, with a number of other cavaliers, as loyal and reckless as himself, after using his good sword in the last "Prince Charlie's" losing cause, had left "Merrie England" for good and all, had landed in Virginia, and from there strayed up into sunny Maryland.

The present Mrs. Perrin had been early left a widow, with two children, Tom and Nell. Tom had the measles and whooping-cough, went to college, fell in love with his cousin Fanny, and then went to Richmond, to be initiated into the mysteries of business; and there he was, when he wrote his letter.

Was Nell pretty? Most people thought Fanny much prettier, for her cousin had a piquant little face, with her brown eyes and fluffy, blonde hair, and she looked like a little white kitten, and just as pretty, and just as trustworthy. Nell looked a little like the girl, in Millais' "Huguenot Lovers;" but it was a resemblance only of expression, for Nell would have looked very much like everybody else, but for her eyes, which were gray; and which had a fashion of growing almost black, when she was in earnest.

"What a shame!" she thought, taking up Tom's letter once more. "I did think we should have him to ourselves; and here he brings this man; and then wants Fanny asked. One thing is certain, Fanny shall not make an idiot of my boy, the disinterested old goose. 'Might help amuse Morris,' indeed! Well, at any rate, I shall feast my eyes on the 'one man Fanny won't flirt with.' Query: is it *won't*, or *can't*? But I must go and read Tom's letter to mother."

Tom's letter was no sooner read, than all was settled, and a telegram sent to Fanny: "Mamma sends love, and won't you come down with Tom, Tuesday night?" The next morning came Fanny's answer. "I shall be delighted, but can't come until next day."

Tuesday night came, and with it Jack Morris, and Tom. Nell and Mrs. Perrin were impatiently waiting in the hall, when the wheels of the dog-cart were heard, rumbling along on the frozen ground. Nell could stand it no longer. Forgetful of her usual stateliness, she rushed to the door, and threw herself into the arms of the first comer, whom, in the dark, she hardly saw. "Lucky beggar you, Jack!" cried Tom. Nell blushed furiously at her mistake. Jack Morris, for once discomposed, pulled his moustache, and gazed at the ceiling; while Mrs. Perrin looked volumes of rebuke. Nell, to cover her confusion, pounced upon Tom, and bore him off triumphantly, leaving Mr. Morris to her mother's mercy.

"Now for it, Nell," said Tom. "I'm prepared for any amount of enthusiasm. A perfect Apollo, etc. Say it, and let's have the agony over."

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"Do be sensible, Tom," said Nell, pleadingly. "I haven't seen you for so long. If you mean Mr. Morris, I've hardly looked at him; but he seems disgustingly like other men."

"Ye gods and little fishes," ejaculated Tom, "Jack Morris like other men! Why, it's blasphemy!" And with affected solemnity, drawing Nell to him, and sinking his voice to a tragic whisper, he said, "He's worth a million, and—you'd have no mother-in-law—he's single—he paints—he copies music—and," dropping high tragedy, "he's an awfully good fellow."

"Tom," said Nell, impatiently, "I hate him already. If there is a bore, it is a piece of perfection! Tell me about Fanny."

At this, all Tom's cheerfulness vanished, and a perplexed look came over his jolly face.

"By Jove! Nell, I don't know. One day, she's everything that's cheering to me; the next, upon my word, ice itself! One thing is sure though, little woman, that kind of thing stops now. I'm going to put it to the touch, and 'win or lose it all.' If it's all right, I shall be the happiest fellow alive. If not—" here Tom turned away, with a kind of catch in his voice.

Nell went to him, tears standing in her eyes. "Tom," she said, "kiss me, this instant. You're a dear boy. Now, go dress for dinner."

At dinner, Nell had an opportunity of finding out whether Jack Morris was "so disgustingly like other men" or not, for Tom took entire possession of his mother. Nellie, to her disgust, found herself beginning to like their guest. He was so thoroughly well-bred, and (for she hated to confess it even to herself,) undeniably clever.

Presently, she became conscious that Tom was looking at her, as if to say, "Didn't I tell you so?" The charm was broken, from that moment. She became stiff and reserved, at once. The change was so marked, that poor Jack thought, that in some stupid way, he had said something very dreadful. So he sat, meditating, in a melancholy manner, as to what it was.

It was a relief to all, when they adjourned, not to the drawing-room, but to Tom's pet room, the library. Here, with the curtains closely drawn, the room lighted only by the flickering fire, a feeling of rest and comfort came over all. Tom alone talked, with unabated energy. Finally, even he seemed to yield to the spell, and stared with the rest at the crackling logs.

"Are you building castles in the fire, Mr. Morris?" asked Nell, at last, looking at him.

"No, Miss Perrin," he said, gravely. "I've seen too many fall. I never plan now—I drift."

There was a tone of sadness, in his voice, which surprised Nellie. "Is no one perfectly happy?" she thought. "What trouble can *he* have?"

Then Tom spoke.

"By the bye, Morris," he said, "you know my cousin, Miss Dennison, is coming, to-morrow—you know her very well, don't you?"

Jack Morris started. "Is Miss Dennison your cousin, Tom?" he said, in a tone of the greatest surprise, and—thought Nell—dismay.

"You're great allies, Tom says," she remarked, turning to him.

"Of course," he answered, laughing in a somewhat embarrassed way. "Of course, if Tom says so, it's so;" and then he quickly added, as if in dread of the subject's being continued, "Won't you sing to me, Miss Perrin?"

Nell rose, immediately, saying, laughingly, "Mamma brought me up, Mr. Morris, to absolutely fly to the piano, when asked, and to stay there, until implored to desist, by my exhausted hearers. So I warn you."

Nell, as she spoke, began to play. She played the few opening chords to Beethoven's "Adelaide," and then her glorious contralto, tremulous with its own richness, filled the room with melody. She sang that noblest of all love songs, as Jack Morris had never imagined it could be sung—with tears in her eyes, and in her voice, too! When she finished, there was perfect silence, for a few moments. Even Tom had nothing to say. Then Jack bent over her, and said, in a low tone: "How can I thank you, for the happiness you have given me?"

"Please, don't try," she answered, turning her face, flushed with emotion, up to him. "I'm so ashamed of myself. I never will sing that song, before anybody, again. I always make an exhibition of myself."

"Don't say that," Jack replied, seriously. "It is a relief to find anybody, in the nineteenth century, who loses herself, and her hearers, for an instant. You sing as if you, at least, believed in some things, in the possibility of a *grande passion*, for instance."

"And why not?" she said, the blood crimsoning her face. "It probably sounds awfully romantic; but I do. I think there are glorious possibilities in every one. In nine cases out of ten, they are smothered, however, and people go through life missing something; and not knowing what it is."

He looked earnestly at her. "Yes," he said, "I thought so too—once—but now—I think it is a mistake to feel very much about—anything. Very few people, anyway, are worth the trouble."

"I don't agree with you," she replied, quickly. "I would as soon be an oyster, and doze with it:

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that is vegetation, not life. If I hate, I do it thoroughly. If I ever—that is," and blushing violently, she concluded, bravely, "I'm always very fond of my friends."

A look of amusement came over his face, as she wound up so confusedly; and then, sobering down, he said, looking gravely at her, "I believe you would."

They talked on, Nell playing stray chords every now and then, until roused by Tom's voice. "Morris, old fellow," he cried, "when you get through, let us have a smoke."

"What time is it?" asked Nell.

"Half-past eleven," answered Tom, severely. "What on earth have you two been talking about? It acted like a lullaby on me, for I've been fast asleep."

"I don't doubt that Mr. Morris had the same desire, Tom," said Nell, glancing shyly at Jack.

"Do you think so?" he said, simply, detaining her hand in his, as she bade him good-night. Nell probably deemed a reply unnecessary, for she made none.

"He is disgustingly like other men, isn't he, Nell?" said Tom, teasingly, following her out.

"Hush!" said Nell, in an agony of fright, taking refuge in flight.

"And so Fanny comes, to-morrow," she thought, with a sigh, as she put her head on her pillow, that night.

The next morning, how it rained! Nell was down stairs first. Mrs. Perrin never made her appearance at breakfast. As the delinquents sautered in, Nell was seated behind the urn.

"What do you think?" she said, with a proud smile. "I've been down stairs a whole hour."

"Well,' said Tom, giving her a brotherly squeeze, "it was all the fault of Morris. Don't spare him."

"I deny the charge," said Jack, laughingly. "I appeal to you, Miss Perrin. Isn't Tom always late?"

"I never take sides," she said, also laughingly, "until I know which is the stronger."

"And then," added Jack, as he took his coffee-cup from her, "like a woman, you side with the weakest."

"Yes, she would," said Tom, thoughtfully. "She's a good girl, Jack. The fair sex goes in, generally, for the winning side. She doesn't."

"What treason, Tom," said Nell, looking at him, quickly. "Won't you except Fanny?"

"No," replied he, gravely. "I can't—"

Morris looked from one to the other, with the strangest expression, and half began to speak, then stopped. A feeling of constraint seemed to fall on the little trio, after this. They sat around the table in silence. Finally, Tom roused himself, with a effort.

"What a beastly day," he growled, sauntering to the window. But we'll shoot, all the same, won't we, old fellow?" and he turned to Jack.

"You may," returned Jack, "but I once made a solemn resolution *never* to shoot, if it rained: I might catch cold, you know," he said, stretching his long legs under the table.

Tom stood, with ineffable disgust imprinted on his face, and then his scorn burst forth.

"Don't be an ass, Jack! Are you going to stay, like a great mollycoddle, in the house?"

"I am," said the mollycoddle, placidly.

What a happy day they had! A long morning over the piano, Nell singing plaintive little English ballads, in harmony with the slowly dripping rain outside. He—for Jack had a charming baritone—sang some of those spirited old Jacobite love-songs, which, in spite of their dash and recklessness, have a plaintive refrain, that makes the eyes grow dim, and the breath come quickly.

As he finished, he said, quietly, "Do you remember Francis the First, after the battle of Pavia, *'tout est perdu, fors l'honneur'?* Well, I think that should have been the legend of the Cavaliers, who certainly staked all, and lost all—but honor."

"They saved the better part," said Nell, softly.

"Where do you think honor ends, and Quixotism begins?" said he. "Has a man a right to throw away his life's happiness, perhaps the happiness of some one else, for a mere scruple?"

His face was full of passionate appeal.

"How can I answer you?" said she, almost solemnly, for she was moved by the trouble in his face. And suddenly, then, a great liking came over her for this man. "I wish I could help you," she added, gently.

He looked at her steadfastly, for a moment; and then rising, sauntered towards the window. "What a selfish brute I am," said he, in a harsh, uneven voice, "to bore you with my troubles!"

They stood together, for awhile, looking out at the fast-flying clouds, and the cheerless, winter landscape. A feeling of dreariness, of depression, came, like a cloud, over Nell's spirits.

"Why can't it always be sunshine?" she said.

"For the same reason that one can't always be happy," he answered, half-bitterly. "Why can't to-day last forever?" he whispered, bending down and looking into her dark eyes.

"Ah," said she, confusedly, "you would soon long for the sun to set."

"Miss Nellie," said he, earnestly, "Won't you promise me one thing? It is no matter what

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may happen, or how things may seem, you will believe me, when I tell you, that this is, and always will be, the happiest day of my life."

Nell looked up at him, her color coming and going. "I shall always believe you, Mr. Morris," she said, simply; and then went upstairs, her heart beating happily; but through it all, she was thinking, "and Fanny comes, to-night."

He stood, watching her disappear up the old oak staircase, and then turned away. "What a scoundrel I am," he muttered, angrily. "Yet was ever man so placed before?" And Nell's earnest impassioned face rose before him. "She's a woman worth living for, and dying for, too," he thought, with a sigh, as he paced up and down his room; and he, too, was thinking, "and Fanny comes, to-night."

And Fanny came. A sound of carriage wheels, opening and shutting of doors, a rustle of flying skirts, a coquettish glance for Tom, and then she saw—Jack Morris, leaning against the door. A quick change passed over her face. All the vivacity went out of her manner. Jack came immediately forward, and they shook hands silently. Then she said, with an effort: "I didn't know you were here, Mr. Morris."

"I didn't know it myself, until just before my departure," he answered, constrainedly.

Nell stood aside, watching the two, feeling that there was something not in the common order of things taking place, until Fanny turned around, and cried, "Nell, where are you? won't you take me upstairs? I'm so tired, and such an object."

They were no sooner upstairs, than Fanny said, in an unnatural kind of voice, "Nellie, why didn't you tell me he was here?"

"Who? Do you mean Mr. Morris? Why, on earth, should I?" She said this, with such genuine surprise, that Fanny seemed non-plussed for the moment. She walked to the glass, then back to Nell.

"Why aren't you always with me?" she said, with a nervous little laugh. "You know I always used to call you 'my conscience,' at school. I believe then there might be a possibility of my doing right."

Fanny's conduct was so strange, her manner so odd, that Nell, completely astounded, simply stood and stared at her.

"Nell," said Fanny, fretfully, "you look like a statue, and with just about as much sympathy."

"Fanny," said Nell, rousing herself with an effort, and placing both hands on her little cousin's shoulders, "you know I would do anything for you, dear! Won't you tell me what is the trouble?"

"Dear me," said Fanny, with an uneasy laugh, "how foolish we are! I suppose you would, Nell, do anything for me, if there were any occasion. I don't know what the matter is with me. I've had the blues so awfully lately. Now give me a kiss, and run away, or we'll both be late to dinner."

Nell saw that, in spite of Fanny's effort at her old self, there were tears in her eyes, and that she could hardly command her voice. "What was the matter, and why was Fanny's manner so peculiar to Mr. Morris?" And then Nell thought of the afternoon that had just passed. "What did he mean, when he asked her to believe in him?" She felt as though in a dream, as she went slowly to her room. Everything and everybody seemed so changed.

She sat thinking so long, that she was late, and found them all in the drawing-room, when she entered. Fanny was there, charmingly dressed, and radiant with smiles. Nell hardly recognized her melancholy cousin, in the piquante little personage, levelling pretty glances at honest Tom, who was evidently more fascinated than ever, and chattering brightly to Jack Morris, who was leaning wearily against the mantel!

Nell felt a sudden pang, as she looked at the trio, so comfortable, and happy without her. "How mean of me," she thought. "I *can't* be jealous of Fanny. Tom has always worshipped her, and how could anyone help admiring her?" And she looked again at Fanny's bright little face, her dainty hands and feet, and her bewitching little affectations.

Feeling guiltily conscious of a shade of coldness in her manner, Nell exerted herself, and said to Mr. Morris, as they went out to dinner, "Isn't she charming?"

"Very," he replied, coldly. Again she was ashamed of herself, at the mean feeling of satisfaction, that she experienced, at his cold assent.

When half through dinner, Fanny looked up, "Oh," she said, "Nell! Emily Hill sent you so much love, and said she was going to insist on your making her a visit."

Before Nell could speak, Mrs. Perrin, one broad beam of satisfaction, interrupted. "How very kind of her," she said. "I shall be so glad to have Nell go. Poor child, she'll be glad, too! Won't you, dear?"

"No, Mamma," said Nell, promptly, but quietly. "I don't care to visit Emily Hill. I know her very slightly."

"Why don't you say frankly, Nell," said Fanny, with a vexed little laugh, "that your liking is as slight as your acquaintance? I

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never could understand your prejudice against Emily Hill."

"Well, then," said Nell, good-temperedly, "don't let us discuss it?"

"You know, Mr. Morris," continued Fanny, speaking to him, but not looking at him, (Nell had noticed that she seemed to avoid meeting his eyes), "Nell is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable. If she were to die for it, to-night, she would be faithful to her likes and dislikes. For my part, I can't imagine why, because you like a person, *to-day*, you must necessarily like him, *to-morrow!* Do you?" said she, appealing plaintively to them all.

Every one laughed, with the exception of Tom, who alone did not seem to be amused at Fanny's *naïve* and novel complaint.

After dinner, Nell had to go to the housekeeper's room, to give her orders for the next day, for Mrs. Frye had the rheumatism. Nell was detained for some time. As she walked back, along the passage way, she heard voices. Unconsciously she paused, to listen where the voices came from. She heard Jack Morris speaking slowly and sternly.

"It's a contemptible position," he said, "and I insist upon your putting an end to it."

For the moment, Nell was stunned. Then, collecting all her faculties, she walked quickly on, and came upon Fanny and Mr. Morris, standing in the dimly lighted hall!

As they saw her, Jack started, and Fanny murmured, confusedly, as she passed them:

"I've been telling Mr. Morris all the gossip from town."

"Yes?" said Nell, coldly. "How extremely interesting!"

She went on to the library, where she found Tom strumming on the window-pane, and gazing out into the darkness. Her heart was like a lump of lead. She could not understand herself. Was it possible that she cared for this man, whom she had known such a short time? Then she looked at Tom's unconscious back, and thought of the manly, unselfish love he had given Fanny; and she felt that she almost hated the girl. Just then the door opened, and Fanny entered, and behind her, Mr. Morris.

"Is that you, Fanny?" said Tom, turning around, his boyish face all aglow. "Won't you come and look at my den, and see me smoke my cigar?"

Fanny hesitated, looking from Nell's cold face to Jack Morris. "Yes, I will, Tom," she stammered, at last, and followed him out of the room.

Jack Morris stood for a moment, thinking earnestly; and then, rousing himself with an effort, he drew his chair up to Mrs. Perrin's, who was peacefully knitting, the picture of placidity. Nell sat apart. Every now and then Mr. Morris appealed to her, trying to draw her into the conversation; but though she answered, it was always with some polite commonplace. After a while, she rose, and went to the piano, and sat there, playing stray chords and plaintive low music.

Suddenly she became conscious of Mr. Morris standing behind her; and turning, she found that her mother had slipped out of the room, in her noiseless way. Nell would have liked to leave, too; but she remembered that she was in her own house. The determination to do her duty, no matter how distasteful, was so evident in her face, that Jack almost laughed, in spite of himself.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, politely. "Can't I induce you to sing for me?"

"No," she said, coldly, "I'm out of tune, to-night."

"With the world, or the people in it?"

"With neither," she replied, quickly, her eyes flashing. "With myself."

"So am I," he said, gravely. As he spoke, their eyes met. Nell, in spite of herself, felt her scornful, contemptuous feelings melting away, as she looked up into his honest, manly face.

"Have you so soon forgotten what I asked you, this afternoon? Won't you believe in me?" he said, earnestly.

Nell made a final effort to be the Nell of ten minutes before. She rose from the piano.

"What!" she said, with an unsuccessful attempt at a laugh. "Believe in your pretty little speeches, about a pleasant afternoon? Why, certainly I do! But I must go. Mamma may want something. You will amuse yourself, won't you? Good-night."

As she spoke, he extended his hand, but she either would not, or did not see it, and walked towards the door. Then, some sudden impulse urged her to turn. He was standing where she had left him, looking after her, with what in his face? As she thought of it, her heart beat faster. Could he care for her? What did it all mean?

That night, she cried herself to sleep.

For a week things went on, in very much the same way. Fanny and Tom indulged in prolonged *tête-a-têtes*, varied by Fanny and Mr. Morris. Neither of them volunteered any explanation. Fanny seemed to avoid ever being left alone with Nell. As for Nell, she was a changed girl. Her high spirits had vanished. Not that she ever looked sad. But her manner was strangely different. She discharged her duties

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as hostess, mindful of the most minute details regarding the comforts of her guests, and then left them to their own devices.

She had given up all doubts now. She knew that she loved Jack Morris—loved him so that it was absolute suffering to her, to see him with Fanny.

At the table, one evening, Jack looked up, and announced that he must leave them, the following day.

The announcement had a peculiar effect upon them all. Nellie grew a shade paler, if possible, Tom heard a sigh; could it be of relief? Fanny looked half-frightened. Mrs. Perrin was the only one, who seemed to feel any regret. She broke into the awkward silence, and told Jack, in her gentle, motherly voice, "how sorry she was to let him go, that she had come to think of him like a boy of her own." Jack tried to answer. But his voice was husky, and then failed completely; and he took refuge in a glass of water.

As they rose from the table, to go into the library, Nell lingered behind. Jack turned, and saw that she was standing, half-supporting herself against the old staircase. She looked so pale and wan, that he thought she was fainting; and sprang quickly to her side.

"What is it—darling—are you ill?" he cried, impetuously.

Nell recovered immediately. "Nothing, Mr. Morris," she said. "I'm afraid the room was too warm. Don't let me detain you."

"I beg your pardon," he said, stiffly, "but I thought you might need assistance." And with a formal bow, he left her.

After a few minutes, Nell went into the library, and found that the usual order of things was undisturbed: Mrs. Perrin and Jack were by the fire, Tom and Fanny absent, in the "Den."

"Nell, dear," said Mrs. Perrin, in her gentle, unsuspicious way, "Tom and Fanny seem to have some awful conspiracy on foot. I heard her say to him, 'I can stand it no longer, I must tell you all.' What can it be?" The spice of curiosity in her nature coming to the surface. "Why don't—don't Jack and you put your heads together, and find out?"

Jack looked very uncomfortable. Nell's face blazed, and then became startlingly pale. She rose, and took refuge at the piano. Directly, she heard Mrs. Perrin's "good-night," and could see, even without turning, (for all her senses seemed to be strangely acute), Jack kiss her mother's hand. Then she heard quick, uneven footsteps; and he was at her side. There was something determined, almost desperate, in his manner, different from his usual calm.

"You will sing, once more, to me—for the last time," said he.

"Yes," she said, simply, without looking at him. "What shall I sing?" He made no reply. She began the first thing she thought of, which happened to be "Kathleen Mavourneen." She sang as she never had sung before, with an expression painful in its intensity. At first, she forgot herself—forgot Jack; but when, for the last time, she came to

"It may be for years—
And it may be forever,"

the whole thing rushed over her, and her voice faltered, then failed completely, and she burst into tears.

Instantly Jack's arms were around her, and he was pressing passionate kisses on her face.

"My darling! you love me," he whispered; "look up, and tell me it is so."

Nell looked up. There was no need for words. He was looking at her, fixedly, despairingly, as a man would, who saw the thing he loved best in the world, vanishing from his sight forever.

"Great God!" he cried. "Do you know, that I have no right to look at you, or even to speak to you? I'm bound, hand and foot, to another woman." Nell started. "It's by a chain, that a word could break. Shall I speak it? Say. My honor is in your hands."

Nell looked at him bravely. "Jack," she said, "is your word given?"

"Yes," he said, his voice husky.

"Then," she answered, "keep it. After to-night, we must part—forever."

She burst into an agony of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break. Ah! what was she giving up? She knew it all—the long, long, hopeless years—and she did not hesitate—but it was breaking her heart.

Jack stood, his face drawn, as if in physical suffering. He seemed to have grown years older, in the last five minutes.

Neither of them will ever forget that evening.

Even now, sometimes, Nell hears the fire crackle, and sees that old room, with its crimson draperies, and its gleaming brasses; and she shivers, as she recalls her wretchedness!

But footsteps sound along the corridor. She must make her escape. One last farewell. "Good-night, my Nell," says Jack. "For you *are* mine," he adds, almost desperately.

"Yes, yours, Jack, in soul at least, no matter what happens," she says, steadfastly.

Safe in her own room, she looks at her flushed and agitated face. But, with all her misery, comes one reflection, Jack loves her, yes, loves her. Nothing can ever deprive her of that. As

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she lies awake, for hours it seems to her, she hears voices rising and falling down stairs. "It can't be possible that Fanny is down stairs yet," she thinks, at last. Just then, there comes a tap at her door, and Fanny's voice whispers, "May I come in?"

Is it the moonlight, that streams into the room? Or what makes Fanny look so odd? The girl comes straight to Nell's bedside, and falls on her knees. Nell sits up. Is she dreaming?

"What is it, Fanny?" she asks. "Are you ill?"

"Don't, Nell!" Fanny says, with smothered sobs, "don't be good to me. You will despise me, when you know all. But I've tried to do right, at last. Do you know," she said, suddenly, "that, until to-night, I've been engaged to Jack Morris? Don't say a word, till I've told you everything."

Nell listens, as Fanny tells her, how, when Jack Morris first came home from Europe, she fell in love with him, or she thought she did.

"He was always very polite, and all that," she says. "You know his way, Nell. But he never thought of me, for a second, as a grown-up girl—a woman. His indifference piqued me," here the babyish face began to look like itself again, "and I made up my mind to marry him. So, what do you think I did?" here an agony of shame came over her, and she buried her face on Nell's shoulder, as if shrinking from sight.

"Go on, Fanny, dear," said Nell, encouragingly, trying to soothe her; for the girl's whole frame was trembling with sobs.

"It was at the Beech's party," Fanny said. "Emily Hill thought of it—and said it would be such a capital joke on the chivalrous Jack Morris. She said I didn't dare to; and, Nell, believe me, I didn't realize what I was doing. Emily went out into the conservatory, and saw Jack sitting on the little seat, behind those tall palms. You know the rock in front. Well, we went out there, Emily and I; and then I pretended to cry; and told Emily how awfully in love I was with Jack; that I was afraid that he didn't care for me; and all that; and then I pretended to see Jack for the first time; and, Nell, then I really *did* cry, I was so ashamed of myself. Emily went away, and we were left alone. Jack took my hand. Nell, I never will forget how good he was to me. He told me that he couldn't help overhearing, and that if I thought I cared for him—and then we were engaged.

"Ever since," with a great sob, "I've been trying to get courage enough to tell him. To-night, I told Tom all." Fanny seemed to forget herself here, and a tender little look came over her face. "And Tom was so good to me. But, oh, Nell, will he ever love me, in the same way, again? He made me go to Jack, and tell him all. And now comes the splendid part of Jack's conduct, Nell. Do you know, that he knew everything? for Emily Hill told him; and he was never going to let me know. I never can forget it. Nell, Nell! What must you all think of me? Jack—"

Nell took the poor, weak, little thing, in her arms.

"Hush, dear," she said, "you've done all you can now. You did not realize what you were doing." And she looked down at the weak, pretty face, and hushed her, as she would a sorrowful child.

"Will you forgive me, Nell—for Tom's sake?" whispered Fanny, creeping closer, at last.

"No, dear—for your own," said Nell, as she gave her a long, long kiss.

No more need be said. But Jack did not go the following morning.

"THE WILD, TANGLED LANES."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Where blooms the marsh-mallow,
In waste field, or fallow,
Or meadow with iris so gay.
In lanes dew-bespangled,
By fences all tangled
With vines and wild roses—we stray.

Where ferns in dense masses,
And thistles, tall grasses,
And blackberry vines white as snow.
Where green willows quiver,
And white poplars shiver,
And fresh, woody scents come and go.

Where red-throated thrushes
Are heard in the bushes,
And cat-birds that chatter and scold.
The swift swallow dashes,
The marsh blackbird flashes,
The oriole blazes in gold.

Great heads of red clover,
Droop drowsily over,
In pastures that lie by the way.
The daisy, dear fellow,
And buttercups yellow—
Oh! wild, tangled lanes where we stray.

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MY EARLY MARRIED TRIALS.

BY MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

HARRY had lived with his married sister, Maria, for nearly three years before his marriage; and he thought her a paragon of perfection, especially as a housekeeper. I shall never forget the first time I took tea at her house. I found that Harry had not at all exaggerated the excellence of her cooking. He told me, as we walked home, that he hadn't had such a supper since he left her; and, alas! I felt that it was but too true.

From that day out, as a loving wife, I gave my whole energies to the "art and mystery of cooking." I spent all my savings on cook-books, from Miss Leslie's down. I even went so far as to invest five dollars for a "Francatelli." At last I thought I was competent to make a custard pie, one of Harry's favorite dishes. I selected this as the safest thing to begin on. A little cream, a pinch of soda, another of salt, and some flour; anyone could do that, said I to myself. To my surprise, I found it no easy matter to get the crust safely established in a pie-tin; but I succeeded at length; and having poured in the custard, placed it in the oven. I had just done so, when I heard a knock at the door, and on opening it, found my sister-in-law! She had come out for a little shopping, and thought she would call in a while. I felt cold chills running over me. What if she should stay to dinner?

When I thought of my pie, I went out to look at it. What could be the matter? There was no sign of custard visible, but instead, there was a thin, brown crust over the top.

In my astonishment, I exclaimed aloud, and Maria stepped out of the dining-room to see what was the matter. I wished that she had not been so kind, but I asked her what made the pie look so. She told me I had made the crust too rich and too soft, and it had come to the top. I felt dreadfully mortified, but there was no help for it. Then she told me a lot about pie-making, and I ought to have been obliged to her.

After the pie subject was disposed of, I mustered up courage to ask her how to make butter. Harry had bought a cow a few days before, and I had promised to ask Maria for all the information I needed.

I must say that Maria looked at me as if I were a natural curiosity. "Don't you know how to make butter?" she said.

"No," I answered.

"What in the world did Harry buy a cow for, then?" was her next question.

"He said I could not learn to make butter unless we had a cow," I answered. Maria then very kindly gave me full and explicit directions about the management of the milk, from the time it entered the house, till, as butter, it reached the table.

I carefully noted down the exact quantity of salt to be used; half an ounce for each pound of butter. By the time the butter discussion was finished, it was so near noon, that Maria said she believed she'd stay till after dinner.

I expressed my gratitude, and went about preparing dinner with a little more trepidation than usual. I wish that I had never read that string beans were improved by putting a tiny bit of soda in the water while they were cooking, or that a large spoonful of salt should be added to the water in which potatoes were to be boiled.

I don't know how I made such a mistake, but I did—I am sure of it, or those potatoes would never have had such a peculiar taste, and the water wouldn't have looked as it did—I put a large spoonful of soda in the potato water, and added a tiny bit of salt to the beans. Oh, dear! Everything went wrong that day. Those potatoes, how they did taste! The baker's bread was dryer, and the butter a little stronger, than usual.

When I went into the kitchen for my unfortunate custard pie, I left the door ajar, and I was sure my name was mentioned, more than once, during my absence.

I didn't mind much, but I thought that I would ask Harry what they were talking about, as soon as I had a chance. Of course, he would tell me. I didn't see him till he came to tea, and then I asked, the first thing, what Maria had said about me at dinner time; and he wouldn't tell me.

I think that he only meant to teaze me, but I got provoked—so did he, for that matter—and Harry and I had our first quarrel. It was too dreadful. Harry went out directly after tea, and didn't come back till nine o'clock.

I liked Maria less than ever after that, for she was the cause of the first quarrel between Harry and me; though a prejudiced observer might have said that I, or my curiosity, had as much to do with it as Maria's remarks.

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In fact, Harry hinted as much when we talked it over afterwards, but, alas! he considers Maria a perfect model.

I hardly like to tell my experience in the butter department, for I made such a mistake the first time we churned. I don't know what made me so stupid, but the awful fact remains, that instead of putting half an ounce of salt to each pound of butter, I added half a *pound* of salt to each of the four pounds of butter. In blissful ignorance I made it into pretty little pats, and when I set the table for tea, that night, I put on some of *my* butter, as I proudly told Harry.

He tasted it first, looked at me for an instant, then took a drink of hot tea.

"That butter!" he exclaimed. "What have you done to it?"

"Just what Maria told me to do," was my reply.

I tasted it. It makes me thirsty now, to think how salt it was.

I put *my* butter away, in anything but an enviable frame of mind. I have laughed about it a good many times since, but I didn't laugh that night.

I tried apple pies next. I determined to be very particular about the use of soda. I thought Maria had told me, during the pie discussion, that a heaping teaspoonful of soda was the proper allowance for one pie. It is needless to say that I was mistaken.

I only intended to make two pies, so I carefully measured two teaspoonfuls of soda, put it into the cream for the pie-crust, and proceeded, quite satisfied.

I thought those pies looked a little queer, the first time I looked into the oven: they looked as if just coming down with an attack of jaundice. The next time I looked at them, I decided they had a very severe attack. In fact, I can think of nothing yellow enough to compare those pies to, and when I took them out of the oven, I don't know whether they ought to have been called yellow, or brown, or green. I have hated pies ever since.

Then I tried brown bread, but, when it came out of the oven, it looked very much like underdone clay mud. Maria had told me not to have too hot a fire, and in my efforts to obey her I got the oven so cool that it hardly baked at all.

When Harry came home, that night, and said that he was going to Nebraska, I felt so discouraged about my housekeeping trials, that I said I was glad of it. I supposed, of course, that he was going to take me with him; but no, he couldn't afford it, he said: he was only going on business. His brother Amos had been dabbling in land speculations out there, and there was some trouble; he wasn't well enough to go himself, so Harry was going in his place.

The worst was to come. Harry had accepted the invitation his brother had kindly given for me to go, and spend the three weeks of his absence with Maria and him.

"What could I do?" Harry asked, ruefully, when, in energetic language, I stated my disapproval of this plan. "You could not stay here alone."

Feeling the truth of this last remark, I became, in a measure, resigned to the situation, and at the appointed time meekly went to my brother-in-law's house. I am not sorry now that I did, for I learned quantities of things, foremost among them, how to make good bread.

I also found that yeast cakes were dissolved in warm water before being used. I had, in my fruitless endeavors to make brown bread, simply broken them up a little, and added them in that state.

I did not tell Maria of that triumph of intellect, and I really should not like to have her read this. I do not think, however, there is much danger; for she has very little time to read, this fall. She is making a new rag carpet for her dining-room, and has begun another quilt, (to exhibit at the County Fair next year,) in which the blocks are about half the size of those in the one for which she obtained the First Prize, last year.

I have learned a good deal during this visit, hateful to me as it seemed at first. I have learned things I ought to have known, before I accepted Harry, and agreed to become his wife. And I hope, in consequence, that I have done, forever more, with MY EARLY MARRIED TRIALS.

LIFE.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

A BABY on the mother's knee,
A child at play,
A man, with pulses bounding free,
A voiceless clay.

And Life hath passed beyond the west,
The weary tread
Goes out to boundless fields of rest,
Oh, blessed dead!

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 231.

CHAPTER IX.

BARNABY urged his boat out upon the water with slow and reluctant hands, after he parted from Myra and her little charge. Indeed, he rested for some time upon his oars, watching the road she had taken long after her figure had become invisible. Then, with a heavy sigh, and a dash of one hand across his eyes, as if angry with them for losing sight of her, he fell to work and urged the little boat homeward with long, vigorous strokes of the oars that relieved his heart by a fierce strain upon the body.

The gray of dawn was just appearing in the west, when the lad swept cautiously into the inlet on which his father's house stood, quiet and still as a bird's nest before day break. All this bore a hopeful appearance to Barnaby, who scarcely gave a ripple to the water as he came in, and cable in hand, leaped ashore close by a clump of weather-beaten fir trees that were crowded, like a quarrelsome family, close down to the water. Around the trunk of the nearest fir, Barnaby was about to fasten his cable, when a man stepped out from the shadows behind the group, and touched him gently on the shoulder. Barnaby turned, and the man Prime stood before him, smiling graciously.

"Out bytimes," he said, with that air of patronage that made his presence remarkable anywhere. "Good lad, good lad! I hope the respectable old man in yonder understands the value of a son who gets out of his bed so early; but where have you been?"

"Fishing," answered Barnaby, standing, unevenly, first on one foot, then on the other, and tugging at his waist-band, as if determined to lift himself out of that courteous man's society. "Fishing," he added, finding the process ineffectual, and bracing up his courage to a rank falsehood; "white bait swarming just now—fighting each other, to get at the hook."

"White bait? Oh, yes! but I never heard that they were caught in the night."

"That's 'cause you aint in the business; gents isn't expected to know."

Prime took a step back, swelled his chest out, and gave a touch to his soiled necktie, as if Barnaby had been a mirror, and could reflect his pompous elegance.

"That's neither here nor there," he said, with a gracious wave of the hand. "It's the privilege of gentlemen to know everything; but you see that the best of us may fall a little short of it. Now I can't quite make out how you could have caught fish without tackle."

"Tackle!" repeated Barnaby, casting a forlorn look at his boat, which was empty as a last year's bird's nest. "Tackle. Oh! you mean pole and line. Why you won't believe me, but them fish got so eager, that they just jerked the hull—"

"Apparatus," said Prime, gently helping the lad to a word.

"Yes, apperatuser; thank you sir. They just did that—pole, line and hook."

"And the pot of bait?" questioned Prime, with a gleam in his eyes that Barnaby did not like.

"No, not that. I got so fierce about the apperatuser, that I flung the bait after it," answered Barnaby, making a desperate dash out of his entanglement.

"And the white bait that were so abundant, that they insisted on being caught—surely you were not mad enough to fling them away too."

"But I was," answered the lad, now burning with defiance. "Cleaned the whole concern out."

Mr. Prime patted the boy gently on the shoulder. "That will do," he said. "I understand it all, and like you the better for standing by our girl, when she thought herself in trouble. It was like a brave young seaman that's bound to be a captain on the high seas yet."

Barnaby felt his own bosom swelling a little, and his honest face grew crimson under this grand idea.

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" he said, again standing uneasily on his feet. "I haven't stood by nobody, and a small fishing-smack is the most I look forward to. Anyway, I don't know what yer mean generally."

"Mean, my lad? Why, of course, I mean to thank you for taking care of that girl, who might have done some harm to herself and the little one, if you hadn't given her a lift in your boat. It is sad to think what a temper she has; it might lead her astray, you know."

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"No, Mr. Prime. I don't pertend to nothing —not a thing."

"Ah! there comes a generous heart uppermost," answered Prime, throwing one arm over the lad's shoulder.

Barnaby twisted himself from under the caressing embrace, protesting:

"Not a bit, not a bit. I haven't got no heart to speak on."

"Not when you took our Myra in, carried the little one down to the boat, wrapped her up warm and comfortable? Not when you rowed for dear life to a safe place on the coast, where she could hide herself till a boat or tug came along? Not when you gave her money? Don't blush. Don't say no. You did it, my generous lad. You did it, and for that I honor you. Why, it shall be my pleasure to pay it back, a thousand-fold some day, when we build a palace —a little palace, I assure you—where the old mansion was, and open up a new style of living. Then, if a certain fine fellow should come to me, and say, 'Mr. Prime, I know that you are a gentleman of birth and family—a landholder in the island, and all that—and I am only a born fisherman; but still I love that bright and beautiful girl of yours—for she is beautiful. Now don't you think so, Barnabas?"

"Think so? rather!" exclaimed Barnabas, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "I should like to see the fellow that dared to say she wasn't."

"Entirely so," continued Prime. "Well, if a certain person should come to me in that way, do you think I should not remember this night, when you were the only friend my girl dared to trust, at a time when the whole island was in a state of madness about lost children, and she might have been taken up before I could have come to save her? No, my lad, never! Henry Prime is made of better stuff than that. He will be far more likely to say, 'Here, my fine fellow, is money for a ship; go and select the finest vessel that can be got. Officer her yourself, select your own crew, go in as commander, and take that girl out on a bridal cruise up the Mediteranean, if you like.'"

"Where's that?" questioned Barnaby, in a low, awestruck voice, "Where's that?"

"The loveliest sea in the world; blue as the sky, with shores that are heaped up with flowers."

"She loves flowers," whispered Barnaby in the depths of his heart.

"With cities, and castles, and palaces on its banks, to be hired for nothing, and orange orchards that a couple just married might sit under, and *he* peel oranges for *her* all day long."

Barnaby drew a deep breath, and crept close to the man, like a bird under the charm of a serpent, and waited, open mouthed, while he went on:

"This is the sort of thing I was planning for my girl, as I came along from the gate-house. "Says I, 'If that fine young fellow saves her from running about the country in the mad way she is capable of, this shall be his reward. All I want to know is that the beautiful creature is safe. Let him convince me of that, and his fortune is made.' It was for this I came. It was for this I waited under the fir trees—but I must be sure that you have left her in a safe place."

Here Mr. Prime leaned against the fir tree, and took out his handkerchief, quite overcome with his own eloquence.

"Is she safe? have pity on a father's feelings and tell me that," he cried out, removing the handkerchief from his eyes with a sudden flourish.

"Oh, Mr. Prime, she's safe enough—"

Here Barnaby broke off, conscious that his words led to a betrayal of Myra's trust.

"But where? remember, I have two children astray."

Barnaby was silent.

"The officers of the law are out in search of her."

"No!"

"Scouring the coast. If I fail to find her before they do, she may be cast into prison for kidnapping."

Barnaby turned deadly pale. Prime saw it, and went on.

"I only want to make her understand that it is a loving father that wants to bring her home to a mother brimming over with tenderness, who will receive her with open arms."

A look of incredulity came into the lad's pale face.

"Or if she will go, it must not be without a father's blessing."

Here Prime took out his handkerchief again.

"His blessing and a solemn warning against the danger she is in. You cannot know how careful we have been to keep her out of harm's way, but who will take care of her now?"

Here a sob broke from behind the handkerchief that went to Barnaby's heart.

"If you wish well for the girl—"

"As if I didn't!"

"If you don't want some handsome young swell from some of the watering places to pick her up by the wayside, and carry her off—there's plenty of 'em that would be glad of the chance—"

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Barnaby's fist doubled, fiercely, and his face burned.

"If you don't want this to happen, tell me where the girl is."

Barnaby was greatly troubled; his lips trembled, his eyes were full of irresolution. He cast suspicious glances at his tempter, but did not speak.

"Or," said Prime, noting these changes, "if you have promised not to do that, let us get into the boat, and take me along the coast to the place where you left her."

A singular gleam of light came into Barnaby's eyes. He looked at the sky. The faintest possible rose tinge was melting into the soft gray of the east. He looked toward the house; all was quiet there. There was danger in it if he left that man to follow the clue he had secured. A swift horse, urged in the right direction, would be sure to overtake Myra. That pursuit must be prevented at any cost of time or trouble.

"Wait till I have warned father," he said, "then we will put off. I never promised not to take any one in my boat. Wait till I rouse the old man."

Prime fell back against the fir tree, and laughed quietly, while the lad went to the house and returned again, looking animated and resolute.

No preparation was necessary. Prime stepped into the boat, and seated himself with a soft, crafty smile creeping about his mouth. Barnaby followed, fastened his oars in the rowels, and began cleaving the water vigorously as if he had not been hard at work all night. For a time he went straight out to sea, then turned, and took his course more leisurely along the coast. Prime had watched this manœuvre with some distrust at first, but when the boat changed her course, he seemed more at ease, and sat with half-closed eyes regarding the lad with soft, cat-like satisfaction.

"You had a long pull overnight," he observed, as point after point along the coast appeared and vanished under the slow pull of Barnaby's oar.

"Rather," answered the lad; "that's why we have to take things a little easy now. One pair of oars can't be 'spected to do everything."

"Oh, take your time! this slow, easy motion is really delicious. It's pleasanter here than anywhere else till the Southampton boat comes in sight. Then we must be ready for a strong pull."

Barnaby made no reply; he had been keenly watching the man, and saw in his countenance a look of crafty satisfaction that warned him of danger. By this time, he reflected, Myra must be nearing the little port at which the boat would put in, on its way from Ventnor; if he reached that point, which was evidently the object of his companion, it would be to intercept her, probably on the wharf, and by his own act he would have drawn her into the power she most dreaded. How could he form excuses for delay? The man who sat regarding him with such cat-like vigilance was strong and powerful; at a hand-to-hand contest he was sure to prevail. The oars once in his hands, and the poor lad was powerless. The sun was now warm upon the water, and the sluggish motion of the boat seemed to overpower Prime with a sleepy sensation. Just as he came in sight of the little port, he took out a watch that had been newly gilded and burnished, drew a deep breath, and slid down into the bottom of the boat, using the seat for a pillow. Drawing his hat down to shade his eyes, he murmured:

"Take it easy, my lad. We have a good hour before the boat comes in. Our bird, wherever she is, will not come out from hiding till then, and the sight of us on the wharf will only frighten her away, though we are only here for her good."

"I shouldn't wonder," muttered Barnaby, who, by this time, had got back all his old distrust of the man, and felt like an enforced kidnapper.

"Keep clear of the harbor till you see the boat heave in sight; then we will creep in, and save the dear child, in spite of herself."

This man had calculated his chances closely. A wistful look in Barnaby's eyes, as he passed the point where Myra had been landed in the night, satisfied him that she was within easy walking distance of the little port they were nearing, and that she would take the boat for Southampton there, unless frightened off by his premature appearance.

Always ready for opportunities of self-indulgence, he composed himself for an hour's sleep, and lay in the sunshine, with his face partly shaded, enjoying the gentle motion of the boat, as it drifted lazily outside the little harbor, all the more because the night had been one of unusual fatigue to him.

Barnaby sat with the motionless oars in his hands, feeling like a criminal seized and bound. He looked toward the little town, where he was expected to complete his enforced work as a detective, at the sleeping man, and the far off sea. Should he dip his oars softly in the tide that was rippling around him in bright dashes of silver, and head away from the shore? No, the accelerated motion would arouse the man from his light slumbers, and the effort would be useless. What could he do?

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Barnaby lifted his eyes. Through the soft opaline distance, he saw the Southampton boat. In less than half an hour she would be in, and Myra hopelessly entrapped. The boy gripped hard upon his oars, and ground his teeth, in an agony of futile passion. Then a wild light shot into his eyes. He started up, laid one of the oars across the boat, and leaping in the air, came down upon it, with a crash that brought Prime to his feet, with an oath on his lips. He saw the boy looking vaguely about as if frightened, a broken oar floating away from the boat, and another which the tide had just drawn from its rowlock, quite out of reach.

"Thunder and lightning, what's the matter?" he stormed, reeling to and fro under a sudden plunge of the boat.

"That comes of a fellow sleeping on his post," said Barnaby, turning his back on the angry man, and rubbing his hands together in an ecstacy of delight; "but you seemed to enjoy it so, how could one help dropping in?"

"Dropping in! but how are we to get ashore?"

"Can't tell, without you can swim," said Barnaby, innocent as a lamb.

"Swim! Oh! that opens the way; leap in, and bring back the oars."

"But I can't swim," said Barnaby. "Should go down like a stone."

"You can't swim? You, a fisherman," stormed the wrathful man.

"We don't swim after fish."

"Oh! no," rejoined Prime, full of wrathful scorn. "You only catch them without hook, line or bait, as you did last night. I understood you then, and I understand you now. Leap into the water, and bring back those oars."

"Couldn't think on it."

"But you shall, or I'll throw you after them, neck and heels—neck and heels, I say."

Barnaby measured the distance between himself and the shore, and a smile stole over his face.

"Well," he said, with calm philosophy, "if I couldn't swim, it ed be murder; and if I could, you'd be left alone, with the tide running out, and nothing to fight it with but yer hat."

"Look here, my lad, you are a scoundrel," stormed the baffled man, shaking his clenched fist in Barnaby's face.

"Just as I was a-thinking, only a little while back," answered Barnaby; "but I'm beginning to feel otherwise now."

"There is the boat sweeping in; hail her."

"Can't on no account. Lost my voice."

Prime turned away from that grinning face, with a burst of abuse, and making a trumpet of his hand, shouted at the top of his voice.

Barnaby laughed, and stooping down, rubbed his hands gleefully. His enemy was shouting against the wind. Prime took off his hat, leaped up and down in the boat, and swung it furiously above his head.

Some one on board the steamboat saw the signal, and answered to it.

It was Prime's turn to laugh; he seized Barnaby by the shoulders, and shook him till the little craft reeled under them.

"You miserable scamp. I—I'll have you in prison."

"What for? 'Cause I don't know how to swim?" questioned the lad, with his eyes fixed anxiously on the steamboat, which had slacked speed, and two or three men seemed busy about one of the boats on her deck.

"What for? You—"

The lad interrupted him. Tearing a red silk handkerchief from his neck, he flaunted it in the wind, and called out, vociferously:

"Hurrah! Shipwreck! Lost at sea! Help, help!"

A boat came up, with two men in it.

"What's the row? Anyone overboard?"

"I should think so," answered Barnaby, twisting the red flag around his throat again. "Both oars gone, and one of 'em broke. Here's the cable. Tow us ashore, and save the wreck."

The men caught the cable that he tossed toward them, swore a good-natured oath or two, when the absurdity of all this commotion was brought home to them, and pulled for the steamboat, which was now half way to her pier.

Prime thanked the men elaborately—he was always profuse of gratitude—and mounted to the deck, just as the boat was warped in. There, taking a prominent place, he surveyed the little pier from end to end, motionless and vigilant as a great, bloated spider waiting for a fly. But as keen a glance, and limbs more active than his, had been at work. Barnaby had climbed the pier, wound in and out among the passengers that were coming down it, and when one dark, frightened face appeared, rushed swiftly by it, calling out, breathlessly:

"Go back—go back! That old thief is watching for you!"

Myra heard the words, and recognizing the voice, with a wild leap of the heart, shrunk out of the crowd.

All this was done so swiftly that Prime, who was looking only for one object, found Barnaby by his side when the last of the passengers came upon the boat.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, fiercely. disappointed.

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"What does what mean, gov'nor?"

"The girl isn't here."

Barnaby looked innocently in his face.

"Did you 'spect her?"

"You scamp!"

Barnaby gave a jerk of the head that twisted his collar out of the irate man's grasp, and indignantly asked what he meant by "gripping a feller like that."

"I mean to wring your neck, if that girl isn't found at the next landing—just that. Do you understand?"

While he spoke, the gang-plank was drawn in.

"Oh, yes, I see you a-doin' of it!" retorted the boy, leaping across the space that separated the boat from the timbers of the wharf, where he stood, laughing at the baffled man, who attempted to follow, but drew back in dismay, from the widened gulf that yawned at his feet.

Another man might have shaken his fist at the provoking youngster; but Prime always supposed himself to be surrounded by admirers, and only waved his hand with careless dignity, as if brushing an insect from his path. Thus he was swept away from the harbor, writhing with a sense of ignominious defeat, but pompous withal.

When the boat was out of sight, Barnaby strolled down the wharf and found Myra and the child, cowering in their uncomfortable hiding-place.

"The old cove is off the track. Walk ahead with the young 'un, while I borrer a pair of oars, from a feller as I am friendly with, and when you're out of sight of the people, I'll pick you up," he said. "Don't stop to talk, and don't seem to take notice of me; for he'll be back here asking questions."

CHAPTER X.

Myra obeyed these hasty directions at once. While Barnaby went in search of a pair of oars, she made her way quietly out of the town, and kept within sight of the water, for a mile or more, when she saw that little boat making for a rocky point of the land on which she had stopped to rest.

Barnaby pulled his boat in, and held her steadily, while she took her old place, and formed a nest at her feet for Dosy.

"You see, I've got everything ship-shape for a voyage," he said, observing that Myra glanced at some articles in the stern of the boat. "Ship stores, and so on. May want 'em. Who knows?"

"But where are we going?" questioned Myra, with a faint smile, for she was weary, and felt it a relief to be under his guidance again.

"Well, first we'll just boat about, and do nothing partic'lar, as there's nothing to be done but keep out of the way till that double-breasted father of yours gets tired of rampaging up and down the coast. I s'pose he'll be back by the return boat, more ravenous'n any wolf, and search every inch of the road between this and Ventnor; but it ain't easy to walk on the water, and we shall be there. Only just cover up that beautiful hair of yours with a hat that I've borried, and keep the young 'un out of sight. Why, he might stand here on this very pint, see us lying out there, fishing, and never be the wiser for it. So we'll just push out, and give him a chance, for he's sure to come back."

Myra looked frightened.

"There, now, don't get down-hearted. We've only got to lie low and watch. Put this on your head."

Myra took the old hat which Barnaby held out, and shaking back the thick masses of her hair, put it on, laughing, with instinctive coquetry, as she settled it on her head, lifted a little on one side.

"Them's 'em," said the lad, triumphantly. "Now, just slip this on, and you won't know yourself when you look down in the water."

Myra took the sailor's blouse of scarlet flannel from his hands, and put it on over her own garments. Dosy watched her with widening eyes that soon filled with tears. The change was so complete that it frightened her.

"Don't, darling, don't be frightened," said the girl, stooping to embrace the little creature. We are going on the water."

The child turned her soft, brown eyes upon the sea, and gazed wistfully into the distance awhile, then she turned them on the girl.

"After mamma?" she pleaded.

Myra's countenance fell; these words were a reproach to her.

"Yes, yes, little 'un. We'll go after your mommy, and take home a string of fish so long—great long shiners with silver scales and fins flapping," said Barnaby.

A glow of delight kindled under Dosy's tears; she clapped her tiny hands, joyously, and ran down to the edge of the water, eager to be off.

Myra followed, siezed upon the child, and planting one lithe foot on a fragment of rock, leaped into the boat with the spring of an antelope.

Directly that small craft was darting through the silvery waters like an arrow, heading toward the sea.

"Now," said Barnaby, resting on his oars, "we're far enough out of sight, and may as well

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enjoy of ourselves. Here's tackle and bait. You can throw a neat line, and that'll keep ye from thinking over-much."

Myra took the pole, and cast her line on the water, entering upon this method of killing time with animation; for the broad expanse of water getting between her and the shore inspired her with a sense of safety, and with the quick changes that come so easily over the spirit of youth, she forgot all danger in the delight of circumventing the man who had been from first to last her enemy.

"Me, too," pleaded Dosy, seizing upon Myra's pole with both her dimpled hands. "Me, too."

Myra laughed, and would have given up her pole; but Barnaby called out that it would drag her overboard, and directly improvised a tiny rod out of his own tackle, with a length of twine at the end, to which he added a bent pin that Myra took from her own dress, and craftily transferred to him. This formidable equipment Dosy threw into the water, with a great splash, pulled it out again the next minute, examined the pin hook demurely, as Myra had inspected her more useful apparatus, and began again, with an impetus that set the water around all in commotion.

After awhile, there came a strong pull on Myra's line, taking her by surprise. She gave a jerk that bent the pole almost double, and uttered a cry of delight, when a noble fish flashed into the air, writhing in the sunshine, and dropping diamonds from its pink and quivering fins.

"Div it to me—div it to me?" cried Dosy, throwing up her hands, in an ecstacy of admiration, as the poor thing was drawn into the boat, and Barnaby, placing his foot upon its silvery sides, tore the hook from its mouth, leaving what had been soft pink, a crimson wound. Dosy's hands were held out eagerly, and her eyes were dancing with delight, till she saw the hook, and the blood it had left behind. Then her pretty face changed, her hands dropped, her scared and reproachful eyes were turned on Barnaby, and with the fierceness of an angry bird, she attempted to push his foot aside.

"I didn't hurt it any more'n I could help," said Barnaby, greatly discomfited. "I only just touched it with me foot, to keep it steady like."

Dosy did not heed him; for, as she was stooping down to rescue the poor fish, it gave a leap into the air, and she rushed, with terror, into Myra's arms, and hid her face in the red jacket, trembling all over.

Barnaby seized upon the fish, as it came down, and flung it behind him.

"There, there, it's all gone," he said.

Dosy peeped from the folds of the red jacket, urged out of her covert by curiosity; but ready to dart back again, at a moment's notice.

"Done?" she questioned, lifting her wondering eyes to Myra.

"Oh! we'll be sure to see him again, at dinner time," answered Barnaby. "Just wait, while I haul in another, and then we'll pull ashore."

Here the lad threw out his line, and fell to business, repulsing the little one, with awkward tenderness, when she insisted on helping him; and drawing his first captive in so stealthily, that she scarcely knew what cruel thing he was about when another shining prize was dropped down behind his seat.

"Now," he said, cheerfully, taking an observation of the sun, "we'll just draw in among the rocks, and enjoy ourselves a bit. The young un wants something to eat, I'll be bound."

Dosy's eyes sparkled, and Myra stooped down to kiss her eager, little mouth.

"Yes, she has had nothing since morning, poor thing. I had so little to give her."

"I thought of that," answered Barnaby, nodding his head. "Besides, I haven't had a mouthful of breakfast—not that it matters, if the young un wasn't hungry—and you."

Myra remembered now that she had tasted no food since early in the morning. She smiled, and said that the salt sea air always gave her an appetite, but she hadn't much thought of it till then.

Barnaby looked around, and his face brightened. A little way off, a pile of rocks rose above the surface of the water so far beyond tide-mark, that coarse sea-grass and a ragged old fir tree gave visible signs of vegetation.

"That's the spot," he said. "We'll just run the boat in seaward, and camp out sociably, till the Southampton boat goes back again with him in it. Then we'll make a lively pull for the next landing, run in after dark, and while he's going one way, you and the little un will be running contrary wise in the steamboat from Ventnor, and no one the wiser or the worse for it—only me."

The last words were uttered so mournfully, that the girl grew sad from that fine sympathy that was a part of her nature, and tears filled her eyes.

"What if I have gotten you into trouble, Barnaby? My step-father is a hard man, though he seems so friendly, and if he knows that you have helped me off, will stop at nothing."

"Oh! it isn't of him I was thinking,"

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answered Barnaby, with a disdainful sway of the head. "That's nothing to the trouble of seeing you floating off I don't know where, after I don't know what, with no idea when you're coming back again. That's what takes the grit out of me."

"But I do not know. Only this, Barnaby: wherever I am, you shall have the first news of me. I'll write you a letter."

"With your own hand?"

"With my own hand, Barnaby."

"And I'll answer it. By jingo, Myra, I'll answer it. You won't mind how the letters are put together, or break down, if you do stumble agin a pot hook or a bit of bad spellin', 'cause you'll know that my heart is in it, square and honest. Yes, you and I will write to each other."

The lad was quite hilarious now, and put so much strength into his work, that his craft was seaward of the little rocky island before he had time to think about it. A little bed of sand had been washed up among the rocks, and on that Barnaby landed his boat.

The island was not altogether desolate; beside the old fir tree, a clump of grass had sprung up in a basin of interlocked stones, which was overrunning with its golden waves. Rank sea-grasses rose up in places, and close by the water, the rocks were bright with sea-mosses or cushioned with the yellow-green of clinging weeds. Over all, came a fresh breeze from the great plain of water stretching off to the Atlantic, and Myra saw, with satisfaction, that no glimpse of their little party could be obtained from the shore.

"Here," said Barnaby, heaping up the dry sand for cushions, under the shelter of a pile of rocks, "you and the young un can sit like birds in a nest Go to sleep, if you want to, or watch the gulls go kiting about. There aint nobody on this desolationed island to make you afraid. I only wish we could all live here forever and ever. Like Robinson Crusoe. You and the little un should be him, and I'd be the man, Friday, who caught the fish, and opened oshters, and built a cabin that should have vines running all over it, and birds singing around it; and you shouldn't do a thing but adore the child, and look at me once in a while, as if you liked to see me about."

"Oh, if we only could live so!" exclaimed Myra, feeling as if the place would be paradise.

"I've got the boat, and there's the shot-bag, with money in it, and I could catch fish, and sell them along shore—but then people would find me out, and—and—no, it wouldn't do. The clergymen say that heaven isn't to be found on this earth, and I suppose it's the fact."

Here Barnaby stopped, with a gesture of sudden despair, and strode among the rocks as if to take a survey of the island, which he did in about five minutes.

Directly Myra heard a great crackling of dry sticks, and the wind brought a great puff of smoke across her face. Guided by the noise, she took Dosy by the hand. On the other side of the old fir tree, they found Barnaby with a great pile of dry branches by his side which he was throwing on a fire hedged in by three flat stones, set upright, and forming a rude fire-place. In the centre of the coals already kindled into a glowing bed, another flat stone was placed, on which the fish they had just taken from the water was slowly broiling. An odor, delicious to any hungry being, filled the air all around. Soft wreaths of smoke curled upward, and were drifted off to sea like the floating plumage of birds, and Barnaby stood, watching the fire with a look of sad satisfaction, pleased with his success, but regretful that it must never be repeated.

When he saw Myra and her charge, Barnaby turned away and became very busy with other preparations. Upon a broad rock under the fir he had set forth a loaf of bread, a bottle of cider, and some dainty little cakes, with other trifles which he had thoughtfully secured at the landing place; close by these was the hollow, overflowing with golden gorse flowers, and the wind that reached them came over the dripping seaweed, stealing therefrom a salt pungency that gave a keen edge to hunger.

When Dosy saw all this, she was wild with delight, and breaking away from her friend insisted on helping. To this end she dragged an armful of wet seaweed from the shore, and was greatly hurt when she might not smother the fire with it. Then she became indignant with Barnaby, because he was so long in shaping pointed sticks from twigs of the fir tree, with his knife, which were to answer for forks at this primitive repast, and stamped her foot with baby impatience, till the fish was placed upon four broad slices of bread, laid flat on the rocky table, carved with his pocket-knife, and distributed with the hospitality of a lord, doing the honors of his castle.

While they were in the full enjoyment of this sylvan repast, a rush of sound like the sluggish roar of an animal disturbed in his sleep, came between them and the main land. Myra dropped her improvised fork and listened.

"It is the return boat," said Barnaby. "Hist a minute, while I go upon the lookout."

Softly, as if afraid of being heard, the lad stole up to the shelter of the fir tree, and saw the boat coming in. It passed so near the island that he

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could plainly see persons on the deck, and among them the dreaded father-in-law, standing conspicuously among the crowd, posing, as usual, in a grand attitude.

"There he goes, swelling like a grampus," said Barnaby, looking back upon the anxious face that Myra turned upon him. "Hasn't the leastest idea who is looking at him, and laughing inside of himself, under this old tree. What if I was to holler out, and give him a turn?"

"No, no," Myra protested. "He would find some way of reaching us."

"Well, let him go. Besides, it's about time for us to be moving. The sun is going down; don't you see how red the sea is turning yonder, just where the clouds are heaped between sky and water?"

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Myra, looking that way.

"Booful," repeated the child, with her old dreamy look.

Barnaby leaped down from his post of observation, and pushed his boat into the water, calling out:

"Come now, passengers all aboard!"

Nothing could be more delightful than that voyage along the coast, at the sunset hour, when all the waves flamed with gold, as they came dancing in, and great lines of crimson broke and quivered across the cloud-laden horizon. Refreshed by that strange repast, and rested from the fatigue of a long walk, Myra brightened under the change; but Barnaby, silent and thoughtful, gave no heed to the beauty of the scene. In fact, was scarcely conscious of it; for he knew that every dip of the oar led him nearer to the time of a separation to which there appeared to be no definite limit.

The dusk was gathering over them, dim and gray, when they approached the landing place where the next boat for Southampton would take up passengers. There Barnaby checked his speed, leaned his arms on the oars crossed before him, and once more appealed to the girl.

"The boat'll be along in a few minutes, Myra, and you'll be all alone once more."

"Yes," answered the girl. "All alone, as I would be now, only for you."

"In the wide, wide world, and don't know where you're going to."

"I know, I know," answered the girl, impatiently. "That is what I came away for. To be quite alone is all I want."

Poor girl, she had no idea of wounding the generous lad, and did not understand the sudden dash of his oars in the water, and the fierce ardor with which he pulled his boat along side of the steamboat wharf.

"There you are, safe with the young un and the bundles. I can't be no more use, so—so good-bye, and—and good-bye agin!"

"Oh, Barnaby, not like that!" cried the girl, throwing out her arms, as he leaped from the wharf.

Barnaby would have turned back, for he heard the passionate cry, and it went to his heart; but he knew that bitter tears were flooding his face, and was ashamed of them; so he dashed off, leaving her alone, as she had wished.

Standing there on the wharf, she saw his little craft shoot off into the gray darkness, and the heart within her bosom grew heavy as lead; for, with all her wild energy, this girl was sensitive, and felt her loneliness keenly. When the steady protection of her only friend was withdrawn, in this abrupt way, she grew cold, tears crowded into her eyes, and sobs heaved her bosom. Then there came a soft disturbance of the water, and voice from beneath the wharf.

"Myra—Myra, good-bye. I've come back to say 'good-bye.' You won't see me, but I shall be about till the boat carries you off. Good-bye, Myra."

"Good-bye, Barnaby," cried the girl, quite heart broken by this tender farewell, "I—I'll write to you."

Barnaby did not hear the promise; he had drawn off to a safe distance from the course of the steamboat, and was watching her lights as she came panting up through the darkness. He saw her haul up to the wharf, take in a little group of passengers, among whom was the dim figure of a girl, with a child in her arms, and never moved till the last twinkle of her lamps was lost in the gray fog, in which Myra sat desolate, with the child in her arms and her face bathed in tears, looking back as if she might yet find the shadow of a friend in the gathering darkness.

"Are you also about to emigrate?" questioned a low, gentle voice at her side.

Myra turned her face suddenly, and saw a woman sitting on what seemed to be a sea-chest, close by her, with a child in her lap, and another leaning against her knee.

"Perhaps you have a husband in 'The States,' and have been sent for, as I have. That thought came into my mind when I heard you sobbing so. It's hard to leave one's friends."

"Yes," said Myra, covering her face with both hands, and sobbing piteously, "yes, it is hard."

The woman had caught a glimpse of that young face, and was silent a moment.

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"Is this your child?" she said, with evident constraint.

"She's sister," said Dosy, proud of her new accomplishment. "Dosy's sister."

"Ah," said the woman, returning to her old cordial manner, "I thought she looked too young for anything else. Going out to join your parents, I suppose—but not quite alone?"

"Yes, quite alone," answered Myra, struck by a sudden thought.

"But surely you have friends to meet you in New York. But what vessel do you sail in? We may be going in the same ship."

"The same ship? What *is* yours?"

"Mine is a Liverpool packet—the John Marshall."

"That is the vessel we are going in."

"That is fortunate. Of course your passage is taken."

"No, but I have money."

The woman laughed.

"That is one's best friend," she said. "Besides you have plenty of time. We shall reach Liverpool a whole day before the ship sails."

"And you know the way there?"

"Yes, I have all the directions written down."

"And you will let me go with you?"

"Of course. In this world we must help each other. What else are women good for?"

Myra clasped her hands in her lap with a great rush of thankfulness. The path of safety was pointed out for her.

"You are kind—very kind," she said, "I would thank you if I knew how."

The woman saw that she was about to cry, and leaning forward, patted her hand.

"We will be friends, and help each other on the voyage—you and I," she said, cheerfully. "It will be as if I counted you in with my children."

And so it was, during the days that followed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEAR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

One little word we oft bestow,
The root from which all friendships grow,
Which joy and sweetness may impart,
If given truly from the heart.

But if with careless ease it slips
Too frequently o'er honeyed lips,
It falls unnoticed to the earth,
To any heart of little worth.

But coming from a heart sincere,
And spoken tenderly, how dear
The little word of letters four,
Thus consecrated evermore.

"Dear friend," he in a formal way,
Addressed her but the other day,
And now he pauses long, to think
Whether he can with pen and ink

The loving tenderness impart,
That vibrates through the passionate heart,
And wondered if she will forgive,
And emphasize the adjective.

This little word we often trace
May cover but a tiny space
Upon the page, and yet include
A world within its latitude.

Dear—*dearest*—DARLING—thus it throws
Its tendrils out, so fast it grows,
And ripens in suspicion's hour,
To love's serene and perfect flower.

BY THE SEA: IN CALM.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

From all my world of care set free,
I'm idly sitting by the sea,
This fair September day;
The blue, blue waves roll at my feet.
The balmy air blows warm and sweet,
From spice-lands far away.

A golden haze lies over all;
I hear the murmuring waters call
And answer soft and low,
And see the white-winged vessels glide
Upon the ebbing, flowing tide,
Like sea-birds to and fro.

I watch the little wavelet's creep
From off the bosom of the deep,
And break upon the sand,
And all the while dream sweet day-dreams,
With rosy hues and golden gleams
That rival fairy-land.

Oh, happy hours, oh, pleasant ways,
Oh, restful, dreamy, golden days,
I fear to say farewell.
Before we twain again shall meet,
Before we twain again shall greet,
What cometh? Who can tell?

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—We give, first, this month, an evening demi-toilette of seal-brown silk and shawl-patterned cashmere. The skirt is round, and made just to touch. It is trimmed in front with five knife-plaited ruffles, four inches wide each when finished. The back is puffed. The over-dress, which has the body and skirt cut all in one, forms square panels at the sides, which are looped up in paniers, and bordered with cashmere. Two knife-plaited ruffles terminate the basque at the back. At the neck it is cut square, and trimmed with a standing frill of



No. 1. No. 2.

Breton lace—but this is optional. Cuffs of the cashmere, finished at the hand by frills of lace to match the neck. Twelve to fifteen yards of silk, and two yards of shawl-patterned cashmere, will be required.

No. 2—Is a beige cashmere skirt and blue Pompadour jacket. The skirt is round and short, and is trimmed with a box-plaiting nine inches deep. The tunic is gathered up the front seam, and plaited at the sides; at the back it is looped up in pouffs. The front and edges of the tunic are trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting. The jacket is made to fit the figure, and opens as a waistcoat below the waist. It has no trimming

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save the buttons. Five yards of double-width cashmere, and four yards of figured cashmere for the Pompadour jacket. These jackets will be very much worn this coming season, with black or any self-colored skirt, and will be very useful additions to the toilette.



No. 3.

No. 3.—Is a walking-costume of self-colored cashmere, trimmed with silk or satin, a shade darker or contrasting. The skirt is round, and trimmed with a deep box-plaited flounce, which is ornamented with a band of the silk cut on the bias, and stitched down. The tunic is composed of drapery, crossing in front over another, which is arranged underneath upon the skirt proper. The back is in pouffs. The edges of the tunic are trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of the silk. Corsage is a long basque, made to simulate a double basque on the skirt. This is made of the silk, as are also the revers, cuffs, bands, etc. Eight to ten yards of cashmere, and four yards of silk or satin for trimming.

No. 4. Next, we have a dress and mantilla for mourning. We give the front, with skirt, and in another cut the back of the mantilla. This



No. 4—A.

model is of French twill, trimmed with crape or crape cloth. Two and a-half twill, forty inches wide, will make the mantle. One yard of crape cloth, forty inches wide, for the trimming. The dress is cut in princess shape, and is made entirely of the new cloth, as it is a very excellent material, and requires no lining. Barathea, Paramatta, French twill, or cashmere, trimmed

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with this same crape cloth, will be found very useful and warm. Made in material twenty-seven inches wide, it will require ten yards. Any



No. 4—B.

mourning goods, trimmed with the ordinary English crape, will make a handsome mourning costume, if English crape be preferred to the crape cloth.



No. 5

No. 5.—For a little boy of five to seven years, we have a costume of navy blue cloth. There is, first, a kilted skirt made to fasten upon a petticoat body. The over-jacket has a simulated waistcoat buttoning down the entire front, where it is finished in points to meet. The edge of the jacket is cut out in deep scallops, and bound with braid, either white or black, as the taste may suggest. Three buttons ornament each of the deep scallops, which continue all round the back. Cuffs and collar of linen, trimmed with lace or embroidery, are worn with this costume.



No 6.

No. 6.—For a little girl of eight to ten years, we have a costume made up of dark green cashmere, and trimmed with worsted braid, white or to match. The dress fastens in the back. In front the plastron is laid in fine plaits, and banded across in four places with the braid. The braid finishes the edges of the plastrons, and is continued around the back of the neck. A knife-plaited flounce, four inches or six deep, finishes the bottom of the skirt; this is headed by a band of Russia lace or Hamburg trimming, if the braid is white which trims the dress; if the same color, make the heading of the flounce of another knife-plaiting one and a-half inches wide, stitched in the middle. Sleeves trimmed to match with braid and plaiting.

No. 7.—Is a jacket and knee-pants for a boy of

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six to eight years, made of flannel, or linen duck for summer.



No. 7. No. 8.

No. 8.—The girl of two to four years, has on a basket-flannel or piqué sacque, with cape trimmed with torchon insertion and edge. If



No 9

made of piqué, Hamburg embroidery will be the best for wear. If made of flannel, the white lace looks well on either colored or white goods.

No. 9.—We give the front and back of a little blouse, for either boy or girl of two to four years. It is trimmed with embroidery done in cross-stitch, with blue or red ingrain cottons, designs of which we have frequently given. Or it may be trimmed with Hamburg insertion and edging, either white or colored, both of which can be bought for a trifle now.



No. 10.

No. 10—Is an infant's cloak, made of cashmere, flannel, or piqué, trimmed with white embroidery. The edge of the cloak, the cape, and the sleeves, are all trimmed. The front is cut out in battlements, the tabs edge with embroidery, and fastened down with buttons. The cape should be lined with Florence silk, the cloak with white flannel or quilted silk.

No. 11.—For a little girl of four years, we have a princess frock, cut with five seams at the back. Each of the pieces has the point cut on to it, forming the trimming at the bottom. These points are bound and edged with torchon lace. The front buttons at the throat, and laps over to the right side, where it joins the first point at the back, and is held in place by being buttoned down, as seen in the illustration. Make of light

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No. 11.

blue cashmere. A knife-plaiting is arranged under the points.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

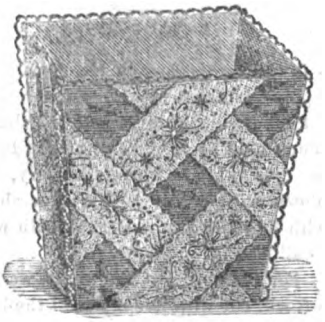
BOYS' PATTERNS.

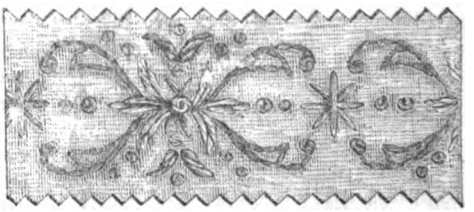
Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.50
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

THREAD BASKET, WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This little receptacle for ends of thread or cuttings, when at work, is made of stiff cardboard, four pieces of which form the sides. They are covered with dark brown satin, and neatly seamed together in the same manner. Bands of mastic-colored cloth are then embroidered with bright colored silks, after the design which we give, full working size. These bands are crossed on the basket, the edges of which are finished off with a festoon of gold bands. The lining may be silk, or dark watered paper. Nothing can be prettier than this design.

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SPRING VISITE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This elegant visite is going to be very popular this season. We, therefore, give a SUPPLEMENT, folded in this number, with a full-size diagram for cutting it out.

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It will be seen that the pattern consists of three pieces:

I.—Half of Front.

II.—Half of Back.

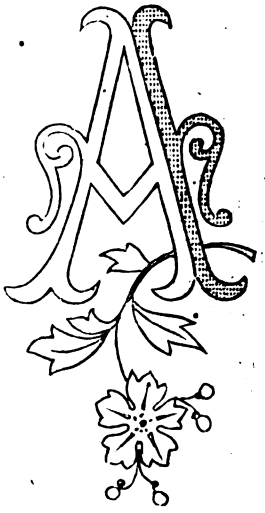
III.—Sleeve.

In order to join the sleeve to the front, place the corresponding notches and letters together, and it will be found that the upper half of the sleeve is slightly larger. Join the sleeve to the back in the same way.

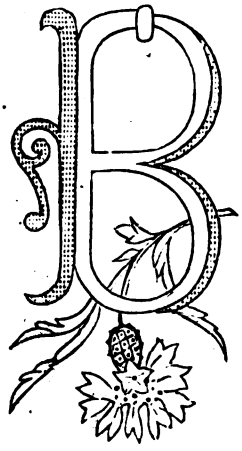
We also give, on the Supplement, a beautiful design for a Pillow-Case, from the Philadelphia School of Art-Needlework. For description, see the Chit-Chat.

FLOWER ALPHABET FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



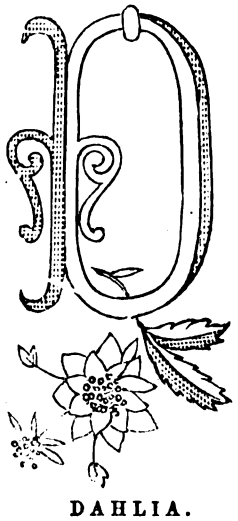
ANEMONE.



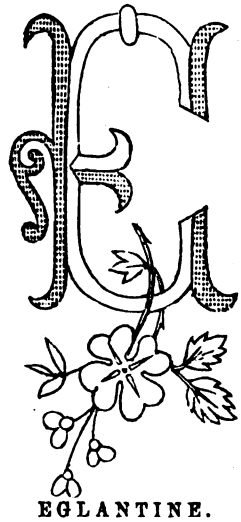
BLUET.



CAMELIA.



DAHLIA.



EGLANTINE.

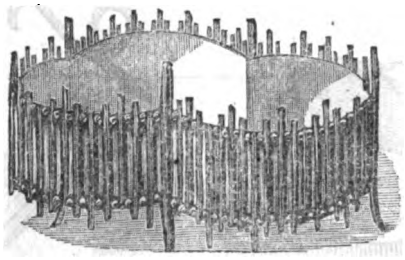


FUCHSIA.

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STAND FOR FLOWERS.

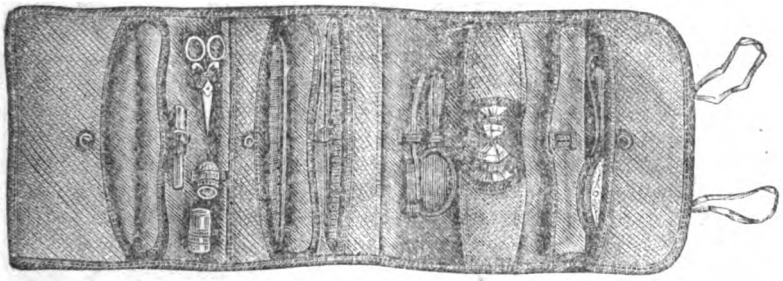
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty stand, which serves to hold three flower-pots, is made of wooden sticks, tacked on to a foundation of wood, shaped as seen by the design. Paint black, and varnish, and use a brass headed nail between each stick. Four longer sticks serve for the feet of the stand. The inside is a tin tray painted green, as the most suitable and durable color.

TRAVELLING HOUSEWIFE.

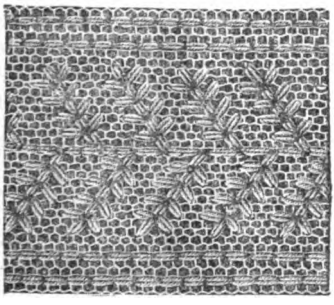
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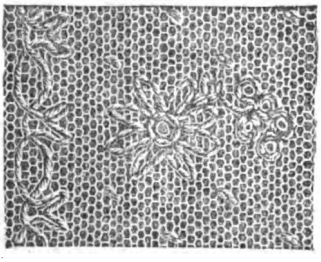


This useful receptacle will serve either for a lady or gentleman, and is most convenient when travelling. It may be made either of American cloth, worsted canvas, or brown holland, bound with braid. The size can be easily enlarged. It contains pockets for needles, threads, besides combs, brushes, and all the requisites for the toilette.

BRETONNE INSERTION AND LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Use footing, the width given here, and darn with linen floss: Both designs are new as well as pretty.

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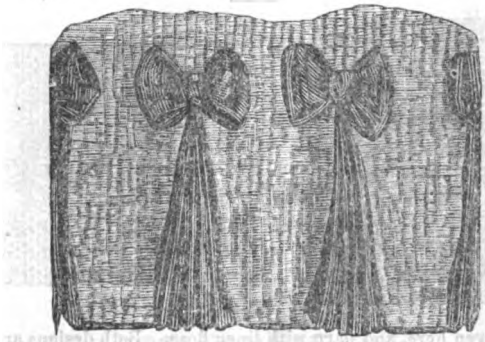
CONVOLVULUS, FOR CREWEL EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, a design for a convolvulus in crewel embroidery. Never was working in crewels so fashionable as now, and never were the designs so pretty and artistic.

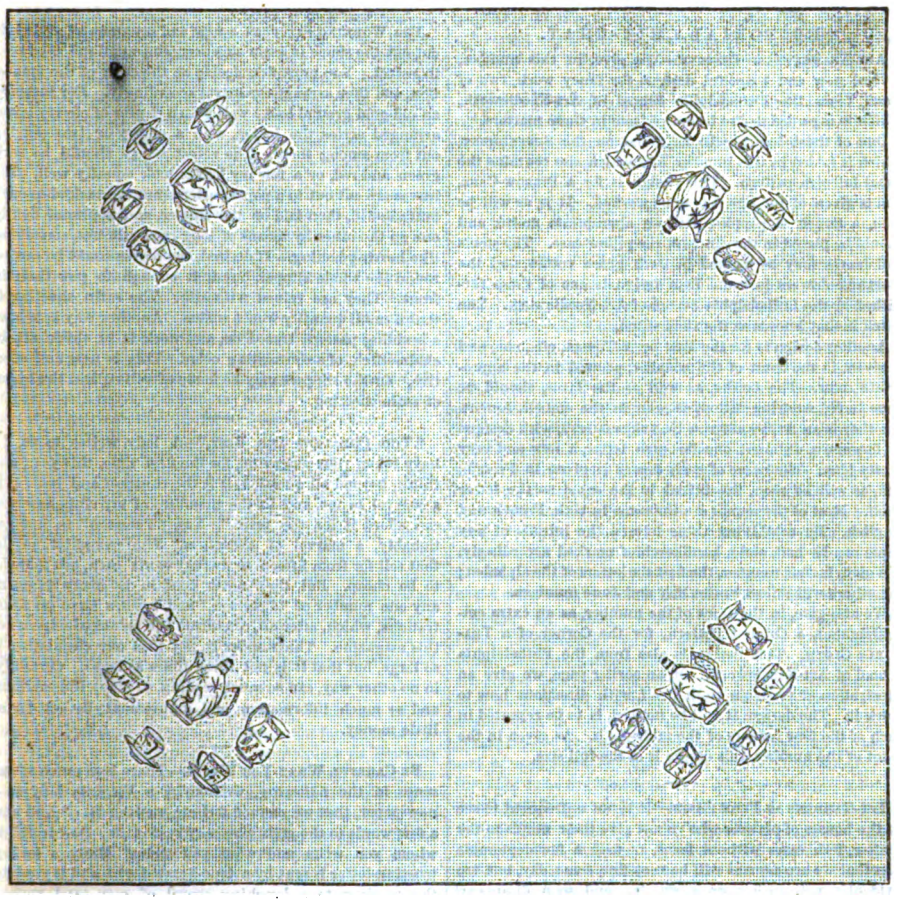
TRIMMING FOR PETTICOAT.



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TEA-TABLE CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an engraving of a tea-table cloth, from a pattern, furnished, originally, by the Philadelphia School of Art-Needlework. The designs, it will be seen, are to be worked in the four corners. In the front of the number we give one of these corner designs, printed in the appropriate colors. We give this as an extra embellishment. The four designs are to be all alike, and are to be worked in brown cotton, or fine silk, in stem stitch, otherwise called the outline stitch, and sometimes the Kensington stitch. In this stitch, the thread must be held on the outside, that is on the right of the needle. The design is one of great beauty.

DESIGN FOR PILLOW CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On our SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give, in addition to the full-size pattern for a Spring Visite, a beautiful design for a Pillow Case. These poppies are to be worked in stem-stitch, the leaves and stems in brown, or dark green, and the buds and flowers in red.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ART-NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.—We give, in this number, several new and beautiful designs for fancy work, two of them from the Philadelphia School of Art-Needlework, which is regarded as the leader of taste in these matters.

One of these designs will be found on the SUPPLEMENT, which is folded in this number, and which also contains the usual full-size pattern. This design is for a PILLOW-CASE, and is given of the size it is to be worked. It is, as will be seen, a bunch of poppies, with an appropriate motto, and should be placed in the centre of the pillow-case. The stems and leaves may be worked in dark green cotton, and the buds and flowers in red. This design is one of those furnished by the Philadelphia School of Art-Needlework. The stitch is that known as the stem-stitch.

Another design is for the END OF A TOWEL, etc., etc., and is given, in the front of the number, printed in the appropriate color. The border, as well as the birds, should be done in red working cotton, as seen in the embellishment. Another is an ALPHABET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, with designs in flowers, a different one for each letter, a new and very pretty idea. The name of each flower is given in French, and, as will be seen, the initial is the same as the letter itself. Most of the names are the same in both French and English. By combining these letters, the initials of any name can be had, and a handkerchief marked accordingly. We give, in this number, the first six letters of the alphabet; the others will follow in the May and June numbers.

We also give, in the front of the number, as an extra embellishment, a Colored Pattern, for the Corner of a TEA-TABLE CLOTH. This design is also from the Philadelphia School of Art-Needlework. On an earlier page, we give an illustration of tea-table cloth itself, with directions how to work it. The design, it will be noticed, is to be repeated in each of the four corners of the table-cloth. As given in the front of the number, this design is of the full size.

IVY-GARDENS IN FERN CASES.—It is not unfrequent to see in the houses of persons who do not give their minds to the matter, fern cases without ferns, or with a few deplorable bits that we are assured will be very fine some day, but too evidently will rather grow smaller, and soon disappear. That the planting and managing of ferns is a very simple matter need not now be insisted on. It is a fact that thousands of persons start fern cases and aquariums only to fail in some way or other, and it is more of a moral than a scientific question as to why and how it all happens. We would point out to all who possess fern cases, and can make nothing of them, that they make capital ivy-gardens, and ivy will generally live in them without any management at all, provided they have light always, and water occasionally. As a matter of course, the smallest-leaved ivies should be planted, and they should be nicely trained on wires. When a case filled with small-leaved ivies is doing well, it is a charming object, much to be preferred to one with dying ferns.

THE WORST TOOTHACHE, or neuralgia coming from a tooth, may be cured, it is said, by the application of a small bit of clean cotton, saturated in a strong solution of ammonia, to the defective tooth. Sometimes the sufferer is prompted to momentary nervous laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared. The remedy is worth trying.

FOR WORKING SLIPPERS, a new and ornamental style is to cut out the shape in satin sheeting, and appliqué on leaves in velvet. You must first decide on the color of the foundation, and then arrange the leaves accordingly. For instance, an old-gold ground looks well with a cluster of cherry leaves arranged across the instep, with a cherry or two peeping out from among them. The velvet scraps should be dark green and red, or a few ivy leaves look equally well. The leaves are cut out to a paper pattern (but not tacked to one), buttonholed, then laid on the slipper, and appliqué lightly one on the other by means of long cross-stitches, something like herring-boning. If desired, the leaves could be carried round the whole slipper, but it is enough to put them in front. They are veined with silk. The satin sheeting is that a small quantity would suffice. Another way is to have a braiding pattern traced on, and work it in thick silk in chain-stitch, of a contrasting color. This is now and effective. Or the slippers may be made of velvet, and the leaves of satin sheeting.

"THE CHEAPEST AND BEST."—A lady writes to us, "I have taken your magazine, for the first time, this year, and think, beyond all question, it is the cheapest and best: it is a marvel to me, and to the members of my club, how you can afford it for the price." Yes, "Peterson" is, unquestionably, a marvel of cheapness. The pamphlet novels, that sell for from fifteen to twenty cents each, are thought to be cheap. But they never contain as many pages as any one number of "Peterson," and besides have no illustrations, which, after all, constitute the principal expense of this magazine. The wonder is, not that our circulation is so large, but that it is not three times as large. Certainly, in no other way, can so much reading, so many illustrations, and so much information and amusement, be got for so little money.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE.—There is so much sound sense in the following, written by a Virginia lady to a newspaper, that we cannot forbear quoting it. "And now a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true-hearted girl and is read by the receiver to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the 'silly girl.' I can conscientiously say, on the other hand, that I have never seen nor heard of a girl showing her letters promiscuously, even from a man she did not care for, though they are often shown to the one 'dear friend' in strict confidence."

A PRETTY WAY FOR A FAN is, if it is black, to paint it with humming birds, or a flight of many-colored butterflies. Autumn leaves are newer than flowers, and they may be as bright and as rainbow-hued as can be desired. A large butterfly or bird in one corner of the fan, and the monogram or initial letter in the centre, is quite the newest design for fans. A bordering of the conventional Greek honeysuckle is also used at the top with the monogram below; but it is more stylish to have only one large design, such as a butterfly or swallow in one corner.

"MOST POPULAR FASHIONS."—The Newark (N. J.) Courier calls our last number, "The most popular fashion monthly in the country."

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OUR LOW PRICES TO CLUBS.—We call attention again to the fact, that, not only is this magazine, at two dollars a year, the *cheapest and best* of its kind, but that its prices to clubs are the lowest. Thus, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our premium engravings; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy of the magazine as premium, all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our engravings as premiums; all postage free. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can be always furnished. Specimens are sent, gratis, to those desiring to get up clubs. Additions may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additions have been made to make up a second club, you will be entitled to a second premium.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—Are you parents? Then, do not tell your little ones, that they will not mind, that you never saw such bad children, nor that it is useless to speak to them. This is the certain way to make them disobedient and reckless. Once let a little child understand that you do not expect it to obey you, and you may look for insubordination as a matter of course. A loving faith in the child's good impulses will be far more effectual than an announcement that you expect it to do wrong. The very stubbornness and disobedience of a child is oftentimes caused by nervousness and excitement, as much as by wickedness, nay! even more so, and should be treated accordingly.

TO RESTORE PICTURE-FRAMES, ETC.—A lady writes: "I had some gilt picture-frames, that, with the best of care, were growing shabby; and it not being convenient to get them regilded, I took some paint, such as is used to imitate rose-wood, gave them one coat, and by striking the brush straight down while yet wet, produced a fine, mottled appearance, which was very pretty. When dry, I gave them a coat of nice furniture varnish. Across the room, they look very much like my black walnut frames, and were as easy to take care of. Brass cornices could be treated the same, and look better than when new, with half the trouble to care for them."

THE LATEST NOVELTY in fancy-work is the use of all kinds of damask materials as a foundation for embroidery. For example, a pretty border for a mantelpiece or brackets has been arranged out of a woolen tapestry border, the foundation dark green and gold; the butterflies in the pattern were carried out in silk, each of a different color, and other portions of the scrollwork had been brought out into greater relief by the use of silk. This has the advantage of being very easy work, and can be applied to a variety of cushions, tablecloths, and other purposes.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US, as we have more than once said, to comply with *all* the requests we receive for work-table patterns, full-size diagrams, etc., etc. We would have to have a magazine ten times as large to do it. But we give as many as we can, always selecting those for which there seems to be the greatest demand, or which are the newest novelties. It does not follow, because we do not comply with a subscriber's request, that we are indifferent to it. We simply do the best we can for all.

MEN THE MOST FIDGETY.—It is generally said that women are more fidgety than men. But the Saturday Review remarks, that, if you put an equal number of men and women to sit, for half an hour, on chairs, or sofas, with loose chintz, or tidies, there will be little, or no alteration in the appearance of the seats, when the women rise, but that, when the men get up, "there will remain visible evidences of a screw-like motion on the chints, and it will be a miracle if half the tidies are not torn from their fastenings."

WE DO NOT GIVE PREMIUMS, we would say to our correspondent, A. K., for *subscribing* to "Peterson." No magazine of real merit does. Of course, when a premium is given, it comes out of the magazine, which is, to that extent, that much worse than it otherwise would have been. "Peterson" only gives premiums to persons for getting up clubs. This is to repay them, in part, for the interest they show in the magazine, and for the time they expend in canvassing. When either a newspaper, or magazine, offers a premium to *people to subscribe for it*, you may conclude that the periodical is not worth the money asked for it. No really good magazine has to bribe people, in this way, to take it.

WORTH THE PRICE ALONE.—The Hardin Co. (Iowa,) Times says of the March number: "The chapter on household decorations ond furniture, which is illustrated, is well worth the price of the book alone."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Under the Tri-Color. By Lucy H. Hooper. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a novel of what is called the American colony in Paris, and having been written by a lady, long resident there, can be relied on, we suppose, as a truthful delineation. It is certainly both racy and amusing. Of course, in the boarding-houses and hotels of Paris, which Americans affect, there must be, from the very nature of the case, many exceptional and even eccentric characters, so that what would seem caricature, elsewhere, is, there, only a realistic picture. Satire and praise, however, are about equally distributed. If snobbery is held up to sarcasm, real goodness is appreciated. All is not bright in Paris, we learn from this book, any more than in America. It takes positive courage, as well as knowledge, to write such a book as this, and it seems to us that the world owes a heavy debt to the author for being so fearless.

Moths. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The shorter stories of this author, like "A Day Of Flanders," are altogether her best. In her longer and more prententious ones, such as this, she is turgid in style, and more or less demoralized in tone. Yet she shows, even at her worst, great power. The novel before us has a tenor for a hero, a sort of compound of Capoul and Mario. The heroine is intended to be a noble character. An American girl is introduced, but the sketch is a caricature, and in the worst style.

Hyde Park Sketches. A. R. Western. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The writer of this racy little volume says, modestly, that he selected his title, because Hyde Park was the best place for seeing a variety of people. The sketches treat of "Rotten Row," "Theatricals Extraordinary," "Co-Operative Store," "London Swells," and a score of other subjects. The work is one of very considerable merit, and ought to have a large sale.

How to Educate the Feelings or Affections. By Charles Bray. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—This little volume has been edited from the third London edition, by the author of "How to Teach," etc. It is a very excellent treatise, full of common sense. The education of the feelings, or, as it is popularly called, the heart, is as necessary for happiness, or even success in life, as the education of the intellect. Only recently has this subject attracted the attention it deserves.

Key to Ghostism. By Rev. Thomas Mitchell. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—In this work, the author shows how, by the aid of science and mechanics, many of the illusions, which go under the name of ghost-scenes, are produced. He is a vigorous writer, and having studied his subject well, has produced a very effective book.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Now Is The Time to subscribe for "Peterson's Magazine" for 1880. *Back numbers from January, inclusive, can be supplied.* Thus you get by subscribing now, several numbers at once, a rare treat. Never, as all agree, was "Peterson" as good as it is now. The rise in the price of paper has led other periodicals, as well as newspapers, either to cut down the number of their pages, or to raise their prices. But "Peterson" holds the even tenor of its way, neither diminishing its bulk, nor increasing the club rates. It has always kept its promises, and always will, continuing to be the best and cheapest of the lady's magazines, in the future, as it has been in the past. The Attica (N. J.) News says, "Every lady ought to take it, no matter what else she takes: it is indispensable" And the Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: "Peterson is now the only ladies' magazine worthy of the name."

The Great Excellence of Cocoa and its various preparations as a beverage, not only for invalids or persons in delicate health, but also for the robust and those engaged in laborious occupations, is almost universally conceded; and the public is now only interested to know which to select of the different makes offered for their approval. Those purchasing the goods of Walter Baker & Co. cannot go astray. For a century this prominent house has adhered to the principle on which it was started,—to make only *the best*,—and its success is only commensurate with its constant efforts to lead in adopting all new and valuable improvements in machinery or process of manufacture. Their long series of first premiums *over all competitors* in the various world's exhibitions, ending with the gold medal at Paris in 1878, is a record of which Americans generally may be proud, as well as the old firm which has gained such an honorable position in a leading industry.

We Call Attention to the advertisement, on page 328, of our "Purchasing Bureau." It will, we think, be particularly useful to subscribers, who wish materials for fancy-work, desire dresses, bonnets, etc., etc., that cannot be had where they live. All letters, relating to this "Purchasing Agency," must be addressed to Mrs. Mary Thomas, and not to us. Remittances must be by post-office order, draft, or registered letter.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, *in Nervous Diseases*.—W. A. Hammond, M. D., late Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, said that under the use of arsenic and Horsford's Acid Phosphate a young lady recovered her reason, who had been rendered insane by a dream.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops pain. Mothers like Castoria because it gives health to the child and rest to themselves, and Physcians use Castoria because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

Dropsy of the Heart.—Mrs. Beckie Dalious writes from Schuylkill Haven, Pa., to Dr. Clark Johnson: "I was troubled with Dropsy of the Heart, and the use of your Indian Blood Syrup has greatly benefitted me."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV.—Belladonna.

Atrope Belladonna, or Deadly Nightshade, from *Atropos*, one of the Parcæ Fates, or three sisters, who cut the thread of life; *belladonna*, a beautiful lady; is found in the Natural Order, Solanaceæ—Nightshades, in company with the common potato—solanum tuberosum—*solanum*, a word of uncertain derivation, and of obscure meaning. *S. Lycopersicum* (Gr. Lukos, wolf and persikon, peach), tomato; *S. Melongena* (a kind of apple), egg-plant, etc., etc.

Botanical Characteristics.—Calyx five-parted; Corolla, large, bell-shaped pendant, of a dull, reddish color; stems round, purplish, branching; leaves in pairs, large, ovate, entire, dusky green on upper surface, paler beneath; berries finally dark purple, handsome, but poisonous, like the whole plant.

History.—This plant was known to the ancients, and we learn from Scottish history that Sweno's invading army was destroyed by the Scotts with the juice of the berries of belladonna mixed with wine, with which they supplied the Danes during a truce. When they became affected with a maniacal intoxication, the Scotts fell upon them with the sword, and nearly exterminated the entire army. Near Dresden on one occasion one hundred and fifty soldiers were poisoned by the berries which they picked and ate ignorantly. Children, attracted by the bright, lurid berries and sweetish taste, often eat them, and are poisoned.

The primeval symptoms of poisoning from the use of these berries—and mothers should bear them in mind—are delirious ravings or great stupor, extreme dilation and immobility of the pupils, spasms of the face, great heat in the throat, tongue red and dry, difficulty in swallowing, involuntary discharges of urine, etc. The mother, while a doctor is being summoned, should resort to any means whereby vomiting may be induced: as antimonial wine, warm mustard water, warm salt and water, etc. Then administer lemonade or vinegar and water. Sinapisms may be applied to the spine, stomach, extremities, etc.

Medical Uses.—The therapeutical sphere of belladonna is exerted upon the intra-cranial nervous centres, the eye, throat, bladder and skin. Hence in cases of active determination of blood to the head with flushings of the face, headache, intolerance of light and sound, stupor, etc., belladonna in small doses is indicated.

For acute sore throat, with much heat and pain on swallowing, bright redness of the parts, dull headache, belladonna is almost specific, and mothers may always use the tincture in such cases in one-sixth to one drop doses frequently repeated. So also in scarlet rash, or simple scarlatina with sore throat, belladonna, with aconite for the fever—both in small doses—in alternation, will often enable the mother to treat her children without medical aid, and more safely than by much drugging. Belladonna has a decided affinity for the bladder, being often efficacious in nocturnal enurasis of delicate and sensitive children, in cases where there is no irritative quality in the urine itself.

Belladonna also exerts marked curative powers in inflammatory affections of the skin, as erythema, and non-vesicular erysipelas, it is the boast of Homœopathy. It will often blight commencing boil and help a carbuncle. To this extent mothers can use tincture of belladonna leaves with safety; and as a preventive of scarlatina when it is prevalent they can give their children drop doses safely three times a day with probable success. Its more potent and obscure uses need not be enumerated here. The next number will give the medicinal value of Balmony, Bayberry and Birch.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

Suggestions For Patchwork.—We made a sofa-cushion, recently, in silk patchwork, of box pattern, the shaded side, which was on the left, in black satin. Two shades of red with the black, then two shades of grey and black. When we had tacked together several, we laid them on a piece of cream-colored oatmeal cloth, cut to the size required for

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the cushion, and, after arranging the colors, which looked best together, appliquéd them on in little patterns of sevens (three in each pattern), and then had a crimson silk cord all round the edge of the cushion. We have seen a black satin cushion, with patchwork arranged on it, and then, of course, no black must be used in the work. For those who can design patterns, we would say that silks may be arranged, with good effect, on crash or colored sheeting, thus: A group of cherries and leaves, perhaps blossoms. Cut out the circles of various colored red silks for the cherries roughly, tack them on to the foundation, chain stitch round according to the traced lines, and then cut the silk neatly away. Add a wide buttonhole to prevent the edges fraying, then arrange leaves in the same way, and with brown silk the stalks. Use filoselle silk. Oranges, grapes, and flowers can be arranged in this way; and if additional effect is wanted work long cross-stitches on and beyond the silk edges on the crash or sheeting foundation, as well as chain stitch, and after the edges are cut away. This is very interesting, pleasant work, but requires taste and patience. Chestnuts, with various colored leaves, are most effective. Cushions, borders, and other articles can be made up with this work.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 62.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cook, but not in bake.
My second is in river, but not in lake.
My third is in sit, but not in stand.
My fourth is in back, but not in hand.
My fifth is in bloom, but not in die.
My sixth is in laugh, but not in cry.
My seventh is in hearing, but not in sight.
My eighth is in darkness, but not in light.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 63.—DIAMOND AND SQUARE.

Diamond.—A consonant; a sack; winds; a jewel; a consonant.

Square.—Behead and curtail the central word, making a liquor, and leave a complete word-square.

Marblehead, Mass. HARRY CHENEY.

No. 64.—EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters:
My 2, 3, 4, is to drink.
My 1, 3, 4, 5, is a mark.
My 6, 9, 4, is a vegetable.
My 8, 7, 9, is good to eat.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a riding outfit.
My 7, 5, 6, is a demon.
My 2, 7, 9, is to fasten.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is produced by heat.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, is made by hand.
My whole every mechanic knows.

La Plata, Mo. LANCELOT.

No. 65.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A small tree; a place for combats; repel; a boy's name; a tool; swift; a scented air.

The initials and finals, read downward, give two girls' names.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

No. 58.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

No. 59.

CASCADE
ARIOSO
SIMIA
COIN
ASA
DO
E

No. 60.

1. Stand. 2. Table. 3. Bed. 4. Sofa.

No. 61.

Stone.

1. Toe. 2. Ten. 3. Tone. 4. Sent. 5. So. 6. Sot. 7. Son. 8. Set. 9. Not. 10. No. 11. Note. 12. Nose. 13. Ton. 14. Nest. 15. To. 16. Net. 17. Onset. 17. On.

PLANT RAISING.—No. II.

THE GREENHOUSE AND FLOWER-GARDEN.—The hot-bed we have described in Part I. should be ready in every garden by the first or second week in April; this is a good average time; it is soon enough for the most slow-growing of summer bedding plants, and not too soon for those that require just a little heat to start them, but the growth of which is so rapid that when once started it is difficult to know how to keep them until the season comes when they may with safety be set out. Pans are best for seeds, and pots for cuttings, and plenty of drainers should be placed in each. The soil should be a fine, light mould—not peat, but a mixture of leaf mould, friable garden mould, and silver sand. The last material is very important, and the best of the sort should be obtained, especially for choice seeds and delicate cuttings.

These necessary preparations having been made, we should advise our readers to procure packets of the following seeds, or at any rate some of them, and try what they can do in raising plants for themselves instead of buying them.

For the greenhouse or conservatory, let them procure Cobœa Scandens, Maurandia Taxonia ignea (these are good climbers), also Acacia argyrophilla, Lantana, Epacris, Erica, Solanum Hendersonii, Clianthus Dampierii, a packet of the choicest mixed fuchsia seed, and Zonale Geranium, Salvia splendens; the finest Cyclamen persicum, Bagonia, Cineraria, Coleus, mixed varieties, Achimenes, and packets of the best strain of Primula Sinensis, both white and red; all these will be found useful for greenhouse decoration.

For bedding out during summer, or planting in the borders, the following are highly ornamental, and must be raised in a frame upon a hot-bed: Stocks of different sorts, especially German ten-week and Brompton Stock, Asters, Balsams, Carnations and Picotees, Pinks, not forgetting the Chinese, Indian, and Spanish varieties, which are generally classed under the name of Dianthus Chinensis; the sweet-scented Humea Elegans, the pretty, blue Lobelia so useful for edgings. Brilliants and Trentham blue are both good; there is also a white Brilliant which is well spoken of. Then, again, mixed Petunia; this seed should be sown as early as possible, and the plants pushed forward by shifting into single pots, so that they may be ready by the end of May. Marigolds of different sorts may be sown some days later, and so also may Zinnia Elegans, for these seeds, if

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good, shoot into life with amazing rapidity, and there is always danger of their being drawn up and becoming sickly. They, and others of the same habit, should be removed to cool frames—the small, single-light frames already mentioned—as soon as the second leaves appear. Portulaca, double and single-flowered, makes a pretty summer bed. Phlox Drummondii is another gay flower; P. D. Grandiflora splendens is the choicest species, but a packet of good mixed seed will be found best for general purposes. The Salpiglossis is a pretty tender annual, too short-lived to have a bed devoted to it; the best plan is to intermix patches of it with other things in the borders. Dwarf Nasturtium and Tropœolum Lobbianum should not be neglected. The Canna Indica and Ricinus or Palma Christi are both easily raised from seed, and are among the most effective foliaged plants for garden decoration.

This list can easily be added to, but we have given enough, and more than enough, to fill the smaller two-light frame upon the hot-bed; and it is desirable to reserve the larger for cuttings of different sorts, and for starting such things as require a little heat. Spring cuttings of the following are always useful, and if taken early will make fine plants by the end of May: Ageratum, Gazania, Geraniums of all sorts, Verbenas (the tops of the old plants, which are usually pinched off in the spring, make excellent cuttings); Alyssum maritimum, that pretty little sweet-scented white edging plant; and the Niphalia, useful for edgings also, but far too little known; the Cuphea, Heliotropes, Fuchsias, etc. Some gardeners strike their rose cuttings in heat, which certainly hastens the growth of the plants, but we prefer a north border in the open ground. There is not the least difficulty in striking the most delicate and the choicest roses in this way; the best cuttings are pieces with four eyes of the matured wood of the year's growth; two eyes are buried in the earth to form roots, and two left aboveground to form the rose shoots. The cuttings should be planted in August or September, in rows according to sorts, about six inches apart, leaving a foot or more of space between the rows. But we must not leave the hot-bed and frames without one word more of caution. It is of the utmost importance, and we cannot press it too earnestly on the reader's notice. To all seeds and tender cuttings the water given must be soft water just warm to the hand; water of a much lower temperature than the frame is certain destruction. There is considerable difficulty in giving water to very tender seedlings; the finest rose will send too powerful a shower for many things. The plan which, in our experience, is least likely to prove injurious, is to pour the water very slowly against the edge of the pan, and allow it to trickle gently over the surface of the soil. No seed-pans should be allowed to get dry; if the seed is hard, like the Canna, it should be soaked in hot water before being sown; but in a general way if the soil has been thoroughly watered, most seeds in a damp heat will have sufficient moisture until the tender plants put forth their second leaves.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS, ETC.

Roast Veal.—Season a breast of veal with pepper and salt; skewer the sweet-bread firmly in its place, flour the meat and roast it slowly before a moderate fire for about four hours—it should be of a fine brown but not dry; baste it with butter. When done put the gravy in a stew-pan, add a piece of butter rolled in browned flour, and if there should not be quite enough gravy add a little more water, with pepper and salt to the taste. The gravy should be brown.

Steak Pie.—Cut up a pound and a half of fillet-steak or rump-steak, with two kidneys, previously boiled, two eggs boiled hard and cut lengthwise in four pieces, pepper and salt lightly, flour the steak and kidneys, place some of the meat and some of egg in the dish, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; add a teacupful of good gravy, seasoned with a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce; fill the dish with the remaining portions of meat and eggs. Cover with the paste, and bake slowly for two hours and a-half.

Minced Mutton.—Trim off from some slices of cold mutton all fat, gristle, and outside parts, mince the meat finely, and sprinkle it with a little flour, pepper and salt to taste, and a dust of nutmeg; put a piece of butter into a saucepan, when melted add the mince and as much stock as will bring it to the proper consistency; let it simmer very gently for at least an hour; serve with fried sippets. Walnut or mushroom catsup may be added, as also a little Worcester sauce.

Stewed Fowl.—Slice a couple of onions and fry them in oil or butter with a fowl cut up as for fricassee. When the pieces of fowl have taken color, moisten with three or four tablespoonfuls of French tomato sauce, and as much stock free from fat as may be necessary to make enough gravy; add pepper, salt, and powdered spices to taste, and let the whole simmer till done.

Stewed Beef.—Take two pounds raw beef, cut it in inch-square pieces, put in a saucepan, and cover with cold water; let it cook slowly for four hours, then the gravy will be a rich brown color; dredge sufficient flour in to thicken the gravy, add salt and pepper to taste, and serve. If liked, two onions may be added when half done.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach.—Remove all the stems, rejecting the old and discolored leaves; wash carefully; soak in salt-and-water for an hour; throw into boiling water, containing a teaspoonful of salt, boil for a quarter of an hour, drain through a sieve, and get rid of all the water by pressure; chop up quite finely, and place in a stewpan with one ounce butter, half a teaspoonful of ground white sugar, half the quantity of white pepper and salt, and stir for five minutes. Serve on a vegetable-dish, with fried bread cut into triangles as a garnish.

Potato Chips.—Peel a raw potato as apples are peeled, let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness, and let them be as long as possible. Dry them thoroughly in a cloth, put them in the frying basket, and plunge it in boiling hot lard. When the chips are a golden color drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over them, and serve with roast game.

Stewed Potatoes.—Take some cold boiled potatoes, cut them in slices, and put them in a saucepan, with plenty of butter or clarified beef dripping, salt, plenty of pepper, and some finely minced parsley; keep turning them over till they are a light brown.

French Peas.—When the asparagus is too old to use, cut the stalks in short pieces; boil them, and then strain them; return them to the saucepan, with butter, salt, and cayenne pepper, and let them stew for ten minutes. Have ready nicely browned hot toast, and serve the asparagus upon it.

DESSERTS.

Matrimony Tart.—Pare and core a dozen nice-sized apples; put them into a saucepan with a little water to keep them from burning: boil until you can pulp them (but do not forget to frequently stir them); then add one-quarter pound currants, two ounces candied peel, and enough sugar to sweeten it nicely; if liked, also a little grated nutmeg. Pour this mixture into a large tart tin or dish that has previously been lined with a thin paste. Then roll out another piece the same size and thickness, which place over the top; press the edges together all round, make a hole in the centre, the same as for mince-pies, and bake.

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Baked College Pudding.—Take one-half pound grated bread, three ounces well-washed currants, one ounce candied lemon and orange peel, one-half ounce citron, two ounces moist sugar, half a nutmeg, three eggs, and the third part of a pint of milk; boil the milk and pour on the bread-crumbs, put in one ounce butter, and then mix in the ingredients. This quantity will fill six cups; bake in a moderate oven, turn the pudding out of the cups, sift powdered sugar over the tops, pour wine-sauce around them, and serve.

Little Baked Puddings.—Take the weight of four eggs in flour and sugar, and of three in butter. Beat the butter to a cream with the hand, add to it the eggs extremely well beaten, and gradually dredge in the flour and pounded white sugar. Half fill small cups, and bake until highly browned; the cups should be well buttered. Any flavoring preferred may be used in a small quantity, and the puddings are equally nice with boiled custard, jam or jelly poured around them.

Citron Pudding.—Line your dish with puff-paste; slice thin, orange, lemon, and citron peels, of each one ounce, six eggs (leaving out four whites,) well beaten, one-quarter pound loaf sugar, and one-quarter pound butter melted; whisk all well together, and pour into the dish; bake one hour, and serve.

CAKES.

Soda Scones.—Take two pounds of flour, one-quarter ounce of bi-carbonate of soda, one-quarter ounce of tartaric acid, one ounce butter or lard, one-half ounce sugar, and one-half ounce of salt. Rub the flour into the other ingredients, add sufficient buttermilk or sour milk (about one pint) to make it of the consistency of light dough, and roll it out to the thickness of about one-half inch, shape into any forms you like, and bake about one-quarter of an hour in a quick oven, turning them in order to brown both sides.

Ginger Cakes.—Take two pounds flour, one-half pound butter, one pound molasses, four ounces moist sugar, one and a-half ounces ground ginger, three eggs, half a teacupful of cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder or carbonate of soda. Mix the butter and flour together, add the sugar, molasses, ginger, and cream; beat the eggs, and add them last. If baking powder is used, put it in with the flour, first; if carbonate of soda, add it the last thing, mixed with a little warm water. Put the mixture into buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Short Bread.—One-half pound flour, four ounces butter, two ounces white sugar, mix without water, beat the mixture well, and then knead it on a board until it can be rolled out. Roll it out very lightly about one-third of an inch thick, and cut into two or three oval cakes, bake to a light brown in a slow oven. One-half pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, two ounces of sugar, a little ground rice. Roll it out with the hand into a round cake about half an inch thick, prick it on the top. Bake in a slow oven and when nearly ready to come out sprinkle it well with sugar.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE STRIPED CHEVOIT. In front the short skirt has a narrow flounce at the bottom, and is draped and fastened by a bow of blue ribbon; the upper part is apron-shaped. The over-skirt meets in front, and is plainly draped back, being slightly caught up in one or two places. This skirt then falls plainly to the bottom of the under-skirt. This style of skirt is equally pretty for a demi-long train. The *casaque* is long and close-fitting, and cut away in front. Hat of brown straw, trimmed with blue silk and feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The front has three deep, kilt-plaited ruffles, and a narrow one at the back. The panier over-dress and the drapery at the back are trimmed with a bias band of silk in two shades of fawn color, and the paniers are also ornamented with fringe. A dark brown gimp also trims the pointed waist and paniers. Bonnet of yellow straw, trimmed with fawn-colored satin ribbon and feathers.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK. The short skirt has a narrow ruffle at the bottom. The front of the skirt is laid in deep box-plaits. The side pieces are in plaits, laid crosswise, and the back is plainly draped. The upper part of the dress is of black brocade silk, princess shape at the back, with paniers at the sides, and a deep vest of the silk in front. The facing of the paniers and the collar are of black satin. Black straw bonnet with black satin ribbon and feathers.

FIG. IV.—HOME-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK. The front is trimmed with many rows of blue fringe slightly mingled with claret color; the train is long and plain, and the side pieces are laid in plaits; the coat-waist is of blue and claret-colored striped satin, with plain, blue, rolling collar, and facings for the coat. Elbow sleeves.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF OLIVE-GREEN FOULARD. The skirt has two narrow ruffles at the bottom; and is puffed lengthwise in front and on one side; the upper part is laid in deep folds in front, and to one side, where it falls loosely, and is finished on the other side of the front with a bias band. The coat basque is of maize-colored foulard, figured in olive-green and pink; it is cut away in front, and the cuffs, pockets and collar are of the olive-green foulard. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with a pink feather, yellow rose and leaves.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS OF ALMOND-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt has four plaited flounces edged with brown cashmere, shot with gold color. The over-dress opens part way down the front, is very plain, and slightly draped at the back; it is of almond-colored camel's hair; the jacket with the added basque is of the brown cashmere, threaded with gold color. A brown straw bonnet trimmed with almond or with gold color would be very appropriate with this costume.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY BUNTING, trimmed with very gay plaid bandanna, or cotton material; the skirt is kilt-plaited to the knee, and the kilting is trimmed with two bands of cotton bandanna; the full tunic forms two points at the sides, and a draped breadth at the back. Bodice with a simulated waistcoat. Cuffs and collar of the bandanna.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—FRONT AND BACK OF WALKING COSTUME OF BLUE STRIPED SERGE. The demi-long train is kilt-plaited, and the round tunic which ends in a point is caught up at the back, and finished with several rows of machine stitching. The deep basque bodice has a pointed waistcoat and revers, and is ornamented with buttons.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE ALBATROSS CLOTH, for a young girl. The skirt is short and kilt-plaited; two ruffles fall below the kilt-plaiting. A broad band of blue silk is let in the kilted skirt just below the knee. The panier over-skirt is slightly draped at the back. The white waist is shirred on the shoulders and is full in front. The pointed waist and cuffs are of blue silk. The waist is laced at the back.

FIG. XI.—VISITING-DRESS OF LIGHT BEGÈ. The skirt is short, and has one deep plaited flounce; the over-dress is faced and edged with satin of the color of the dress, and the fulness at the front is caught together with bows of satin ribbon. The over-skirt is caught up slightly in the back, and falls in a square on the plaited ruffle. The cape is of the same material as the dress, and is trimmed with two rows of rich fringe. We give a representation of the cape as it appears when off the shoulders. Bonnet of begè-colored straw, trimmed, plaited Broton lace and blackberry vine with blossoms and fruit.

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FIG. XII.—BONNET OF WHITE CHIP, trimmed with white lace, dark red satin ribbon, and large, red and yellow roses.

FIG. XIII.—BONNET OF WHITE STRAW, trimmed with white satin ribbon and large clusters of violets.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET OF GRAY STRAW, trimmed with a white Breton barbe and blue corn-flowers.

FIGS. XV., XVI., AND XVII., are different styles of dressing the hair, all fashionable. In the first figure a plain tortoise shell comb is worn, in the second a comb with jet balls, and in the third, three combs with small, gilt, ball-tips are used.

FIG. XVIII.—EVENING-DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED SILK. The trained skirt has paniers trimmed with gauze plaitings and pearl embroideries. The upper-skirt is ornamented to correspond, and the wide gauze scarf with embroidered ends is knotted at the knee, and on the opposite side is a second knot without ends, and below this at the left side there are plaitings of gauze and satin. The paniers form small basques at the back, and are trimmed with gauze plaitings. The train is puffed at the back, and edged with plaitings. The pointed bodice is cut out square, and is ornamented with a cluster of roses in the left corner. The elbow sleeves terminate with folds and gauze flounces.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, several useful designs for various articles of dress; the first is a butterfly bow of white lace, embroidered in various colors; then a chemise, which is one of the most popular styles; two handkerchiefs, and tie made of three rows of Breton lace and narrow rose-colored satin ribbon.

The Pompadour style is seen in very many of the dress goods, more especially those for summer wear; grenadines, lawns, organdies and chintzes, are of some rich plain ground sprinkled over with small flowers, that look as if they were exquisitely painted by hand, and others are ornamented with cashmere patterns in bright colored palms tossed on in a brilliant mass; nothing can be more beautiful than the spring chintzes, mummy cloths and cheviots; even the Scotch ginghams are unusually attractive this season.

Summer silks are also often of these flower patterns, though the useful old style of narrow stripes and small checks are by no means abandoned, especially for people of more sober years, and for useful wear. The cashmeres, and many silk and woolen goods lean rather to the Oriental palm patterns, and these cashmères will be largely used for coat-basques and jackets, to wear with old skirts, or even with new costumes, for they are of the very latest fashion abroad. It is quite impossible to describe all the many materials that now crowd the stores, or to tell of the exquisite colors and patterns of the goods. Pongas are again in fashion, and they are comparatively cheap; these are of fawn color, and will be worn in combination with black or brown. Canton crêpes have also re-appeared, but they are very expensive. A great favorite for spring and cool summer days is the albatross cloth, which after all is a very fine and soft French bunting, quite different from our wiry bunting; though the latter makes an invaluable dress for traveling, walking or any ordinary occasion. This albatross cloth comes in most of the light delicate colors, and the creamy white is especially pretty; it has also the recommendation of being inexpensive. Lace-striped buntings are also seen, as well as many soft woolen materials dashed with lines of color, as olive-green and pink and blue, or any other pretty combination of colors.

Of the new colors heliotrope is very fashionable; but it is not becoming to many people, as it is of a pinkish purple; but many of the lavenders and lilacs are eminently becoming.

There is no decided change in the style of making dresses; short ones are always seen on the street; narrow and flat skirts in front, little draping in the back, with coat-basques, mantillas, or sacques, just as the fancy dictates. Home dresses have undergone no change; in fact, but a few new styles appear in the spring; the winter sets the fashion. Much lace is used for trimming dresses, especially about the neck.

Mantles and Jackets are of all varieties, and all are equally fashionable; we give every month two or three of the newest styles, so we need not describe them.

Bonnets and Hats retain the winter shapes; they are neither very small nor very large; Tuscan straws, with lace-like front, are among the newest of the bonnets; flowers are more used for the spring than feathers; though feathers generally appear again at mid-summer, strange to say. Figured ribbons are new, and are seen on many bonnets; but they are common-looking, if not of the finest quality. The rather wide-brimmed hat, somewhat of the Gainsborough style, the small round one, the gypsy, and half a dozen other shapes, are equally popular, so that they suit the face of the wearer.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PERCALE, figured with pink roses. The short under-skirt is edged with a plaited flounce of plain pink percale; and a narrow knife-plaited ruffle of the pink percale follows the line of the front of the skirt, and shows beneath the turret trimming. The Louis XVI. jacket is of the white figured percale, and has a white piqué vest and rolling collar, and bands around the sleeves. Hat of coarse, white straw, trimmed with white ribbon and pink roses.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF BLUE CLOTH. The trousers are knickerbockers, the jacket large, and opening over a full white linen skirt. The trimming of the jacket and trousers is a broad band of black braid. Large, white, linen collar.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF GRAY STRIPED FLANNEL. The trousers reach a little below the knee. The vest and jacket are trimmed with a narrow, black braid; the sailor collar, tie and cuffs are of dark blue flannel. Gray striped stockings.

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After many inquiries from our subscribers, we have decided to establish a Purchasing Agency, for their accommodation and benefit. Everything will be purchased, at the lowest possible rates. Special attention will be given to each article purchased; and the list includes everything used in the House: Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear, Bridal and Infants' Outfits, Grand, Square and Upright Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Furniture of every conceivable description, Carpets, Wall-Papering, China, Glassware, Curtains of all kinds, Silver, Jewelry, Pictures, and Libraries.

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☞ *In remitting, get a Post-Office order, or a draft on Philadelphia, or New York; if these cannot be had, however, register your letter.*

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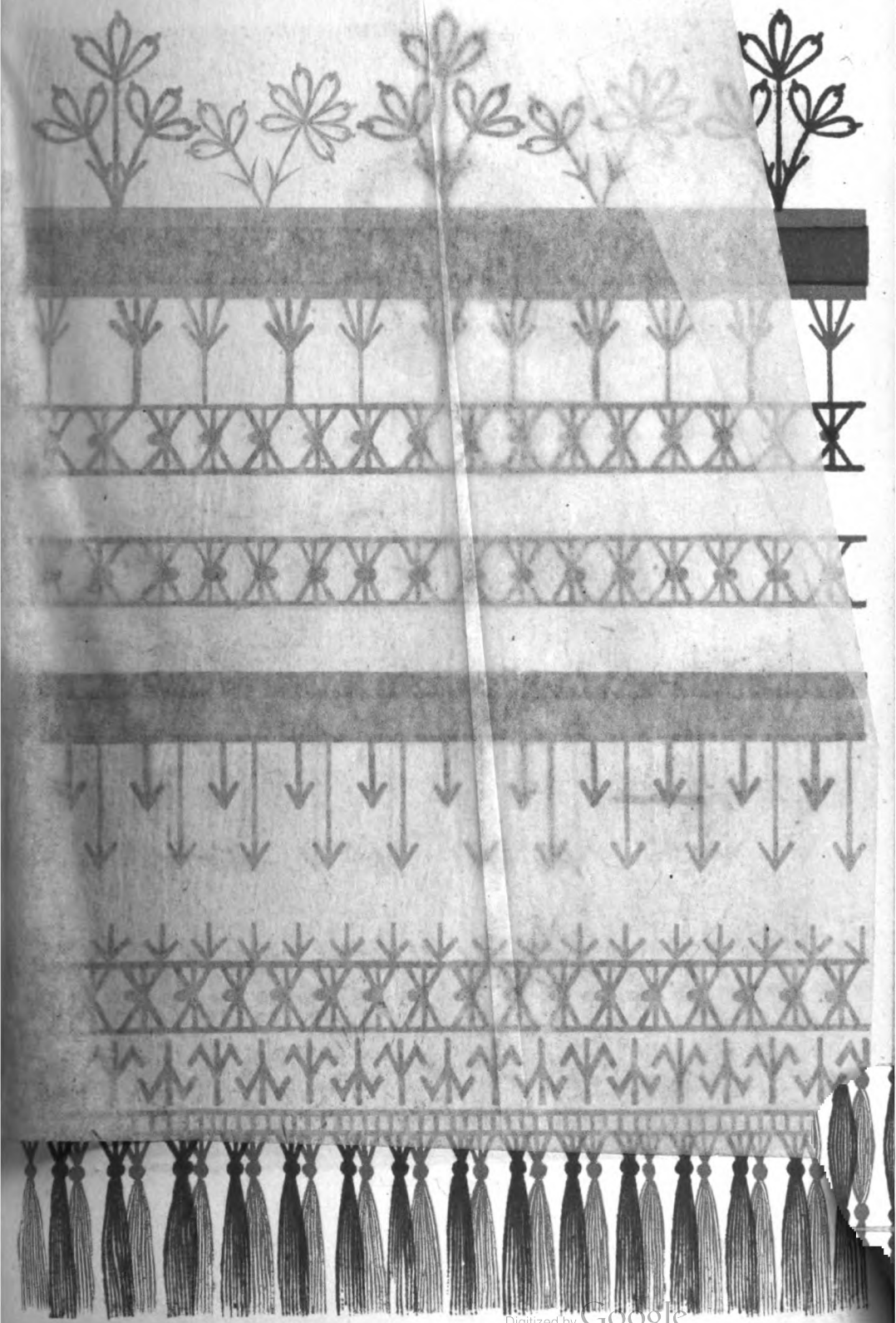


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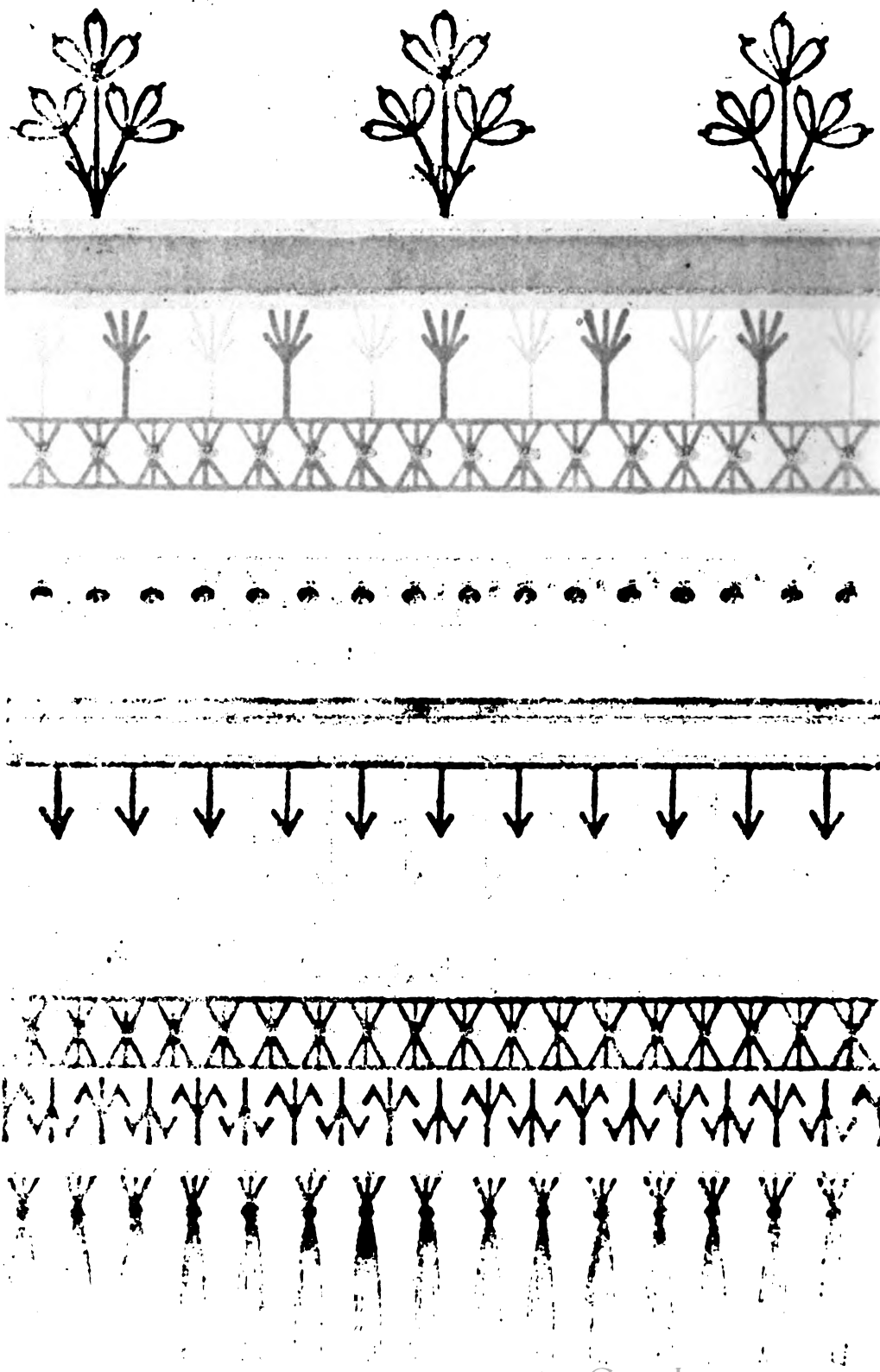
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EMBROIDERY WORK ON CRASH, FOR TOWEL COVERS, TABLE COVERS, &c. &c.



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FEEDING THE SWANS.

[*See the Story, "My Exasperating Step-Father."*]

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CHILDRENS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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NEW STYLES FOR VISITING AND TRAVELING DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR WALKING DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR WALKING AND HOUSE DRESSES.

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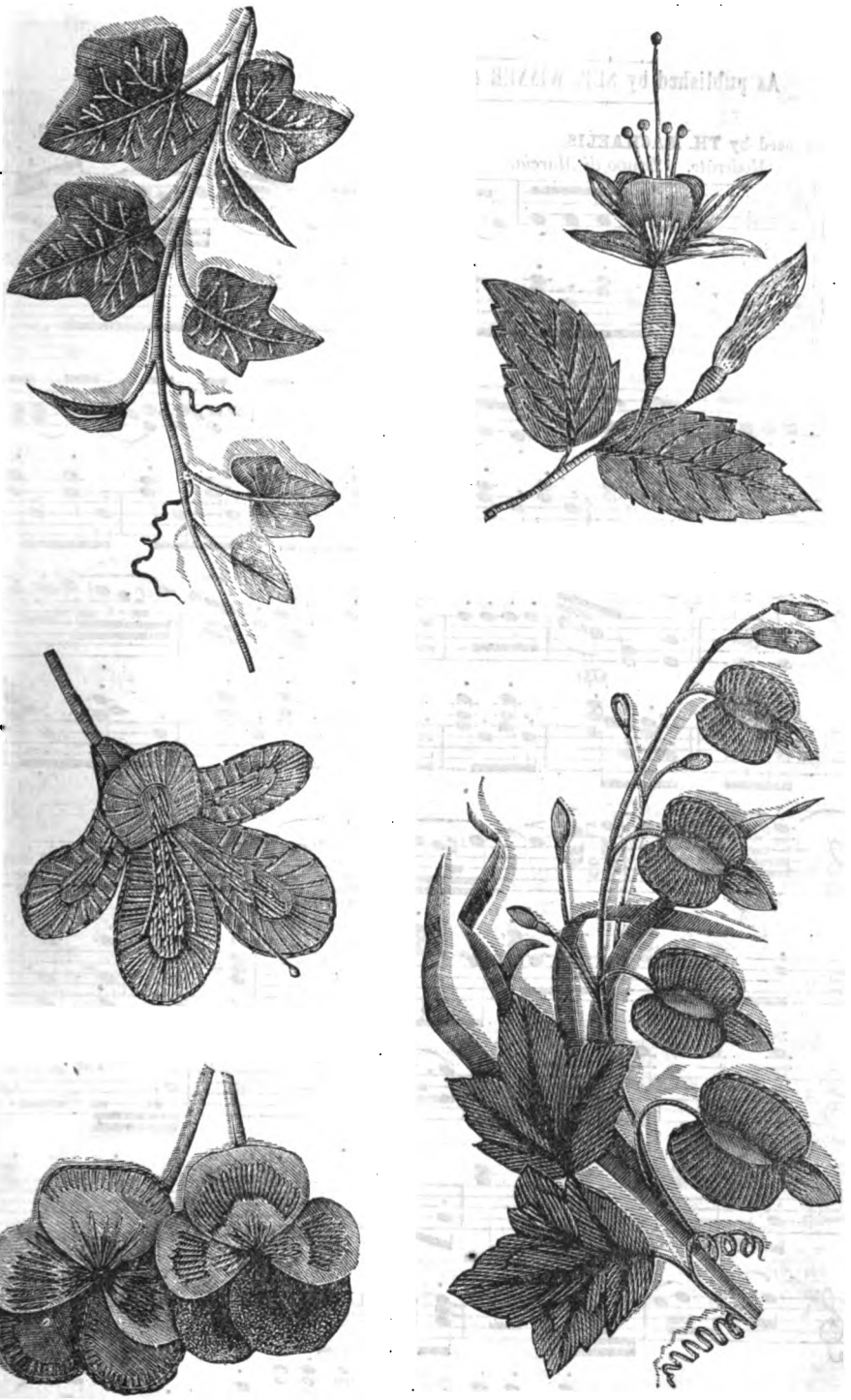
NEW STYLES FOR WALKING AND HOUSE DRESSES.

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SCREEN, IN APPLIQUE WORK, WITH DETAIL: CORN FLOWER, TULIP, FORGET-ME-NOT.

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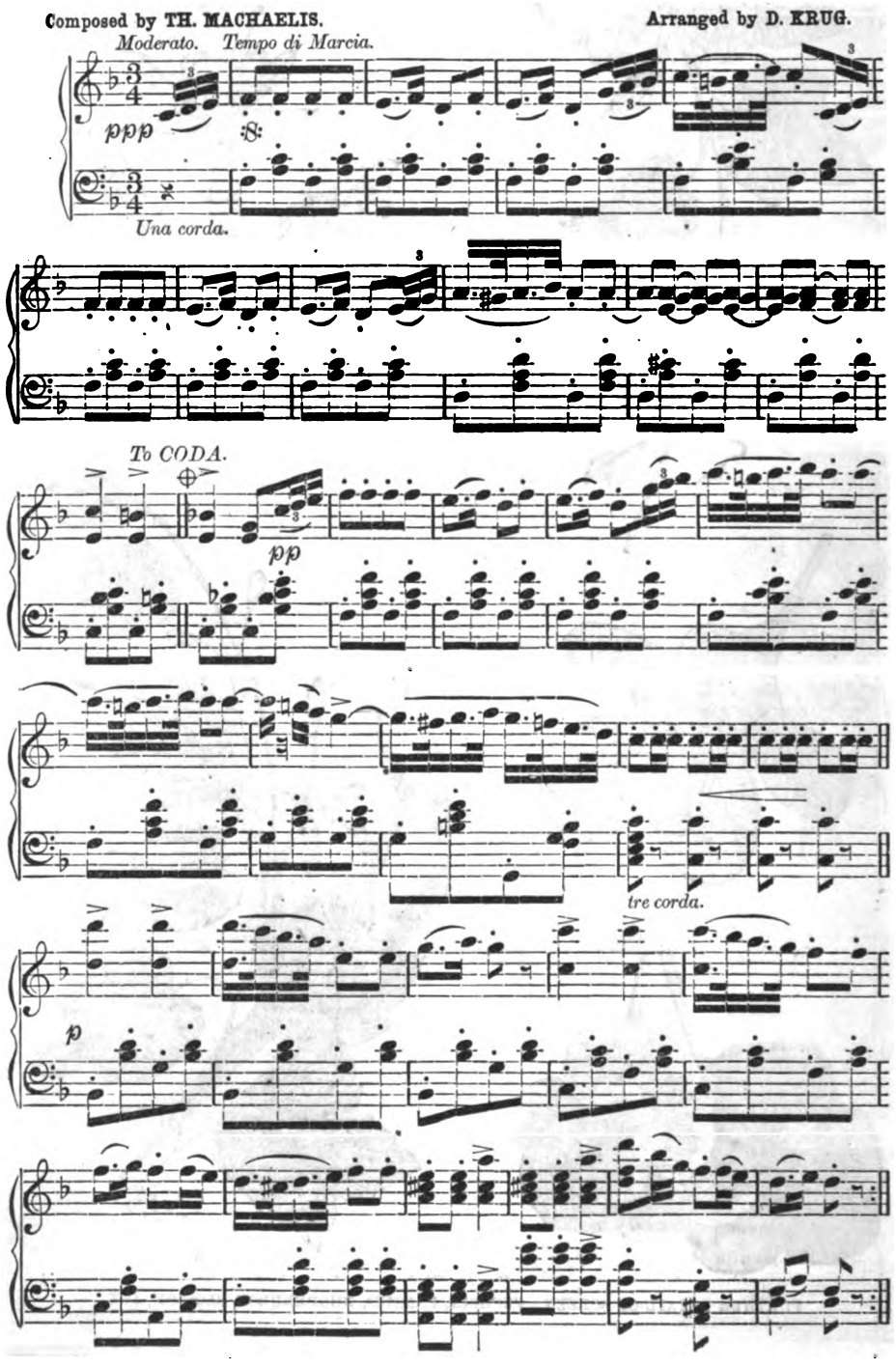


FURTHER DETAIL OF SCREEN. FUCHSIA, PANSIES, RHODENDRON BLOSSOM, IVY.

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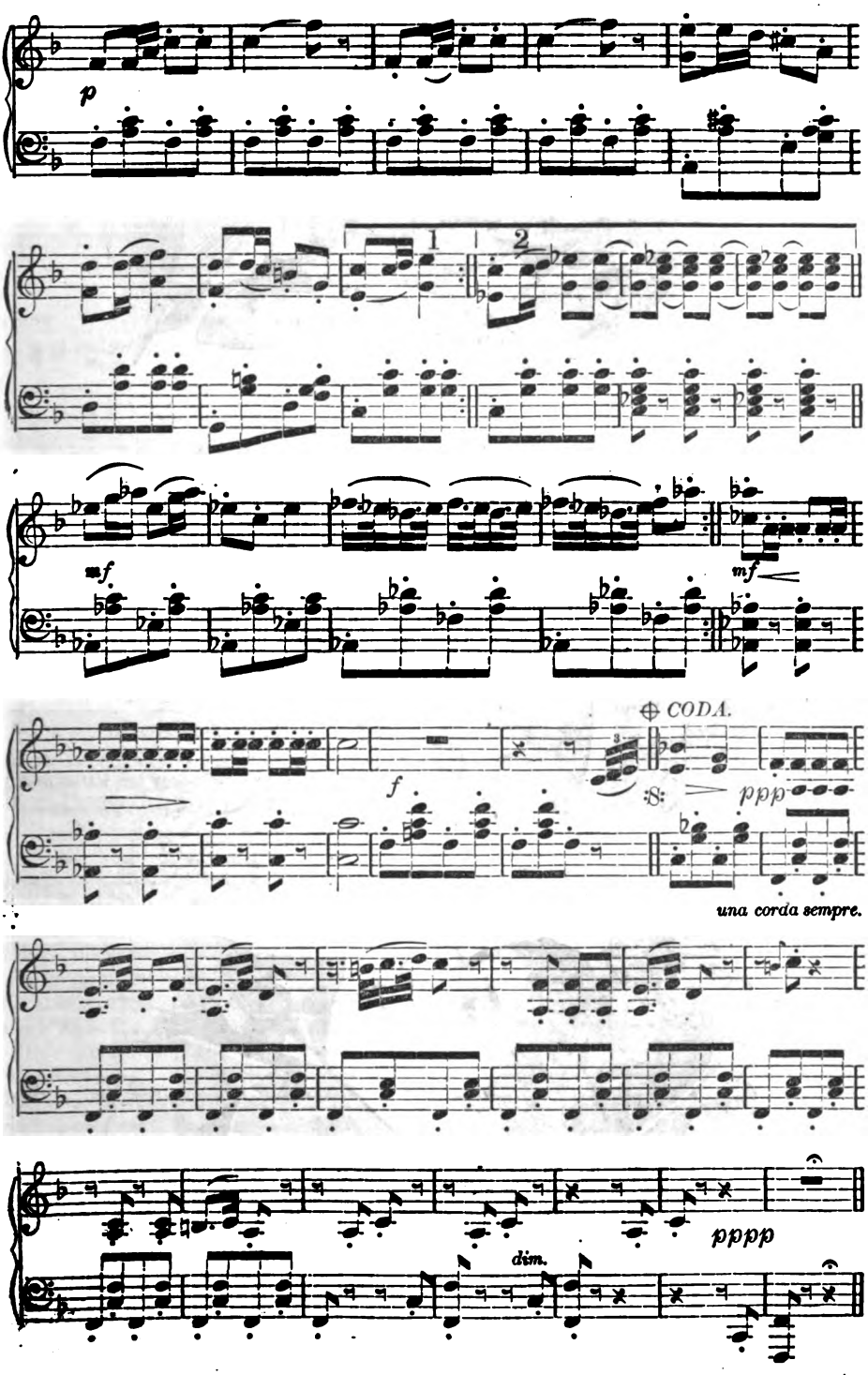
THE TURKISH REVEILLE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Composed by TH. MACHAELIS. Arranged by D. KRUG.



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LATEST STYLES FOR BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1880. No. 5.

A WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.



IT was in the spring of 1877 that I landed at Jaffa, on my way to Jerusalem, having spent the winter on the Nile.

The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is about thirty miles, the road ascending all the way. Hardly anything can be conceived more sterile than the landscape. The rugged limestone hills are almost everywhere bare of soil. Great boulders lie scattered about, as if after a battle of Titans. Desolation reigns supreme.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a missionary, who had been in the East for twenty years.

"One can hardly believe, when one looks on these stony-fields," he said, as we rode onward, "that this whole landscape once 'blossomed as a rose.' Never was any country more prosperous than Palestine, under the old Hebrew rule; nowhere is one more impoverished and degraded than it is now, under that of the Moslem. Nor is the reason far to seek. In the ancient days, it was a commonwealth of free-citizens, a community of independent, freehold proprietors. Joshua divided the land into twelve provinces, one for each tribe, and these provinces were then subdivided among the families. The most stringent laws were made to prevent poverty and the alienation of land. At the end of seven years, the debtor became free. At the end of fifty years, every acre that had been sold, went back to the original owner or his heirs. Hence every inhabitant had a special interest in agriculture, and hence also the soil was tilled to its utmost capacity. The hills were terraced to the top. Manures restored, each year, what the crop took away. Literally, in those days, Palestine was, as it is called in Holy Writ, 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' But now, as you observe, the terraces have almost entirely disappeared. The soil, washed away by centuries of rains, has never been replaced. Judea is a desert."

Late in the afternoon, we came upon a sight, that brought back the days of Scripture vividly. Two women, sitting at the door of a massively built farm-house, that looked centuries old, were grinding corn, in an antique hand-mill.

"Two women shall be grinding at one mill," said I, quoting from St. Matthew. "One shall be taken, and the other left. It carries one back two thousand years."

"Yes, and you'll notice costumes, here, that will do the same, every day," answered my companion. "I have, often, seen Ruth herself, at harvest time. That is to say," smiling at my start, "I have seen girls gleaning, who had the same sad eyes, the same Juno-like brows, the same elastic and graceful figures. I almost have fancied I was walking with Boaz among the golden corn."

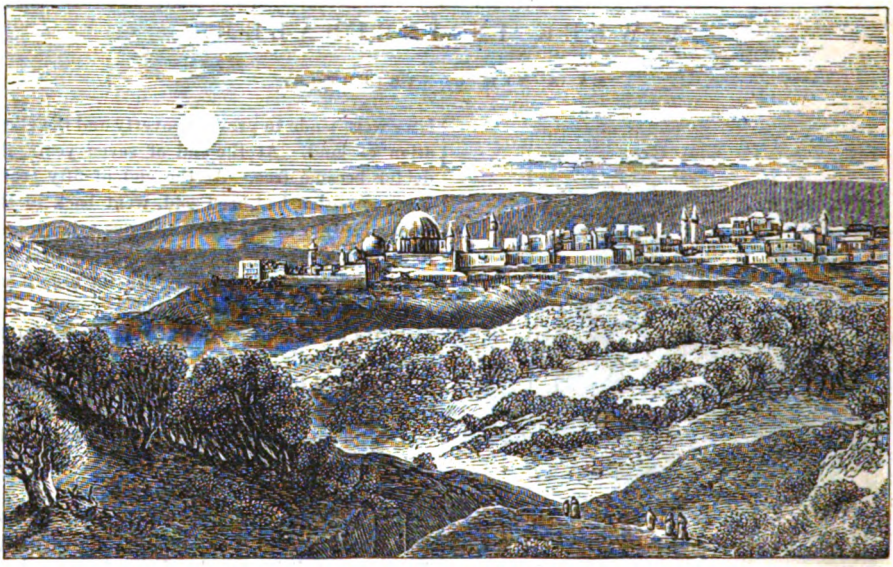
"The Hebrew women of the best type," I remarked, "must have been rarely beautiful; we feel this, not only in reading the Song of Solomon, but everywhere in the Old Writings. Think of Esther, and Bethsheba, to say nothing of Ruth herself. They are still dazzlingly so, in many instances: Scott's Rebecca, it is said, was drawn from a living type. We must not regard the impoverished denizens of a London slum as speci-

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mens of true Hebrew beauty, for they have been degraded by centuries of oppression and want; though, even amid such surroundings, you find, occasionally, I am told, young girls who look like Oriental princesses. We must seek, rather, among the families of wealth and culture, for the type of what a maiden of Judea was, in the palmy days of Israel."

"Just so," said the missionary. "Yet, as I said before, there are Ruths still to be seen here, at harvest time. But after all, those old customs are hardly good for the land. When a people learn nothing, they may be picturesque, but they are not progressive. Here, the peasants plough with the plough, and grind with the mill, that the old Canaanites did, before Moses came out of Egypt."

"All this, however, makes the Bible, to a



traveller, more of a living book, than if these old customs did not survive."

"True. No one can understand the New Testament, even, as fully, without them, as with them. To realize Scripture, in all its vividness, you must come to Palestine."

If the road from Jaffa made me think Judea a desert, the first sight of Jerusalem suggested a city of the dead. Not that the scene was deficient in picturesqueness. Nay, even the land appeared to be more fertile; for olive trees were frequent; and patches of green, here and there, showed where the young grain was sprouting. But still the general tone of the landscape was gray; the rocky peninsula, on which the city stood, rose bleak and desolate; an air of barrenness, neglect and decay was over all. For just one instant, however, this was changed. The setting sun, gleaming on the white minarets, as it went down, made Jerusalem shine, as with a halo; then the glory faded; the evanescent twilight followed; darkness fell; and as we rode under the Jaffa gate, we could only distinguish our guide ahead, as a black, almost shapeless silhouette.

"If we had arrived before the light left us," said my companion, "you could have read the Arabic inscription, over the gateway, which tells that Sultan Suleiman built it, in the year of the Hegira, 948, answering to our Anno Domini 1542. But here we are in Jerusalem, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, for we have been ascending ever since we left the coast."

A short ride, through narrow and tortuous streets, brought me to my lodgings. I could only see that the houses were generally low, only two stories in height, and apparently constructed of stone, as they gleamed ghostly and white in the gloom.

"It is a small place, after all, this Jerusalem," said the missionary, as we parted for the night, for he had to ride a short distance further. "The entire width of the city, from the Valley of Himmon, close by where we came in, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat on the east, is only a trifle more than half a mile. It puzzles one, at first, to understand how it ever held a million of people, as it certainly did in the great siege under Titus; but at that time, we must remember, the houses were several stories high, the walls more extensive, every foot of ground built upon. The pres-

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ent population is only about twenty thousand, of whom seven thousand are Mahometans, and the remainder Jews and Christians, the Jews slightly preponderating."

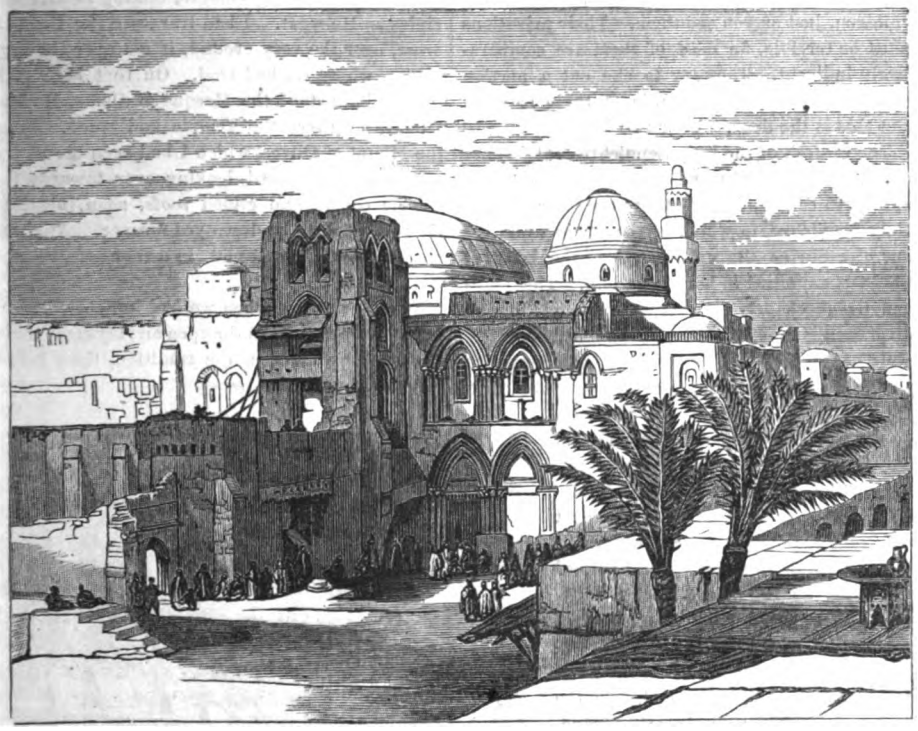
Early the next morning, my friend was at my hotel, ready to guide me to the chief points of interest. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was our first destination.

"We Americans," he said, "when we first cross the Atlantic, look on London, and Paris, and Rome as quite ancient. But they are cities of to-day as compared with this. Jerusalem is as old as Abraham. Long afterwards, when Joshua took Jericho, it was inhabited by the Jebusites; and it remained in their possession for centuries; in fact, one part of it, that where yonder tower, called the tower of David, stands, was not captured until the time of the Psalmist King. Can you realize how far back in the past this was? Remember, when Solomon began to build the Temple, it was three centuries before the foundations of Troy were laid; and so a long time before Troy fell; and much longer before Homer lived and sang of it. We think Herodotus quite an ancient writer; in fact we call him 'the father of history;' but the Temple was five hundred years old, when Herodotus was born. The Babylonian captivity, that seems such a comparatively late event in Hebrew annals, took place a century before Herodotus wrote."

"I had never thought of it in quite that way before," I said.

"And Jerusalem is a city, as Scripture says, 'set on a hill;' emphatically so, as you must have seen, yesterday, when approaching it. For it stands, not only on a table-land, but on one that ends in a peninsula. Hence, with its deep ravines all around it, it seems to rise up, as it were, from a pedestal. Except on the north-west it is inaccessible—a perfect rock-fortress. But here we are at the church."

We were approaching a dilapidated looking

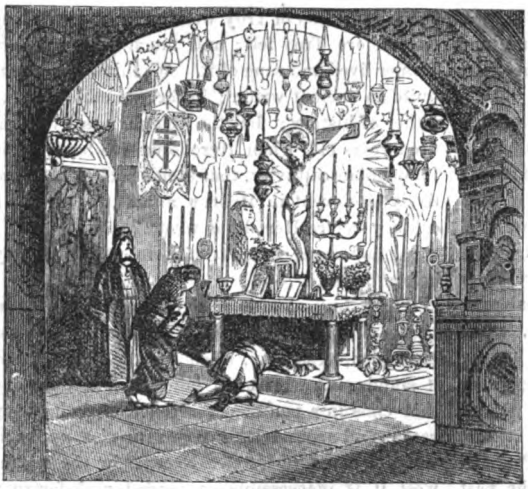


edifice, about as large, apparently, as a second-rate cathedral, but so surrounded by smaller structures, many of them with domes, that its real outline and size were hardly distinguishable at first. Directly in front of us was a facade, with two pointed door-ways below, and two pointed windows above.

The square, in front of this facade, was crowded with Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, and even Russians, offering articles for sale, reminding me of the traffickers in the Temple.

"They are pilgrims of the Greek faith," explained my companion. "Poor fellows, they are taught that a visit to Jerusalem, once in their

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from the floor, indicates the place where His body is supposed to have been laid. Innumerable lamps burn above and around.

I cannot adequately describe my emotions, when I first saw this spot, held sacred through so many centuries, and before which so many pious souls had knelt, to breathe a prayer. Notwithstanding much that seemed tawdry about the ornaments, notwithstanding some intellectual doubts as to the identity of the tomb, my feelings, for a moment, almost overcame me. All the morning, I had been saying to myself, that, however much Jerusalem might have altered in eighteen hundred years, the great features of the landscape remained the same. The hills I saw were the veritable hills He had looked on, when He walked to and fro, between the city and the neighboring villages, talking to His disciples as He went. I had traversed the *Via Dolorosa*, over the very ground, if not over the very stones, where He had trod. On that high platform, where stood the Mosque of Omar, He had taught, for there the Temple had stood. From the Mount of Olives, which I had seen across the valley, He had gazed, looking over towards the marble courts and gilded roofs, soon, alas! as He predicted, to be destroyed forever. All these memories culminated now, in a rush of reverent emotion.

To my surprise, when we had left the Church, and were once more in the open air, my companion showed more faith, in the tradition, than I had supposed he would.

lives, is almost necessary to salvation, and so they throng here, at this season of the year, coming often in whole families, men, women and children, just as you see them. Their privations must be terrible, for most of them are comparatively indigent. They try to eke out a portion of their expenses by the sale of these articles. But this is the door. Let us go in."

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre contains not only the two well-known chapels of the Greek and Latin communions, but also the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, in which is the Shrine, and below the Shrine the crypt, where the body of Christ is supposed to have been laid. The Latin and Greek chapels are rich in ornament, though diverse in character. (See above and below.)

"The scenes, that occur here, at Easter, as you have read," said my companion, "are often disgraceful. I, as a Protestant minister, do not think either chapel in good taste, but, perhaps, to the half-educated pilgrims, who yearly come here, this tinsel is just what is required. We must not judge too dogmatically of others."

The Church is about three hundred feet long, by two hundred feet wide, with semi-circular ends. The principal point of interest, the Chapel of the traditional Holy Sepulchre, is in the great semi-rotunda at the west end. In the centre of this semi-rotunda is the Shrine, an elaborate affair (See next page.) The Sepulchre itself lies under this Shrine. You enter a door-way, and go down a few steps, when you find yourself in a quadrangular vault, about six feet by seven, hewn out of solid rock (See page 854.) A slab, raised about three feet

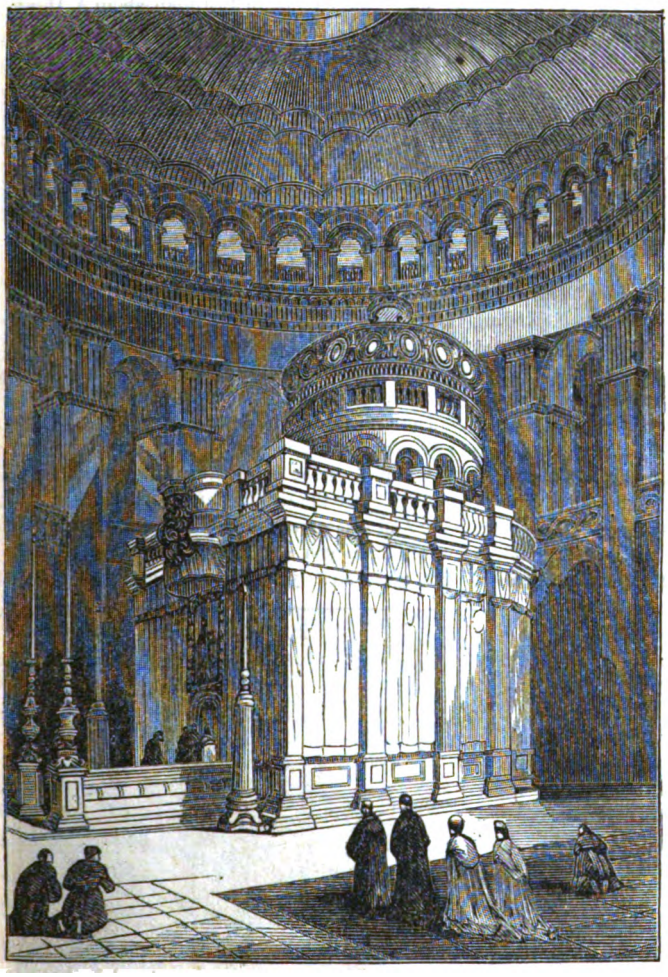


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"I am not of those," were his words, "who dismiss, summarily, the claims of this spot to be the real Sepulchre. A good deal can be said in favor of the tradition. Dr. Robinson, than whom a more conscientious student never lived, utterly discredits it, as you know. He says, and very truly, that the Sepulchre, at the time of the burial, was without the city, and that as this spot is now within the walls, therefore it cannot be the true locality. But he overlooks the fact that the present walls are comparatively modern, and do not, in many parts, follow the ancient line. In fact, the city has extended greatly towards the north, which is in this direction, and so has come, I think, to include the Sepulchre."

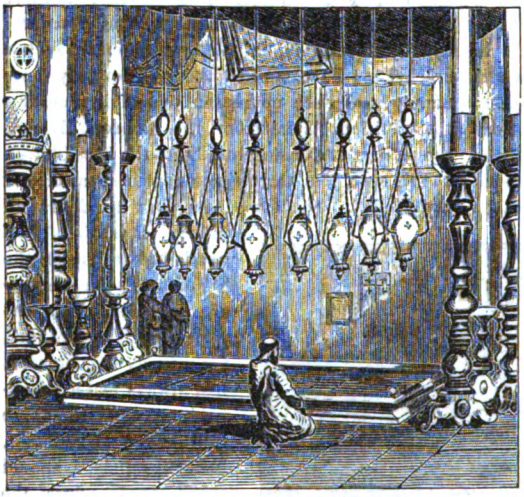
"You have read, of course," I replied, "what Ferguson says. He maintains that the real Sepulchre was where the Mosque of Omar now stands."

"Yes, I remember. But nobody, hardly, agrees with him. It is strange that a writer, usually so sensible, should have taken up such a crochet. I have studied this subject very thoroughly, and I see no reason to call in question the tradition. Remember, the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, built the first Church at this spot, less than three centuries after the Crucifixion. She came here, and tried first to inform herself of the precise situation of the Sepulchre, before she began to build. Now the city, though sacked, and figuratively depopulated, had always had a few inhabitants left; and there could have been no doubt, in their minds, I should think, as to where the Sepulchre had been. I do not wish to be irreverent; but let me illustrate this by a comparison. Do you suppose, that, even if our grand old Faneuil Hall was torn down, its site would be forgotten, by Bostonians, even after three times three centuries, provided Boston continued to be inhabited? Now, at Jerusalem, a remnant of people of the Christian faith had always remained, and they must have kept up the memory of the principal sacred places. The Empress, therefore, could hardly have been deceived. From Helena's time down, the case is clear. Of course, this is not the church that the mother of Constantine built. The architecture, alone, shows that. None of it is older than the Crusades; in fact, a fire greatly damaged it in 1808; you see, everywhere, if you look critically, the parts that are repaired. But there is a flavor of the Byzantine style still about it, not only in ornamentation, but also in form."



My guide took me, the next day, to the terrace of the dilapidated church of St. Anna, to show me the Mosque of Omar, from what he considered the best view. Below us was the Pool of

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Bethesda; above that rose the ancient wall of the Temple; over all the great Mosque, standing where once the Temple itself stood. The Mount of Olives was on our left. (See below.)

"I have no doubt whatever," said my friend, "that the Mosque stands where Solomon's great altar of burnt offering stood, a spot that, long antecedent, was the 'threshing floor of Aranual, the Jebusite.' The Mahometans call it Kubbet es-Sukhara, the 'Dome of the Rock.' It is more than twelve hundred years old, for the Caliph Omar began it, certainly, A. D. 650, though it was not finished, probably, till Abdel Malek's reign, a generation after. Beyond it, within the same enclosure, you see another mosque, El Aska, a rectangular one, whereas the 'Dome of the Rock,' as you observe, is octagonal."

I nodded in assent.

"This one is even older than the other, for it was once a Christian church, built by the Emperor Justinian, about A. D. 550. It is much larger than the Mosque of Omar, something like two hundred and seventy-five feet long, if I remember, by nearly two hundred wide, the exact figures I forget. The quadrangle, as you notice, in which these two edifices stand, is nearly fifteen hundred feet long, by about nine hundred and fifty wide; and the whole of the enclosure, or nearly all, was, in my opinion, occupied by the Temple."

"Not by one compact edifice?"

"Oh, no! The Temple was not like a Medieval cathedral. The most sacred portion—the Holy of Holies—was comparatively small, but it was approached by courts, one within another, each enclosed by a dead wall outside, but having open arch-ways facing inward."

"You describe something like a cathedral cloister. Or the Campo Santo at Pisa."

"And something like cathedral cloisters they were, or, as you say, the Campo Santo at Pisa. But more strictly, perhaps, like the atrium, or

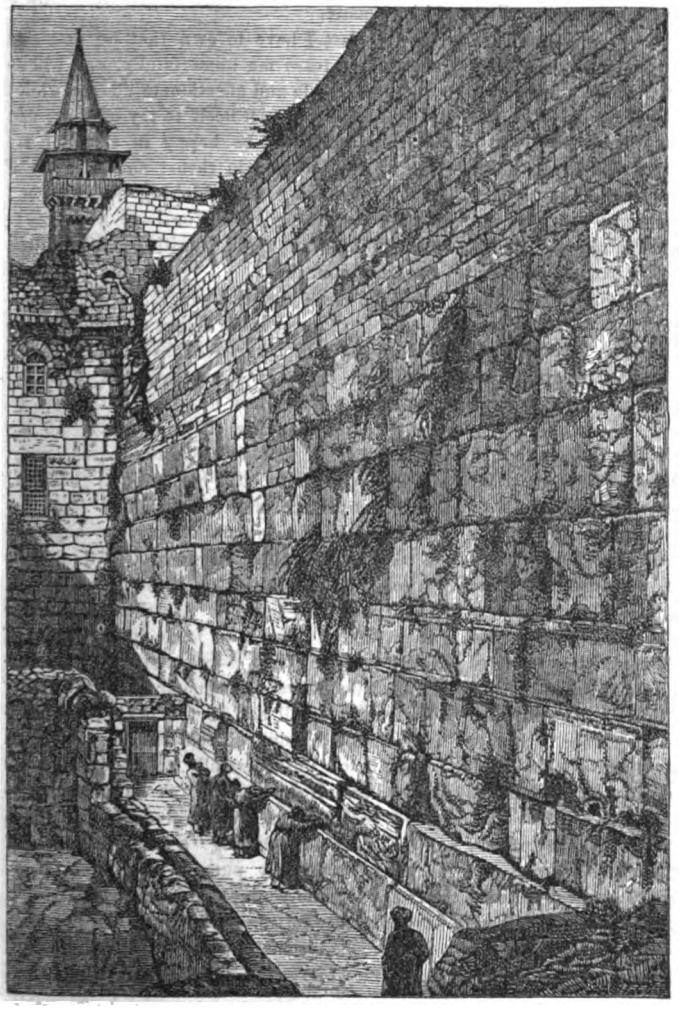


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outer court of the early churches, such as you see in St. Clement's at Rome, or St. Ambrose at Milan. They were probably built of wood, or chiefly so, and were more like piazzas, as we call such things in America, erected around a court-yard, and facing inwards. The roof, if not upper story, was, certainly, of wood: for they seem to have had an upper story; in the description of the storming of the Temple by the Romans, it was the setting fire to these wooden roofs that first gained entrance for the assailants."

Another day, we went to the wall, under the site of the Temple, called the "Place of Wailing." It is here that the Jews come to mourn over the fallen city; and here they have so mourned for centuries (See below.) The Cyclopean stones go back to the very earliest historical times, and perhaps ante-date the Temple itself. Higher up, the wall is more modern: probably as late as the Saracens. It is an affecting sight to see those people, exiles for nearly two thousand years, wailing at the foot of this wall. It brings back the awful words of Jeremiah: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people, how is it become a widow: she that was great among the nations;" or those of Christ himself: "Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto thee—behold your house is left unto you desolate."

The walls of Jerusalem, as they now remain, are, generally, the work of Solyman the Magnificent, and do not go further back than A. D. 1542. They are about fifteen feet thick, but vary in height, depending on the inequality of the ground. Sometimes the altitude is only twenty-five feet; at other times it is seventy-five. The total circuit approaches two and a-half miles. At the time of Josephus, the walls were three miles and a-half around. But large portions of the present intra-mural city are now occupied by gardens.



The houses of modern Jerusalem, as I have said, are rarely more than two or three stories high. They are built of a cream-colored stone, with plain facades, but are often striped with red. They are destitute of windows on the lower floor. Their roofs are terraced, or domed. They look dismal and prison-like from the outside, but being built around courts, into which windows open, they are really cheerful, when viewed from the inside. Some of those belonging to wealthy families, which we visited, and of which, notwithstanding the very general destitution, there are a few, are really beautiful. In such we found flowers and fountains in the court-yard, while the apartments were cool and airy

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MY EXASPERATING STEP-FATHER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I ESTABLISH myself comfortably in the low, broad window-seat, and fall to thinking, or rather, I flatter myself for sometime that I am absorbed in this dignified and difficult operation. At length, the striking of the library clock rouses me to a consciousness that an hour has elapsed, and I am forced to confess that I have not the least idea of what has been in my mind, beyond a vague impression that it had to do with a sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life in general, and an extreme exasperation against my step-father in particular.

I am barely eighteen, so you may suppose that my actual experience of life is somewhat circumscribed; but that gives me freer scope in my judgments and theories, because I am not fettered by any tiresome facts which might unsettle my opinions. I do know my step-father—at least, I am convinced that I do—and have long since decided that we are as incompatible as powder and snow—the first comparison applying to myself, for I am somewhat hot in temper.

About half the time, on a moderate average, I am in a state of exasperation against that gentleman; yet we are very good friends, and when I am trying to dislike him the most, I find myself enjoying his society, and that exasperates me even more than his imperturbable coolness and elegant composure.

I love mamma dearly. I know that she had spent a number of very miserable years while her first matrimonial alliance lasted. She had only been eighteen when she married, and was but five-and-thirty when she accepted her second husband, Colonel Seymour, who was ten years her senior.

No girl of fifteen could help being interested in the little romance which my mother revealed to me as one of the reasons for the step she was about to take. She and George Seymour had been lovers in early youth—they were both poor—her relatives separated them—made each believe the other false, and then married her to quite an old man.

By my father's will mamma had to give up every penny of his fortune, if she married again, and it all came to me. But I could not even have the satisfaction of thinking that I would quickly and sweetly fade away in a consumption—bless my mother, and forgive my step-father, at the last, and lift them out of poverty by the bestowal of my wealth, for Colonel Seymour had got rich, and was now even wealthier than I.

I cannot even decide to insist on taking shelter in my guardian's house, for he is not only disagreeable to me, but he has four scrawny daughters whom I hate, so I conclude to remain where I am, and console myself by thinking that my step-father receives a large annual sum for my keep, and on my eighteenth birthday I discover that he had always refused to accept a penny, and that I have been living luxuriously at his expense.

And at last I have to own that he possesses the power to tease me unmercifully, and will do it and be amiable and affectionate all the while; and that he is devotion itself to my mother; and that they will both be happy in spite of my thinking it is wicked in them: and in spite of Colonel Seymour's son thinking so too, and refusing even to come home or have anything to do with his father, beyond writing cold, dutiful letters now and then.

And the mention of that son, Edward Seymour, whom I have never seen, brings me back to the window-seat and my reflections, and my even more than ordinary exasperation against my step-father. What has he done but keep on trying to appease his offspring until he has succeeded, and that young man writes loving, penitent epistles to both his parents, (he dares to call my mother one of them!) and says that now he is nearly five-and-twenty, he begins to see what a hot-headed, wrong-headed donkey he has been, and he is coming home from Europe, if his family will permit. And I am shown the letters, and I remain an icicle in the midst of the pleasure my two elders display, and I prefer to hate Edward Seymour with a deadly animosity! I will add to the personal detestation which is his due, all that vast amount which I have tried unsuccessfully to expend on his parent, and if he thinks, (as he presumes to write), that my society is to give an extra charm to his return—the finding "a ready-made sister" as he impertinently puts in—why then I can only say that no young man educated in Europe, having a large fortune of his own, and possessed of a face handsome enough (as his photograph shows me) to render him insufferably vain and

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conceited as handsome men always are, no such young man was ever so profoundly mistaken!

I sit in the window-seat after the clock strikes, and I remember that he is coming to-morrow, and I am glad that I have still a night and a morning of peace left; when, actuated by that spirit of aggravation which animates the whole race of Seymour, that young man arrives before he is due. The library door opens, my step-father looks in, and cries:

"Here she is! Margaret, come and welcome my Prodigal!"

And so instead of the dignified reception I have proposed for him, I am discovered by that Prodigal curled up in the window-seat like an overgrown school-girl—I who can on occasion be as stately as Queen Elizabeth! It is too vexatious! I do not even manage a becoming descent—I entangle my feet in the skirt of my gown, and am only saved from falling by the Prodigal's prompt rush to my assistance.

I gather myself up—I curtesy! The Prodigal stands erect, and bestows a prodigious bow upon me, but I catch a twinkle of fun in his eyes, and he presumes to burst out laughing, when my step-father says:

"That's right, my little children—it's very elegant indeed! You remind me of your own great, great grand-parents beginning to dance a minuet."

The worst of it is I have to laugh in spite of myself, and my mother, who has followed the pair, laughs heartily also, and we make an absurd tableau. So I put by my dignity, proposing to render it all the more appalling on the first favorable opportunity of presenting it to notice, and I hold out my hand, and I say:

"Welcome home! I am so glad to see you! Why on earth didn't you come before?"

And I perceive that I have said what I wouldn't have done, on any account, and he kisses my hand, and answers:

"I would if you had asked me—I was only waiting for that!"

We have a gay dinner, and spend a much more lively evening than my conscience approves of; but when I get up to my room, I take myself sternly to task for having found it so pleasant, and I decide that if I make as poor a piece of work of hating the son as I have done of the father, I shall prove that I am the most inconsistent and mean-spirited woman alive.

I fall asleep, with firm resolves in my mind, and I wake in the same mood. I array myself in a pretty morning-gown, with a fichu around my shoulders, and a coquettish head-gear, half-cap, half-bonnet, and go out to feed my swans, my usual early morning avocation. I find them in the lake, where it comes up to the foot of the terrace, at the bottom of the garden. I have not been there long, when Edward Seymour joins me. I am very courteous and cordial, but I endeavor to show plainly that I regard him as a guest, not a member of the family, and I think I succeed, for when he offers to carry my basket, and I decline, rather stiffly, he says:

"Please don't make me feel as if we were strangers, by being so ceremonious."

I turn to him, as he leans, lazily, on the balustrade, and answer, pertly:

"A lack of ceremony would not hinder the fact."

He looks vexed. I exult secretly. It is evident that he does not inherit his father's imperturbability, and that I shall be able to anger him! The certainty is so soothing, that I feel quite amiably disposed towards him, for the moment, and I listen with pleasure to his praise of my mother, and I admit that he has some sense of propriety when he observes:

"I have been wondering what I should call her! Mrs. Seymour would sound too formal. For a long-legged fellow like me to say 'mamma' would be absurd, considering that she looks young enough to be my sister. Besides, it would be an impertinence in me to usurp your right; and I can't say Fanny exactly. Suppose we compound for cousin?"

I agree to that, and thoughtlessly add:

"I never had a cousin, but I have always fancied it must be the pleasantest relationship imaginable."

"Then we will be cousins, too," he replies, quickly; "brother and sister would not answer, I perceive already—on my part."

He points his words, by a glance of open admiration, which shows me that he believes I am weak enough to be taken by compliments. I freeze immediately.

"I think my mother and your father must be, by this time, in the breakfast-room," I say; "we must not keep them waiting." And I turn, and mount the steps.

He follows me silently. I observe him look at me with a little wonder, and I know I appear at my stateliest, for the first words the colonel utters are:

"Ah, we have a glimpse of Queen Margaret this morning! Well, well, it is quite right to impress the Prodigal. But I dare say our Daisy will come back before long."

These are his two pet names for me, and he varies them according to my mood. I don't know which annoys me most. My mother and

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Edward Seymour join in his laughter; but I run upstairs, to remove my hat, and when I return, I am as gay as possible. In fact, I soon convince Master Edward I am quite his match in saying bright things, and I teaze and ridicule him until he cries for mercy. Then, feeling that I have rather forgotten my dignity, I retire, when breakfast is finished, to my own apartment, and stay there until mamma comes and begs me to go out to ride with Edward, as his father is busy writing letters, and it seems inhospitable to leave the young man to his own devices on the first day after his arrival.

I always look my best, and feel in my brighest spirits, on horseback, and Mr. Seymour and I pass a morning so pleasant, and I really find him so agreeable, that I am obliged to reproach myself, afterward, with having corruptly forgotten to nurture the animosity I feel it my duty to cherish against him. But I reflect that we cannot always be dwelling upon tragic matters, and that there will be plenty of time during his stay to make him comprehend that I do not forget he has the misfortune of being his father's son.

However, the day does not elapse without my having an opportunity to take offence with both. As I go through the hall, the two Seymours are at the billiard table, which stands beyond the arch where the corridor widens into a large room, and I hear the son observe:

"Your Queen Margaret is very handsome. The photograph you sent me did not begin to do her justice! She is an odd compound. One hour as gay and mischievous as a Brownie, and the next as stately as her royal title."

"She is a mere child in many ways," the colonel replies. "At bottom she is as good as gold and honest as steel, but she's a capricious little monkey. For once in your life you are to keep from flirting, mind that. I'll not have Daisy—"

I hurry back to get beyond the reach of their voices, but I heard Edward laugh in a conscious sort of fashion. I am angry enough now without any effort! The idea of the colonel's presuming to send my photograph to his Prodigal! And to warn him not to flirt with me, as if I were a weak-minded little child, whose peace of mind could be upset by the first man that chose to try and interfere with it!

Edward is to be warned forsooth! Well, I will show the colonel and his Prodigal of what I am capable in the flirting line. At last, I have my revenge pointed out to me—they have done it themselves—and I will take my vengeance with an implacability as immovable as ever did Lucretia Borgia, or any other heroine who habitually carried a dagger and a bowl of poison concealed about her person, and if anybody offended her, stabbed that wretch in the back or made him quaff death from her bowl. Edward Seymour shall fall in love with me, and when I have driven him quite maudlin, I shall avow that I have been laughing in my sleeve all the while, and overwhelm both father and son with dire and bitter confusion. I even go so far in my stern determination as to dream vaguely of a culmination in which, to complete the drama, I marry some man abhorrent to me, and crush my step-father utterly by telling him this is his doing—"Wretch, behold thy handiwork!" and that sort of thing. I practice the very attitude and gesture before the mirror, and get into a great excitement, though I perceive that I am hardly tall enough for melo-drama, and this puts me out a little.

So I leave the fifth act to arrange itself according to circumstances when the time comes for the curtain to rise on it, and I concentrate my mind upon the best plan for opening my tragedy, and decide that a certain number of high comedy scenes, involving rapid changes of mood, which will keep my character a mystery to my intended victim, is the most appropriate commencement.

I array myself in an effective costume, for I am rather fond of gowns that mamma says are too rich and too old for me; but as my step-father declares they are very becoming—though sometimes he is impertinent enough to hint that I look like a child masquerading—mamma lets me have my own way when we are at home alone, on condition that when we are in town, I adopt for parties and street wear a style of dress which she considers more suitable to a young girl. A girl indeed! If one is not a woman at eighteen, when will one be, I should like to know? But though mamma is sweetness itself, there are points on which she is a little obstinate, (nobody is perfect, I suppose—there are even spots on the sun!) and when she is, I find it more dignified to offer no opposition.

So I go down to dinner very gorgeous indeed, and I propose to be gentle with mamma, blandly patronizing to the colonel, and charming to Edward Seymour, but in a lively sort of fashion which will show him that I am dangerous, because this will give me an opportunity, when the time arrives for his overthrow, to remind him that from the first he had a warning of what he might expect.

And, oh, dear, it is all a failure! I get to laughing at my step-father's nonsense, and I cannot stop, and I laugh so loud, that mamma softly calls me to order as if I were only six!

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Then later, Edward tells a pathetic story, and tells it so beautifully, that I cry, and the colonel pats me on the shoulder, and says I am an absurdly sensitive little puss—I, who am harder than adamant! And to make matters worse, after Edward Seymour and I have sung several duets—he really has a beautiful voice!—he begs me to sing alone, and I do, and he ventures to tell me that I don't seem to catch the spirit of the song, and I get angry. At first he tries to tease me, and keep himself cool as the colonel does; but I upset his composure, and make him as angry as I am; and when mamma and the colonel came back to the drawing-room, after a little moonlight promenade on the verandah, they find us quarrelling vehemently, and laugh at us both until Edward laughs too, and I march off to bed in high dudgeon.

But the next morning all is sunshine again; we meet on the terrace, where I am feeding my swans once more; and Edward apologizes; and I make him admit that he was in the wrong from first to last, and that if I said anything severe, he brought it on himself. Then I go in, and practice the song with him, and sing it to please him—partly as a reward for his penitence, partly because I know in my heart that his conception is the correct one, though I would die at the stake sooner than admit it.

The days go on—grow into weeks—and are so sunny and enjoyable, that I forget to be exasperated, and only now and then remember my savage intentions, though whenever he gets vexed, Edward accuses me of being an outrageous little flirt. We quarrel often, but the making up is so pleasant, that the prospect of reaching that point adds zest to our anger. Sometimes the battles are rather serious, and we don't speak for a whole day, but mamma and the colonel only laugh—Edward himself admits that it is tiresome of them to treat us as if we were children!

There are a number of country seats in our neighborhood; almost every family has guests at this season; and we are really quite gay; and there are picnics, and drives, and horseback excursions, and high teas, and dancing, and all sorts of dissipation; and I enjoy the whole more than is exactly dignified, but I cannot help it.

There are plenty of young men, and I do a good deal of mischief among the flock; but there are none of them as handsome or agreeable or clever as Edward, and he certainly does dance like an angel, and sometimes when I sit down for an hour's calm reflection, it seems almost a pity that it is my duty to hate him—but he is his father's son, and I must! I must begin at once too—but something is sure to happen that deludes me into putting off the business still longer.

But when two whole months have gone since Edward's arrival, mamma, in her innocence, is the cause of rousing me to feel that I do hate him at last. One night, when she is sitting in my room after I am in bed, she makes it clear that she and the colonel would be so glad, if Edward and I were to grow to like each other well enough to—to—

Oh, what a fury I am in! I don't let her finish; I rise on my pillow, and I cry out in a deep, awful voice:

"If he were the only man in the world, I would not marry him—not if you shut me up in a convent—not if you let the colonel burn me alive!"

And mamma says coolly:

"I never spoke about your marrying him! Permit me to finish my sentence! The colonel and I would be glad, if you got to like one another—well, not to quarrel so often over every trifle—that is all."

This is not what she meant to say, and I know it, and she knows that I know it; but I don't dare hint the fact, for when mamma *does* mount her high horse, she gallops over one in a ruthless manner. So I apologize, and she kisses me, and says my head is a poor affair, but my heart is in the right place, and promises not to let the colonel hear of my absurd speech; and after she is gone, I cry a little, I don't exactly know why, except because it is fatiguing to the nerves to try to live a drama and be a heroine, especially when one has two such marplots about as mamma and the colonel, always putting in comedy in the wrong places. Perhaps, too, my tears rise partly from the fact that it seems a pity it is my duty to hate Edward; but I am not sure about this, and I fall asleep before I have settled the question; for an inability to lie awake, and meditate during the silent watches of the night, has always been one of my exasperations.

Three more weeks go by. I am in many varying moods; sometimes I am in outrageously high spirits, and sometimes very unhappy, and utterly without reason in either case; but of one thing I am convinced—I have subjugated the colonel's Prodigal, and before long I shall have an opportunity to punish both father and son! Yet it is an odd thing that I do not feel the supreme satisfaction I had expected to derive from this state of affairs. But I mean to be true to my vow all the same.

And one day, the colonel calls me into his study, and without any preparation he says:

"I want to tell you a secret, but you must not

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let even your mother suspect. Nobody must have an inkling of it."

"Nobody shall!" I answer, in a fever of delighted curiosity. I am not ashamed to admit that I have my little weaknesses. A fondness for secrets is one of them. "Nobody shall ever know! Do tell me, colonel, dear."

"Very well! You see I want your help," he says, slowly; "it is a very delicate matter indeed!"

"Oh!" I cry, impatiently—he is so long in getting it out!

"You remember May Falkland?" he asks.

"What a question—when I met her every day nearly, last winter!"

"And you liked her?"

"Why, of course—she is a charming girl—she does not put on all sorts of tiresome airs of superiority just because she is a few years older than oneself."

"Ah," say the colonel, shaking his head meditatively, "her age has been rather a drawback in my mind! She is twenty-five—older than—"

And here stops, and seems lost in thought, and I nearly fly in bits I am so impatient.

"What are you talking about, colonel? What has May's age to do with it, whatever it may be?" I demand eagerly.

"A great deal, my dear," he answers, rising and going to a window; he stands there with his back towards me, as he continues, "The truth is, I have reason to suspect that Edward likes her—that she likes him—that when she was over in Europe last year, they quarrelled. Do you follow me, my child?" Still not looking round.

How fortunate it is that he does not! I am dizzy, and hot and cold all at once, but I manage to say:

"Yes, yes! Well?"

"What I want you to do is this! Edward is much more likely to confide in you than in me—he is very proud and reticent! By the way, haven't you noticed that he is changed lately—moody one moment—over gay the next?"

Oh, heavens, will he never get to the point! Again I manage to say:

"Yes," and it is true; I have noticed it, and believed it was the result of my tormenting him.

"Ah, I thought you would have done so—you are a discerning little puss," says the colonel. "I want you to get him to talk of her, then to tell him that you know she regrets their estrangement—persuade him to put by his pride, and go to her. But he mustn't dream I have spoken to you—he would never forgive me! Will you do this when you get an opportunity?"

"I will," I reply, firmly.

"Thanks! I know you will do it neatly—you have a great deal of tact! I am so much obliged—try and do it at once."

There is a knock at the door—a visitor for the colonel! I escape—I get up to my own room—I am quite like a mad thing for awhile! The truth which forces itself upon me is this: Edward Seymour has been flirting with me in the most outrageous manner. He has tried, by every means short of an actual declaration, to persuade me that he is in love with me! He has been amusing himself at my expense; with a baseness which is beyond parallel and comparison; he has endeavored to make me love him; and—and—

Oh, the whole truth comes, when my first spasm of wrath has passed! He has succeeded—I do love him, and my heart is broken! Oh, the meanness of these Seymours—oh, the treachery of these abandoned men! For I include the colonel in my condemnation; he has seen how his son was behaving; he has held his peace, let my mother believe he hoped Edward and I would care for one another; he wanted to torture me: he has always hated me, and this is his revenge.

I cannot cry—I am beyond that! I feel as if all my nerves were steel. Inaction is terrible! I should like to run a hundred miles without stopping—find some way of working off the fever of excitement which burns in my veins.

I stay alone for a long while. Nobody intrudes upon me. Edward left the house, before luncheon, and has not returned. I hear the carriage drive off; I remember that my mother and the colonel were going to pay some visits. I shall have the afternoon to myself.

What an afternoon it is. How I suffer! One moment full of wrath—the next half-frantic with the pain at my heart!

Towards sunset, I go down stairs—out into the grounds. I walk down to the terrace steps, and there I find Edward Seymour, leaning on the balustrade, looking pale and weary, and idly watching my swans.

What I have promised to do shall be done at once—after that, I must decide on my own course—remain in Colonel Seymour's house I will not—no power shall force me to!

Edward hears my step—looks up—hurries to meet me.

"I thought you had gone out with the elders," he says, trying to smile. Then he is close to me, and exclaims: "Good heavens, Margaret, what is the matter? You are as white as a sheet!"

"I have a headache," I answer, and feel the blood suddenly rush into my face—it seems to me that I am burning up.

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"You are ill!" he cries in alarm.

"I am not!" I say sharply, then remember that ill-temper is unworthy of the moment, and pause.

Before I can avoid him, he catches my hands, he cries:

"What ails you—are you in trouble? Margaret, Margaret, do tell me—you frighten me! I love you, my darling—I can't bear to see you suffer! Oh, do I speak too soon? But I must! Daisy, my dearest—tell me, what it is?"

His horrible, insolent treachery drives me beyond reason or thought. I wrench my hands away. I fairly stamp my foot, as I exclaim:

"How dare you! Do you mistake me for May Falkland? Do you think I have not found out everything?"

"Found out?" he repeats.

"Yes! You love her—you quarrelled with her—oh, you can go back to her—she is ready to receive you!"

"Why, May Falkland has been engaged to her cousin these three years," he says. "They are to be married in a few months, if he can leave his business in California. It has been kept a secret, but I have known it all along."

I sink on the steps—I believe I nearly faint—but I know that Edward is holding me in his arms—I hear him crying that he has loved me from the first moment he saw my picture—that I have driven him almost mad during these past weeks by my caprices—my coquetries—that if one hour he began to hope I cared for him a little, the next I sent him down into the depths of despair by my conduct.

Oh, I don't know how long it is before I really get my senses back, but when I do we are both so happy, that he says—and I believe him—that Paradise must have opened, and let us in together.

It is twilight before we go back to the house; I cannot meet my mother and the colonel yet; I run off to my room. Presently mamma comes in, and I am so bewildered, that though eager to hear if Edward has told her our story, I rush into a sudden fright, and hide behind the window-curtains, and she runs after me, and takes me in her arms, and laughs and cries both at once, and says:

"You have made us so happy—you blessed, blessed darling!"

And she stops there with me nearly an hour till I grow somewhat composed, and the colonel sends up at last to remind us that dinner waits. Finally, mamma persuades me to go down stairs, and they are all very good and considerate; though Edward will insist on kissing me as soon as I enter: and then the colonel gives me a hug like a bear's, and whispers:

"That was the oddest blunder of mine! But we won't say anything about it—I should lose my character for discernment, you know."

"You are a false wretch!" I say.

And he hugs me again, and replies with a laugh:

"You have tried me for some years in my character of an exasperating step-parent, now we will see how you like me in my new *rôle* of father-in-law!"

AURUM NERONIS.

BY B. PILLSBURY.

A prying antiquary's hand
Dug up this relic from the sand
Of the arena, where it rolled
Some nameless day in Rome of old.

Defaced by time and scarred by flame,
Still traced across with Nero's name;
Dropped from the toga's graceful fold,
Who lost thee there in Rome of old?

Who held thee last, what Etrusk hand
Let fall thee in that storied sand?
Or fingers of what dainty dame
Last covered that ill-omened name?

One day, when brazen trumpets rang,
While martialed gladiators sang,
"Farewell, Imperial Nero, we
Who die give greeting unto thee."

My fancy paints her dark and tall,
Inclining from the massive wall,
Her full purse wagered on the glaive
Of some strong warrior, skilled and brave.

Her eyes beneath their arched brows shine,
As in and out the short-swords twine.
A well-sped thrust beneath the shield,
Extends her champion on the field.

The gladiator, as he lies,
Turns upward his appealing eyes,
To meet the ruthless Nero's frown,
And see the fateful thumb turned down.

And thus the coin, in changing hands,
Fell glinting on the yellow sands,
Hid by the corpse they dragged aside,
O'erlooked, forgot, like him that died

And thus the bright Italian sun,
Through smoke of censers dense and dun,
Gleamed last on thy untarnished gold,
That nameless day in Rome of old.

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"NANCY."

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

"MESSENGER from doctor. Prisoner, taken in skirmish, is dying. Wants to see you."

This, from a head poked within my tent-flap, roused me out of the first nap I had had in eight-and-twenty hours.

"Me!" I exclaimed. "Prisoner taken in skirmish? I don't know him. There must be some mistake. I've been in the saddle, night and day, as everybody knows, and am worn out."

"But it's you, Major Orton, that he wants. There's no mistake. He says you were class-mates, at Yale, sir, before the war."

This roused me. Though what is called an F. F. V., I had been educated in the North. It must be some old class-mate, some one who had taken the side of the North, while I, with all my family, to the remotest, had sided with the South. I rose, wearily.

"I am coming," I said. "Tell Doctor Dutton I'll be there directly."

I found the prisoner dying, as the physician had said. He was propped up with pillows, and already, on his face, was that ashen-gray, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

"You don't recollect me," he said, speaking with difficulty. "But I was a Freshman, when you were a Soph, at Yale; and when I happened to hear your name, I thought it might be the same; and that—that—" he struggled for breath, "when this unhappy war is over, you might take a message for me."

"I recollect you now," I replied. "Preston, isn't it? We once rowed against each other."

He nodded. "Lieutenant Preston," he said. "You will tell them—my mother and Alice—her especially," emphasizing the words, "God bless her!"

A smile of perfect beatitude passed over the face, and then the light went out forever from the eyes. But the smile remained, and it was there, when we buried him.

Examining his clothes, after the funeral, to find, if possible, the address of his family, I came upon a folded slip of paper.

"God bless you, darling!" was written on it. "Your Alice prays for you, night and day. Fairybrook, Mass."

At last the war was over, and one of my first tasks, after the peace, was to write to the address of Mrs. Preston, at Fairybrook, telling her of her son's decease. But as I never had an answer, I concluded she had herself died, in the interval.

Two or three years passed. My mother, now my only surviving relative, fell ill, and was ordered to a colder climate. I myself was suffering from an old wound, that had never healed properly, and was giving me trouble. We started, accordingly, for the North, though it was not without a pang, that I left the dear hills of my native region, in the loveliest part of the Roanoke country.

"No hotels, my dear boy," said my mother. "On the contrary, some quiet country place. When I was a girl, I spent a summer at Stockbridge. Let us go there."

Accordingly we went to Berkshire, and soon found an unpretentious farm-house, near Stockbridge, where we were sure of good air, with a reasonable prospect of nutritious, though simple, food.

"Servants? No, ma'am, we ain't got one," said the farmer's wife, a stout, buxom, good-natured looking matron of forty, when my mother, with all her old aristocratic prejudices strong on her, and the habit, behind them, of having been waited on, all her life by troops of menials, asked for a servant to attend her, personally, "and can't get none, here. But I've got a *help*, that will do some things for you, though not all you may want, maybe. Jeroboam he said as how I couldn't get along with the children, an' take boarders, too, so Mr. Guild—our minister, ye know—he fetched me a *help* from down Bosting way. She don't look mortal strong; but then I don't want nobody about the hefty work, an' she's proper handy about the house an' the children."

"Then I am to call—whom?—when I want something, as often happens." This interruption in my mother's gentle tones set our voluble hostess again talking.

"I don't hold by none of them fancy names, and couldn't remember 'em to save me. 'So,' says I, 'give us a name as is handy like—Susan, or Jane—Nancy mebby'll suit your turn. I had a Nancy once as was a proper good churner 'n' cheese maker.' 'So,' says she, 'Nancy be it;' an' though 'tisn't her name, she's never forgot to come to it. You've only to give a small yell—Nancy or Nan—and she'll come along smart."

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"Thanks," said my mother, and came away to me on the pretty vine-covered veranda to escape another deluge of words.

"If Nancy has the same gift of speech, what shall we do?" she sighed, while I wickedly laughed at her discomfiture.

The change had made a new man of me, and just to look out over the billowy hills, to where the sun was departing, dragging his drapery of fiery clouds after him, in haste to leave us to the pallid moon who was already visible; and to breathe the stronger air of these beautiful heights, exhilarated me like new wine. The Roanoke country was beautiful also; but it had not this bracing air.

At this juncture, our hostess appeared to call us in to tea.

As we sat down, a distant cracking of whips attracted our attention, and was mingled with the lowing of cattle. Finally a bumping of heavy boots was heard in the big kitchen near. Our hostess, who has, at first, seemed under the impression that she ought to remain, and entertain us, now cried out, "Oh, that's my old man," and went out hurriedly. A moment after, we heard her voice, saying:

"Go right along in, Nancy. They might want suthing."

"Nancy," who now entered, was a young girl of perhaps eighteen, in a plain, print gown, and white apron, such as any Bridget might have worn. From her simply knotted brown hair, her rather stout shoes, there was no attempt at ornament; and the girl was too pale for rustic admiration; but I never had seen such a beautiful creature in all my life. The wavy masses of her hair were bound tightly about a perfectly shaped head, which was posed upon neck and shoulders of statuesque loveliness. No pure outline was disturbed by flounce or furbelow, and from the hands, loosely hanging at her sides, to the feet in their simple country-shoes, all was in divine harmony. As neither of us spoke—we were too surprised for that—the thick fringes of her eyelids lifted, and a pair of great, soft, brown eyes lightened the pale oval of her face.

At last my mother broke the spell, by saying, gently, for she was a lady, even to her servants at home, much the more to strangers, "Take away the chicken, and change the plates, Nancy, please. We will try the cream and sweetmeats. Is it you, who made these delicious cakes?"

Then those perfect, scarlet lips parted, to reveal the pearly perfection within; and as the hands, browned a little, it is true, busied themselves in obeying my mother, Nancy answered:

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. ——," shyly awaiting the name.

"I am Mrs. Orton, Nancy," said my mother.

To my surprise, a sudden flush of scarlet suffused the girl's face, even to her brow and ears. My mother, occupied with serving me, said nothing of this; but for one instant, I thought the sudden pallor, which followed on the blush, meant a fainting-fit.

She gave a quick glance at us both, which I avoided meeting, and then she left the room, burthened with the service. What could it be that caused her varying color? Was she ill?

My mother, meantime, was cooing over the daintiest of the eatables, audibly hoping for equal good fortune as regarded beds, and so had not noticed my pre-occupation.

The next day, my mother's increasing languor, accompanied by a low fever, gave me much alarm. Even the girl, "Nancy," noticed it. She came up to me shyly, as I stood, thoughtfully, on the porch.

"The doctor will pass here soon, on his way to the next farm," she said, hurriedly. "Will you—shall I—ask him to see your mother? It can do no harm."

I nodded an acquiesence, thankful to be relieved of my perplexity.

In less than half an hour, the doctor arrived, a young man of scarcely more than my own age, and possessing a most intelligent face.

He went in to my mother, and then came out to me.

"So far as I can tell, as yet, Major Orton," he said, cheerily, "this will be nothing serious. Your mother's accounts of her uniform good health encourage me in my opinion. Her nervous system is simply broken down. The war, and your wound, account for it. If she can be positively relieved from all care, and prevented from exertion, the slight fever will pass when the irritated nerves become reposed."

I could have hugged the dear, cheery young fellow for his comforting words, and very nearly did so.

"No care? Of course she shall have no care. I am her only one, and getting visibly stronger daily," I say.

"She must go to bed, and there must be no noise or confusion," said the doctor.

So my dear mother went to bed, and Nancy practically became her sole nurse, our hostess having her time engrossed by her children and the farm. The more especially since, as the days went on, and that obstinate fever resisted the doctor's care, I discovered that my shaking hands could do little acceptably for the invalid. So I had to submit to be replaced by Nancy, with her firm touch and skilful service.

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The July roses were in bloom, before my mother was fairly on the way to recovery. How white and frail she looked! It was with a sort of astonished indignation, that I heard her insist upon Nancy's going away, at night, to her own bed.

"Suppose you should need something," I said, "and I so awkward."

"She has nursed me for five whole weeks, and has never slept a night in her bed," said my mother, in her small, sweet voice, reprovingly.

Nancy went away, in obedience to my mother's wishes. But at the hour for the nourishment, or medicine, she re-appeared, her heavy eyes quite pathetic; but her hands as deft as ever to prepare all for me, that my mother might not know herself disobeyed, or fret about the fatigue of her nurse.

After midnight, I strolled out upon the grass, near the windows. I was so thankful for the deep, peaceful sleep, in which I had left my mother, that I longed for some one to whom I might tell my hope and content.

An open window, in a wing, and a night-light within, attracted my attention.

Approaching, I saw one of the children, a little, three-year-old daughter, wrapped in slumber, and had just begun to wonder at her being alone, when I distinguished a figure on its knees, the head buried in the bed-clothes, while across the thousand noisy stillnesses of the night came long-drawn sighs, or rather sobs, to my ear.

"It must be Nancy," I said to myself.

But what could be her grief? Pretty Nancy! Perhaps some rustic lover was faithless. If her sorrow were for anything more material, perhaps it might be assuaged. How kind and faithful she had been to my mother! Perhaps it was a money trouble. If so, there was no one like my mother to find a way, delicately, to help her.

I stole back noiselessly.

Near morning, Nancy came again, but my mother still slept.

"Let me thank you for your goodness," I said, in mere courtesy.

How more than lovely she was, when she looked up in my face, her large, startled eyes moist, and her lips parted, in a surprise very uncomplimentary to my late recognition of her services.

"If she were an educated person—if the creature had a soul," I said, in my conceit, "how wonderfully lovely she would be—but a farm-servant—"

All the blood of the Beverlys forbade the continuation of my reverie.

Next day, I saw Nancy talking with the doctor, before he came to us, and I felt suddenly in a furious rage with both; for I read undisguised adoration in his gaze, and comprehended, all at once, the coquetry of her averted face and coyly cast down glance.

The next moment, the doctor came into my mother's room.

"I am proud of you, madam," he said, after feeling her pulse. "You are conducting yourself, like a young woman of twenty-five in recovering so beautifully."

A book was lying by the bed, which, once or twice, I had noticed Nancy reading. As she was out of the room, I took it up, curious to see what it might be. To my surprise, it was that prettiest of all French idyls, "La petite Fadette!"

"Was it possible?" I said to myself. "And yet, why not?" I added, after a moment's reflection. "American girls, New England girls especially, find means to learn whatever they fancy. But then, a farm-servant!"

Perhaps she had not been long a servant, I said to myself. And, indeed, why did I only now remember how differently she spoke, from her mistress? What had I been about, not to notice her choice diction, her gentlewoman's manners, her low-toned voice?

"So much the better for that doctor," I added, sulkily, "who surely would marry her."

Yes! sulkily. For this last idea made me feel irritable, and think the doctor a coxcomb, and the girl a flirt.

The days wore on, and by September, my mother was nearly restored to her usual health. As for me, I required only the autumn cold, to call myself cured. Yet we lingered in Berkshire.

I knew that my mother watched me jealously, and yet tenderly. At last, there was no looking in each other's face, without a tacit admission of the truth—I was hopelessly in love with a farm-servant! I, Chester Beverly Orton, well born, bred among the most aristocratic of Virginia families, second cousin to an English earl, handsome and stalwart, educated and refined, with a sufficient fortune, notwithstanding the war, still in my possession, I, this acknowledged *parti*, was standing aside and eating my heart out in silent envy, while the maid and the doctor approached the culmination of their happy loves.

How it had come about, I could never tell. Had I loved her, because she was as tender as an angel to my invalid mother? Had my heart gone out to her, when she sat in the gloaming, and held the little three-year-old daughter of the house to her breast, singing a lullaby, in a sweet contralto, which made me breathless with its hid-

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den passion? Had it been when some deep wrath with my own futile adoration made me speak sharply to her, and her pure lips curled in ill-concealed scorn, her lovely head gracefully erected in the just pride of wounded innocence?

I shall never know. But at last my dear old mother plucked up her courage, and looking in my worn, hungry eyes, just returned from following after the girl, as my coward feet longed to do, she spoke out. Just then the doctor's back put his accustomed nose over the familiar gate, and his rider got down to join his love—heavens! that I should so hate a man because his tastes agreed with mine.

"My boy, we can never repay dear Nan for her devotion," said my mother, "but we can make *them* a substantial present, toward their housekeeping—before we go—we had better go soon, dear Chester?"

I made a brusque movement of involuntary impatience, and then sat down on the grass, and leaned my head against my mother's breast, and my eyes grew dim, grown man as I was, when she kissed their lids.

After that, I felt stronger. Our wordless confidence was better than weak moanings over the impossible.

"Something kind must be said to them. He has been more than a doctor to us both," I suggested.

"I will speak to Miss Preston—" said the mother.

"To whom?" I interrupted.

Something familiar, some memory was associated with the name in my mind, though it escaped me, for the moment.

How odd to love a woman—to long, and be willing to die for her without knowing her name.

"You know *Nancy* was not her name," said my mother, "and it pleased her to keep her own name for her home. When she lost her brother, in the last year of the War, she found she must take care of herself. She is an orphan, for a year past, you must know. When she could find no pupils, or village schools, and the need was pressing, she did not consider it degrading to do a woman's work, in the house of these honest people, who treat her kindly, and respect her thoroughly—"

"Preston—Preston?" I was repeating absently, hardly heeding my mother's story.

Then, suddenly, my memory wakened. Lieutenant Alan Preston, who had died in our lines at Richmond, a prisoner; my old college-mate who had died, with some distant woman's blessing before his eyes, smiling.

Could it be? I had thought it a sweetheart. But now it all flashed on me. She was his sister, this beautiful girl, who made all services noble in her rendering of them.

At this moment, Miss Preston came toward us, with little Kate hanging to her hand.

I sprang to my feet.

"Let me call Alan Preston's sister my friend, if I may," I cried. "I have only now learned your name, but I am sure I am right—am I not?"

She lifted two startled, brown eyes to mine, and grew so white, that I caught her in my arms; but she did not faint, though no color came to her cheeks, as she quickly released herself.

"I am Alan Preston's sister," she said, faintly, "and your friend, if you wish."

My mother, all tears, kissed and petted her, and after a time, we talked quietly about the poor fellow, who had died so far away. I mentioned the incident of his blessing her name, in his last moments.

She seemed to shrink from me so, I left her and my mother talking, and went away for my evening stroll.

Meeting the doctor on the highroad, he got down, and walked with me, his horse's bridle over his arm.

"Why not speak to him now?" I said to myself, and I did so abruptly.

"You are soon to marry Miss Preston, doctor?"

"I wish I were, indeed!" was his astonishing response.

I looked in his face. His features were working convulsively.

"Why, I thought—I was sure you loved her—" I murmured, stupidly.

"I love her, with all my heart," he interrupted, hotly, "but what is the use?"

"Then—then she doesn't respond—she must care for some one else."

This last I hazarded, from a desire to spare the poor fellow's pride. I was astounded at the almost contemptuous look he gave me in return.

"Very amiably said," he answered. "But I hope, for her own sake, she is not caring for some conceited donkey, who is not worthy to tie her shoe—however lofty his worldly position may seem to himself."

He was certainly meaning something personal, for he lifted his hat, got into his saddle, and rode away, without a word.

There was a sudden beating at my heart, as if it would leap from my breast, and a ringing in my ears, as of a thousand joy-bells, was followed by an overwhelming desire to go after that young doctor, and hug him. But these varying sensations were chilled, by the horrible thought that

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he might be mistaken. I had started, almost on a run, for the house. But now I stopped. What if his idea was only the natural jealousy of an unsuccessful man.

I stopped at the thought. I sat down on a mossy stone. I trembled, as if I had just risen from a bed of sickness. I put my hand to my heart to stop its beating.

In that shady nook, by the roadside, I reviewed the past. I recalled my supercilious indifference, all my masterful insistence, of the last three months. Who was I, that I should dare to hope, after having seemed to treat this beautiful woman like a paid servitor?

When I thought of the heaven lost to me, that might once, perhaps, have been possible of attainment, I groaned aloud. Suddenly, I heard a soft, little cry of alarm, from the near shrubbery. I looked up. Alice Preston was coming swiftly towards me, looking pale and frightened.

"What is it, Major Orton?" she asked, breathless. "Has your wound broken out afresh?"

"Yes," I said. But seeing how pale she turned, I added, quickly, rising and holding beseeching arms toward her, "But not that wound. It is of another kind. It is because I realize, too late, how fully I love you, and that I have no hope of winning."

A great wave of color swept over her startled face, and tears sprang to her eyes. She hesitated one instant, and then lifting her gaze shyly, met my extended hands.

"I think I must have belonged to you, since Alan died," she said, "though I have only known it of late—"

I shall be pardoned for having never let her finish her phrase—shall I not?—and for catching her to my heart, and stifling her words with kisses.

"And you have forgiven my blindness and brusquerie, these past months?" I ask, as we go slowly back to the house. She answers, in her sweet voice, yet laughing gaily:

"But you were never brusque; at least, until lately. Your innate courtesy could not fail, though I *have* seen you look venomous, after a long tirade from your hostess."

Then our mother, I say "our" now, spied us from afar, and did not need her spectacles to see my exalted expression, and comprehended all.

She came down the path to meet us, her cheeks blooming out rosily, as she saw our glorified faces. Looking from one to the other, she took Alice in her arms, and kissed her, saying:

"Is this my daughter?"

"Yes, please, Pinky, my dear," I answer, returning her caresses, with interest.

We were married, a month after. Why should we have waited? My darling had no conventional scruples. All she wanted was to make me happy.

Nearly every year we make a pilgrimage to the Berkshire farm, where I found my life's "Help;" and oddly enough, I am growing quite hardened to Mrs. Jeroboam's loquacity, since it nearly always turns upon the perfections of Mrs. Alice Orton, *née* "NANCY."

DEATH'S MYSTERY.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

ALAS! Death seldom comes in radiant guise.
To those who watch for him, and woo, afar,
With outstretched hands, and eager, longing eyes,
In vain, we always find, their pleadings are.
For our desire so fares the electric spark,
The waves, receding, bear the hoped-for barque.

To those who stand beside the sullen stream,
And long to cross, yet dare not enter in;
When only desert sands behind them gleam,
To mark the track their weary feet have been;
To such Death's barque seems like a bird, with fair,
White wings outspread, upon the evening air.

'Tis only when life's fields lie white with bloom,
Or later, when the full ears glint with gold,
When soft airs waft a lotus-like perfume,
'Neath crimson sunsets never wan and old,
That Death hath terrors. Knowing joy and bliss,
The heart reluctant leaves the life which is.

Could we whose restless feet but pace the sand,
Lie down in quiet, restful sleep, and find
The journey over, the receding land
Grow faint and far, as in the seaward wind
They sped; and clasped again, at last,
Close to the hearts that loved us in the past,

Would we not send a message back across
The waves? Should not the dumb lips piteous say
Not "King of Terrors," no, nor Seal of Loss,
But Gates of Morning unto perfect day.
That then our friends with glad surprise should trace,
Death's joy and mystery upon our face.

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"A FAIR BARBARIAN."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

MUCH to her own astonishment, Lucia found herself allowed new liberty. She was permitted to spend the afternoon frequently with Octavia, and on several occasions that young lady and Miss Bassett were invited to partake of tea at Oldclough in company with no other guest than Francis Barold.

"I don't know what it means, and I think it must mean something," said Lucia to Octavia; "but it is very pleasant. I never was allowed to be so intimate with anyone before."

"Perhaps," suggested Octavia, sagely, "she thinks that, if you see me often enough, you will get sick of me, and it will be a lesson to you."

"The more I see of you," answered Lucia, with a serious little air, "the fonder I am of you. I understand you better. You are not at all like what I thought you at first, Octavia."

"But I don't know that there's much to understand in me."

"There is a great deal to understand in you," she replied. "You are a puzzle to me often. You seem so frank, and yet one knows so little about you, after all. For instance," Lucia went on, "who would imagine that you are so affectionate."

"Am I affectionate?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Lucia, "I am sure you are very affectionate. I have found it out gradually. You would suffer things for anyone you loved."

Octavia thought the matter over.

"Yes," she said, at length, "I would."

"You are very fond of Miss Bassett," proceeded Lucia, as if arraigning her at the bar of justice. "You are *very* fond of your father, and I am sure there are other people you are very fond of—*very* fond of, indeed."

Octavia pondered seriously again.

"Yes, there are," she remarked; "but no one could care about them here—and so I'm not going to make a fuss. You don't want to make a fuss over people you l—like."

"*You* don't," said Lucia. "You are like Francis Barold, in one way—but you are altogether different, in another. Francis Barold does not wish to show emotion, and he is so determined to hedge himself round, that one can't help suspecting that he is always guarding himself against one. He seems always to be resenting any interference; but you do not appear to care at all, and so it is not natural that one should suspect you. *I* did not suspect you."

"What do you suspect me of now?"

"Of thinking a great deal," answered Lucia, affectionately. "And of being very clever and very good."

Octavia was silent for a few moments.

"I think," she said, after the pause, "I think you'll find out that it's a mistake."

"No, I shall not," returned Lucia, quite glowing with enthusiasm. "And I know I shall learn a great deal from you."

This was such a startling proposition, that Octavia felt decidedly uncomfortable. She flushed rosy red.

"I'm the one who ought to learn things, I think," she said. "I'm always doing things that frighten Aunt Belinda, and you know how the rest regard me."

"Octavia," said Lucia, very *naïvely* indeed, "suppose we try to help each other. If you will tell me when I am wrong, I will try to—to have the courage to tell you. That will be good practice for me. What I want most is courage and frankness, and I am sure it will take courage to make up my mind to tell you of your—of your mistakes."

Octavia regarded her with mingled admiration and respect.

"I think that's a splendid idea," she said.

"Are you sure," faltered Lucia, "are you sure you won't mind the things I may have to say? Really, they are quite little things in themselves—hardly worth mentioning—"

"Tell me one of them, right now," said Octavia, point-black.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lucia, starting. "I'd rather not—just now."

"Well," commented Octavia, "that sounds as if they must be pretty unpleasant. Why don't you want to? They will be quite as bad

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to-morrow. And to refuse to tell me one is a bad beginning. It looks as if you were frightened—and it isn't good practice for you to be frightened at such a little thing."

Lucia felt convicted. She made an effort to regain her composure.

"No, it is not," she said. "But that is always the way. I am continually telling myself that I *will* be courageous and candid, and the first time anything happens, I fail. I *will* tell you one thing."

She stopped short here, and looked at Octavia guiltily.

"It is something—I think I would do if—if I were in your place," Lucia stammered. "A very little thing indeed."

"Well?" remarked Octavia, anxiously.

Lucia lost her breath, caught it again, and proceeded cautiously, and with blushes at her own daring.

"If I were in your place," she said, "I think—that, perhaps—only perhaps, you know—I would not wear—my hair—*quite* so low down—over my forehead."

Octavia sprang from her seat, and ran to the pier glass over the mantel. She glanced at the reflection of her own startled pretty face, and then putting her hand up to the soft blonde "bang" which met her brows, turned to Lucia.

"Isn't it becoming?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes!" Lucia answered. "Very."

Octavia stared.

"Then why wouldn't you wear it?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

Lucia felt her position truly a delicate one. She locked her hands, and braced herself. But she blushed vividly.

"It may sound rather silly when I tell you why, Octavia," she said; "but I really do think it is a sort of reason. You know, in those absurd pictures of actresses, bangs always seem to be the principal feature. I saw some in the shop windows, when I went to Harriford with grandmamma. And they were such dreadful women—some of them—and had so very few clothes on, that I can't help thinking I shouldn't like to look like them, and—"

"Does it make me look like them?"

"Oh, very little!" answered Lucia; "very little indeed, of course; but—"

"But it's the same thing after all," put in Octavia. "That's what you mean."

"It is so very little," faltered Lucia, "that—that perhaps it isn't a reason."

Octavia looked at herself in the glass again.

"It isn't a very good reason," she remarked, "but I suppose it will do."

She paused, and looked Lucia in the face.

"I don't think that's a little thing," she said. "To be told you look like an *opera bouffe* actress."

"I did not mean to say so," cried Lucia, filled with the most poignant distress. "I beg your pardon, indeed—I—oh, dear! I was afraid you wouldn't like it. I felt that it was taking a great liberty."

"I don't like it," answered Octavia; "but that can't be helped. I didn't exactly suppose I should. But I wasn't going to say anything about *your* hair when *I* began," glancing at poor Lucia's *coiffure*, "though I suppose I might."

"You might say a thousand things about it!" cried Lucia, piteously. "I know that mine is not only in bad taste, but it is ugly and unbecoming."

"Yes," said Octavia, cruelly, "it is."

"And yours is neither the one nor the other," protested Lucia. "You know I told you it was pretty, Octavia."

Octavia walked over to the table, upon which stood Miss Belinda's work-basket, and took therefrom a small and gleaming pair of scissors, returning to the mantel glass with them.

"How short shall I cut it?" she demanded.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucia, "don't—don't."

For answer Octavia raised the scissors, and gave a snip. It was a savage snip, and half the length and width of her love-locks fell on the mantel; then she gave another snip, and the other half fell.

Lucia scarcely dared to breathe.

For a moment, Octavia stood gazing at herself, with pale face and dilated eyes. Then suddenly the fell nature of the deed she had done seemed to reveal itself to her.

"Oh!" she cried out. "Oh, how diabolical it looks!"

She turned on Lucia frantically.

"Why did you make me do it?" she exclaimed. "It is all your fault—every bit of it;" and flinging the scissors to the other end of the room, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into wild tears of lamentation.

Lucia's anguish of mind was almost more than she could bear. For at least three minutes, she felt herself a criminal of the deepest dye; after the three minutes had elapsed, however, she began to reason, and called to mind the fact that she was failing as usual under her crisis.

"This is being a coward again," she said to herself. "It is worse than to have said nothing. It is true that she will look more refined, now one can see a little of her forehead, and it is cowardly to be afraid to stand firm when I really think so. I—yes, I will say something to her."

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"Octavia," she began, aloud, "I am sure you are making a mistake again." This as decidedly as possible, which was not very decidedly. "You —you look very much—nicer."

"I look *ghastly!*" said Octavia, who began to feel rather absurd.

"You do not. Your forehead—you have the prettiest forehead I ever saw, Octavia," eagerly. "And your eyebrows are perfect. I—wish you would look at yourself again."

Rather to her surprise, Octavia began to laugh under cover of her handkerchief; re-action had set in, and though the laugh was a trifle hysterical, it was still a laugh. Next she gave her eyes a final little dab, and rose to go to the glass again. She looked at herself, touched up the short, waving fringe left on her forehead, and turned to Lucia, with a resigned expression.

"Do you think that anyone who was used to seeing it the other way would—would think I looked horrid?" she inquired, anxiously.

"They would think you prettier—a great deal," Lucia answered, earnestly. "Don't you know, Octavia, that nothing could be really unbecoming to you. You have that kind of face."

For a few seconds, Octavia seemed to lose herself in thought of a speculative nature.

"Jack always said so," she remarked, at length.

"Jack!" repeated Lucia, timidly.

Octavia roused herself, and smiled with candid sweetness.

"He is some one I knew in Nevada," she explained. "He worked in father's mine, once."

"You must have known him very well," suggested Lucia, somewhat awed.

"I did," calmly; "very well."

She tucked away her pocket handkerchief in the jaunty pocket at the back of her basque, and returned to her chair.

"Well," she said, "I think you have found out that you *were* mistaken, haven't you, dear? Suppose you tell me of something else."

Lucia colored. "No," she answered, "that is enough for to-day."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHETHER or not Lucia was right in accusing Octavia Bassett of being clever, and thinking a great deal is a riddle which those who are interested in her must unravel as they read; but whether the surmise was correct or incorrect, it seemed possible that she had thought a little after the interview. When Barold saw her next, he was struck by a slight but distinctly definable change he recognized in her dress and coiffure. Her pretty hair had a rather less "professional" appearance; he had the pleasure of observing for the first time how very white her forehead was, and how delicate the arch of her eyebrows; her dress had a novel air of simplicity, and the diamond rings were nowhere to be seen.

"She's better dressed than usual," he said to himself. "And she's always well dressed—rather *too* well dressed, fact is, for a place like this. This sort of thing is in better form, under the circumstances."

It was so much "better form," and he so far approved of it, that he quite thawed, and was very amiable and very entertaining indeed.

Octavia was entertaining, too. She asked several most interesting questions.

"Do you think," she inquired, "that it is bad taste to wear diamonds?"

"My mother wears them—oc—occasionally."

"Have you any sisters?"

"No."

"Any cousins—as young as I am?"

"Ya-as."

"Do they wear them?"

"I must admit," he replied, "that they don't. In the first place, you know, they haven't any, and in the second I am under the impression that Lady Beacham—their mamma, you know—wouldn't permit it if they had."

"Wouldn't permit it?" said Octavia. "I suppose they always do as she tells them?"

He smiled a little.

"They would be very courageous young women if they didn't," he remarked.

"What would she do if they tried it?" she inquired. "She couldn't beat them."

"They will never try it," he answered, drily. "And though I have never seen her beat them, or heard their lamentations under chastisement, I should not like to say that Lady Beacham *could* not do anything. She is a very determined person—for a gentlewoman."

Octavia laughed. "You are joking," she said.

"Lady Beacham is a serious subject for jokes," he responded. "My cousins think so, at least."

"I wonder if she is as bad as Lady Theobald," Octavia reflected, aloud. "*She* says I have no right to wear diamonds at all, until I am married. But I don't mind Lady Theobald," she added, as a cheerful afterthought. "I am not fond enough of her to care about what she says."

"Are you fond of anyone?" Barold inquired, speaking with a languid air, but at the same time glancing at her with some slight interest, from under his eyelids.

"Lucia says I am," she returned, with the calmness of a young person who wished to regard

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the matter from an unembarrassed standpoint. "Lucia says I am affectionate."

"Ah!" deliberately. "Are you?"

She turned and looked at him, serenely.

"Should *you* think so?" she asked.

This was making such a personal matter of the question that he did not exactly enjoy it. It was certainly not "good form" to pull a man up in such cool style.

"Really," he replied, "I—ah—have had no opportunity of judging."

He had not the slightest intention of being amusing, but to his infinite disgust he discovered as soon as he spoke that she was amused. She laughed outright, and evidently only checked herself because he looked so furious. In consideration for his feelings she assumed an air of mild but preternatural seriousness.

"No," she remarked, "that is true—you haven't, of course."

He was silent. He did not enjoy being amusing at all, and he made no pretence of appearing to submit to the indignity calmly.

She bent forward a little.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "You are mad again—I mean you are vexed. I am always vexing you."

There was a hint of appeal in her voice, which rather pleased him, but he had no intention of relenting at once.

"I confess I am at a loss to know why you laughed," he said.

"Are you," she asked, "really?" letting her eyes rest upon him anxiously for a moment. Then she actually gave vent to a little sigh. "We look at things so differently," she said.

"I suppose it is," he responded, still chillingly.

She suddenly assumed, in spite of this, a comparatively cheeerful aspect. A happy thought presented itself to her.

"Lucia would beg your pardon," she said. "I'm learning good manners from Lucia. Suppose I beg your pardon."

"It is quite unnecessary;" he replied.

"Lucia wouldn't think so," she said. "And why shouldn't I be as well behaved as Lucia? I beg your pardon."

He felt rather absurd, and yet somewhat mollified. She had a way of looking at him, sometimes, when she had been unpleasant, which rather soothed him. In fact, he had found of late, a little to his private annoyance, that it was very easy for her either to soothe or disturb him.

And now, just as Octavia had settled down into one of the prettiest and least difficult of her moods, there came a knock at the front door, which being answered by Mary Anne, was found to announce the curate of St. James.

Enter, consequently, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton, blushing, a trifle timorous, perhaps—but happy beyond measure to find himself in Miss Belinda's parlor again, with Miss Belinda's niece.

Perhaps the least possible shade of his joyousness died out when he caught sight of Mr. Francis Barold, and certainly Mr. Francis Barold was not at all delighted to see him.

"What does the fellow want?" that gentleman was saying, inwardly. "What does he come simpering and turning pink here for? Why doesn't he go and see some of his old women, and read tracts to them? That's *his* business."

Octavia's manner towards her visitor formed a fresh grievance for Barold. She treated the curate very well indeed. She seemed glad to see him; she was wholly at her ease with him, she made no trying remarks to him, she never stopped to fix her eyes upon him in that inexplicable style, and she did not laugh when there seemed nothing to laugh at. She was so gay and good-humored, that the Reverend Arthur Poppleton beamed and flourished under her treatment, and forgot to change color, and even ventured to talk a good deal and make divers quite presentable little jokes.

"I should like to know," thought Barold, growing sulkier as the others grew merrier. "I should like to know what she finds so interesting in him, and why she chooses to treat him better than she treats me—for she certainly does treat him better."

It was hardly fair, however, that he should complain; for, at times, he was treated extremely well: and his intimacy with Octavia progressed quite rapidly. Perhaps, if the truth were told, it was always himself who was the first means of checking it, by some suddenly prudent instinct which led him to feel that perhaps he was in rather a delicate position, and had better not indulge in too much of a good thing. He had not been an eligible and unimpeachably desirable *parti* for ten years, without acquiring that discretion which is said to be the better part of valor. The matter-of-fact air, with which Octavia accepted his attentions caused him to pull himself up sometimes. If he had been Brown, or Jones, or even Robinson, she could not have appeared to regard them as more entirely natural. When—he had gone so far, once or twice—he had deigned to make a more than usually agreeable speech to her, it was received with none of that charming sensitive tremor to which he was accustomed. Octavia neither blushed nor dropped her eyes.

It did not add to Barold's satisfaction to find her as cheerful and ready to be amused by a

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mild little curate, who blushed and stammered, and was neither brilliant, graceful nor distinguished. Could not Octavia see the wide difference between the two?

Regarding the matter in this light, and watching Octavia as she encouraged her visitor, and laughed at his jokes, and never once tripped him up by asking him a startling question, did not, as I have already said, improve Mr. Francis Barold's temper, and by the time his visit was over, he had lapsed into his coldest and most haughty manner. As soon as Miss Belinda entered, and engaged Mr. Poppleton for a moment, he rose and crossed the little room to Octavia's side.

"I must bid you good-afternoon," he said.

Octavia did not rise.

"Sit down a minute, while aunt Belinda is talking about red flannel, night-caps and lumbago," she said. "I wanted to ask you something. By the way, what *is* lumbago?"

"Is that what you wished to ask me?" he inquired, stiffly.

"No. I just thought of that. Have you ever had it, and what is it like? All the old people in Stowbridge have it, and they tell you all about it, when you go to see them. Aunt Belinda says so. What I wanted to ask you was different—"

"Possibly Miss Bassett might be able to tell you," he remarked.

"About the lumbago. Well, perhaps she might. I'll ask her. Do you think it bad taste in *me* to wear diamonds?"

She said this with the most delightful seriousness, fixing her eyes upon him with her very prettiest look of candid appeal, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that she should apply to him for information. He felt himself faltering again. How white that bit of forehead was. How soft that blonde, waving fringe of hair. What a lovely shape her eyes were, and how large and clear, as she raised them.

"Why do you ask *me*?" he inquired.

"Because I think you are an unprejudiced person. Lady Theobald is not. I have confidence in you. Tell me."

There was a slight pause.

"Really," he said, after it, "I can scarcely believe that my opinion can be of any value in your eyes. I am—can only tell you that it is hardly customary in—an—in England for young people to wear a profusion of ornament."

"I wonder if I wear a profusion."

"You don't need any," he condescended. "You are too young, and—all that sort of thing."

She glanced down at her slim, unringed hands for a moment, her expression quite thoughtful.

"Lucia and I almost quarrelled the other day," she said, "at least, I almost quarrelled. It isn't so nice to be told of things after all. I must say I don't like it as much as I thought I should."

He kept his seat longer than he had intended, and when he rose to go, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton was shaking hands with Miss Belinda, and so it fell out that they left the house together.

"You know Miss Octavia Bassett well, I suppose," remarked Barold, with condescension, as they passed through the gate. "You clergymen are fortunate fellows."

"I wish that others knew her as well, sir," said the little gentleman, kindling. "I wish they knew her—her generosity and kindness of heart and ready sympathy with misfortune!"

"Ah!" commented Mr. Barold, twisting his moustache with somewhat of an incredulous air. This was not at all the sort of thing he had expected to hear. For his own part it would not have occurred to him to suspect her of the possession of such desirable and orthodox qualities.

"There are those who—misunderstand her," cried the curate, warming with his subject, "who misunderstand, and—yes, and apply harsh terms to her innocent gaiety and freedom of speech; if they knew her as I do, they would cease to do so."

"I should scarcely have thought—" began Barold.

"There are many who scarcely think it—if you will pardon my interrupting you," said the curate. "I think they would scarcely believe it if I felt at liberty to tell them, which I regret to say I do not. I am almost breaking my word in saying what I cannot help saying to yourself. The poor under my care are better off since she came, and there are some who have seen her more than once, though she did not go as a teacher or to reprove them for faults, and her way of doing what she did was new to them, and perhaps much less serious than they were accustomed to, and they liked it all the better."

"Ah!" commented Barold, again. "Flannel under-garments, and—that sort of thing."

"No," with much spirit, "not at all, sir, but what, as I said, they liked much better. It is not often they meet a beautiful creature, who comes among them with open hands, and the natural, ungrudging way of giving which she has. Sometimes they are at a loss to understand, as well as the rest. They have been used to what is narrower and more—more exacting."

"They have been used to Lady Theobald," observed Barold, with a faint smile.

"It would not become me to—to mention Lady

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Theobald in any disparaging manner," replied the curate, "but the best and most charitable among us do not always carry out our good intentions in the best way. I daresay Lady Theobald would consider Miss Octavia Bassett too readily influenced, and too lavish."

"She is as generous with her money as with her diamonds, perhaps," said Barold. "Possibly the quality is peculiar to Nevada. We part here, Mr. Poppleton, I believe. Good-morning."

CHAPTER XX.

One morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham attired herself in her second best black silk, and leaving the Misses Burnham practising diligently, turned her steps towards Oldclough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing-room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and in a few minutes Lucia appeared.

When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she assumed a slight air of surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known you."

And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning-dress no longer wore the trademark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it a Watteau plait?—and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Bassett's dresses, only not so over-trimmed."

"I do not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed, if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia, bravely. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Stowbridge, that they seem so."

"And your hair?" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some style of hers, I suppose. Very becoming, indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?"

"I am not sure that—" Lucia was beginning, when her ladyship interrupted her by entering.

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just been complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress, and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experience, it appears. We have not been doing her justice. Who would have believed that she had come from Nevada to improve us?"

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, sonorously, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things. New fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefitted."

"If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and having bidden Mrs. Burnham good-morning, Lucia went.

If Mrs. Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident displeasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham; "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden party, when it comes off."

"To the garden party," repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden party in Stowbridge?"

"It is no one in Stowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Stowbridge—Mr. Burmistone, my dear Lady Theobald, at his new place."

"Mr. Burmistone!"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of it from Mr. Barold."

"Mr. Barold has not been to Oldclough for several days."

"Then he will tell you when he comes, for I suppose he has as much to do with it as Mr. Burmistone."

"I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmistone's class securing the services of persons of established position in society, when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed himself to be made a party to such a transaction."

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmistone is not such an obscure person after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors: he is quite a well-born

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man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne."

"Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her ladyship, sternly.

"Son of the Marquis of Lauderdale, whose wife was Lady Honora Erroll."

"Did Mr. Burmistone give you this information?" asked Lady Theobald, with ironic calmness.

Mrs. Burnham colored ever so faintly.

"I—that is to say—there is a sort of acquaintance between one of my maids and the butler at the Burmistone place, and when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and his father are quite fond of Mr. Burmistone, it is said."

"It seems rather singular to my mind that we should not have known of this before."

"But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the marquis. I think he is only a second or third cousin. We are a little—just a little—set in Stowbridge, you know, my dear—at least I have thought so, sometimes, lately."

"I must confess," remarked my lady, "that *I* have not regarded the matter in that light."

"That is because you have a better right to—to be a little set than the rest of us," amiably.

Lady Theobald did not disclaim the privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the visit, and incongruous as such a statement may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden parties and all such swervings from established Stowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that but for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmistone would not have been educated at Oxford, and have come off with honors, and proved to be related to respectable people, but would have remained in appropriate obscurity.

"I suppose," she said, afterwards, to Lucia, "that your friend, Miss Octavia Bassett, is in Mr. Burmistone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt *she* has known of this approaching entertainment for some weeks."

"I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was her granddaughter, and not Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmistone's confidence.

"Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?"

The same day, Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theobald heard all she wished to hear, and indeed a great deal more.

"What is this I am told of Mr. Burmistone, Francis?" she inquired. "That he intends to give a garden party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests, and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins."

"That Lansdowne has caused it to be circulated—or Burmistone?"

"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lansdowne—"

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his single glass dexterously in his right eye, and gazing at her ladyship through it. "Can't see why Lansdowne should object. Fact is, he is a great deal fonder of Burmistone than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore, but Lansdowne doesn't seem to. They were at school together, it seems, and at Oxford, too, and Burmistone is supposed to have behaved pretty well towards Lansdowne at one time, when he was rather a wild fellow—so the father and mother say. As to Burmistone's 'causing it to be circulated,' that sort of thing is rather absurd. The man isn't a cad, you know."

"Pray don't say 'you know,' Francis," said her ladyship. "I know very little but what I have chanced to see, and I must confess I have not been prepossessed in Mr. Burmistone's favor. Why did he not choose to inform us—"

"That he was Lord Lansdowne's second cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?" broke in Lucia, with very pretty spirit. "Would that have prepossessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account? I—I wish I was related to a marquis," which was very bold indeed.

"May I ask," said her ladyship, in her most monumental manner, "when *you* became Mr. Burmistone's champion?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN she had became Mr. Burmistone's champion, indeed! She could scarcely have told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed the date at the first time she had heard his name introduced at a high tea, with every politely opprobrious epithet affixed. She had defended herself in her own mind then, and felt sure that he deserved very little that was said against him,

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and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a mistake, and that he had been treated with cruel injustice. How kind he was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so blind, and stupid, and wilful as to assail him.

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now, when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that now and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times, and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero reassured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and showed him innocently all its goodness and ignorance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own simple readiness of wit and speech.

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when—when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. I never should think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must not encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did, she would choke over her soup."

Perhaps, when she dressed her hair, and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind my telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment?" said Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. "I thought I knew before how—"

"I don't mind at all," said Lucia, blushing brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that, too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner towards her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to her own desires. She had been taught to view herself as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with an individual who did not find her silly, or dull, or commonplace, was a new experience.

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once to Mr. Burmistone, "if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been clever."

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmistone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness' extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmistone's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would not go.

And it is very likely that Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whether it is true that Belinda Bassett—*Belinda Bassett*," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmistone to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply. "I think I advised it myself. Burmistone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

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"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, etc." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding, quietly: "He's not the man to submit to being refused—Burmistone."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her, with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly; and she detested this more than anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, dropping the eye-glass, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said.

Lucia glanced across at my lady.

"I—do not know. Grandmamma—"

"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons—" began her ladyship.

"Burmistone is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you."

When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the *fête*, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way of his."

Naturally, Mr. Burmistone's *fête* caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged, by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harriford for costumes for her daughters.

"Stowbridge is changing, mem," says Miss Chickie, with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies is led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or a flounce, mem?"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved.

"Will you be so glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be so glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you."

"I shall be sorry to leave you; and aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be very fond of Stowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one of 'the rest?'" he inquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual *hauteur* and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said.

"Oh! very much—very much—naturally," he replied, severely.

They were standing near a rose-bush, in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

"Well," she said, next, "I must say I think I shouldn't have had such a good time, if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier."

"I thank you," he remarked. "You are most kind."

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr. Burmistone, and Mr. Poppleton, have certainly made it livelier."

He went home in such a bad humor, that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner.

"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever—unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness, "that's rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada."

In fact, he was very savage indeed. He felt that he had condescended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analysing his motives and necessi-

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ties, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes, he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but often enough—in fact, rather too often—she had made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that all men were not to be regarded from the same standpoint. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and patriotic sentiment that an Englishman was not to be regarded from the same standpoint as an American, and that though all this sort of thing might do with fellows in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand. Perhaps, as I say, he had not put this sentiment into words; but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even was roused so far as to condescend to talk her over with Burmistone.

"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different creature."

"Very different, I have no doubt," said Burmistone, thoughtfully. "When you say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Gaston?"

"There is a medium," said Barold, loftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it."

"Well, as you say," commented Mr. Burmistone. "I suppose there *is* a medium."

"A charming wife *she* would make, for a man with a position to maintain," remarked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmistone. "That's true. I am afraid she wouldn't enjoy it—if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"Ah," exclaimed Barold, impatiently, "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmistone slipped his hands in his pockets, and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before, in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah, from his," he repeated, "not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold flushed a little, and took his cigar from his mouth to knock off the ashes.

"A man is not necessarily a snob," he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You can't marry a woman, who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmistone.

"She would do as she chose," said Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I was not referring to her in particular. Why should I?"

"Ah!" said Burmistone. "I only thought of her because it did not strike me that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered. She is not easily embarrassed. There is a *sang froid* about her which carries things off."

"Ah," deigned Barold, "she has *sang froid* enough and to spare."

He was silent for sometime afterwards, and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared.

"When the *fête* is over, my dear fellow," he said, "I must go back to London, and I shall be deucedly sorry to do it."

"Look here," said Burmistone, "that's a new idea, isn't it?"

"No—an old one, but I have been putting the thing off from day to day. By Jove! I did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here." And he laughed rather uneasily.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SAILS, WHITE SAILS.

BY MRS. E. M. WITHROW.

Sails, white sails, far out on the sea,
What do you bring of good fortune to me?
Gold, from mines that are dark and deep,
Where shadows of darkness forevermore creep?

Corals, red corals, from far-away strand;
Wonderful shells, from a tropical sand;
Birds, with gay plumage and silv'ry song,
To charm away care the summer day long.

Beautiful plants, in my garden to bloom,
Filling the air with their spicy perfume.
No! Bring the treasure I yearn for and pine,
The brave, brave heart that so long has been mine.

Bring me but this, and I ask for no more,
Rubies, nor gems from the Orient shore!
Sails, white sails, far out on the wave,
Bring back my true love—that only I crave.

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"NUMBER FORTY."

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

She was very pretty, with lovely, dark eyes, rose-leaf skin, and dimples, a flush like the sunset, that came and went on her cheek, and a shrinking look of modesty that could not seem to bear the glances of admiration, and the steady stares of impertinence so constantly encountered in her vocation.

Her fellow-clerks—"salesladies," they aspired to be called—bold, dressy, flirting misses, laughed at her, and said that she had no more style than a country cousin. She had, however, what they were devoid of—the refined instincts of a lady.

Yet she was only "No. 40," belonging to her employer, and expected to come when she was called, and do as she was bid. Even for this privilege she must be grateful; it was so hard to get anything to do, that standing from morning till night behind one of the counters at Graball's immense dry-goods establishment was a position sharply contended for.

"Thinkin' of *him?*" said a pert voice, close to her ear; and the speaker laughed loudly at the sudden start and quick blush which responded to her coarse query.

Little did she know, however, how closely her random shot had hit the mark. That morning, a voice, had caused "No. 40" to raise the white lids that seemed always folded over her eyes like the petals of a flower, to meet a gaze, kind, interested, but free from the slightest approach to anything offensive.

The color deepened in her cheek, and the lids fell again, as she took the sample of ribbon which the gentleman so politely asked her to match for him, wondering, at the same time, if it was for his mother, or sister, or a nearer one yet, and dearer one still than all other. Then she felt ashamed of her interest in a stranger, and blushed again; turning away suddenly in quest of the ribbon, and laying down a piece of pale pink to match the pattern of deep blue, which he had brought.

"Why, 'No. 40,' you've lost your head," said her nearest neighbor, in a loud whisper.

"Or her *heart*," giggled another.

The customer was not supposed to hear this by-play; but he did hear, and "No. 40" was sure that he did. She succeeded in matching the ribbon; but there were tears in her eyes, and a tremor in her voice, as she called the cash-boy, and it seemed to her as if she should fly from this hateful employment.

The other girls evidently liked the publicity of it—"excitement," they called it, and speculated constantly on their chances of marrying rich men, and driving in their own carriages; for not a year passed but that one or two of Graball's pretty clerks (he made a specialty of this,) were taken from the counter to luxurious homes.

No sooner had the gentleman departed, than "Madame," a wiry-looking little woman, with fierce black eyes, whose province it was to oversee the shop-girls, and report delinquencies, pounced on "No. 40," and mentally shook her within an inch of her life.

"I saw it all," she cried, vindictively, "such inexcusable stupidity!—insulting the gentleman by showing him pink for blue, as if he couldn't tell the difference. Do you know who he was, too? Young lawyer Gillerton, one of the most important men in the city. I have a great mind to discharge you, 'No. 40'—and I *will*, if you don't stop mooning, and attend to your duties better."

Lawyer Gillerton! If she had only known it, and had courage to speak to him! The very man who could help them get their rights, if any one could. And such a kind, handsome, *good* face, such a tall, manly figure, how she wished that she had not been so embarrassed. She wondered, too, if she would ever see him again.

And this was why she started and blushed so when pert Sallie Draper asked her if she was thinking of *him*.

"Here is your ribbon, Lil," said Mr. Gillerton to his sister, "it was sold to me by the prettiest and most lady-like girl I have ever seen behind a counter. Such a sweet, dimpling, blushing face."

"Oh, Arthur," remonstrated his sister, "that does not sound like you—to be talking of shop-girls. I can't bear them, with their mock jewelry, hair as though it had been dressed for a party, and pinched-in waists."

"This girl had none of those ornamental appendages," was the laughing reply, "and I thought her very much out of place in her present position. Some shifting turn of fortune has placed her there, as it might have placed you, Lil."

"I am sorry," said she, gently, "that I spoke so—but I never saw her, you know."

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"Little sister," said her brother, after a moment's pause, "will you do me a favor?"

"You know that I shall only be too glad to," was the reply, "as it is *you* who are always doing *me* favors. What is it, Arthur?"

"You will want more of that ribbon, I know, or of some other ribbon—go to Graball's to-morrow, and see 'No. 40'—that is what they called her—for yourself."

"Yes," said Miss Gillerton, bending her head to hide a smile, men were so comical, "and what am I to do, then?"

Her brother laughed. "You are not usually so dependent on instructions, Lil. Do anything that occurs to you—I can trust your impulses—only find out something about her."

Lilias Gillerton felt decidedly curious to see the face that had won Ivanhoe, for she believed it had come to this, as Arthur was not given to fancies; but she was a good sister, and quite willing to submit to the inevitable. Besides, there was a certain gentleman who came at least two evenings in the week, for the avowed purpose of seeing her—and other evenings, he dropped in possibly to see her brother.

The next day, Miss Gillerton went obediently to Graball's, and made her way to the ribbon counter—but surely, that bold-looking thing in charge was not Arthur's sweet, dimpling, blushing face! It certainly was not, for it was Sally Draper.

"'No. 40?' Oh! yes'm. 'No. 40' had sprained her ankle the evening before, and madame had sent word that she needn't come back—she made so many mistakes."

Sally gave her information with a strong feeling that it was very nice, and also very queer, for 'No. 40' to have an elegant-looking young lady inquiring about her—it wouldn't have been half so strange for a gentleman now, because she *was* pretty, say what you would.

"Well, her name was Dora Clode, and she lived way out on Baltimore Avenue, at the end of the car line—number 3521, the lady at the next counter said. Couldn't she show her some of these lovely shades of old gold and peacock blue?"

Miss Gillerton invested in the tempting ribbons quite to Sally's satisfaction; and then, feeling much in the spirit of an adventure, she took the cars for Baltimore Avenue, and in half an hour or so, found herself at a plain little house bearing the magical number 3521.

The tiniest of serving-maids, a young lady of apparently seven or eight summers, opened the door; and the visitor found herself in a small parlor that had an air of elegance about it, in which sat a particularly fine-looking elderly lady and a very pretty girl—evidently mother and daughter. The latter could scarcely be said to be sitting, as she was partly reclining on the sofa, and was unable to move when Miss Gillerton entered.

Both ladies gave her a polite greeting, without knowing who their visitor was; but Mrs. Clode, who was quite an invalid, and able only to do a little fine sewing like that in her hand, embroidering an elaborate initial on a handkerchief, concluded that some order of this kind had brought the young lady. The latter, meanwhile, scarcely knew what to say for herself; and her eyes were fastened on Dora's sweet face more intently than she was at all aware of. Nevertheless, she noticed on the mantel two fat, old-fashioned china vases that she would have given much to possess, (she was just getting the craze with a view to her future house), and a pair of massive silver candlesticks, with snuffers and tray, of the same date.

"My name is Gillerton," said the stranger, feeling like Norval on the Grampian hills, "Lilias Gillerton—and having heard of your accident, Miss Clode, at Graball's, I came to see if I could not be of some use to you." Then she hastily added, for fear of its sounding like charity: "You will get very tired of that sofa, you know, in the course of a week or two—and perhaps you will like some one near your own age to come in and talk, or read, to you."

"How very kind you are!" said Mrs. Clode, with tears in her eyes. This, she thought, was not like ordinary life—it was like things one reads about.

At the first mention of her visitor's name, Dora colored vividly. She wondered what it all meant, as she expressed some unintelligible thanks. Lilias did not wonder in the least at her brother's admiration, for she had fallen in love with the girl herself; and she saw at once that both mother and daughter were perfect ladies.

"Are you of the same family as lawyer Gillerton?" asked Mrs. Clode, presently, "I used to know him."

"He is my brother," was the reply; "but you probably refer, Mrs. Clode, to my father, who was also a lawyer."

"He is dead, then?" said the elder lady, with a sigh; "we were far away from the city for so many years, that almost every one forgot us; but I always felt sure that lawyer Gillerton had some papers that would put us in possession of some at least of our lost property—enough, perhaps, to keep my daughter from the humiliation of serving behind a counter."

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"But, mamma, dear," said Dora, with a bright smile, "you forget that the humiliation has been taken from me, whether I would or no—Graball discharges me, chiefly, I believe, for the wickedness of spraining my ankle."

"You never should have been there at all," replied Miss Gillerton, indignantly; "it was no place for you; and if you will kindly look upon me as a friend, I am very sure that I can do better than that. But the king will have his own again, for my brother will call and see you, Mrs. Clode, about those documents, if you will allow him that pleasure, and then there will be no need of doing anything."

Well satisfied with her day's work, the excellent sister took her departure; and Mrs. Clode and Dora were eloquent in her praises. The visit had done them both good; and under some circumstances a sprained ankle seemed by no means a bad thing to have.

Lawyer Gillerton looked quite business-like when he appeared with a green bag, and went over several very dry papers with Mrs. Clode; but Dora liked the sound of his voice even in reading these uninteresting documents. The rights of the widow and orphan were clearly proved, but to have them carried out was a work of time; and meanwhile, what were the two to depend upon for a support?

Lilias showed a most inventive genius in finding things for Dora to do—nice, little, lady-things, you know, just to make her feel independent until their affairs were settled; but for some reason, or other, her brother objected to them all, and would not allow them to be proposed.

"Now," said the young lady, after awhile, as she began to have her own suspicions, "you may just find something for yourself that will be worthy of offering to Miss Clode—I wash my hands of the undertaking."

"I will," was the resolute reply, as Mr. Gillerton took up his hat and went out.

It struck his sister like the response in the marriage service; and she was not *very* much surprised when she heard that Dora Clode had agreed to succeed her as Arthur's housekeeper. She had made only one objection: and that was, that the house happened to be NUMBER FORTY.

MY NEIGHBOR'S ROSE.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

FAIR roses from far countries
Around my portals twine;
Bright on their radiant faces
Caressing sunbeams shine.
But my neighbor, over yonder,
Has a fairer rose than mine.

I see his dainty cottage
Beyond my garden bowers.
High o'er it, tall and stately,
My shadowing mansion towers;
But my neighbor's Rose of roses
Is sweeter than my flowers.

'Tis Rose, his winsome daughter,
Blooming in that tiny place,
A simple, wildwood floweret,
With unaffected grace,
While the brightness of all roses
Seems shining in her face.

I watch her from my casement,
As her light step comes and goes;
I listen to the music
That from her young lips flows,
And I covet from my neighbor
His peerless, priceless Rose.

I wonder, if, transplanted
From her simple home to mine,
She would thrive, the same sweet blossom,
O'er my lonely life to shine;
Or like wildwood flowers transplanted,
In my shadow droop and pine.

I have another neighbor—
A lady, proud as fair.
A ransom for a duchess
Oft gleams within her hair,
And of many broad, green acres
She is the only heir.

All high-born gifts and graces
In her fair self combine.
She is courted in the ball-room,
And toasted at the wine;
Yet methinks her smile is gracious,
When her soft hand touches mine.

I wonder, if I sought her,
Could I woo her to my side?
O'er my table at the banquet,
Like a queen she would preside,
And the world would nod approval,
Should I win her for my bride.

But her cold, calm smile reminds me
Of moonlight upon snow.
A tall and glittering ice-berg,
She moves so proud and slow.
I fear my heart would wither,
Within the icy glow.

This eve I'll go a-wooing,
When soft the shadows fall.
Not my Lady, cold and haughty,
In her ancestral hall,
But my neighbor's Rose of roses,
Beyond the garden wall.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 311.

CHAPTER XI.

An emigrant ship was lying at her dock in Liverpool. The wharf was not yet entirely cleared of sea-chests and boxes, though they were rapidly disappearing. The decks were still heaped with luggage of all kinds.

On the edge of this chaotic scene, sat the young girl Myra, with Dosy clasped in her arms, watching the wharf, full of trouble and nervous anxiety; for the poor girl could not feel quite safe, until that heavy bridge of planks was lifted, and deep water ran between ship and shore.

At last, she gave a great sigh of relief, for the plank was being hauled in.

"We are moving—we are safe!" she cried.

Then she drew a sharp breath, and reeled back, as if some one had struck her a blow. There on the wharf, with one foot advanced, as he had halted, close up to the water, she saw her step-father, Henry Prime.

He turned, and spoke to a man on the wharf, pointing downward to a boat fastened to the timbers. The old sailor gave a glance at the unfurling sails, a hitch to his shoulders and hips, that comes to a seaman of the old time naturally as shrugs to a Frenchman, and shook his head, with a derisive laugh. Then Myra saw that wind and space had so befriended her, that she need fear nothing, and a feeling of saucy triumph arose out of the panic that had held her for a moment. Her eyes flashed, her lips curved, and in the audacity of her courage, she lifted a hand to her mouth, and flung a farewell kiss upon the wind that was bearing her out of his reach.

Then she saw him draw back, clench his hand, in impotent fury, and knew that he was hurling curses after her and the child.

Myra sat on deck, as long as she could see her enemy standing there, chained, as it seemed, upon the wharf, with no hope save in retreat.

"It is a good omen," she said to Dosy. "The wind has befriended us, the sea has befriended us. Another half hour, and I should have felt the grasp of his hand on my shoulder. Kiss me, darling, and say you are glad."

She felt now that Dosy was all her own. That thought swelled her heart with a great triumph. What had she to fear, with all that waste of water heaving between her and the enemies she had dreaded?

Still it was very dark and dreary when she went down to the steerage, and sought out the berth in which she and the little one were to sleep, during a long sea voyage—a low, narrow hole. But Myra had all the endurance of habit, and the courage of youth. She knew how to win comfort out of a little, and soon built a cosy little nest out of her belongings, that Dosy slept in like a newly fledged bird.

That was all the girl cared for. She had walked the streets of London through fog and rain too long and too often for much thought of her own comfort. Besides, there was a sense of companionship and protection among so many people, that made the steerage more like home to her than her mother's dwelling had ever been. Her nature was full of capacity for loving, and responded to the need of help that surrounded her on all sides, with generous enthusiasm, and assistance.

Thus recognized as a friend in need, and full of kindly impulses, Myra entered into the humanity that surrounded her. What was the noise and bustle of that steerage, even on the first night, when it was like a hive of bees, swarming, to the streets of a great city as she had often seen them, haunted by homeless wanderers, trembling with cold and gaunt with hunger?—sinful creatures, perhaps, forsaken of the power which even sin gives, and so grown up to keener suffering than the merely unfortunate can ever know.

Among all these, Myra was among the most cheerful, and the most efficient. Her young voice rose over that rude confusion of sounds like the first chirp of birds in the morning. She soothed some of the children, gave kindly help to the old people, and crept into her berth, late at night, with a warmer glow at heart than she had felt for days and weeks.

Myra awoke, the next morning, free from the great terror that had pursued her so long. The little creature, whom she had stolen in a wild

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impulse of love, was kissing her when she awoke, and this dulled a conscience that had not yet learned to link itself with reason. For that child she would at any time have given up her own life—what more could any human being ask than that?

It is not strange that a fine character had been dwarfed and distorted in the life misfortune had forced upon this girl, and that to her, human love was beyond all things the most precious. Without the little one, she would have been miserable; with her, a great sense of happiness swelled her heart.

In all that crowd which she looked down upon, from her berth, there was not a dozen human beings that had not some one from whom love and care might be expected. Mothers, though herded together with their little ones, like cattle in a pen, can always find the happiness of companionship in the motherhood of sister women; but Myra had no such claim among them. Her child was the outgrowth of a theft. The kisses that thrilled her heart in its sleep were stolen from a mother who was, perhaps, breaking her heart over the loss of them.

The girl felt this somewhat, without understanding the root of evil that must forever embitter the caresses she sought, and turn the great longing of her life into seasons of anguish. If she had done wrong in seizing upon this one object of desire, she would make up for it by kindness to the mothers around her. They were rude, untidy, rough, but just as capable of love for their offspring as the great lady her art had despoiled; if she could save one of these children from sickness or some great harm, there must be atonement in it.

Filled with such thoughts as these, Myra looked down on a scene that might have discouraged the best hopes of an older person. The steerage was already a scene of dire commotion. Half-dressed children and scolding women were struggling for place in the dim light. Selfishness in many forms was rampant among them, disputes raged, and even patient matrons became clamorous under oppression.

Among these, Myra saw the young mother who had befriended her on her way to Southampton. A coarse, hard-faced woman, contesting the space occupied by her children, was driving her back, with fierce gestures and abusive words.

Myra, who had been dressing herself with great difficulty behind the checked curtains of her berth, leaped from it, and stood, in the full blaze of a passion fiery as her own, before the virago.

"It is her right. Stand back, woman. The children shall not move an inch."

The woman stared at this slender young creature, in blank amazement. The grand passion in her eyes, the masses of black hair—half-arranged, but all the more picturesque from its disorder—above all, the wild grace of person, half-savage, like that of an Indian maiden, checked the evil breath on the creature's lips; a dull sense of the beautiful had reached even her stolid intelligence; her hand relaxed, her coarse mouth broadened into a jeering smile, and she said:

"Hoity-toity, what have we here?"

"Only this," answered Myra, and a smile answering to the altered aspect of the woman softened the fire in her eyes, "only this: she is my friend—a good friend who has been kind to me—put me where you like; but she must have room for the young ones, and be left in peace. Give her that, and I will do anything for you."

"That is fair, Mrs. Collagon, and the young crather means it—ivery word. We'll all be bound for her in that," interposed some of the other women; for these two had become the centre of observation. "Why it was only the last night, she helped yez undress the children, and I'll be bound she'll be giving 'em their sup of poorage with her own hands, if yez can manage ter keep a civil tongue in yer head."

"Which I can, now that some of yez has the since to rason the matter out. There's me hand on it. Nobody can say as I wasn't ales amanable to rason."

Myra allowed her slender hand to be crushed in the big-jointed fingers of her antagonist, who directly assumed the position of protector to the little group that had shrunk from her angry assault, a moment before.

In this way, that poor girl set forth on a voyage that was more perilous than she knew of. Indeed, when she went on board that vessel, it was like taking a plunge into eternity. Still she had a vague conviction that wherever she went, a great and living God was in all places and in all time.

This much the girl remembered out of her father's teaching. It was all she knew of religion—all the faith she had; but through the dearth and drudgery of her sad experience, that one element of good was rooted in her life, as the most delicate flower will thrive and grow beautiful in soil repulsive in itself, but out of which the alchemy of nature produces exquisite perfume and perfect loveliness.

CHAPTER XII.

The John Marshall had reached mid-ocean. Of late, she had experieneed some rough

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weather, which was now mustering into a storm. Wild drifts of lead-colored clouds swept the heavens; huge waves, blacker than the clouds, heaved and rolled up from the turbulent depths, among which the vessel went reeling like a monster out of breath. Seamen moved across the deck unsteadily, and looked abroad often, pale with apprehension. When the cabin passengers questioned them, they gave sharp answers; and if pressed by men who were becoming more and more anxious, went away, avoiding them as kind physicians turn their faces from dying men who ask about their chances of life.

At first, the crowd from the steerage swarmed up into the storm, watching its progress with terror in their eyes, and asking a thousand questions that no sailor paused to hear. But the fierce winds and dashing spray drove them back again, one by one.

Still the storm darkened and grew. Fierce winds seized upon the clouds, heaping them in black masses, tearing them apart, and hurling them across the yawning depths like ghosts wrangling, with moans and shrieks, over their own palls and shrouds.

The passengers became more and more terror-stricken; cries of distress and hoarse sounds of prayer came up from the steerage, crowded now, for all emigrants were ordered from the deck, across which great waves were sweeping. The ablest seamen staggered like drunken creatures as they toiled at the ropes. Still the storm rose, swelled, and became furious, promising no abatement. The hatches were closed, and all those panic-stricken souls were huddled together in the awful darkness, listening to the fierce rush of waves and the hurtle of winds, through which the shrill trumpet of the commander rose like a call to judgment.

Most of these poor creatures lay prostrate, moaning out prayers. Children, so frightened that they could not cry, clung to their parents. Old people crouched together, mute and cold with dread. The ship, trembling in all her timbers, plunged and shrieked like a human creature, tortured beyond bearing.

All this was in darkness; for night had closed down upon the ship, and her very spars were swathed in clouds. Still, now and then, a rope was seen, and a faint light gleamed, appalling in its ghostliness. The utter blackness of the steerage was better than that, for the terror-stricken faces were hid from each other, and half the deathly horror in them lost. Buried down in the very bosom of the waters, husbands and wives could only feel each other's cold hands, and hear a terrible commingling of fierce winds, groaning timbers and hoarse prayers, each sound laden with gloom.

In one corner, Myra cowered with little Dosy in her arms, cold, shivering, wild with excitement that was not all terror. The friend she had made sat close by her, striving to calm her children with words that came, like hailstones, through her chattering teeth. When the vessel reeled under the buffet of a wave or plunged into some yawning gulf, these poor creatures would clasp hands, cold as ice, and thus pledge themselves to go down together. No words were spoken between them—what could be said? If either of them prayed, it was with trembling lips that gave forth no sound.

Still the storm raged on, louder, fiercer, and with more demoniac force. A new sound broke through its horrors. The gurgling of water underneath—the grinding of pumps, worked in fierce desperation. Then came an awful crash, as if a thunder-bolt had broken on the deck. The vessel rolled to one side, heaping those terrified creatures together in one struggling mass. Then came a sound of axes crashing through timber, a great crash, and the sweeping noise of ropes breaking, and sails dragging the vessel down, lower and lower. Then a sudden reaction. Like a wounded thing, leaping back from a blow, and groaning with the pain of it, the great hulk righted itself, and rested for one instant in a hollow of the sea, quivering and almost still—only for an instant—for the next it rose again on the great upheaval of a wave, and plunged forward, racked in all its timbers, and groaning like an agonized giant.

All at once the hatchways were lifted, gleams of light fell through, and men who had been prisoners in the bowels of the sea, during twelve hours, facing death each moment, rushed on deck. The men had dropped away from the pumps exhausted and in despair. The strength of fresh men might keep the wreck afloat some hours or moments longer—that was all that could be hoped for; in the meantime help might come.

The men fell to work. It was a forlorn hope, but anything was better than the awful darkness from which they had been relieved.

Myra came up with the women, holding fast to the child, pale and troubled for her; but aroused to something like an ecstacy of defiance by the fierce battle of elements that surrounded her. She looked abroad, lifted above all ideas of the awful danger she was in. Her eyes shone, her lips parted. She held out her arms to the storm as if challenging it. All the enthusiasm of a daring and rudely poetic nature was aroused

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within her. She lifted the child in her arms, and held her up as if she, too, could feel its grandeur, and share this new emotion, which seemed to drift her out upon the storm as she had seen petrels bathe their wings now in the salt waves, now in the clouds.

But Dosy was afraid, and buried her face in the bosom of her friend, shaking all over with dread.

Then Myra remembered all at once that there was danger to the child. She had stolen her while at play on the sands, and brought her there to die.

This thought struck all the wild enthusiasm out of her being, and left it cold as ice. She turned to the woman who had been her friend a face that had grown craven with fear in a single minute, and made an effort to speak.

"Must she die? Oh, woman, woman, help me to save *her!*"

The woman turned away, cowered down among her own children, and held them close.

"She is but one, and I have these!" she said, with a look of piteous appeal.

A smile curled Myra's lips.

"You say this? You even her life with theirs?"

"Besides, their father is waiting for them," answered the mother, "waiting for them over yonder. Perhaps God will be merciful, and save us all."

Myra sank down upon the deck, with both arms around Dosy, and bowed her face down on the little one's shoulder.

"God may think of you, because you are the children's mother. Oh, me! What am I?"

There, in the beat and fury of the storm, the poor girl shrunk and trembled under a sense of the wrong she had done.

"What if I had brought her here to die?" she thought. "I, who had no right to her—I, who love her so!"

The woman saw her anguish, and strove to comfort her, and Dosy pressed her face down to that drooping head, and kissed the hand that covered it.

"Don't, don't! You kill me with your kisses. I stole them—I stole them!"

The woman did not hear these passionate words; for the wind swept them off, and Dosy could not understand their meaning. She only felt herself repulsed, and began to cry, piteously.

"Don't cry, don't cry! There is no need that you should fret. Has no one ever told you that God loves little children, and the gates of heaven are always open to them? It is I—I, who must weep and moan, and stay outside, to be tossed in storms like this forever and ever. I, who must suffer everything, because the angels will have you all to themselves."

While she spoke, a great wave rushed over the deck, almost sweeping her away. The woman who had kept close to her was thrown prostrate, and struggled to her feet, dragging one child after her, and throwing out her hand in a blind search for the other.

"Where is she? Oh, Father of Mercies, where is she?" cried the distracted creature, throwing back the wet hair from her face, and dashing the salt water from her eyes. "I had two—see, see! now there is but one!"

She looked about, white and fierce, waited a minute, then plunged forward, seized with a mad desire to plunge after the wave, that, in a single moment, had robbed her of half her soul; but Myra sprang forward, and held her back.

"That would be murder!" she said.

The woman turned her woful face, sobbing out the words she could not speak.

"Is she gone—oh, tell me, is she gone? I saw a gleam of hair in the green waters, but that could not have been her. It takes longer than that to tear a babe from the bosom of its mother."

Myra did not answer; indeed she could not hear anything, except that the bereaved woman was trying to speak; for another wave was upon them, and in its rush of waters came something that drove the woman mad. She plunged forward, reeled, staggered, and was thrown back on the very edge of the deck, where a fragment of the torn bulwarks had saved her from death—saved her and the child that had been swept overboard, and thrown back amid the struggling waters, like a flower tossed by the wind.

Myra rushed down the slippery deck, dragged the woman up to the broken masts, and strove to warm the child to life against her own bosom; for the mother was chilled to the heart, and lay shivering, with sobs of thankfulness coming and going in throes from her lips.

There the little group sheltered itself, and waited with the tempest beating over them, and the awful waters gurgling through the wrenched timbers that trembled beneath their feet—waited for death; for what else could be for them? Others had strong men ready to give help: friends, husbands, brothers to stand between them and death; but they were women and helpless, with little children, one almost dead, clinging to them. What chance would they have in the boats those despairing sailors were striving to launch?

These two were very still now. The apathy of despair was upon them. They saw boats and

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rafts lowered, men and women struggling, pleading, fighting for places in them like wild beasts, madly striving to escape from each other. Some leaped from the reeling deck, some pushed those who preceded them overboard, and a few gave way for the old and feeble, but no one regarded that miserable group that cowered by the splintered masts, clinging to each other in mute despair.

They saw all this tumult dumbly, like dreaming creatures. They heard the sound of hammers and the crash of axes; but were scarcely conscious that men were hurriedly building rafts, lashing furniture into masses, and preparing in desperate haste to leave a wreck that might go down any moment.

The captain, a brave man, came by, pale, but with a look of steadfast courage in his eyes. "What, sitting here, and the last boat lowered? Make haste—give the children to me. Come, come—a moment may be too late!"

Myra struggled to her feet.

"Her children—see to them!" she said. "I can take care of mine, but she is weak. The waves have almost carried her off. I am ready to follow."

The girl had resumed all her courage. She stood up with Dosy in her arms, facing the storm, which was whistling fiercely through the loose masses of her hair, wrapping the wet garments about her limbs, and shivering the child through and through with cold.

"No, no," she repeated, as the captain would have taken the trembling little creature from her arms, "let them go first. We are but one; nothing shall part us. Let them go first."

The last boat, dangerously full already, was rocking and plunging beneath the wreck, like some snared creature, maddened by the chains that held it under the lashing of the storm. A crowd of deadly white faces looked upward when two more females appeared, eager hands were outstretched to receive the children and the mother, who groped her way among them, trembling and almost blind with terror. But Myra came down bravely, holding the child in her arms, and sat down, with the rest, waiting for the death that seemed inevitable.

"Push off, push off! For God's sake, fall to your oars, or you will go down with us," cried the brave captain, warning them with a desperate sweep of the arms.

Death was on either side. The vortex in which the vessel would go down, the awful waves, beyond, leaping and roaring around them; but men who toil for life, work hard. Through the surging waters, in the teeth of the wind that boat was pushed almost by superhuman strength, and the white faces looking out through that blinding spray saw men pushing the half-completed rafts from the wreck, while some lashed themselves to the timbers, and others leaped into the boiling caldron of the ocean, in a mad struggle for life. All but one. He stood upright while the planks were torn apart and left great chasms under his feet, and neither moved nor uttered a cry. When the great, torn hulk was lifted up and up, between the blackness of the clouds and the rage of the ocean, held there for one awful moment, then, bow foremost, plunged into the black abysses of the deep, that man went down with his vessel.

All this was seen by the persons crowded into that boat, seen through mists of spray, and the dusk of coming night.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Too late by ten minutes! That's just my luck!" exclaimed the man, Prime, as he fell back from his position on the wharf, and waved his hand for the benefit of the bystanders, as if he were taking a graceful adieu of some dear friend on board the John Marshall. "Baffled and put about by a chit of a girl, that I've pampered, fed and dressed like a princess—in short, been a father to. There she goes, absolutely making fun of me—her guardian, her benefactor, her—by Jove, I could wring her neck with satisfaction!"

Prime worked his fingers eagerly, as if he were enjoying this idea of strangulation with wonderful zest, until the ship glided on and on, bearing the young creature he would gladly have practiced upon out of sight. Even then he remained on the wharf, muttering his discontent in broken fragments, half thought, half speech; sometimes he spoke aloud, cursing the girl between his shut teeth; then you could only grasp at the bitterness within by the evil gleam of his eyes.

"Oh, the cruelty of these young is disgusting! There she goes, without a thought of that poor lady, sitting there like the women in the Scriptures, waiting for some one to comfort them, poor souls! That unhappy father, too, ready to plank down his thousands for a sight of his child, and all my efforts to lay her in his bosom thrown away. Poor father, sweet, miserable mother! my heart aches for you!"

Here Prime took out his handkerchief, and raised it to his eyes, actually filling with tears of pity for the bereaved parents, or in commiseration of his own disappointment. It would take a learned student of human nature to decide which.

But a sudden thought seized him, when the handkerchief was half way to his eyes, and

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eagerly thrusting it back into his pocket, he resumed the old jaunty air again.

"The steamer—by Jove! I had forgotten the steamer. That will reach New York first, and give me a week to get ready in. Aha! Things are not so bad, after all! How the black-eyed imp will stare when she sees me waiting for her. But the money?"

Here Prime fell into tribulation again, and left the wharf with a downcast countenance. Where was he to get the money, without which both the girl and child would escape him? As usual, his ragged pockets were empty. He had no friends, who had not already been victimized, over and over again, and now the poor earnings of his stepdaughter were withdrawn, leaving him penniless. These reflections haunted the man all the way back to his shabby home on the Isle of Wight.

The wife, hanging about the door, as was her habit, saw her husband approaching the gatehouse, alone, and knew that he had failed to capture the poor girl, who had fled from that house in mortal terror. This certainly filled her with cowardly fear; she withdrew indoors, and made futile efforts to arrange her dress, tie the broken laces of her shoes, and appease him with a more comely presence than he had reason to expect; but her hands shook as she attempted to tuck the stray locks under her cap, and the treacherous shoe-laces broke again and again under the nervous jerks of her fingers.

"So here you are, just the same as ever, fidgeting before the glass, and giving your clothes a hitch. I tell you it's of no use. I ain't to be caught with chaff like that. Women that are worth looking at don't have to run like hares when a gentleman comes home, and expects his wife to look worthy of him."

"You are out of sorts, my Henry. I knew it by the way you carried yourself coming along," pleaded the harassed woman, taking half-a-dozen pins from her mouth, with which she had hoped to conceal the dilapidation of her dress. "That girl of mine has got away, and you mean to make me suffer for it. But tell me, now, am I to blame?"

"Yes, confoundedly to blame for being the mother of a born imp like her. Why, woman, do you know that she is off for America?"

"America!"

"Just that. She and the child that would have been worth its weight in gold to us."

"America. But how?"

"In a ship. How else could she go?"

"But that needs money—how did she get it?"

"I only wish some one would tell me. I would make a dash for the same place, and follow her, though she got it from the evil one."

"She had nothing—not a shilling," answered the woman, thoughtfully. "I know that!"

"Know it! I say, woman, I'm beginning to think that there's very little knowledge you ever had about the girl. She's been a good deal too sharp for both of us."

"Gone off to sea! I wouldn't have thought it," murmured the woman, bewildered by the strange news. "On the deep sea!"

A tone of motherly regret was in the woman's voice; for the sea was like eternity to her. Prime detected the latent feeling, and answered it with a sneer.

"Did you expect her to go by land? If she could have done that, you would not have seen me here, alone. I tell you, woman, unless I can get money to follow her, she has dragged a fortune out of my pocket."

"Money—money!" repeated the woman, settling her cap in a bewildered way. "Oh! if any of mine were left, how glad I would be to give it to you."

"Give it to me!" answered Prime, flushing red. "As if it wouldn't have been mine, any how. If you can't stop nagging about that, we may as well stop talking."

"But I was trying to think, Henry."

"Don't try. The effort would be too much."

"As she has taken that rich man's child with her, why not get money from him?"

"Money from him? How?"

"Tell him the truth."

"I'm afraid that I shouldn't know how."

"Tell him that a person you know of has stolen his child, and is carrying her beyond seas, and you want money to bring her back—just a part of the reward."

"By Jove that is an idea! How came you by it?"

The wife's face brightened; she took these rude words as a compliment.

"Oh! I am always thinking how I can help you to get on."

"And you would have me denounce your own daughter?"

"No—no! Why should you? That grand gentleman will be so glad to get back his little girl, that he won't think of punishing any one. Besides, he doesn't offer a reward for any one but the lost child. Why couldn't you take that, and let Myra stay at home? You don't know how I miss her about the housework. It comes hard to me, I can tell you."

"That might be done," said Prime, moving up and down the room, and resolving the matter in his mind. "In fact, there is no other way—"

"But you will not hurt Myra."

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"No, my dear. I'll let that young angel severely alone. "All I want is the little one; there's thousands in her; nothing in the other."

"But you will let her come home—oh, Henry, she's so useful!"

Prime did not seem to hear her, but took off his hat, which was usually worn on one side of the head, and drew it down till it shaded his face somewhat, greatly changing his appearance.

"Now," he said, peering into the glass his wife had just abandoned, "I'll try if that idea of yours can be worked out. If it can, old woman, no one shall say, after this, that my wife isn't a trump."

"And no one can say that I haven't got the finest gentleman in all England for a husband," replied the woman, following him to the door, and gazing after him with admiring eyes, as he walked down the highway with his old, swinging gait, and disappeared on the road to Ventnor. Then she went back into the house, with some misgiving, and sat down to reflect on what she had done. Feelings of maternal tenderness that seemed almost dead rose and swelled in her heart, as she thought of her first child, on the ocean, going to a country vague to her almost as eternity. What if Prime, even after getting money for the voyage, should fail to bring her back? What if the bright, black-eyed girl she had once loved so dearly were lost to her forever? In a few minutes that little room was full of the mother's sobs.

CHAPTER XIV.

Half-a-mile from Ventnor, looking upon the sea, stood a pretty cottage, with grounds that might have belonged to a villa, and shrubbery that seemed to thrive and take a greener richness from the soft sea air that stirred it tenderly, as winds from the Mediteranean fan all beautiful trees and shrubs into blossom, while storms sweep them away from other coasts.

Asher Vance had rented this cottage for the season. Its walls clad with glistening ivy, its oriels and bay windows bright with roses and white jessamine flowers. The pretty lawn, sloping in velvet greenness down to the verge of the sea, formed a charming nest to which he brought his loved ones, for some weeks of bathing, boating, and such amusements as the sea affords to those who love it. But the gloom of a funeral had fallen on this house. To those bereaved parents, it had become the centre of desolation. To them, the lawn, the blossoming flower nooks, the little yacht, with paper sails and silken cordages, that lay stranded on the rocks, were all sources of anguish unutterable; for they had become a part of the child's life, and she was gone.

Yet they could not leave the place. Any day, Dora might be heard of in the neighborhood where she was lost, either from the police or detectives, all stimulated to exertion by lavish pay, the country people who lived along the coast, or, alas! the sea might some time give up its dead, in answer to the agony of that young mother's prayer; for, never since the women of old lamented over their slain children, had a mother grieved so deeply for the loss of her little one.

All that day, this poor lady had been wearing out the strength of her body, that fatigue might deaden the anguish of her soul.

She could not stay within doors, after her husband had gone forth for another day of anxious, now almost hopeless, search. How could she linger in the rooms that had so lately echoed with the child's gleeful laugh, or turn her eyes on the lawn she had raced over, the thickets among which she had played hide-and-seek?

No, no, all these things were a pain. The woman hurried through them, with averted eyes. The broad sea was before her—the cruel, beautiful sea. While her husband searched the earth, refusing to believe that his child was dead, she had only to watch those waters, and with the miserable hope that they might give back the dead to her arms—soften the hard agony of her loss.

Down among the rocks she went, pacing to and fro till the tide rose. Then she seated herself, locked both white hands around her knees, and with wild, keen glances watched each wave as it heaved in, tossing wreaths of foam at her feet, but nothing more terrible than froth that melted away. Still she watched, dreading the thing that might come next—dreading, yet thrilled with a shrinking hope that was worse than pain.

The woman started, and clasping her hands more tightly, leaned forward. Something there was, weltering through the crystaline green of a great wave, that held the breath cold on her lips. Nearer and nearer it came, and was shattered on the rocks like an emerald wall, hurling that object of dread almost to her feet. She drew back, lifting her clasped hands upward. Then her face fell down upon her knees, and she began to sob. It was not the thing she dreaded. A block of carved wood from some wreck, to which barnacles were clinging like jewels, tangled up with a mass of seaweed, yellow green from the deep, had shocked her with apprehension.

At nightfall Mrs. Vance returned toward her

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home very slowly, for she was worn out, body and soul—the one by toiling hour after hour among the rocks, the other by those few moments of suffering in which suspense became agony. She found Vance sitting in the stillness of the parlor, with both arms flung upon the table, on which his head rested, in utter despondency. He looked up, as she came in, and both made a heart-broken effort to smile, when she stooped down to kiss him. Drawing back, she looked into his eyes with an expression more touching than words could have been.

He shook his head sadly enough.

"Nothing—nothing as yet. To-morrow we may have better success."

The lady sighed heavily. She was growing thin. All the rich color had left her cheeks. Her sweet mouth was drawn, and all its dimples had vanished. Her husband saw this, and his eyes filled with gloom.

"This is terrible," he said. "You are mourning as if our child were gone forever."

Mrs. Vance made a gesture of dissent, and tried to smile, but instead of that her eyes filled with tears.

"You remember what she said, that last day, in the boat?"

"Yes," answered the husband. "It was strange talk for a child; but our Dora never was like other little folks."

"What is that?" questioned the lady, listening. What is that? "It frightens me when the bell rings."

"It may be news!" answered Vance, rising to his feet, and looking anxiously toward the door. Mrs. Vance, too, arose. Both were trembling.

"Yes, young man. It is Mr. Vance himself that I wish to see on important business—very important business. Card, did you say? Dear me, I haven't one about me—say that it is Mr. Prime. He may not recognize the name, not being a landholder on the island himself, but—"

Here the parlor door opened, and Mr. Vance stood in the opening, looking eager and very pale.

"This way—this way, if you have business with me—important business, I heard you say. Is it about my child?"

Henry Prime stepped forward, lifted the hat from his head, and made an elaborate bow, which he repeated on seeing Mrs. Vance, who stood a little behind her husband.

"Yes, sir. I may have said business, to the servant who let me into this hospitable mansion, but among gentlemen of position privacy is desirable of course. I do not include this fair lady; but until your man has withdrawn, excuse me if I decline to give particulars."

As he spoke, Prime edged his way into the parlor, where he stood, hat in hand, rather desirous of placing his pompous person in full view, especially as he felt the eyes of Mrs. Vance turned upon him, full of wild and eager questioning.

"Now, sir," said Vance, closing the door, "now we are alone; tell me—tell this lady if you have brought news of our lost child."

Prime placed his hat on the table, thrust one hand into his bosom, and drew forth a handkerchief, which he quietly shook out of fold. He was master of the situation, and determined to make the most of it.

"Mr. Vance, and you madam," he commenced to say, with a graceful sweep of the hand, as he turned to the pallid woman—"ha! upon my word, sir, I fear the lady has fainted."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITTER-SWEET.

BY EMMA LINN.

I HEARD, a year ago this very day,
A meadow-lark's sweet carol; 'twas the first
That on my longing, listening ear had burst,
The prelude and the promise of the May.

The joyous herald of the tardy spring,
Trilling the opening anthem of the year,
Over whose threshold without doubt or fear
My footsteps were already hastening.

I deemed it a good omen, that my year
Should open with a bird-song; all the sky
Was blue with spring; soft winds went wandering by,
And the glad voice of waters charmed the ear.

I said, "As is the day the year shall be,
My summer shall be crowned with fairest flowers;
And the warm sunshine of her languid hours,
Shall ripen all delicious fruits for me."

The year is past, and what hath been its story?
The sweet fulfilment of that prophecy?
Days, weeks, and months whose faintest memory
To me is hallowed with a golden glory?

Nay, with false hopes I did myself but cheat,
And for the memories of those vanished days,
Which should have been to me a chant of praise,
I write them all in one word—"bitter-sweet."

In rosy light comes up the morning clear.
The winter dies in weariness and pain,
And the fair spring-time brings to me again,
The golden dawning of another year.

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY MISS E. C. STRANG.

It was diamond cut diamond with them, and had been from the beginning. She was apparently cold and brilliant, and he brilliant and cold. But underneath the dazzling exterior of both, underneath the sparkling mask of ice and frost-work, beat hearts of passionate fire and love, like slumbering volcanoes, held in check by a powerful will.

They were spending the summer, in a lovely little village, nestled among the western hills; and every day Will Stanley and Maudie Montford met, as a matter of course. He was so courtly and gracious, she so courteous and graceful. Somebody had told him, that she was a coquette; and somebody had told her, that he was that most detestable of *all* things, a male flirt.

"I will teach him a lesson," she had said. "I will meet him with his own weapons." And he had soliloquized, "I will teach her something new; I will show her that she can not bring all men to her feet."

Neither stopped to reflect how dangerous it was to play with fire, nor how slippery the ground they were treading upon. So, when they met, for the first time, Maud Montford was as usual the cynosure of all eyes, and Will Stanley the target for female arrows.

Maud was dressed in some thin summery white stuff, looking ethereal and beautiful as ever; but, oh, so cold and brilliant!

"Worse than an iceberg," Mr. Stanley said, as he watched her glide across the room.

"I wish I had never met him," Miss Montford was thinking. "He has no heart, and I—"

But she was smiling, and chatting, and coquetting with Mr. Carrol, as if he was the only man in the room—or the world, for that matter. Mr. Carrol was, in consequence, elevated to the seventh heaven. He led her to the piano, and turned her music for her; and she let him fan her, and flirted with him, under cover of the music.

All the while, Mr. Stanley was eating his heart out, with jealous envy; and to hide the pain, and keep up the delusion, was laughing and flirting with Lida Loss, the great heiress, who had more beauty than brains, and more fine feathers than accomplishments, or common-sense. And Miss Montford could see it all, and felt a sharp pain, to think that Will Stanley was like all the rest, and never in earnest, only where dollars and cents were concerned.

"I shall hate him, by and bye," she thought, sharply striking the slender, ivory handle of her fan against the window casement, where she stood, for a moment, alone; and she struck it it with such force as to break it.

"There, you have broken your fan, Miss Montford. Let me see if I can mend it," said Mr. Stanley, as he came up, at that moment.

"No, thanks, it is of no account," she replied. Nevertheless, he took the fan from her, and began to examine the injury.

"Did you imagine it was Carrol, whom you were maltreating like that?" he said, gayly. "Poor fan, or poor Carrol! Which, I wonder."

"Neither. Mr. Carrol wasn't in my thoughts at all. I was just imagining this fan was—yourself, Mr. Stanley, and I—broke its neck, you see."

"Just as you would like to break mine, no doubt; or—rather, perhaps—my heart. Which?"

"I did not know you had one—a heart, I mean." Opening wide her eyes, as if in astonishment. "I never had one, you know."

"I think you do yourself injustice. You have a heart, but it is, probably, a hard one. But they say the hardest hearts have a soft place in them, and—" he paused for a moment, drew his breath hard, and then continued, in a rapid whisper: "I am going to find yours."

Audacious words! But then, everybody knew, that Will Stanley was an audacious man. Maud looked at him, for a moment, without flinching, and then replied:

"You have the liberty to try," and was turning her back on him, with cool indifference, when Lida Loss came up, exclaiming, playfully:

"Come, Maud, you two have stood here, long enough. Mr. Carrol will be jealous."

"Not the least," was the careless reply. "I hear people talk about jealousy; but I really don't think there is any such thing." And she left Lida and Mr. Stanley together.

The next day, and the next, was only a repetition of this. In this tournament, for we must call it such, they said Miss Montford grew more brilliant and daring, and Mr. Stanley more audacious and bold. Each was conscious, after

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awhile, that, however much in earnest they were themselves, the other was flirting desperately.

"I believe you have the hardest heart I ever knew," Mr. Stanley said, one day.

"Will you give up, and own that instead of a hard heart, I have none?" she asked, brightly.

"No, I will not, I will find your heart, yet," he answered, daringly.

She flushed up. Could he have discovered her secret? She answered, angrily:

"How dare you, sir? How dare you? I hate you, and I will never forgive you, to the longest hour of my life, never." She felt like bursting into tears.

He turned quite white, white to the lips.

"I did not mean to insult you," he said. "God knows, I love you, Maud."

She laughed, scornfully.

"Love! You do not know the meaning of the word," she said.

"Perhaps not," he returned, resuming his old careless manner. "But you will, at least, forgive me, now that you have my excuse."

"Never," she replied. "I never wish to see you again."

He turned to leave the room, but with his hand on the door knob, looked back. But she had not relented. She would not look at him.

"I have done it, now," he thought, bitterly. "Made her my enemy, when I love her. Oh! how I love her."

"She has no heart, none," he said, bitterly, as he went down the steps. "She doesn't care for anybody but herself."

Meantime, down on her knees, with her face in his chair, sobbing piteously, Maud Montford knelt. Could he have seen her now, he might have thought she had a heart, and that he had found the tender place in it.

Two hours later, she was down in the parlor, sparkling, gay and witty, as ever. She was the centre of a brilliant group, when Mr. Stanley entered. He came forward, more to see if she would notice him, than for anything else. Her cool composure won his secret applause.

"Ah, Mr. Stanley," she said, "you are just in time. We were talking of you. Miss Loss says you are a flirt. I maintain that you are not."

"Thank you," he returned. "If I have the reputation for flirting, I am sorry for it, and I assure you it is all a mistake."

Their eyes met for a moment. In his was a look, that set her heart beating, madly. Could she be mistaken? Did he really care?

It seemed she was never to know. They met, almost daily, after this, but he did not urge his suit. One repulse was enough for a man as proud as Mr. Stanley.

But one morning, he called, and was ushered into a little sitting-room, where she always received her friends.

"I have come to say good-bye," he said, carelessly. "I am going away, to-morrow."

Her heart beat thick and fast, but she was outwardly calm.

"Good-bye," she said, putting her hand in his, and smiling. "Good-bye, and—God bless you," she faltered, snatching her hand back, and turning away; for she felt as if she was fainting.

The next moment, he had sprang to her side, and caught her as she was falling, and held her fast in his arms.

"Maud," he whispered.

Her eyes met his. Life came back to her.

"And you were in earnest? You really loved me?" murmured.

"I never knew what it was to love before. Perhaps, perhaps—if I had—people would never have accused me of flirting."

"Nor would they me," she faltered, as she buried her blushing face on his bosom. "Ah! when one really loves—"

But what she had to say was stifled by a shower of kisses.

They have been married for years, and are supremely happy.

"Nevertheless, we played a dangerous game," said Stanley to her, the other evening. "A little more, and it would have been a tragedy."

"Ah, my dear!" was her response, "it is a foolish game, that of DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

LINES.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

STARS sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever-changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—
The same, yet not the same—from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. There streaming to the sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;
Having no pause nor peace.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a dark blue striped satin and gauze grenadine, made over either silk, or satin finish foulard cambric of the same color, for linings of waist and skirt. The skirt is round, and two and a-half yards wide. This is trimmed with a plaited flounce five inches deep with the heading. The waist and tunic can either be all cut in one, forming a polonaise open in front, or the tunic can be separated, and worn with a plain round waist. The front of either tunic or polonaise is trimmed with two narrow fine knife-plaitings. The back is arranged in large pouffs. A plaited trimming is put in at the shoulder seam, and folded quite narrow as it comes into the waist, and the paniers are arranged as though in continuation of this trimming. Just below the



No. 1.



No. 2.

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waist, the plaits are held in place by a large jet buckle, and at the back, the plaits are placed under the pouffs formed by the back breadth. If a round waist is preferred to the polonaise, a wide plaited belt must be worn. An old silk skirt can be made to do duty for linings of skirt, waist and sleeves, and be much nicer than the cambric, although the soft fine cambrics now in



No. 3.

the market make an excellent substitute. Sixteen to eighteen yards of grenadine will be required. This model will also serve for making up a pretty striped Madras gingham.

No. 2—Is a costume of white dotted muslin, dotted foulard or chintz. If made of dotted muslin, it can be made over some delicate shade of Silesia, and be most suitable for a house or evening-dress, in which case let the skirt have a demi-train. If of chintz or foulard, make the skirt short and round for walking. The front and side gores are all wrinkled very much on to the lining foundation, as may be seen. The back in large pouffs. Long loops of ribbon ornament the front of the skirt. The long cuirass-bodice is cut with a vest, which is not separate from it, only simulated by the trimming, which consists of plaited or gathered lace put on in rows across the front. The bodice is fastened in front with small buttons concealed under the lace. The row of buttons on either side of the vest are merely put on for ornament and finish. Tight coat-sleeves, with double row of plaited lace to match. Loops of ribbon finish the cuffs. A plaited flounce four to six inches deep edges the entire shirt. Twelve yards dotted muslin, yard wide, fifteen yards of chintz or foulard, will be required.

No. 3—Is a costume for country wear. It is made of unbleached sheeting, finest quality, ornamented with Torchon lace or colored Hamburg edging for the tunic and basque. The



No. 4.

skirt and front plastroon are of pale blue cambric, also the kilted plaitings. Make the skirt either with or without a demi-train, but we would advise an entirely short dress for use. This is of the blue cambric, and the trimmings are in knife-plaitings of the same. The kilted front is of blue cambric, and is fastened to the sides of the tunic, which is of the sheeting; this and the bodice are trimmed with lace or embroidery turned back as seen. Fasten with pearl buttons, and only to the waist, where the

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trimming on the right or buttonhole side ends. Turned down collar, and cuffs to match.

No. 4—Is a costume with a box-plaited skirt for a little girl, suitable for either street or house wear. It is made of light colored basket flannel, piped with braid or silk, and ornamented with bows of satin ribbon. The illustration



No. 5.

can be easily followed for the arrangement of the trimming.

No. 5—Is a costume for a little boy of three to four years, and is of navy blue flannel or white piqué. It is made all in one, with loose jacket front and plaited back. A second plaiting forming a skirt is added at the back, as seen. Four large pearl buttons hold the plaits in position, and mark the waist line. A double row of the buttons ornament the front Pockets and cuffs to match. Large plain linen collar worn with this costume.

No. 6—Is a paletot of white albatross cloth on piqué, trimmed with insertion and edging of wheel pattern embroidery. A simple princess paletot. For use, this can be made in dark blue cambric or holland, with Hamburg trimming.

No. 7—Is a blouse and first pants for a little boy of two to three years. The pants button on to a petticoat body. A yoke with gathered



No 6.

waist and skirt forms the blouse. Make of holland or piqué, and trim with braid. For



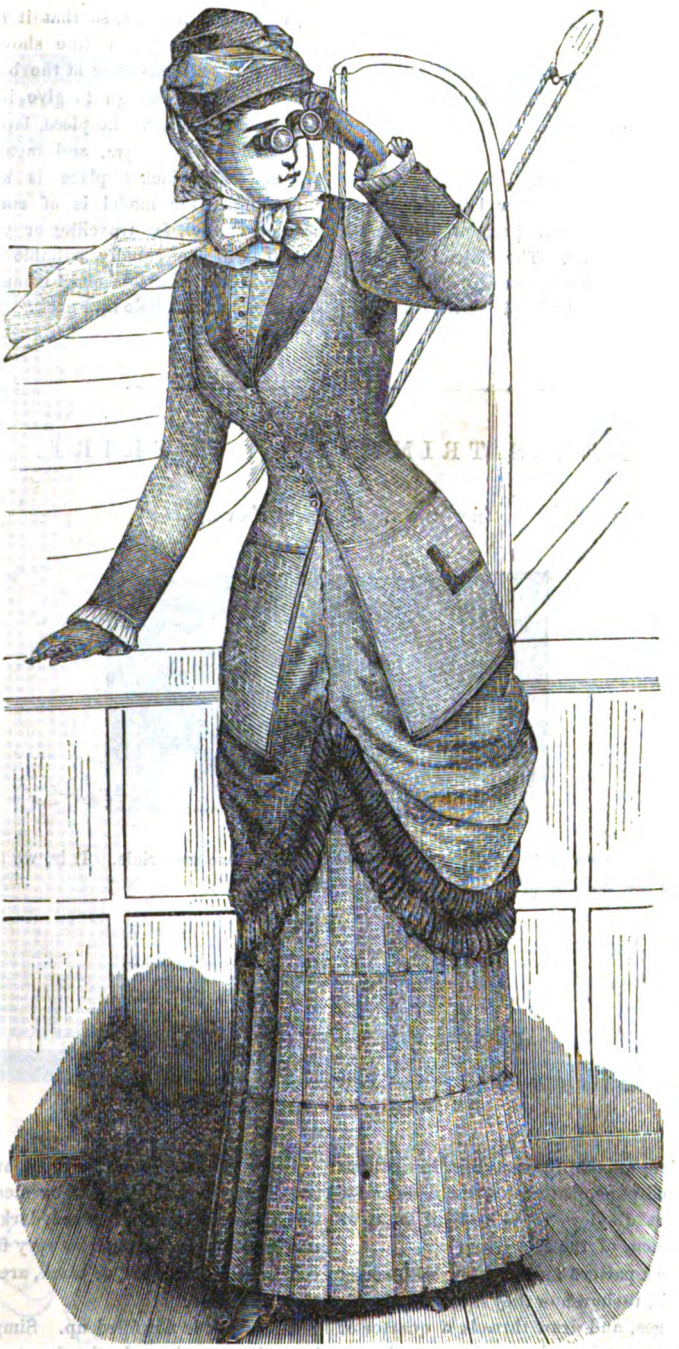
No. 7.

cool mornings in the country or sea-shore, make of navy blue flannel.

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SUMMER JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our full-size pattern, this month, a Summer Jacket, suitable for the country, the sea-shore, yachting, etc., etc. The engraving of it, as made up, is seen above. Folded in with the

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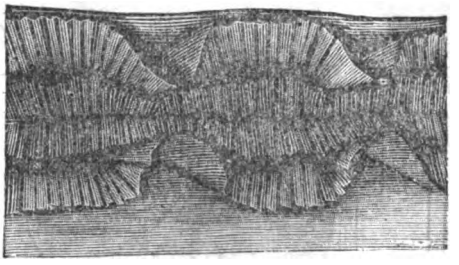
number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing the patterns, full-size, for the various parts, as follows:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
No. 3.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 4.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. 5.—UPPER AND LOWER HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 6.—COLLAR.
No. 7.—POCKET.
No. 8.—SKIRT OF JACKET.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. Fit the waist part of the jacket first, taking in the dents. Then join the skirt of the jacket, making the stars meet. The skirt at the back laps over the back piece, the place for the button being indicated. The collar is sewed on from P in the front to the middle of the back; slit the seam of the collar, before sewing on, to make a nice fit, so that it may turn over smoothly. The dotted line shows where the collar pattern turns over at the back, the paper not being long enough to give it entire. The cuff is simply a straight piece, lappping over on the outside of the arm, and fastened by three buttons. The jacket place is shown in the engraving. Our model is of summer camel's hair or flannel, for traveling or yachting wear, but it will be equally suitable for cambrics, momie cloths, cheviots or ginghams. Allow all seams except armhole and neck.

DRESS TRIMMING FOR SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new style of dress trimming, to be used for the bottom of a skirt, and to be made of two materials. It is, we think, particularly stylish.

DESSERT D'OYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We also give, on our SUPPLEMENT, in addition to the full-sized paper pattern, a few designs for a set of dessert d'oyleys to be made of white or unbleached linen, of the size given.

We also give a pattern for a d'oyley, with one of the designs in it, to show how they should be placed. Fringe the edges, and draw threads a quarter of an inch or more, and work together, as shown. This is optional, however, as many persons prefer the d'oyley without the drawn-thread work.

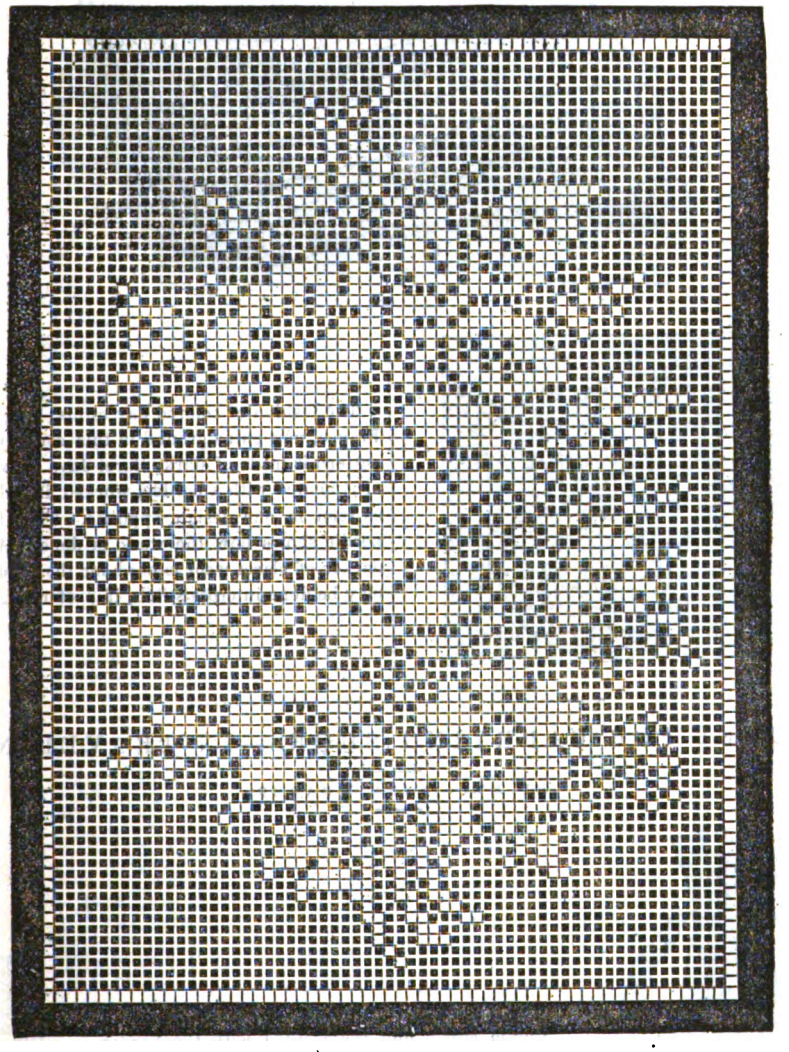
Draw the pattern on the linen, and follow only the lines, in chain-stitch, or stem-stitch, with fine black silk, or else fine red, dark blue, or black marking cotton; it must be very fine, and these colors, red, dark blue, or black, are the only ones that will wash.

This work is not filled up. Simply follow the lines that are given, in the finest work possible, to give the effect of being only drawn. We shall, in future numbers, give more designs for d'oyleys.

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TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS, OR IN CROCHET.

We give, here, a design of a double rose for a Tidy, which may be worked, either on Java canvas, or in crochet, following the pattern, which is an exceptionally pretty design.



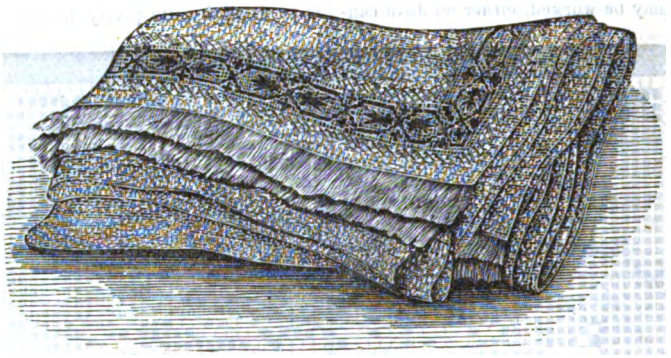
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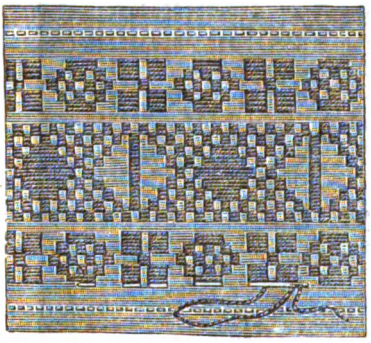


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DAY QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





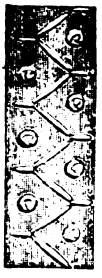
The fashion of colored day quilts, long used in France, now gains ground in this country. Our pattern is made of dark, claret Java canvas, and ornamented with a border, worked in side-stitch as seen in our design, opposite. The threaded needle shows how the work is done. A shade darker of claret wool is used for the border. It may be done in cross-stitch, if preferred.

POCKET FOR CARRYING SHOES—IN TRAVELING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful little pocket or bag is made of Russia crash, and ornamented with the border which we give in full size, done in crewels, or Berlin wool, in red, brown or dark blue, or such color as will bear washing. It will be found very useful in traveling.

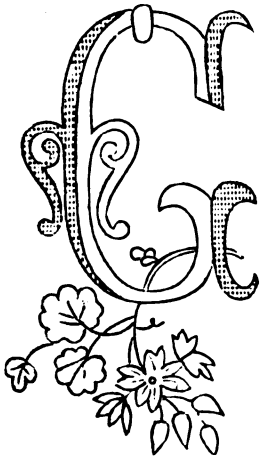


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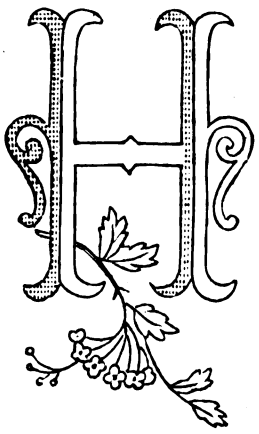
FLOWER ALPHABET FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, six more letters of our "Flower Alphabet for Marking Handkerchiefs," the preceding ones having been given in the May number. We shall finish the Alphabet in the June number. By combining these letters, any monogram, that is required, may be obtained.



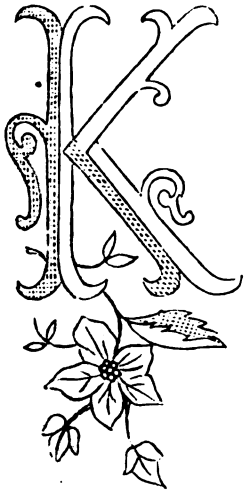
GERANIUM.



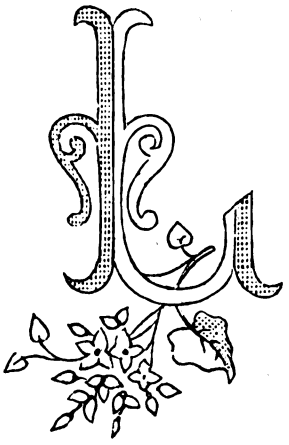
HORTENSIA.



JASMIN.



PRIMEVERE.



LILAS.



MARGUERITE.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SCREEN IN APPLIQUÉ WORK.—In the front of the number, we give two pages of engravings, illustrating a Screen in Appliqué Work, and a Frame for the same, which may be copied, or a cheaper one substituted.

The screen itself is to be worked as a bouquet, in appliqué relief, say on white cashmere. The bouquet, as will be seen, is composed of rhododendron sprigs, tulips, daffodils, cornflowers, forget-me-nots, daisies, auriculas, carnations, fuchsias, dahlias, spireas, dielytras, backed by ivy, oak, palm, and fern leaves. Flowers and foliage can be arranged in various ways, according to the taste of the worker, and the grouping in our illustration is only intended for general guidance. The materials required are scraps of colored cloth and velvet, fine crewels and silks of various colors, cotton wool, and thin, flexible wire for the stalks. The large leaves for the ground are done in crewels or silks on strong gauze, the back of which is additionally stiffened with gum solution. The wire which forms the stalks, and which is to be covered with green silk threads, must be carried to the top of the leaves, to allow their graceful arrangement by bending. For the various flowers the necessary shapes are first cut out from paper or thin cardboard, and afterwards from cloth or velvet of the required colors, and the anthers formed of French knots. We will now give the details for working the principal flowers:

Fuchsia.—The corolla is red cloth; the perianth leaves white cloth; the stamens are made of very fine wire, covered with rose-colored silk, and topped with yellow knots; the egg-shaped part on the base of the flower formed of cotton wool, covered with light green silk threads; the leaves cut out in green cloth, and veined with a lighter shade of silk in stem-stitch. *Dielytra.*—The shape of the blossoms is cut out in white cloth and overcast, as indicated in the illustration, with rose-colored silk, the indented leaves worked on gauze, and the lancet-shaped made of cloth, and stiffened with a fine wire. *Ivy.*—The leaves are made of dark green cloth, and veined with yellowish silk. *Forget-me-nots.*—The flowers and buds are formed of light blue cloth, the centres yellow French knots; stalks green. *Pansies.*—The upper leaves of one pansy are made of velvet, the lower of cloth, both materials of violet color; the second is entirely composed of cloth, brown for the two top leaves, yellow for the remaining three. The borders and centres of the leaves are shaded with long stitches in silk of suitable color, as indicated in the illustration. *Cornflowers.*—The leaves of the blossoms are cut out of blue cloth, and veined with silk of a lighter shade; the stamens made of wire, covered black, with white tips; the calyx supporting the flower is formed of cotton wool, covered with brownish green silk. *Tulip.*—The flowers are made of red or orange-colored cloth, veined in stem-stitch with silk of a slightly darker shade; the several leaves stiffened with wire, and bent in the required shape; anthers cut in black cloth, and the stamen formed of cotton wool, covered yellow, with three minute cloth tips on the top. *Rhododendron Blossom.*—The leaves are made of white cloth, veined with lilac-colored silk in various shades, the stamens made of wire, covered white, with yellow and brown tips.

The arrangement and fixing of these various flowers present no difficulties, if the cashmere ground is stretched on a frame, which afterwards can be inserted in the screen, with a suitable lining to hide the fixing stitches on the back.

CREWEL WORK ON CRASH.—In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, for this new and fashionable description of art-needlework.

Get a nice piece of Russia crash, soft and fine, and sixteen inches wide. Fringe out the ends, and tie the fringe in knots. On the edge, work, with the pink crewel, a row of button-hole stitch, in large stitches, as you would border a little blanket, making the stitches wide apart. Above that, work the design in the olive-colored crewel. This is done by making the centre stem, which is one long stitch. Bring the needle from the under side, and put in from the outside, at the top, making one single stitch; then the side stitches begin at the middle, and go to where the end turns; this end is a separate stitch. These stitches are very simple, with a little practice, and make very effective decorations with but little work. From the places marked 3 to 4, you may either do this design in crewels like our pattern, or, if preferred, do it in drawn thread work, and draw a sufficient number of threads, and then take enough of them to make the hour-glass pattern—knotting it with the crewel to shape it, and keep it in place, or the threads may be lapped four over four—and a crewel thread run through.

Above this is a design, done in the pink crewel, using three stitches to each point, all beginning from the bottom. The design above this (like arrow heads,) is done by making the long stitches first, beginning from the solid band, and working down to the points. The solid bands are of worsted alpaca braid sewn on flat—in two widths. From the places marked 1 to 2, do in drawn thread work, or this design—as below. The design above begins from the bottom; make first the long centre stitch, then the side stitches from the point in the centre, to form the pattern. The clover-leaf design above begins with the long stems, and the leaves are done by laying the thread on the top of the work at the end of the long stem, holding the thread flat with the thumb of the left hand, and then place the needle from the centre outwards, bringing through at the outside of the leaf, where a tiny stitch holds it in place, which is indicated by the points at the end of the leaves. The Rose pattern is done in the same way.

These designs look very effective, worked on felt or cloth. On olive-colored felt work in pale pink and blue, using black velvet for the solid bands. Table covers of felt are beautiful done in this way, with wide borders of black velvet, and one or more of these designs above the velvet. The crash towels are used for covers for the other towels, in use upon the towel-rack, or for covers for little tables in the parlor or sitting-room. Put the crewels into the fringe with the worsted needle, in cut lengths.

ABOUT "BORROWERS."—The Gorham (N. H.) Mountaineer says: "Peterson came to us in season for notice last week, but someway got crowded out, perhaps owing to the fact that it was so crowded itself with good things that we became bewildered. Then the wife had to read it, and then somebody else got hold of it, and we have had such a hunt. But we have got it at last; the reading is all there just the same; but we are going to hide it now."

WE DO NOT UNDERTAKE to return manuscripts for which we have no use. We have often given this notice, and now repeat it. Contributors, who desire to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Additions may be made to clubs for "Peterson," at any time during the year, and at the price paid by the rest of the club. Remember, that, not only is this magazine, at two dollars a year, the *cheapest and best* of its kind, but its prices to clubs are the lowest. Thus, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our premium engravings; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy of the magazine as premium, all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our engravings as premiums; all postage free. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can be always furnished. Specimens sent, gratis, to those desiring to get up clubs. When enough additions are made to a club, to constitute a second club, the sender becomes entitled to a new premium, or set of premiums.

MATCHING YOUR COMPLEXION.—All persons with sallow or dark complexions should carefully avoid bright, glaring, or even undecided colors; thus yellow, cherry-color, light green, or drab, are unsuitable: clear tints are more appropriate, as white, light blue, violet, or black. Those with pale but clear complexions may wear all the shades of rose-color, primrose, apricot, buff, light green, lilac, brown, and violet. Fair persons with a color will find few shades decidedly unbecoming. Dark olive or brown complexions should avoid either very dark or very light colors, but they should be careful to select clear tints; pink, geranium, and violet are decidedly suitable. To persons with florid complexions all those tints which subdue the naturally bright color are most becoming—such as blue, green, etc.; while those having pale complexions should wear fresh colors, which serve to heighten the delicate hue of their checks, such as pink, ponceau, etc. The perfect beauty alone, whose color neither requires to be subdued nor increased, can indulge in any tint which may suit her individual taste.

TASSELS.—The mode of making the tassels now so much used as bordering for mats, cushions, baskets, etc, is quite simple. Cut a piece of cord the depth the tassel is required to be; about two inches is a good length. Round this wind twenty-four times the wool (which is generally crewel), of which the tassel is to be made. Then with a worsted needle pass between the work and the cord at the top, and tie tightly with another piece of wool. Slip the cord out, and half an inch below, tie the same piece of wool tightly round, pass the needle back to the top of the tassel, and the end is ready to sew to the basket, mat, or anything else required; but before doing so with sharp scissors cut the loops in half at the lower end of the tassel, and comb the work with a coarse comb, so that it is soft and fluffy.

"FIRST OF THE CLASS."—The Princeton (Wis.) Republic says: "Peterson's is the first magazine, this month, to reach our table. It is also the first magazine of its class in real interest to the household, as besides a full display of fashion illustrations, its literary department is first class, its stories interesting, and its household and domestic articles and recipes good."

"AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS."—The Bristol (Me.) News says: "*Ahead of all others* is the motto of Peterson. Where can you find a better ladies Magazine? Echo answers, no where. Filled with the latest fashions, beautiful illustrations, and a great variety of choice literature for the home and fireside, it is an ever welcome visitor to thousands of households."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Madame De Remusat. Parts I., II. and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The almost simultaneous appearance of these memoirs, and of those of Prince Metternich, has directed public attention once more towards the first Napoleon. Prince Metternich was one of the statesmen opposed to the French Emperor, and having been, for some time, ambassador at Napoleon's Court, he claims to have known the great warrior's character very thoroughly. Madame de Remusat, for several years, was lady in waiting to Josephine, and had, in this capacity, unusual facilities for seeing Napoleon in private life. Originally a legitimist, she returned to her first faith, after the fall of the Emperor. While living at the Imperial Court, however, she kept a diary, in which she made records, from day to day. But on Napoleon's return from Elba, she burnt this manuscript, fearing that it might compromise her, if discovered. Subsequently, on the final triumph of the Bourbons, she was induced, by her friends, to re-write the diary. This is the work that is now before us. It is to be regretted that the original was destroyed, for it is impossible not to see, that the book was re-written under a decided legitimist bias. For example, Madame de Remusat's labored analysis of the character of Napoleon, penned when Louis XVIII. was king, is not borne out by the facts on which she bases it, and which she records as of earlier date. This is especially true of that part of her sketch which denies him the ordinary human quality of affection for anybody but himself. The truth is, Napoleon was, to the very last, the victim of his brothers and sisters. As to his sensibility, he could never endure to see suffering, and is known to have wept on going over a battle-field, the day after the battle. His selfishness was, in truth, rather political than personal. He was, in many respects, a cynic, but not more so than Frederick the Great. His principal fault, after all, in Madame de Remusat's eye, seems to have been that he was what she calls a *parvenu*. That appears to be also his principal crime with English writers. The trouble has always been that his character has been described, now by friends, now by foes, but never by an impartial critic. We doubt, indeed, whether it can be fairly judged, even yet. The prejudices and passions of his time still remain, and color every writer, from Thiers to Launay, from Metternich to Madame de Remusat. Napoleon's true place in history is to be determined, we would venture to suggest, less by his personal peculiarties, however, than by his influence on his times. Perhaps, it will be discovered, eventually, that, though nominally, and intentionally, a despot, he was really, though unintentionally, a great reformer. Certainly, the Europe, which he left behind him, was a very different Europe, from that which he found; and he had a great deal to do in working out the change, more indeed than any, or all of his cotemporary monarchs. His wars effectually broke up the feudal system, and assisted greatly to emancipate and elevate the people. He was evidently an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, a "Hammer of the Lord," as was said of an earlier conqueror. It is in this light, that a philosophical historian, we think, should regard him. His personal peculiarities do not affect his great mission.

Joseph Balsamo, or the Memoirs of a Physician. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—After all, there is no living novelist, who, in the same line, is as good as Dumas was. His graphic power, his ceaseless vivacity, his general truth to history, place him at the very head of writers of his class. It is, therefore, with pleasure, that we welcome a new edition of this, one of the most stirring of his fictions. The period described is that of the first French Revolution, and among the characters are Cagliostro, Marie Antoinette, Cardinal Rohan and others.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.—The newspaper press recognizes the fact, that there is, every month, something especially new in "Peterson." The Iowa Falls Sentinel only re-echoes the voice of hundreds of others, when, in noticing the April number, it said: "Every month, this popular ladies' book has some new and special attraction. The one this month is a series of designs in embroidery, furnished by the Philadelphia School of Art-needlework. For nearly thirty years Peterson has held a front rank as a ladies' book, and for excellence in every department and cheapness, *it is without a rival.* It has, in consequence, a larger circulation than all the other ladies' magazine."

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, publish the largest list of good, yet cheap, novels, to be had anywhere in the United States. Their Catalogue comprises the works of Dickens, Dumas, Trollope, Reynolds, Southworth, Stephens, Caroline Lee Hentz, and others. Catalogues sent, postage free, if written for.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No sour-curd or wind-colic; no feverishness or Diarrhœa; no congestion or worms, and no cross children or wornout mothers where castoria is used.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE gives speedy benefit for night sweats of consumption. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, and promotes recovery.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. V.—BALMONY—CHELONE GLABRA.

Order, 88 (of Wood,) *Scrophulariaceæ;* found under suborder (of Darlington,) *Antirrhinideæ;* Gr. *Chelone,* a tortoise; the flower somewhat resembling the head of that animal; called also snake-head, shell-flower, turtle-head, etc.

Balmony is found by rivulets, and in wet places, growing in clumps; stems about two feet high, obliquely four-angled, sparingly branched; short spikes of large, white or roseate, inflated, tubular, bilabiate flowers, with short, gaping lips; the upper lip broad and arched, the lower lip velvety; stamens (4) with their anthers very woolly.

A generation since, this was a prominent Thompsonian remedy—a pure bitter to give tone to the stomach and promote appetite, after a "course," or lobelia emetic, steam bath, etc. And those who use it still, find it preferable in cases of dyspepsia (where indigestion is dependent upon a feeble condition of the muscles, mucous membrane, and glands of the stomach,) to gentian, columba, quassia, etc. In fact there is no need of going to drug-stores to buy these foreign roots and herbs, when we have as good, if not better, growing all around us, manifesting the wisdom of an all-wise Providence.

Bilious habits, with imperfect digestion, are removed; the energies of the stomach, after fever and other acute diseases, are restored; and the convalescent stage is rapidly advanced by this agent, or its *active* principle, *chelonin.*

One or two grains of chelonin given with each dose of cod-liver oil, in cases of phthisis or scrofula, will enable the stomach to digest and appropriate the oil to the nutrition of the body. It is also a good vermifuge. Used in cold infusion *ad libitum.*

BAYBERRY—*Morica cerifera;* Gr. (on the banks of) flowing rivers, and wax-bearing. The 124th order of Wood—Myricaceæ or Galeworts. Bayberry, called also Candleberry Myrtle, is a shrub three to four feet high; leaves oblanceolate, entire, or a few remote teeth above; aments cylindrical, six to nine inches long; drupe oval, two inches covered with white wax, whence is derived the *bayberry tallow.* It appears from Darlington that this plant is not found in Chester County, but it grows along and near the coast from Maine to Florida. This is also one of the old Thompsonian remedies, given freely in hot infusion to remove what he was pleased to call "canker." It has a very pungent, astringent taste, cleanses the mouth and throat of mucous, stimulates the salivary glands, arrests diarrhœa, promotes perspiration, prepares the stomach for the better action of lobelia emetics, etc. It is the chief ingredient in the "Composition" powders now put up by nearly every druggist. Comfort's formule is: Bayberry three pounds; ginger one and a-half pounds; cloves three ounces; cayenne three ounces: all finely powdered and mixed. And it is but just to say, that a teaspoonful of this mixture in half a cup of hot water sugared, is a better preventive against the effects of cold and wet than any glass of spirits or toddy that can be made. A few words will suffice upon the

BIRCH.—*Betula nigra,* black or river birch; B. *lenta,* soft, pliant, or sweet birch. The long, slender, straight branches of the sweet birch were favorite instruments in the hands of pedagogues of the olden time in effecting good discipline, and causing a close application to study among the youth of that day—a fact so noted that the poet Phillips refers to it thus:

—"*afflictive* Birch,
Cursed by unlettered, idle youth."

How well the writer remembers the "old eight-square"—now yclept, octagon—school-house, located in the edge of his father's woods of chestnut and birch; and the teacher emerging from said woods every few days with a fresh stock of these smooth, virgate *rods!* But in this age of progress, such auxiliaries have gone (like the school-boy's tales,) glimmering through the dream of ages past, and the bark and young twigs of this tree are left to our old mothers, who, still with their aid, brew the good, old-fashioned birch beer, free from drugs and injurious agents.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

IN TRANSFER WORK there are many novelties. But we give the preference to groups of flowers and birds, cut out of old-fashioned, brocaded silk, and transferred to cloth, velvet, silk, or satin. The pieces must be sewn on with tiny satin stitches, exactly matching the edge of the damask, and very evenly worked. We would suggest that a folio for keeping photographs or prints, covered with black velvet, and ornamented in this way, with a group of flowers on one side, and a wreath on the other, would be worth having, and, better still, worth giving. Another suggestion is a pianoforte cover, the foundation drab cloth, bordered with damask ivy leaves sewn with split wool a shade darker than the cloth; a wreath of the same in the centre, inclosing an embroidered monogram, and a bunch at each corner. If such leaves cannot be found in silk damask, they may be cut out in dark green cloth and treated in the same way, and veined with long stitches of wool darker than the leaves.

DOLLS OF DRIED FRUIT.—These are curious little figures, simply and easily made, and will be found to afford great amusement to the younger members of the family. Have two pieces of board, measuring two inches square, with two wire pins about four inches high, for each doll. Almonds are used for the feet, one threaded over each wire. For the man's legs large raisins are used. The knickerbockers are

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of prunes, the body of figs. A wire is run through the top fig to form the arms, which are also formed of smaller raisins; two large raisins for the neck. The head is made of one large prune, with pieces of almond for the eyes, nose, and mouth; and the hat is half a Normandy pippin, with a raisin for a tuft. The little woman is made in the same way, except that three graduated Normandy pippins passed over both pins take the place of a dress skirt. One raisin is used instead of three for each leg.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 66.—ANNEXATIONS.

1. Annex a consonant to by, and form saucy.
2. Annex a consonant to a blot, and form a print.
3. Annex a consonant to a relation, and form a monarch.
4. Annex a consonant to modern, and form tidings.

Marblehead, Mass. HARRY L. CHENEY.

No. 67.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Reserved. An island. An ocean. A bird. Slow. A girl's name. A boy's name.

The primals and finals, read downward, give the name of the writer of a number of celebrated books.

Puckerville, Conn. C. B. MONTGOMERY.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

No. 62.

Cribbage.

No. 63.

G
BAG
GALES
GEM
S

BAG
ALE
GEM

No. 64.

Steam-pipe.

No. 65.

BROOM
ARENA
REBUT
BENUI
ANVIL
RAPID
AROMA

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always glad to receive puzzles from our friends, and we assure all who favor us, that their contributions will appear in due time. We are obliged to reject a large number that come to hand, owing to their not being properly constructed. Puzzles of a particularly ingenious and interesting nature are especially solicited.

PLANT RAISING.—No. III.

ABOUT SUCKERS AND OFFSETS, ETC.—We may treat of suckers and offsets at the same time; both are natural processes of increase, and apply especially to herbaceous plants, and tubers and bulbs. Almost all herbaceous plants have a strong natural tendency to seek fresh soil; our readers may remark this with their Campanulas and Phloxes. After having been planted a year or two the centre of the patch appears sickly, and all vigorous growth is about the edges. When this is so the plants should be taken up, separated at the roots, and one or two of the strongest pieces planted in a renewed soil. Bulbous and tuberous rooted plants may be divided in the same way. Once in three or four years is about the proper time for division, but this depends upon the state of growth, and rapid increase is materially assisted by high cultivation; plenty of manure should be given while the bulbs are making leaves, and neither leaves nor flowers should be cut, but left to die down naturally. Some or all of the following herbaceous plants should be found in every garden; and those who cultivate them and will follow our directions as to division of roots will soon not only have plenty of plants for themselves, but plenty to spare for their friends: Aquilegia, Arabis, Aster, the autumn flowering varieties, the Bellis, or garden daisy, Campanulas in endless varieties, the Chelone, Cerastium, Cistus, Dianthus, Dielytra spectabilis, Fraxinella, white and pink, Gentiana, Geum, Hepaticas, Hibiscus, Iris of almost every shade and size, Linums, Lychnis, Myosotis, Phloxes, Penstemons Plumbago, Potentillas, Primroses of endless hues, both single and double, Salvias, Saxifrages, Sedums, Silene, Vincas and Violas, etc. These are enough, for we must say something about layering, grafting, and budding.

The first of these operations is suited to pinks, carnations, picotees, and plants of a like character, where running branches with knotty joints can be had. Make an upward slit in a branch half across a joint. Keep the slit open by inserting a small piece of straw, or a thin chip of wood—this is important—then peg down the part so treated in a favorable soil as firmly as possible; the latent fibre, in course of time, will expand into roots, and the branch become an independent plant. Roses, when the branches lie convenient, may be increased by layering, and so may many shrubby plants. For roses, however, the most approved methods of increase are cuttings already alluded to and budding. This last process is a delicate operation, and one peculiarly suited to a lady's gentle handling. It should be carried out in July or August, and in dull weather if possible. Select a bud well up, but not too forward, remove all the inner wood, then with a sharp knife make a cross cut in the bark of the intended stock, and from this a vertical cut also; open the bark with the flat end of the budding-knife and insert the bud, then bind the bud in carefully with yarn or bass. In a week or two the bud will shoot into growth, and care must now be taken to protect it from storms and wind. Of grafting there are various ways; the most simple and the easiest is what is called the "cleft or tongue graft." A scion is selected with several buds, one of which is at the top, and the other end is shaped wedge-like, so as to fit into a slit which is made in the stock to receive it; the bark of the stock and scion being carefully brought together, they are then tightly bound round with bass, and the whole joint covered well over with clay, or with grafting-wax, which is much better suited to a lady's use. Use grafting-wax—four parts of pitch and resin, two parts of beeswax, and one of tallow. These ingredients are kept melted in a small saucepan, and put on warm with a painter's brush. We have just heard of a novel method of propagating hyacinths, and if it answers with them, we see no reason why it would not answer equally well with bulbs of all sorts. The fresh, full grown leaves are cut off as near to the bulb as possible, put in a saucer, and covered with a thin layer of sandy leaf-mould; the saucer is then placed in a greenhouse or frame,

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close to the inner surface of the glass, and in eight or nine weeks' time the extremities of the leaves will begin to turn dry, which is a sure sign that bulbs are growing out of them. These small bulbs are afterwards tended in the usual way.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUP AND FISH.

Omelettes of Fish.—There are two ways of making these; one is merely to flake some ready-cooked fish—cold salt cod is very suitable; season it with cayenne, nutmeg, and white pepper; mix it well with six beaten eggs and one dessert-spoonful of cream or milk; fry it on one side only, fold it, and serve. The other method of making an omelette is as follows:—Chop up what cold fish you have, add a little parsley and shalot shread small, a piece of fresh butter, and some lemon-juice. Place this in an oven to get hot; then beat six eggs, season them, and pour them into a buttered frying-pan; put it over the fire, and as soon as the eggs begin to turn opaque lay the warm fish in the middle of them; roll in the ends of the omelette so as to enclose the contents, and turn it over on a dish. Garnish with crisped parsley.

Spring Soup.—Spring soup may be made of a knuckle of veal—allowing a quart of water to each pound—with four calves' feet, a little cold ham, salt and cayenne, simmered slowly for several hours. Add, then, two quarts of young green peas and a pint of asparagus-tops, previously boiled with the juice of spinach and other green herbs or vegetables, and one-quarter pound butter rolled in flour. Boil up together, and serve.

Green Pea Soup.—One peck of peas; boil them soft; mash and strain them through a sifter; a slice of pork, an onion, chopped fine, pepper, salt, a little thyme and parsley. After the soup is well boiled, strain it and let it stew until ready to serve. Reserve a few peas, and put them whole in the soup. To one peck, put three quarts of water.

MEATS.

Mutton Minced.—Take some slices of cold mutton, about one-quarter pound, free them entirely from fat, gristle, and outside parts, and mince them very finely; melt a small piece of butter in a saucepan, and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour; keep stirring till it gets brown, then add half a pint of good stock, some powdered sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, and the minced meat; keep on stirring till the mixture is quite hot, add a little chopped parsley, then work into the mixture the yolks of one or two eggs beaten up with a little lemon juice. Serve within a wall of mashed potatoes, or rice plainly boiled or dressed with tomato sauce and Parmesan cheese.

Liver and Parsley Sauce, for Poultry.—The liver of a fowl, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, half a pint of melted butter. Wash and score the liver, boil it for a few minutes, and mince it very fine; blanch or scald a small bunch of parsley, of which there should be sufficient when chopped to fill a tablespoonful; add this with the minced liver to half a pint of smoothly-made melted butter; let it just boil, then serve.

Fishpash.—Wash a breakfast cupful of Patna rice in two or three waters, drain. Get a small knuckle of veal, stew the veal slowly until half done, then add the rice and an onion sliced, a blade of mace, a few white peppercorns, and, if liked, two or three cardamons. Cover close, and cook gently until the rice is done; season with salt to taste, serve hot.

VEGETABLES.

Cauliflower and Cheese.—The cauliflower is boiled, and then cut into small pieces, without any of the leaf Put the pieces into a smooth, white sauce; on the top sprinkle some finely-grated cheese, and put the cauliflower into the oven for a few minutes to brown. If liked, pieces of toasted bread can be served under the cauliflower, as with vegetable marrow.

Green Peas.—Boil the peas in plenty of water, and as fast as possible, with salt to taste, and a small bundle of mint. Do not cover the saucepan. When done remove the mint, strain the peas, give them one toss in a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg; add pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar to taste, and serve.

New Potatoes.—Knead an ounce of butter with the juice of half a lemon, white pepper and salt to taste, and a small quantity of parsley freed from moisture and finely minced. Put this on a hot dish, and on it place a quantity of plainly boiled new potatoes.

DESSERTS.

Indian Fritters.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, and pour over it sufficient boiling water to make it into a stiff paste, taking care that it is perfectly smooth. Leave it a little time to cool, and then break into it (without first beating them,) the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two; stir and beat all together. Have ready some boiling lard, drop into it a dessertspoonful of batter at a time, and fry a light brown. They should rise so well as to look almost like balls. Serve with preserve or marmalade between every two fritters.

Puddings made with Dripping.—Make one-half pint of milk hot, and stir into it two ounces of clarified dripping; let it cool, and then add two ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of flour, the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two (whisked separately), flavor with a little grated lemon peel, and beat the mixture well. Grease some small tins, fill them three parts full, bake half an hour, and serve with sweet sauce. Put a small pot of red currant jelly into a stewpan with a gill of water, boil, and pour round the pudding.

Bread Crusts Pudding.—Put the crusts into a large basin, and pour sufficient boiling milk over to cover them. Let them soak three or four hours, beat well with a fork, and then pass through a colander. Add a-quarter pound chopped suet, one-quarter pound sugar, one-quarter pound currants; mix thoroughly and put into a buttered dish, bake until it is a dark brown color, turn out and serve. The addition of a couple of eggs and some sifted sugar on the top makes this pudding richer.

Simple Pudding.—Take one-quarter pound of finely chopped suet, one-half pound of bread crumbs, one-quarter pound of moist sugar, and a small quantity of any fruit syrup or dissolved jelly. Mix the dry ingredients, add the syrup, and a little milk if not sufficiently moist. Put the mixture into buttered cups and bake for half an hour, turn them out, and serve with sauce flavored with fruit syrup or with dissolved fruit jelly.

Nottingham Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pint of milk, four eggs, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar; mix into a smooth batter; pare, core and cut into thick slices, six sour apples, put them into a pie-dish, grate nutmeg over them, then pour over them the butter. Bake an hour. Serve sweet or wine sauce.

CAKES.

A Nice, Useful Cake.—One-quarter pound butter, six ounces currants, one-quarter pound sugar, one pound dried flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three eggs, one teacupful of milk, two ounces sweet almonds, one ounce candied peel. Beat the butter to a cream; mash, pick, and dry the

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currants; whisk the eggs; blanch and chop the almonds, and cut the peel into neat slices. When all these are ready, mix the dry ingredients together; then add the butter, milk, and eggs, and beat the mixture well for a few minutes. Put the cake into a buttered mould or tin, and bake it for rather more than an hour and a-half. The currants and candied peel may be omitted, and a little lemon or almond flavoring substituted for them; made in this manner, the cake will be found very good.

Bath Buns.—Take one pound of flour, to one-third of it add in a hole in the centre a tablespoonful of yeast and a teacupful of warm milk, let it stand for an hour in a warm place to rise. When risen, add six ounces of butter and four eggs, with the rest of the flour, six ounces of sugar and a little pounded cinnamon to taste; mix all well together, cover it over, and let it rise again. Shape it into buns, leaving it as rough as possible, sift some sugar and a few comfits on the top, sprinkle with a little water, and bake in a moderate oven on well-buttered tins.

Highland Scones.—To one pound flour allow from two to four ounces butter, or lard, as much hot milk as will make a dough of the flour, and two beaten eggs, if the cakes are wished to rise. Handle quickly, and roll out and cut in any shape or size wanted. Bake on the griddle or in a thick-bottomed frying-pan. Must be served hot and eaten while fresh.

Gingerbread Nuts.—Take two pounds of flour, rub into it three-quarters of a pound of butter, then add one pound of sugar and one pound of treacle, two ounces of best powdered ginger, two ounces of finely sliced, candied peel, and lastly two eggs, well beaten. Divide the mixture into cakes, or into any shape you like, and bake in the oven.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Renovate Furniture.—Furniture frequently becomes dusty, and requires cleaning. For this purpose, take a soft sponge, wet with clean, cold water, and wash over the article. Then take a soft chamois skin and wipe it clean. Dry the skin as well as you can by wringing it in the hands, and wipe the water off the furniture, being careful to wipe only one way. Never use a dry chamois on varnish work. If the varnish is defaced, and shows white marks, take linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts, shake them well in a vial, and apply a very small quantity on a soft rag until the color is restored; then with a clean soft rag wipe the mixture off. In deeply-carved work the dust cannot be removed with a sponge. Use a stiff-haired paint-brush instead of a sponge.

To Extract Ink from Colored Articles.—Drop tallow on the stains, and then soak and rub the same with boiling milk. Effectual.

Another Mode.—Gather the leaves of the wood sorrel, dry them in the sun, powder them, and sprinkle the powder thickly on ink stains on colored prints, etc. Pour boiling water upon the sorrel, and after lying a short time the stain will disappear.

To Dye Scarlet.—Take one ounce of cochineal, two ounces solution of tin, one-half ounce of cream of tartar. Take soft water enough to cover the goods, and make it boil, then add the cochineal. In five minutes after put in the solution of tin, and in five minutes more put in the cream of tartar; then in five minutes more put in the goods, and boil till the water is clear. This is intended for one pound of yarn. A tin or brass kettle should be used.

To Expand Flowers.—Tulips, and many other flowers, when cut early on a dull, cold morning, are seldom very well expanded. If they are afterwards placed in a warm room, and their stems put to stand in warm water, it will cause them to expand their flowers as well as they would have done on the bed on the brightest day in spring. This is not only applicable to tulips, but to many other flowers as well.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLUE FRENCH BUNTING. The skirt is draped in front, and finishes with a narrow knife-plaiting ruffle; at the back it is also draped, and has a wide flounce, which is trimmed with a bias band of the gay plaid, which forms a panel on the side. The close-fitting bodice has a vest, collar and cuffs of the same gay plaid. The Gainsborough hat is of gray felt, lined with blue, and trimmed with gay plumes.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN, trimmed with plaitings of the satin fringe, and long bows and ends of satin ribbon. The waist is in the cuirass style, cut high on the shoulders and at the back, and is finished with a pointed plastroon of white lace; this plastroon has a turned over collar, edged with narrow, black velvet. Half-long, white lace sleeves.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF FOREST-GREEN FOULARD. The front of the skirt is draped in loose folds, the over part of the skirt meets in front, is finished on the sides with a narrow, pinked ruffle, and is draped at the back with a brocaded bow of the colors of the jacket. The very stylish jacket is of the new woolen and silk material, and is striped as well as figured; it is double-breasted, and cut away in front. The bonnet is of black straw, trimmed with an Alsatian bow of brocaded ribbon of the colors of the jacket.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE OR GARDEN-DRESS OF FINE PERCALE of a Pompadour pattern, which opens in front, is draped carelessly at the back, and is finished with a knife-plaiting of the percale. The front of the skirt is finished with several rows of bias peach-colored percale, beneath which fall rows of Breton lace. The basque waist has a point both back and front, and has the plain peach-colored percale laid on over a plain white vest. The waist is open, square on the neck, and has a small collar. Elbow sleeves, trimmed with lace and bows of peach-colored ribbon. Loops of the same ribbon ornament the pockets.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS OF GRAY ARMURE CAMEL'S HAIR. The short train has a narrow knife-plaited ruffle at the back. In the front the dress opens over four flounces of alternate blocks of almond-colored and brown silk. The bottom ruffle is of almond-colored and brown striped silk, as is also the facing for the gray part of the skirt. A large almond-colored silk bow is placed above the ruffles. Black cashmere pelerine, trimmed with silk ball fringe. Gray straw bonnet, with a black silk cap crown, and trimmed with red roses.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK GRENADINE. There is a narrow black satin ruffle around the bottom, the front is gathered into narrow ruffles, and trimmed with black satin ribbon, and the gathered fulness at the sides is drawn back, and looped up several times. The body is in the cuirass style. The small fichu is of satin, and tied in front. The wide-brimmed black straw hat is lined with black satin, and is trimmed with black and heliotrope-colored feathers.

FIG. VII.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF DARK-BROWN SERGE. The front of the skirt is composed of three deep flounces, bordered with a plaiting. The over-skirt forms a square tunic. The paletot opens in front over the tunic, and has no trimming around the bottom, but the cape, cuffs and pockets are trimmed like the tunic with a cashmere striped in Oriental colors. Brown straw hat, with lighter brown plumes.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF DE BÉGE. The skirt is quite plain, with one deep plaited ruffle. The deep blouse jacket buttons on the side, and is trimmed with a narrow ruffle; above each of the ruffles, on the cuffs and belt, is a band of hand embroidery done in crewels in chain-stitch. A band of any gray material, or of brocaded ribbon, would be quite effective. Hat of coarse bége-colored straw, trimmed with light gray gauze.

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FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF PEACOCK-COLORED SUMMER CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt has a deep plaited flounce in front, and a narrower one at the back. The tunic is of the princess shape, opens in front over the deep flounce, and is trimmed with a band of silk of a darker shade of the peacock-color, and is ornamented with bows of ribbon of the darker shade. The collar and cuffs are also of the silk. Coarse, white straw hat, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with two peacock-colored ostrich tips, which fall at the back.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS OF CHINTZ of a cream-colored ground with many color small flowers over it. The double apron-front and waistcoat are of the chintz. The jacket, the back of the skirt and the trimmings of the apron front are of indigo-colored batiste, edged with Breton lace. The deep flounce is composed of the alternate stripes of the cream-colored chintz and the indigo batiste. The back of the skirt can be made of the cream-colored chintz, and bordered with the indigo batiste, if preferred. The cream-colored straw hat is trimmed with a gauze scarf and red roses.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LAVANDER-COLORED LAWN, spotted with purple violets. The dress fastens some distance below the waist in front, and is then drawn back, forming scant paniers on the hips. At the back is a coat-waist, ornamented with purple ribbon. The dress is trimmed with Breton lace, coming from beneath vandyked edges.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED BUNTING. The bottom of the skirt is a deep kilt-plaiting; above this, the tunic is turned up in the washerwoman style, and, like the deep jacket waist, is trimmed with black velvet. The collar and plastroon down the front are also of black velvet.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CHINTZ. The skirt is of dark-red and white striped chintz. It is cut bias in front so that the stripes meet in point. The deep flounce is in knife-plaits. The over-dress and fichu are of white chintz, flowered with small, dark-red rose buds, and trimmed with Breton lace.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET OF YELLOW TUSCAN STRAW, trimmed with black satin ribbon, and a yellow feather. It is also faced with black satin.

FIG. XV.—BONNET OF WHITE CHIP, trimmed with a large cluster of pink roses, and white dotted tulle.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET OF WHITE CHIP, trimmed with mauve ribbon and a bunch of large black cherries.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It will be seen by our many illustrations of the fashions how much more prevalent gay colors are this year than they have been for many years: nearly all costumes are composed of two or even three materials or colors; but these must be used with great judgment or the dress will have a patched, made-over kind of look. As we have so often said before, these combination dresses are very economical, for two or three old ones can be turned to account in making one new one of the latest fashion. The make of the dress also is as varied as the color and material. Costumes, therefore, no longer present the monotonous appearance that was but a short time past considered the only elegant style. Dress, jacket, bonnet, gloves and parasol were then of one uniform tint, now they must only harmonize. White will be very much worn all summer; the dead white which was introduced last year, did not prove as popular as the ivory or cream white, which is infinitely more becoming. Cashmere and Pompadour patterns are seen in many of the chintzes, chevoits, and all the cotton goods. Scotch ginghams come as thin and fine almost as cambrics, and are delightful to wear, and beautiful in color.

We have given in our April and May fashion plates so many of the very latest modes of making dresses and jackets that it is unnecessary to enlarge on the styles. The figured or striped jacket, or close-fitting basque, which is different from, yet harmonizes with, the dress, is the newest thing out, and the shape of this is as varied as the fancy of the wearer. For warm weather, mantles will be worn as wraps, rather than jackets, being so much cooler; many are trimmed with lace, especially about the neck, also with jet and colored beads; they are made slightly rounding at the back, and have long ends in front, each end being drawn together and finished with a tassel or bow of ribbon. Light plain colored cloths and camel's hair are used for these mantles, as well as the black camel's hair. Bonnets (as we said last month,) vary but little in shape from those worn during the winter. The gipsy, Directorie and cottage bonnets are all popular according to the faces that they are to adorn. Brocaded ribbons and many flowers are used on most of the new bonnets, and perhaps the most distinguished looking woman will be she who wears the least showy bonnet, provided that the shape is becoming.

Lace scarfs are used for the neck, the creamy white and black being preferred.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S DRESS OF DARK-BLUE MUMMY CLOTH. The skirt is kilt-plaited except just in front. The deep jacket is also of dark-blue mummy cloth, and the trimmings are all of flowered chintz.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF BROWN CASHMERE. The trowsers, bottom of the jacket, collar and cuffs are trimmed with two rows of broad worsted braid.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUÉ, trimmed with Hamburg edging and insertion. A knot of blue ribbon ornaments the front. White straw hat with white plumes.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S PRINCESS DRESS OF GRAY CHINTZ. It is trimmed with white Hamburg ruffling and insertion, and on either side of the insertion and on the pockets are rows of embroidery, done in dark red crewels, or coarse working cotton.

FIG. V.—BOY'S SAILOR SUIT of white linen, trimmed with white braid.

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RESULTS OF VIVISECTION.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS—PROF. MOTT SHOWS HOW PEOPLE ARE TAKING POISON IN THEIR DAILY FOOD—A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DYSPEPSIA SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

A series of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Prof. Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of February 7th a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home, as they do, to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE AGAINST ALUM IN FOOD.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past one hundred years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It should be so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this City, a long-established corporation, celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott, and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking powders. In his paper, the Doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood; but, through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on their premises, foot of Sixteenth street and East River. This shed I had completely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3½x2x2½ feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured sixteen dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. None but the strong, healthy dogs were selected. The breed, age, food, color, and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number, from 1 to 16. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of September, and finished December 3. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and never left the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will now detail the result of my experiments:

"Dog. No. 1—Breed of dog, coach. Age, 1 year. Health, perfect. Food, bread and crackers. Color, spotted black and white. Weight, 35 pounds.

"To this dog, on the morning of the 9th of September, was given eight biscuits at 8.10 o'clock. The biscuits were made by myself as follows: One quart sifted flour, 20 teaspoons alum baking powder, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon butter, 22 biscuits made, weighing 27 ounces; time of baking, 20 minutes.

"At 11.30, just three hours and twenty minutes, the dog was taken very sick, vomiting profusely; his vim and brightness of eye had departed, and he trembled considerably in his limbs."

Experiments were then made upon three dogs with biscuits containing only 10 teaspoonfuls of alum baking powder. The result indicated that some animals are more liable to yield to the effects of poisonous substances than others are. When, on the other hand, three other dogs were fed with biscuits made with pure cream of tartar baking powder, no ill effects were experienced. They ate and ate with an evident relish, day after day, and even whined for more.

It was next necessary to discover what effect alum has on the solvent power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical Department of the University of New-York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them. When the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition, Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tube into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedler, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important, as showing that alum can check the digestion of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicated, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomach, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestable substances, like the boiled white of an egg, is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alumina could be found in the various organs of the body if a dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys, and heart.

The Doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those especially interested in the details of this subject the article in the *Scientific American* supplement will give most complete information, and we will spare the sympathetic reader the account of the sufferings of these dumb brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusions, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream of tartar baking powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking powder is used are very dangerous, for in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy, and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, and entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true, in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil, scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty being the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever, and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.

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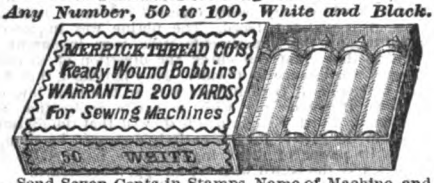
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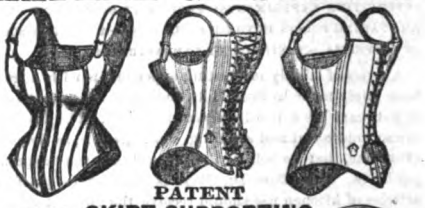
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A PROPOSAL AT LAST. [*See the Story, "The Two Candidates."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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HOUSE DRESSES FOR SUMMER.

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WALKING DRESSES FOR SUMMER.

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MOURNING DRESS: BACK. SUMMER BONNET.

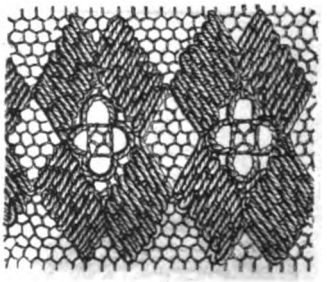
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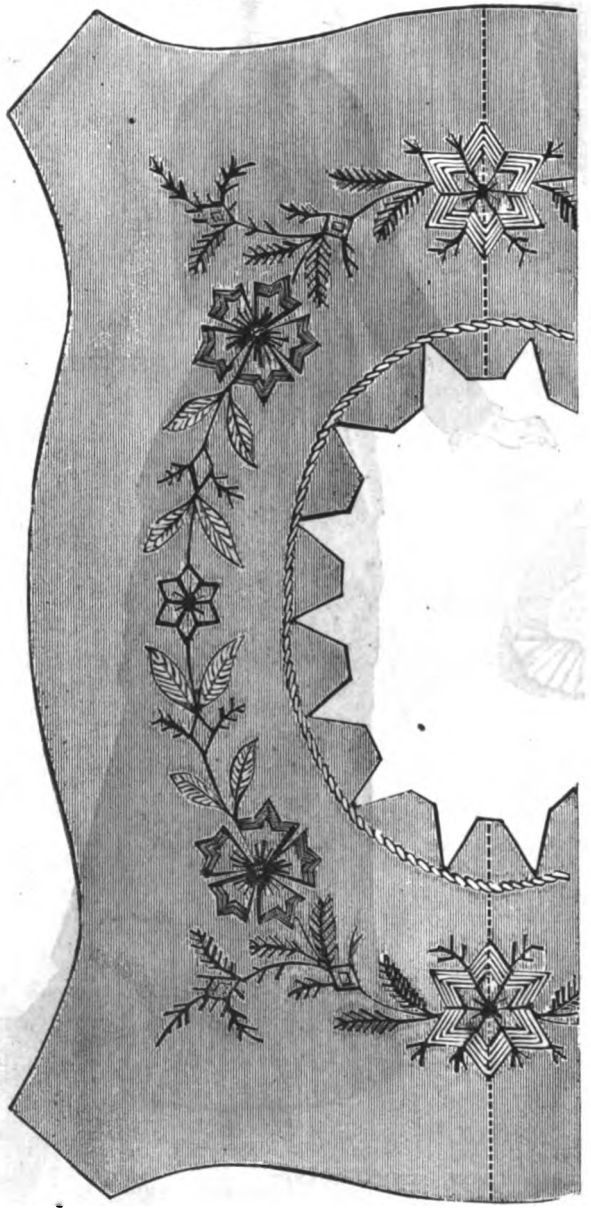


MOURNING DRESS· FRONT. SUMMER BONNET.

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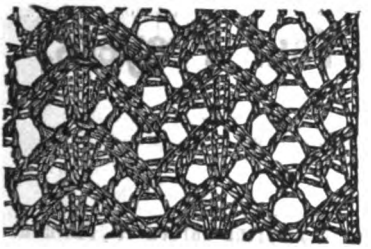




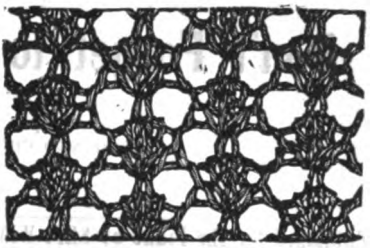


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No. 2.



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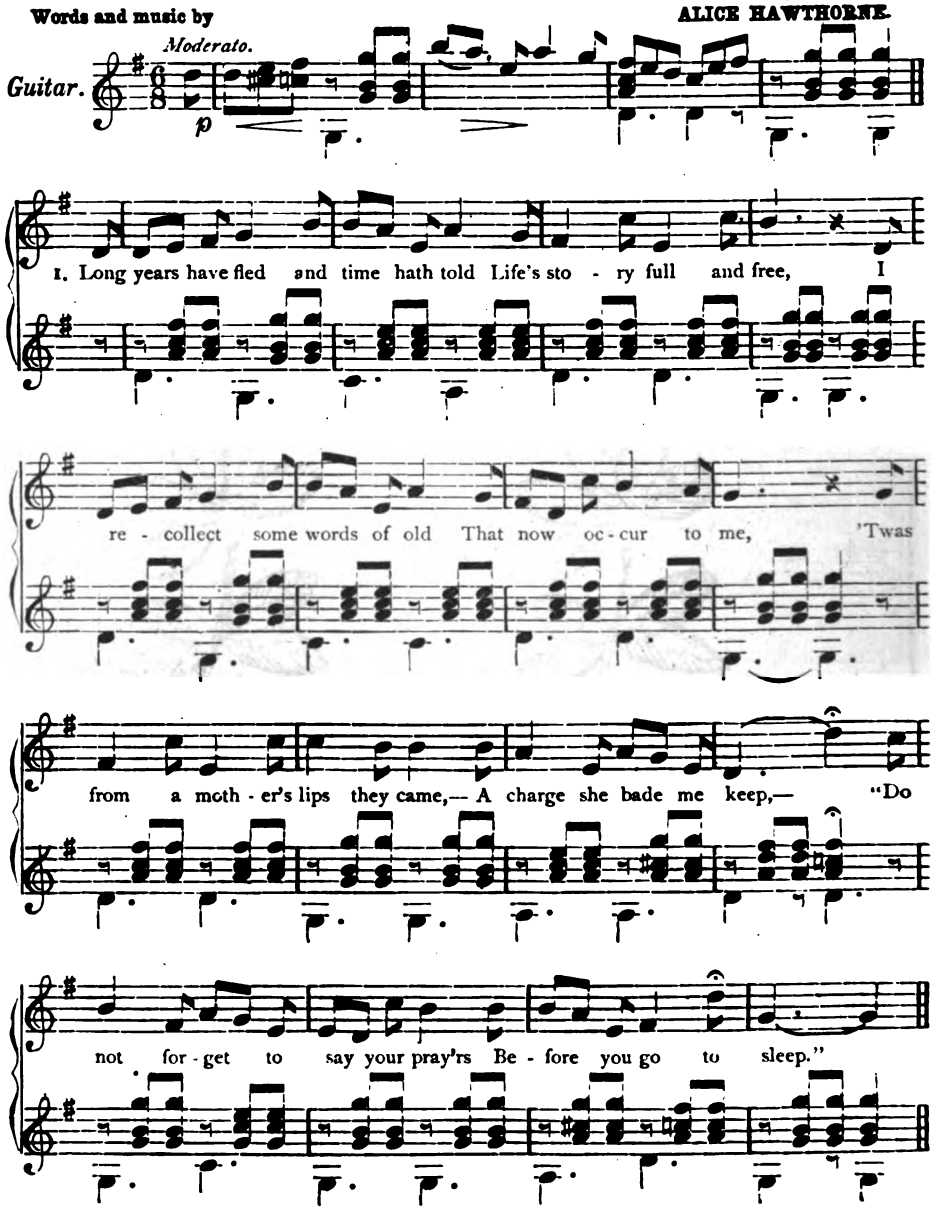
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Don't Forget to Say Your Prayers.

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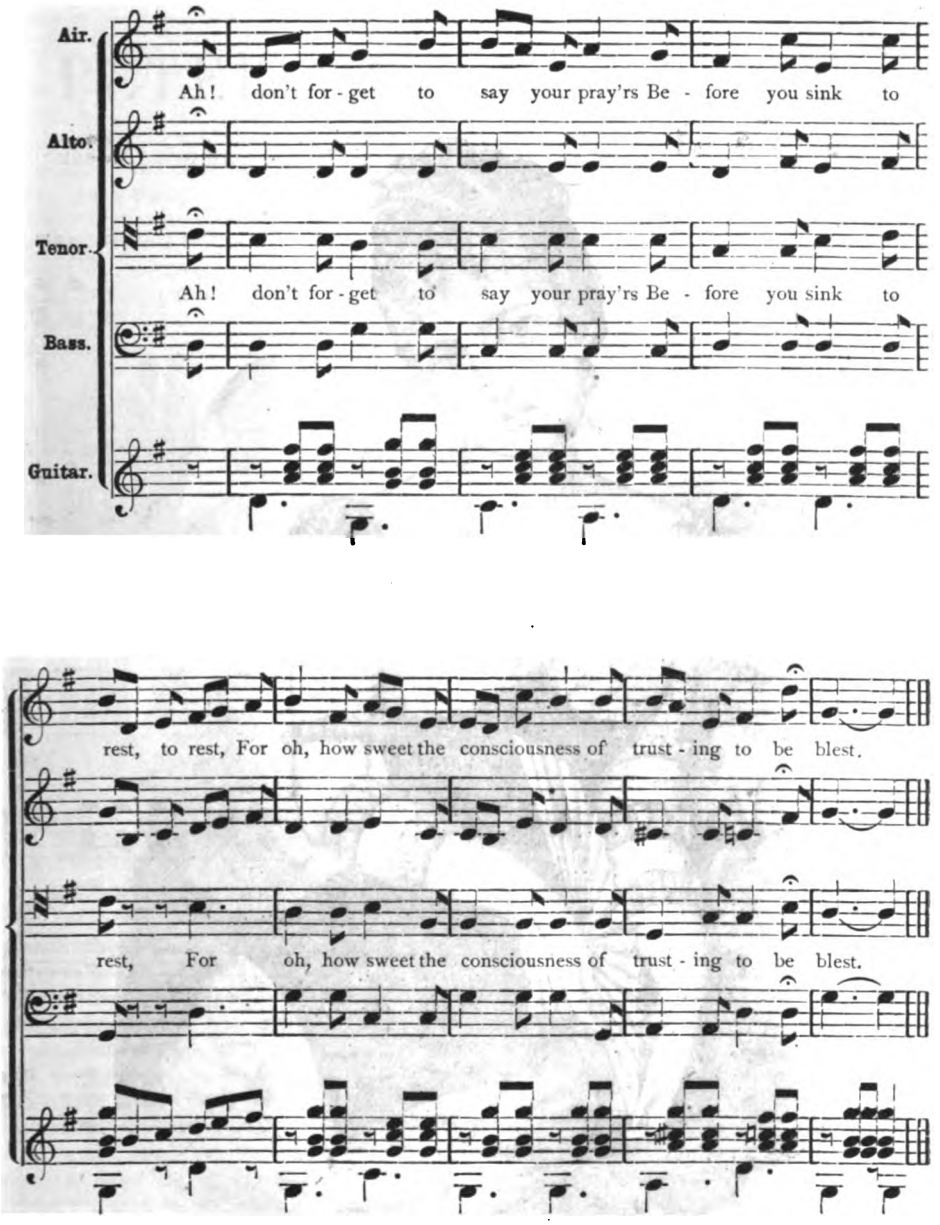
Words and music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.



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DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS.



2.

There's comfort in the quiet thought,
When worn with lurking care,
That One, in mercy, deigns to hear
The plainest simple prayer.
When troubles crowd upon our way,
Tho' light perhaps, and brief,
There's something in the prayer we say
That brings the heart relief.—CHORUS.

3.

Not all the good the world can give,
Our losses to repay,
Can compensate the stricken heart
For that it takes away;
But in the prayer we offer up,—
If faith is in the heart,
We find relief from sorrow's cup
That hope seems to impart.—CHORUS.

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EVENING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1880. No. 6.

"FANS."

BY CATHARINE KEENE.



IT is five o'clock on a hot August day in New York, the thermometer away up in the nineties, and still gracefully ascending. Even at the fashionable café, where Harry Edwards is sitting, having just finished his cup of coffee, it is no cooler than anywhere else. The waiters stand around in various attitudes of dejection. As Harry leans, with one hand on his marble-topped table, a young lady suddenly appears upon the scene. She is beautifully dressed, and very pretty, but she is also warm, and needless to say, secretly *very cross*. So sweet and lovely, however, is her face, naturally, that she does not, as yet, look so. She gives a rapid glance at the café, pauses, turns around, and looks up and down the street, as if expecting some one who has not appeared. Gradually her vexation stamps itself on her face, deepening into visible crossness, and then into absolute ferocity. At least so it seems to our hero, who has been watching her, with the deep interest that a pretty girl always awakens in a manly breast.

"By Jove!" he thinks to himself. "*Married*, of course, and waiting for HIM. Won't he catch it? And on such a beastly day as this, too."

He turns, at this, with a renewed feeling of satisfaction, such as another human being's woes always awakens in one, and orders an ice.

The object of his speculations seems, meantime, to have made up her mind to be as comfortable as she can, at least until *he* comes, and then!

So she quickly enters the café, crosses the room, passing our hero, however, on her way, and unconsciously, with the end of her parasol, knocks his fan from his hand. Proceeding triumphantly on her way, ignorant of the damage she has done, she seats herself just beyond him, uttering an audible sigh of relief, and looks down for her fan. "Horrors! where is it?" she exclaims, to herself. "Where can I have lost it? No, there it is on the floor. I must have dropped it—of course! How stupid!"

She gets up again, as she thus soliloquizes, and prepares to pounce upon it.

At the same moment, the real owner of the fan, who was none other than our hero, has nerved himself to the same effort, having been regarding his property, wistfully, for some time. The result is—a collision!

An indignant glance follows from the fair lady, and a muttered apology from the victim, who, however, takes heart of grace, and picks up the disputed article.

He holds it uncertainly in his hand. "Shall I offer it to her—the disagreeable thing?" he mutters, to himself. "She is awfully pretty, however. Will she snub me? The idea of her appropriating things in that way."

"May I trouble you for my fan?" says the lady, interrupting his reflections, in a clear, indignant voice.

This is a little too much. She knocks his fan from his very hand; bumps his stooping head; and then, of all audacious things, says, "May I

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trouble you for *my* fan," with the possessive case strongly marked.

The reply comes quickly: "Excuse me!" he says. "It is mine. But allow me to offer it to you." All this in a tone of sarcastic humility.

A dead silence follows; then the lady cries, "Why! I've but this minute dropped it," in accents of utter indignation.

Just at this crisis, another gentleman enters. He bears a very marked resemblance to the young lady. Sauntering languidly up the room, fanning himself as he comes, he is somewhat surprised at seeing his sister—for she is his sister—conversing excitedly with a perfect stranger. Then he turns to have a good look at this stranger, but gives a start, evidently recognizing him.

In the heat of the contest, however, neither of the combatants have either eyes or ears for the outside world. So his voice falls, like a bomb-shell, upon their startled ears.

"Lou!" he cries. "Edwards!"

The belligerents both look up. The men utter a simultaneous, "Old fellow! Glad to see you." And then a prolonged handshaking is indulged in.

Lou gazes, meantime, in stupefied silence, at *her* fan, in her brother's hand, and feels that she would like to die, if she only could. Would the earth kindly open, and swallow her up? If she could only run away. But it would be no good: Jack would only bring her back ignominiously. How she hated that dreadful man! One of Jack's horrid college chums—and he's going to talk to him forever.

Finally Jack becomes conscious of her existence, and turns, with "Edwards, let me present to you my sister: though," with a sly smile, "an introduction is perhaps unnecessary, as you seem to have progressed so charmingly without one."

Poor Lou! She gives one wilting glance at Jack, and blushes vividly; her pretty lips quiver with mortification; and she looks as if in another second, she would burst into tears.

She tries to stammer out an apology, an apology which is received in solemn silence, a silence so appalling that she is convinced that Mr. Edwards is looking at her with well-bred disgust. Awful thought! She must find out if it is really true. So, she raises her eyes from the ground, where they have been fixed ever since she discovers her fan in her brother's hands, and sees—Jack and Mr. Edwards in convulsions of laughter.

That is the climax—to be laughed at. Who can stand it? The big, grey eyes fill with tears, and with a great sob she looks away, and feels distractedly for her handkerchief.

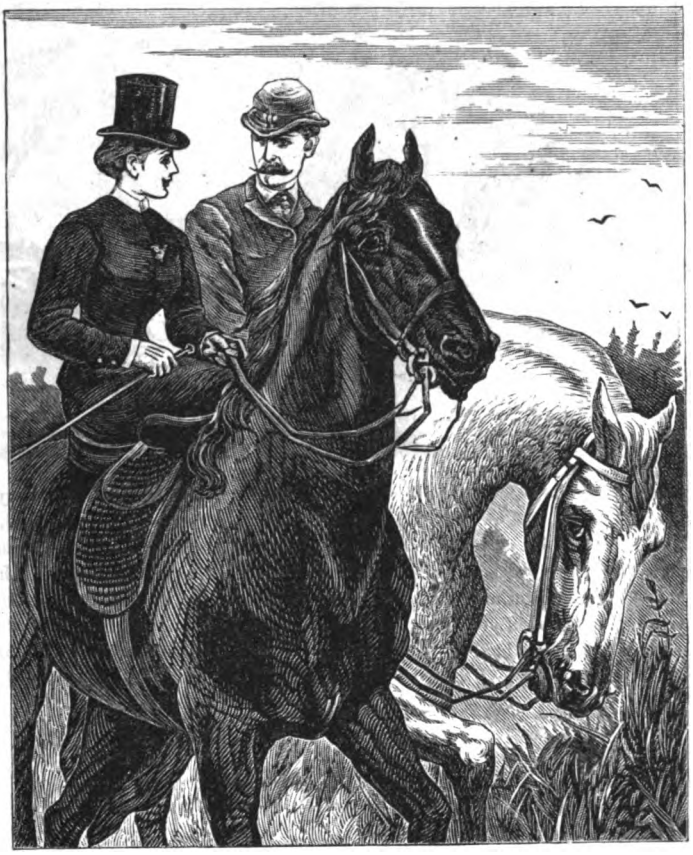
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Jack, with a man's horror of a scene, says hurriedly, in a horror-stricken whisper:

"For heaven's sake, Lou—don't cry!" Then, with a superlatively happy thought, he adds, "Think what you'll look like."

This has the desired effect. She gulps down her rising sobs, looks up, and sees Mr. Edwards gazing ruefully down upon her. He is feeling that Jack is a brute, that *he* is another, and that Lou is shamefully ill-treated and trampled upon. His expression is so pathetic, and Jack looks so woe-begone, that the whole thing strikes Lou as irresistibly funny, and she bursts into a peal of laughter, too.

When at last they can speak, Edwards proceeds to apologize humbly to Lou, who condescends to receive the apology graciously, all to Jack's intense amusement. He is blissfully happy over the whole thing, and further proceeds to divert and entertain the company, by a few choice and well selected remarks upon Japanese "Fans," and the disagreeable similarity they bear to one another, each time reducing Lou to the verge of tears. Edwards, at this, glares disgustedly upon him, which makes Jack absolutely hilarious. But finally, peace is sealed in ice-creams, and a solemn compact entered into, over water-ice, that the word "Fans" shall be banished from polite society—in fact, be expunged from the language.



But "time and trains wait for no man," and they start out at last, as Jack says, "the faithful Edwards still pursuing." On their way to the depot, Jack extorts a promise from Edwards that he will come to see them. "We live at Coatesville, you know," he says. "Charming country around it, only thirty miles by rail." Miss Lou's appealing glances, perhaps, have more to do with our hero's acceptance, than Jack's words, for of course, after a day or two, he goes.

And what was the end of all? What do Germans, picnics, horse-back rides, *tête-a-têtes*, lead to? What do evenings, in porches hidden in roses, with the moonlight on the distant woods? What do discussions of the merits of Longfellow or Tennyson, or the strange discovery of mutual likings, or dislikings, of this or that poem? What do songs, sung by starlight, while all around is hushed and solemn? What do boating excursions, protracted till twilight, and walks home, afterwards, alone together, through shaded lanes and quiet field-paths? What, above all, do pretty girls lead to? Does any one know? Has any one ever heard?

Perhaps we can do something to elucidate the problem. Let us tell what Joe Wentworth saw, the winter after that meeting at the café, where the war of the "fans" had occurred.

He was at the opera. Looking up at one of the private boxes, he saw an eager face, and one as beautiful as that of a goddess, as he declared subsequently, absorbed in the singing of the new *prima donna*, Miramon.

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"Who is she?" he asked. "Jove! what a beauty."

"Oh! that is a bride," was the answer. "Mrs. Harry Edwards; deuced pretty, too, isn't she?—a regular stunner. All the young fellows are envying Harry's good luck. That is Harry further back in the box."

"I recall it now. I heard of the marriage. There was a funny story, too, wasn't there, about a first meeting at a café, and a sort of a blunder about fans. Seems to me I half remember something of the kind. What a graceful creature. How absorbed she leans forward. And," with all the enthusiasm of a man of society, who thinks that accomplishment the *ne plus ultra*, "gods, how she handles her FAN!"

EVENTIDE.

BY CLIFFORD COOKE.

I.

'Tis true I'm aged, gray and worn;
That ruthless Time, who harvests all,
Will soon, with sickle sharp and dread;
Upon my hapless shoulders fall.
'Tis true my days are nearly spent,
My youth and vigor gone,
That there now shines the evening star
Where shone the star of dawn.
The light of life is fading fast,
And I at last
Will leave this troubled shore
To nevermore
Return.

II.

But though Time's wheel is almost turned
For me on this vain earth below,
I'll cross when its dull motions cease
To where the living waters flow,—
Where griefs are found not, clouds unknown,
Where all is joy and light;
Where morn's eternal sunbeams chase
Away all shades of night.
Then blest the day I stand
Upon the strand
To leave this troubled shore
And nevermore
Return!

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TWO CANDIDATES.

BY MRS. JULIA E. M'CONAUGHY.

STEPHEN HACKETT was, for the third time in his life, looking out for a pair of black cotton gloves to wear to his "departed pardner's" funeral. He did not mourn to the extent of a weed, as the old hat he had worn so long, through storm and shine, would hardly support such dignity. But it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, and he drew it at gloves.

His horn-like hands looked unused to such pomps and vanities of life, but he considered them respectful to the memory of his wife, and so went into the extravagance. If he could have forecast matters, he might have bought all three pairs at once, at a reduced rate; and no doubt he would, as he was a saving man. But there are limits to everyone's ability to make and save.

The neighbors, sitting about the store, asked the customary mortuary questions, partly from sympathy, but much more from the curiosity always felt in such details.

"*Miss* Hackett had been ailing quite a spell," he said, "but she wasn't thought in the least dangerous. Maybe she was weaker than anybody knew of, fer she dropped a whole brimming pan of new milk, one night, when she went to set it on the buttry shelf. I thought likely she had stumbled over that plaguy old cat of hers, and said as much. I often have to kick that cat out of my way; but my wife set such store by it, I thought I wouldn't have it drownded. But as I was saying, the cat wasn't about, and like as not, *Miss* Hackett was feeling poorly before she began to complain. But she did her own washing on Monday! and now she is gone! It is such a sudden, mysterious dispensation to me!" And he took out his yellow bandana with much emotion.

It certainly was sudden for him. Number one, who had slaved her sixteen hours a day for fifteen years, had brought up at the insane asylum for five years longer. Number two soon broke down, and was long a helpless and unwelcome burden. "Uncle Stephen," as people called him, had seen trouble, and his wives had not been exempt.

Stephen feelingly remarked that he "would rather have lost the best cow he had;" and a neighbor replied that "he hadn't a doubt of it."

Stephen drove around to see the man who dug graves, and asked his price. He was a new hand, and Stephen felt that his charge was exorbitant, as the ground was in such a good condition for digging. He told what he had always been in the habit of paying, and finally they compromised. The funeral made the customary decorous stir in the rural community, where there is little to break in upon the even tenor of one's way, and then the world settled back into its old grooves again.

But poor Stephen could not settle. It seemed quite the other way with him, as long as Miranda Jones was to be the head of his house. Miranda was an old maid, of a very uncertain age, who wore spectacles, sported the most astonishing caps, and talked of the "wickedness of men" continually. But she was the only housekeeper that could be had for money. And that grim, wiry woman must have white sugar in her tea, three times a day, and plenty of it! Stephen could not perceive that it sweetened her any, but a dim vision of the poor-house loomed up before him, and not in the far perspective either.

There was one sure remedy for his ills; he could marry again. He smiled, grimly, as he thought of Miranda's surprise, at seeing a new head of the house walk in, when she doubtless expected that she had a life tenure as housekeeper, and might even be looking forward to becoming his fourth wife. Who the favored woman would be, he had not yet decided. But after a delay of passable respectability, Stephen brushed up, drew on his funeral gloves, and went candidating, so to speak.

'Squire Tucker said, "he was the most impartial man he ever saw: he took the younger widows by house-row." Certainly no one could feel slighted. Yet no one seemed to catch at the dazzling bait. Stephen was not discouraged. A widower for the third time is a good deal like a book-agent, not easily daunted.

He turned his thoughts, however, away from the ungrateful widows, who stood so in their own light, and determined to take a young wife, who would last out his life-time. His boys had followed Horace Greeley's advice, the day they came of age, and gone West; and "money wouldn't tempt them," they said, "to come back, and live with the old man." So there was nobody near to say him nay about this business of taking a young girl for wife. "May be they

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wouldn't get so big a slice out of the old place, as they looked for," he thought, with a chuckle.

Stephen foddered the cattle, and stuck the pitchfork up under the barn stairs; and then he paused, for a minute, in the barn door, picking his few remaining teeth, with a stem of herd's grass. It was merely a habit he had, when in a meditative mood. His mind's eye swept the field of his acquaintance, far and near, and finally paused, with a suddenness, which he considered almost an inspiration. A smile, such as it was, lighted his withered face, and gleamed out from under his shaggy brows.

If pretty Rosanna Morris could have seen that smile, so flattering to her, as she came in singing from the milking-shed, I wonder if it would have quickened her pulses by a beat. But she strained her milk in happy unconsciousness of the golden chance, opening before her.

If "aunt Lura's" consent could first be gained, Stephen felt he should have as good as nine points of the case on his side. He knew such a stirring woman generally carried things her own way, in doors and out. If she was willing to spare the girl, he was more than willing to take her off her uncle Andrew's hands, for better or worse. Of course, he knew there was a risk. She might be a little flighty and extravagant at first, but the good man had unlimited faith in the power of precept, dinged donged hourly into even the giddiest head.

There was much surprised tittering, out in aunt Lura's kitchen, over the long conference mother was having with "uncle Steve" in the north room.

"I'd give something to know which of you girls it is," said that teazing Hal. "Or has he come for mother, to speak a good word to some widows, she knows at the Branch?"

Hal grew suddenly anxious, as he spoke, for a book, in the library, at the end of the wide hall; and, of course, his slippered feet would disturb nobody. He might as well get it as not.

Just then Stephen was saying to Mrs. Andrews:

"It's likely she may feel kinder lonesome, at first; but she'll soon get interested in her work, and there'll be plenty of it to take up her time. I shall always be about home to chirk her up. There is one thing I might as well speak of," he added, fidgeting with his hat. "I never was no great hand for company, especially at meal time. Store tea is dreadful dear, and company henders a good'eel. But then, as I said, Rosanner needn't never feel lonesome, for I shall always be about the place, and she can blow the dinner-horn any time she wants me."

The book-hunter lifted his eye-brows, and puckered his mouth to whistle; but prudently refrained.

"When do you think she could come?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"Well, I hardly know what to say," replied the puzzled aunt. "Girls always must have such a time fixing their clothes—"

"Oh, she needn't waste a minute over that!" broke in the lover. "There's a whole bureau, full of my wives' dresses and things, and she can have the hull of 'em."

"Generous soul," thought the book-hunter. "Why doesn't he wear them himself?"

Delicacy forbade Hal lingering until the close of the conference, which seemed to be approaching a conclusion, so he glided back into the kitchen, and announced the fact that Rosy was the elected one. "'Ye that have tears, prepare to shed them now.' Girls, the rest of you don't stand a ghost of a chance. He is going to endow Rosy with all his wives' old clothes! Oh, how you will rave, when you see her walking up to the front pew, carrying such style!"

"What, that green tabinet, and that snuff-colored pongee, and those 'bonnets!'" exclaimed Laura. "Come, Rosy, you might be generous, and divide around."

"If you find any pretty old china, in those closets, save it for me, won't you?" said Della. "I should think, among so many, there might have been some family relics. Some of them must have had 'folks.' I mean to rummage around when you get up there, Rosy."

"Not very much," said Hal. "He's down on visiting. 'Costs too much, and hinders so.' But Rosy needn't ever be lonesome. Her old man is 'always about,' he says. She can blow the dinner-horn, and call him whenever she wants him."

Rosy was used to her cousin's joking, and took it all with good-humored indifference, hardly supposing it had any foundation beyond Halbert's invention.

She was somewhat surprised, therefore, when her aunt broached the subject, in a serious way.

"Why, aunt," she cried, indignantly, "I wouldn't have the man, if he was made of gold."

"But look at the land, Rosy; and the stock; and the good, comfortable home: and then the man is getting on in years, and can't last always."

"Would you recommend arsenic, or strychnine, to help matters forward?" asked the exasperating girl.

"Rosy, stop your nonsense," said her aunt, sharply. "It is your good I have in view, and I don't mean you shall let this chance slip, if I can bring the matter about."

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"Since it is so desirable a match, I will resign in Laura's, or Della's favor. It will not make the slightest difference with Stephen Hackett."

"He is a good, reliable man," pursued aunt Lura, "and a rich man—one of the pillars of our church."

"Rather, one of the soundest sleepers of it."

"You ought to be ashamed to talk so. For goodness' sake don't trifle away such a good settlement for life, as this would be."

"Isn't there a law about perjury, aunt Lura?"

"Who's going to perjure themselves?" she asked, sharply.

"Wouldn't it be perjury, to promise to love and honor one, for whom you had no more love, or respect, than for an old mullen stalk?" asked Rosy, in hot scorn.

"Some of your novel-reading nonsense," remarked aunt Lura, deeply vexed with the incorrigible girl; and so the talk ended for the time.

Rosy stood the running fire of her cousins very well. The event "was nuts to them." Laura went about humming the old ballad:

"What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an old man?
Bad luck to the penny, that tempted my mammy,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'."

"Give her the concluding verse," said reckless Hal. "May be, she'll think well of the advice." As Laura had forgotten it, he took up the tune himself:

"My old auntie Katy, upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his old brass it will buy a new pan."

Rosy bore this raillery very well. When alone she hummed over, however, softly, the little song of "Willie on the dark blue sea."

Surely, "vanity, thy name is man." Stephen could hardly have been more surprised at his refusal, if it had been his first experience of the kind. He plead his cause, with all the eloquence he could summon; but "the maiden's heart was steel," as they say in the novels. I am afraid at last the good man was a little angry. He expressed himself in words "more striking than classic." Indeed he had a set of exceptional phrases, which he sometimes used to unruly oxen and badly behaved calves; and these phrases seemed just now to come into play, though the faithful chronicler must add that they were hardly appropriate for one of the "pillars" of the village church.

Stephen slammed around, a good deal, that evening, when he got home; but a grim smile was all the notice Miranda took of his actions. She poured out an extra, evening cup of tea for herself, as "a night cap," and put in two heaping spoonsful of sugar, and wondered, as she stirred it up, where Stephen had been candidating this time. That he was unsuccessful was plain enough, and she gave a sigh of relief. For all that, she would have liked to have choked him. Even the best of us do not like to be slighted.

Aunt Lura could hardly forgive her niece, for going against her wishes so obstinately; and Rosy began to think seriously of finding another home for herself. Her hands were strong and skilled, and her heart true and willing. Surely she could make her way. If Willie was only home to talk it over!

The good "Speedwell" was rightly named, and was speeding on, with favoring winds, toward the home port. In a few days she was in the harbor. Once more the sailor's foot was on his native beach. Once more a gentle mother fondly welcomed her brown-cheeked boy.

For "boy" he was to her still, though his face was bearded. And so it is ever until the mother's heart is still.

"And men who seem old to each other—
Yes, men with their hair turning gray—
Still, still are 'my boy' to a mother,
As when in their cradle they lay."

Soon the cheery table was laid, by the sunset window. And what mother ever forgets her boy's favorite dish? What a joy it was to watch Willie's quick, vigorous motions, telling of bounding youth and strength; to answer his many and rapid questions about neighbors, news, etc. He skirmished about the main point, however, for awhile, to the amusement of his mother, but at length asked honestly:

"How's Rosy?"

The story of Stephen's application then was bruited about, as such things are apt to be. They do not keep well in the country. Will was indignant at such presumption, and exclaimed:

"The old ogre! To dare to look at such a girl as Rosy."

After tea, the "traps" were unpacked, and the sailor-boy threw over his mother's shoulder a shining web of dark rich silk.

"Not for me, Willie," she remonstrated. "You must save that for your wife."

"Not a bit of it," said the deep, hearty voice. "Miss Polly must make it up, right away, so you can wear it to church, with me. No lady, in the land, deserves it more, or will become it better. It is just what I've wanted to bring home, this long time." So the smiling mother let "the foolish boy" have his way.

"Think Rosy will like that, mother?" he said,

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bending his broad shoulders, and opening an elegant, ivory box, to display a pretty trinket he had brought from foreign parts.

He concluded to find out that very evening, so he slipped it into the breast of his coat, and went out, with his honest heart in more of a flutter, than it had known for many a day.

It is not for me to tell the eloquence he used, in that long, delightful, moonlight stroll; but certain it is that pretty Rosy did not go out to service. She consented, rather, to take upon herself a labor of love.

When next Willie's ship was on the sea, and Willie went out now as mate, his bride of a week watched, with dewy eyes, from the casement, to catch the last fleck of the white sails, as they disappeared on the horizon.

But what of Stephen? Alas! he had "fallen on evil times." The day after Rosy's final rejection of him, the day after Miranda had wished she could choke him, she heard the whole story, and her wrath knew no bounds. "The impudent, designing old wretch," she cried. "And as for that minx, Rosy, she'll have a fall, some day: pride allers does; the stuck-up thing." Though why it was "designing" and "impudent," on Stephen's part, to wish to marry a pretty young girl, or "stuck-up," and the conduct of a "minx," on Rosy's, to refuse him, only the angry logic of a soured and disappointed rival, perhaps, could tell.

"I'll be even with him, yet," cried Miranda, in a rage. "I'll not stay in his house, another hour; and he'll not be able to get anybody else; and he may starve, starve, for all I care."

What was Stephen's dismay, when he came in to dinner, wondering why Miranda had forgot to blow the horn, to find the fire out, and no sign of a dinner. He called and called, in vain: "Mirandy, Mirandy;" but only the echoes came back: the house was as silent as a grave. Even the old cat had gone away with the irate housekeeper.

"Dang the woman," cried Stephen, when, at last, he realized the truth, using one of those expletives to which we have already referred. "I'll keep back her wages—that I will—and we'll see who'll have the laugh then."

But, alas! for Stephen. "As to keeping back the wages," said 'squire Tucker, "that is not law, and you can't do it; and as to turning the laugh on her, that you can't do either; my advice is to make it up; she's dying to marry you; and after all, that's the best way to settle."

But it was more than a week before Stephen gave in. He spent that week in scouring the country, far and near, looking for a housekeeper; but to no purpose; and when Sunday night came, he was fain to put on his best attire, brush his hair and whiskers sleek, take his umbrella and stove-pipe hat; and make his way, rather crest-fallen, to where Miranda was, to use her own phrase, "temporarily sojourning."

Miranda had heard, from 'squire Tucker, of his advice to Stephen, and of the latter's failure to get a housekeeper, and was therefore not unprepared for the visit of her suitor. She had donned the black silk, which had done her such good service as "a best" dress, for nearly twenty years; fastened her lace collar with her only bit of jewelry, a cameo of rather astonishing cut and dimensions; and assumed a new cap of surpassing splendor, as she persuaded herself, and that she had prepared especially for this occasion. In this overpowering attire, with spectacles on nose, she sat demurely, with folded hands, listening to Stephen, a smile of triumph, that some would have called a smirk, gradually overspreading her sour, wrinkled face, as the lover, in some embarrassment, told his tale. For she spared him nothing. He had to plead and plead, and metaphorically "get down on his knees," before she yielded; but, as 'squire Tucker said, with a chuckle, "she was tickled to death all the time, you may believe."

Miranda reigns now, queen paramount at the farm, and has not only as much tea and sugar as she likes, but as much company; and Stephen, who proved too much for three wives, has found more than his match in a fourth.

"Lord he'es as meek as Moses," says 'squire Tucker, with a chuckle.

"RAIN."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Pink roses lean on the outer pane,
And the baby's cheek within:
The tinted cheek of the little child
To a nodding rose is twin.
The rain falls over the window-pane,
And baby laugheth a quick refrain!

The dimples play in the baby's cheek
As they play in yon mimic lake;
Oh, babe when rain falls over our heart,
I think for the Giver's sake,
We should be glad, with a joy most sweet,
At sound of the rain's low silvery beat.

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PUSHED TO EXTREMITIES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WENT down to Chester, that quaintest and most delightful of old English towns, with the intention of remaining six weeks or two months. I wanted quiet and seclusion. Hence, when I left London, scarcely a living soul had my address.

Candor compels me to admit that my principal confidant was my laundress, Mrs. Coldtart. I hope you will think none the worse of her on that account. But lest you should, I will mention that her face was as full of wrinkles as a shirt front of plaits, and that she was old enough to be my grandmother. A worthier woman never breathed. To her, therefore, I acknowledged that I did not feel very well, and that I thought a change of air might do me good.

"Yis," said she, eyeing me with a kindly scowl, "your haspect is not the haspect your well-wishers could desire, and hevery time I sees you, more so it becomes! You look drawed, sir, and you look pulled, as a fine 'hankerchief might, that 'ad been tormented by a laundress, as 'adn't learned her business. You can't hiron a shirt front forever, sir, without consuming of it; and if h'I may make so bold, that's what you are a-doing of—in a figger—by constance worryin' over them dratted papers o' yourn, and then a-dinnerin' out promiscuous, not to mention theyaters and balls."

Mrs. Coldtart's sympathy and reproof touched my sensitive nature, and when she confided to me, that she had a cousin, down in Chester, who owned a cottage, that had been left her by a deceased mistress, and that this cousin, Mrs. Riper, let out the parlor floor of this abode to single gentlemen, and, if required, did for them generally, even to the preparation of their dinners, I determined to go to Mrs. Riper's, at least, for a while.

I found the house to be situated, in a retired street, much affected by elderly virgins and officers' widows, who united the needs of gentility with very narrow incomes. There was an indescribable air of respectability about it, which might have been distasteful to my ill-regulated mind, had it not been for the peculiar sleepy look, which the neighborhood had. The cottage was one of the prettiest on the street: it was roomy; and the parlor floor was well-furnished, in a quaint, old-fashioned way.

Nor had her London cousin exaggerated, in her account of Jane Riper's neatness. She had not even done full justice to the excellence of her apricot tarts; no human language could; and when it came to the beefsteak puddings, language failed utterly!

Mrs. Riper was about eight-and-thirty, though she made herself look older, by the extreme simplicity of her attire. She was rather a pretty woman, and would have been much prettier, if she had not hidden her shiny brown hair, under a preposterous cap, which looked as if it had been begun for a ruffled pillow-slip, instead of an article of female head gear. Her brown eyes would have been very pleasant to look at, if they could have got rid of a certain troubled, hunted expression, such as I have sometimes seen in a wild rabbit's. She had a smile so sweet, that it was a pity, I thought, that she did not smile oftener; and her voice was low and soft, only there ran through it an undertone of meek suffering, half-complaining, half-resigned, and altogether hopeless; this occasionally disturbed me a little. Not that I am a sympathetic person; but I have nerves.

I had been in the house a week, before I discovered that Mrs. Riper was not a widow, and that her melancholy owed its cause to a living spouse.

I had seen a handsome, hulking, loosely built, rather shame-faced and altogether weak-faced fellow of eight-and-twenty or so, now and then lounging about, either smoking a pipe, or apparently engaged in supporting one of the posts, that held up the verandah roof. He had even, two or three times, brought my boots, and brushed my coats, and had told me, with a vacuous grin, that his name was "Jem," and had spoken of Mrs. Riper as the "old 'un," and I had hastily jumped to the conclusion that he was her brother, deciding, too, that she found him a very useless and somewhat expensive luxury—as a good many other people do their brothers!

As for Mrs. Riper, she worked from dawn till late at night; and whatever she attempted, she did thoroughly. So far as I could discover, the male incumbrance had no occupation, yet he went about much better dressed than most men of his class, except when they don their holiday suits, and he appeared to have plenty of money

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in his pockets, for very often, during my evening walks into a busy quarter of the town, scarcely a stone's throw from our quiet street, I would see Jem lounging about billiard saloons, or the centre of an admiring group in a "public"—admiration which he was purchasing by lavish treats of beer or gin and water.

One night, as I was going out, I wished to speak to Mrs. Riper. I went along the hall, and turned down the little passage, which led into the portion of the house, that she reserved for her own use.

The door into her bedroom was open. She and Jem were standing there. She had a corner of her apron, held to her eyes, and was saying:

"You oughtn't to ask me for any money, this week. I haven't a farthing to spare. Oh, Jem, it's cruel of you!"

"I never see such a miser," cried Jem, not angrily; but in a tone of deep injury. "Why, you've just had the week's rent—"

"And it's all got to go," she interrupted. "There's your new coat has to be paid for—there's the taxes—and I'll barely have enough to pay for Mary's quarter."

"Oh, yes—Mary—you can always spend money on her," he grumbled. "Come, be a good soul, and give a fellar harf a crown—harf a crown aint much, now is it?"

"It's a good deal to me, Jem," she sighed.

Apparently he thought her sufficiently softened to be amenable to a little touch of affection. He put his arm around her waist, and kissed her, saying:

"Come now—harf a crown, old woman!"

She pushed him off, but not roughly.

"Your kissin' don't fool me no more, Jem," she said, plaintively; "I've come to know what it means."

Somehow I was as much disturbed by the poor woman's patient sorrow, as I was irritated by the man's selfish persistency; and I could not resist saying, as I stepped forward:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jem, to teaze your sister for money—why don't you go and earn what you want?"

Poor Mrs. Riper looked dreadfully confused, at this discovery, on my part, of her troubles. But Jem began to laugh, in his shame-faced way.

"My sister, sir?" said he. "Wal, that is a good 'un."

"If you please, sir, Jem's my master," added Mrs. Riper, with a little courtesy; employing the title, by which English women of the lower classes usually speak of their husbands.

I was very much astonished, and it occurred to me that both had a right to be angry at my interference. So I explained to Mrs. Riper, what I wished done in my room, and then left.

Returning home, a couple of hours later, I looked into the "public," which I knew Jem frequented; and there I saw him bending over the counter, in animated conversation with the bar-maid. I had never before seen her there, and concluded that she was a newcomer in the establishment, and a bolder-faced huzzy I never saw: a handsome woman, too, in a coarse way, with very bright black eyes, and high color, and buxom shoulders, which her low dress displayed quite liberally.

Mrs. Riper was still occupied in my sitting-room, when I entered. She apologized, with her usual meekness, for not having finished. The girl, Mary Ann, had an evening out, and she herself had been uncommonly busy. But I knew, by the redness of Mrs. Riper's eyes, and the increased tremulousness of her voice, that she had been crying.

"I was so surprised to find that Jem is your husband," said I, hardly knowing what to say, "I had supposed you were a widow."

"I was, sir, for above five years," returned Mrs. Riper; "and maybe I'd have been wiser to stay so. Most folks said I would, and my own people they quarreled with me outright. You see it does seem foolish for a woman to marry a man younger than herself, and I'm ten years older than Jem."

Mrs. Riper was in a mood, which happens to all of us now and then, she was inclined to talk about herself; though if I am any judge of character, she was, as a rule, reticent. I wanted to hear her story. So I asked her to sew some buttons on my writing-coat, then and there; and before she had completed her task, her perturbed state of mind and my artful questions had deluded her into gratifying my wish.

Mrs. Riper's first husband had been a good, hard-working man, many years older than herself, a coachman in the family where she was servant. Her mistress had made the match: the lady who had left her this cottage. Mrs. Riper had one daughter, born deaf and dumb, and she was having her educated in a asylum, paying pretty dearly for it too; but as she said, the money was well spent. Jem had been a distant relative of her husband's, and bore the same name. He had lived in their house, since he was a young boy, and he continued to do so, after the elder Riper departed this life. It was plain that he had caused the pair a great deal of anxiety, and though he learned the cabinet-

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maker's trade, and became an excellent workman, he was lazy, and fond of pleasure.

"It was as natral for me to take care on him, as if he'd been my own flesh and blood, sir," said poor Mrs. Riper, "and if you'll believe me, I no more thought of marrying him, than I did o' flying, or his wantin' me either."

She stopped abruptly, and her cheeks grew as pink as if she had been a girl of sixteen. I had some difficulty in persuading her to continue. But after awhile, she went on again, saying,

"It's goin' on four years ago, that Jem got mixed up with a girl, that he hadn't ought ever to have took to. She was a bar-maid, sir, was Susan Golightly, and well-known for deservin' her name. But Jem, he got that crazy over her, he wouldn't believe a word agin her, and very handsome she was, though she had a brazen look I never could abide.

"Well, sir, she got Jem into a way of neglecting his work, and spending his money in the public where she was, and a-takin' of her for treats whenever she could get a day out, and she mixed him up with as bad a lot as you could find. It was dreadful for me, and I couldn't make him hear reason, and things was goin' from bad to worse, and Jem had promised to marry her, but he found out so much about her goings on, that he nigh went crazy, and yet somehow he couldn't break loose from her, she'd got that hold over him.

"Well, sir, just then I had my own troubles, too! I wasn't living in this 'ouse; I'd let it, and was more in the town, and Jem he lived with me, and all of a sudden comes the neighbors, and tells me I was a-losin' my character along of Jem. I couldn't put it into words, sir, how bad I felt—I did think I should die o' shame! You see I looked a deal younger then than I do now, and maybe I had ought to have thought, but I didn't.

"And Jem he got to know about the stories too, and just then Susan, she was a-carryin' on to that extent with—with a married man, sir, and enough above her to have knowed better, that atween her conduct and this talk about him and me, he was a'most out of his mind—for Jem has a good heart, he has indeed, sir! He was a-cryin' like a baby, one night, 'cause I'd told him he must go away, and finally he busts out:

"'Jane,' says he, 'jest you marry me, my girl!' Sir, I was that took aback, I thought I'd have dropped, and—and—I'm a'most ashamed to say it—I knowed then I'd been likin' him different, from what I thought, and was jealous of that girl.

"'You jest marry me,' says Jem; 'if you don't, I shall go to ruin. You can keep me straight, and that'll satisfy the neighbors, and I'm very fond of you,' he says, 'and that gal only jest turned my head kind o'—do you marry me, and you'll never repent it.'

"That was the way it happened, sir, and for awhile I thought I hadn't made a mistake; but I expect I did; and as I've sowed, so I must reap, sir." She ended with a profound sigh.

She passed lightly over the catalogue of Jem's errors, but it was plain, that, after the first year of marriage, he had lived on the poor woman, only worked at long intervals, and was leading a worthless life in every way. Mrs. Riper's mixture of feeling, her wifely affection and motherly solicitude, was very touching. In answer to my question, as to what became of the girl, Susan, she told me, that, just before the marriage, Susan went off with her married admirer, and was absent for a year.

"She came back then, sir, and she tried to wheedle Jem; but I says to him: 'Jem, I'll bear anything; but you mortify me—you make me more o' a laughing stock for the neighbors than my own foolishness has done—and you'll repent it!'

"Sir, I never spoke to him so, afore nor since—I can't tell what came over me—I didn't know myself. 'Jem,' says I, 'don't you stamp on my heart, 'cause I feels that then I shall go that crazy, you and me and everybody will have reason to repent it.' Well, sir, he told me, afterward, that I scared him; and I don't wonder; for when I looked at myself in the glass, by chance, as I was talkin', my own face scared me—it did indeed, sir—I didn't know it for mine.

"You see, I was wrought up, as I never was wrought in all my born days! That Susan had met me in the street, and insulted me before the neighbors. 'You're a thief,' says she; 'you stole my man, and I'll have my revenge on you yet, you old cat, you! Riper indeed,' says she, 'Viper is what your name ought to be!'

"I couldn't demean myself, sir, by answerin'. I got away without so much as lookin' at her, much less speakin'. But she let me know Jem had been to see her, and then it was that I broke out on him. 'Jem,' says I, 'hit me through her, and it's all over atween us! I wouldn't lift my finger to help you, if you was dyin' in the work-'ouse, or rotting in a jail.'

"It was terrible talk, sir, and I was sorry afterwards, and I told him so; but I knew I meant it! 'twasn't like me, for I was never hard, nor quick tempered; but I knew I meant it!

"What about Jem? oh, yes sir, he behaved very well. He cried awful, he admitted that the

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sight o' her had upsot him; and she told him he had broke her heart, and it was all along o' him she was so reckless. But he promised never to speak to her agin. He swore to it, sir, and I don't believe Jem would have broke his oath. Howsumever, Susan she went away; her conduct was that well known she couldn't get a place in any decent public; and she left the town. She wrote Jem for money to go with, and he let her have it; I didn't mind that. She went away, and mercy only knows what's become of her, afore this."

So ended Mrs. Riper's story, and I could see that it was a relief to have told something of her troubles, to a sympathetic listener. She said she had never opened her lips on the subject before, and I believe her.

But I felt confident that deeper sorrow, than had yet reached her, was near. I was sure that the bold, handsome creature, with whom I had seen Jem in the public house, a wretched, disreputable place, by-the-bye, was Susan Golightly.

Before many days, I learned that I was right; and I discovered that Jem spent a great deal of his leisure, and all his money, in the girl's society. Sooner or later, Mrs. Riper, I felt, must learn the truth. Yet nearly three weeks elapsed, without it. From her old acquaintances, she had cut wholly aloof, when she moved into her present abode. The servants, in this street, knew nothing about her story, so there was no one to betray Jem. She never left the house herself, except early in the morning, when she went out to buy provisions; and then she never passed through the noisy, disreputable street, where the public house stood, in which Jem's enslaver ruled.

The miserable man caused her suffering enough; he gave up all pretence of work; he came home drunk frequently. If she refused him money, he vowed he would enlist as a soldier, or get himself arrested; and he kept her in a constant state of excitement. But the poor creature bore her troubles, with the patience of a martyr; coaxed him, when he was intoxicated; took care of him, when he was ill afterward; and tried by every gentle art to check him, in his rapid, downward course.

It was pathetic, and yet humorous, to see how the motherly tenderness, which she had always felt for him, overpowered the wifely sentiments of these later years, and enabled her to be patient. To have told her the truth would only have been cruel: she must learn it, for herself, before long. But I often felt inclined to hasten the denouement; and I threatened Jem, and even tried to expostulate with Susan Golightly. But Jem could only cry and promise, and break his word; and as for the woman, one might as well have endeavored to soften the heart of a tigress.

One evening, I was walking home, through the twilight. I had been for a long tramp, and was tired; and my shortest route to the house led down the street, in which the "public" was situated. As I neared the place, I saw Jem and Susan Golightly standing in the door: at the same instant I perceived Mrs. Riper approaching from the opposite direction. The pair were talking, so busily, that neither of them noticed the wife's approach. Jem was holding the woman's hand, and evidently pleading earnestly.

I moved forward for a few steps, and stood still. As I paused, Mrs. Riper reached the door. I could see her face, distinctly; it turned suddenly a greyish white, like that of a corpse. She stopped, and fixed the pair, with her stony eyes. After an instant, Jem slunk back, and hid himself in the house. But the woman kept her stand, though she trembled a little, under that awful glance, hard as she tried to brazen it out. Mrs. Riper moved on; Susan Golightly burst into a loud, insulting laugh; but the other neither paused, nor looked back.

She passed without seeing me, entered a chemist's shop, and presently I saw her come out, with a packet in her hand. I do not suppose she had been in the street for two months. I knew, that, by some chance, she had come, herself, to buy medicine for the invalid gentleman, instead of sending Mary Ann. She did not pass the house again, but kept on down the street.

I went home. I did not see Mrs. Riper, that evening, nor the next morning, and when Mary Ann brought me up my breakfast, which was as decently prepared as ever, she told me that Jem had not been home all night, and added her opinion, "that he was a bad lot, who would end by breaking missus's heart, so he would, the villain!"

I meant to have an idle day, and went out, while it was still quite early. It was Monday, and I had a habit often of going, on that morning, to the police court, which, after the dissipations of Sunday, was always certain to present a goodly number of delinquents, brought up on charges more or less serious.

I had a card, that admitted me to a seat, from whence I could have a good view of the benches, which were occupied by the culprits. There were two full rows of them, on this occasion, men, women and children, and on the last bench, I saw the bar-maid from the Swan. Her plumage was soiled and torn, and her appearance showed every evidence of her having been engaged in a drunken quarrel; but she looked

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as brazen as ever, and handsome, too, in a sort of wild-animal fashion.

Looking about, I espied Jem Riper, standing by the door, which gave admittance to the criminal benches, in eager conversation with a policeman; he evidently wanted to go in. After a brief parley, the officer allowed him to enter, and he hurried at once towards Susan Golightly.

I left my place; passed down a narrow corridor, which led to the door of the court-room; and met the policeman coming out. I had often talked with the man, and he readily answered my questions.

There had been a terrible row at the Swan, on the previous night. Susan Golightly's admirers had been there, in force, and had treated her to so much liquor, that she had got intoxicated, a thing, the officer said, very unusual with her. She and the proprietor of the house had an altercation. He had ordered her to leave, and she had turned on him, and tried to stab him with a carving-knife.

Jem Riper had gone away, before this happened; he had grown jealous of Susan's coquetries with his rivals; had wept bitterly, and finally taken his departure. But when a a friend, sent by Susan, found him in some low drinking shop, and told him of her arrest, he had hurried to the station-house, hung about there all night, and followed the prisoners to the court.

"He's that crazy over her," said the policeman, "that he means to go her bail, if the judge'll take it; and if he does, it'll be a matter of ten pound or more! It's a burnin' shame, for the property belongs to his wife, a hard-workin', good creature as ever lived."

Master Jem had gone far enough. I determined that he should not put this crowning insult on the poor woman. Susan Golightly's trial would not come on for a good hour. Accordingly, I wrote a note to Mrs. Riper, telling her the circumstances, and gave it to a trusty messenger to carry to her house. I knew she would be at home, for Mary Ann had told me "her missus had sat up all night, and was lying down when I came out." My messenger could easily reach her abode, and bring her back with him, before Susan Golightly's case was called; and I knew, too, that if Mrs. Riper and I explained the true state of the case to the judge, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, he would not accept Jem's offer, of bail.

Jem Riper kept his stand, close to Susan. He could not see me, from where I sat, and if he could have done so, he was too busy to notice. He kept his head bent, close to her, and was doubtless whispering comfort.

An hour passed. I was momentarily expecting the arrival of my messenger, to tell me that Mrs. Riper was waiting without; and I knew that between the close of the present case, and the calling of Susan Golightly's, the judge would take his usual recess of fifteen minutes, which would give me ample opportunity to see him, and relate poor Mrs. Riper's story.

The case was finished, and the judge gathered up his papers, and was about to rise, when the door, close to the prisoners' benches, suddenly opened, and Mrs. Riper flew in, as rapid and as noiseless as a meteor. She was without bonnet or shawl, her head still crowned with the pillow-slip cap.

Jem's back was turned towards her. In a second she was upon him. I can't tell you how she did it. She was a little woman, and he a big man; but she was all over, and all round him, in the same instant. She went up into the air like an India rubber ball, and gave him two resounding slaps on his right ear. She came down on the other side, and administered three blows, that rang like pistol shots, upon his left ear, as she descended. She got in front of him, and dashed her head into his stomach, with the force of a battering-ram; caught him as he was falling; swung him round, one hand tugging at his hair, the other clutching the back his of neck; and so she pushed him before her out of the door, which swung to behind them.

The scene was enacted so rapidly that the judge had no time to speak, or the policemen to interfere, if so inclined. As the pair disappeared, there went up one shout, in which I believe every soul in the room joined, unless it might be Susan Golightly, who had hidden under the bench, afraid that her turn might come next.

Just as the judge recovered himself, enough to make a sign to the policemen to enjoin silence, the door opened again, and Mrs. Riper entered, as noiselessly as before, her breath coming quickly, and her cap-border fluttering over her eyes.

She turned to the judge, and dropped a curtsey.

"Your honor, your worship," said she, in a clear, rapid voice, "I stand to apologize, and pay my fine, if need be; but I should wish to explain, first, if your honor permits. My name is Jane Riper, and that man is my husband."

"I know you very well, Mrs. Riper," said the judge, exercising a preternatural self-control in order to look grave. "I know you very well; and I am sure you can explain this—this—"

He could not finish. He hid his mouth with one hand, and waved the other towards Mrs.

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Riper, whom indeed he did know, for his house was situated just at the corner of our street.

"Sir," said Mrs. Riper, "that woman, hiding there under the bench—"

"One moment," interrupted the judge. "Officer, put that woman in her seat."

The policeman dragged the prisoner into place. For once, Susan Golightly had lost her brazen look. She was pale, and trembling with fright.

"What is her name, officer?" demanded the judge.

"Susan Golightly, your honor—a bad case! She's bar-maid at the Swan, in Timber street, got drunk last night, and tried to stab the landlord. Mrs. Riper's husband wanted to go her bail."

"Ah," said the judge. "And you don't want your husband to do it, Mrs. Riper, I conclude?"

"Your honor, he'd have to do it, out of my property. Is that just? Oh, sir, she's being the ruin of him, body and soul. She swore to do it. There's them that heard her! Oh, sir, don't let her drag him any further down. Think of my child, my little deaf and dumb girl! Sir, I've been a decent woman, all my days. I told Jem, if he drove me crazy, I shouldn't care; I'd make it public—and I have—I have!"

"I don't blame you, in the least, Mrs. Riper," said the judge. "You are perfectly free to go; or, if you like, you shall see this woman's trial. The case is a very aggravated one," continued the magistrate, looking over his papers. "No bail would be accepted."

Susan Golightly gave one howl, half-terror, half-rage, but the touch of a policeman's hand, on her shoulder, reduced her to silence.

"I don't want to stay, your honor. I only wanted Jem" said Mrs. Riper, "and thank you kindly for your goodness, sir."

"You have the entire sympathy of every person present, Mrs. Riper," said the judge; "I wish every honest woman, who has a worthless husband, would treat him as you have done yours."

Mrs. Riper burst into tears, flung her apron over her head, and rushed out of court.

But though she might weep, she did not falter. She had left Jem in the corridor, in charge of a policeman. She led the wretched man home; she locked him up in the coal-cellar; she kept him without food for twelve hours; and then she only gave him some, because he had earned it by mending the broken back of a chair.

Susan Golightly went to prison, for six months. She never returned to Chester. Jem tried to drink, but his money was soon gone, and he could get no credit; and indeed, if he entered a gin shop, his wife followed. If he worked, she gave him good meals; if he did not, she let him go hungry; and he learned to stand more in awe of her gentle, yet adamantine firmness, than he could have done of the fiercest virago that ever lived

He is a very sober, tolerably industrious man, at this speaking, and last year I went down to Chester again, and spent a fortnight in Mrs. Riper's house. That model woman was as mild and meek as ever, but she had taken off caps, arranged her abundant hair very tastefully, wore fresher gowns, and looked full ten years younger than when I had last seen her, quite as young indeed as Jem, who had grown stoop-shouldered and wrinkled, though his face had lost something of its sheepish expression, since he had been forced into becoming a decent, laborious member of society.

SONG OF THE CURLEW.

BY MRS. J. WAN.

THE wak'ning breeze
Now stirs the trees,
And sways our couch on branches tender;
The morning light
Now greets our sight,
With deep'ning glow of rosy splendor.
Wake! brothers, wake! to the dawn chant our greeting!
Wake! brothers, wake! let us hie to the meeting!

Oh! swift and clear,
Our course we steer,
With pinions strong, the sweet air cleaving;
Oh! fleet and far,
O'er bank and bar,
The scented woodlands swiftly leaving,
Haste! brothers, haste! see the sun rise to meet us!
Haste! brothers, haste! the marsh teems to greet us!

The daylight dies
In Eastern skies,
Westward we turn our way, slow flying;
Oh! sweet to sail
In the misty veil
Of purple light, while the day is dying!
Home! brothers, home! while the sun sinks in the vastness!
Home! brothers, home! to the deep cypress fastness!

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"A FAIR BARBARIAN."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 376.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large, soft eyes wore a decidedly frightened look; she seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had happened.

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldclough."

"Who is he?"

"He is my grand-uncle," explained Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma—" She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night, she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning, she came again, and—oh!" indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such a manner?"

"What did she say?" inquired Octavia.

"She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—before she had finished."

"What did you understand?"

"She was afraid to tell me in plain words—I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it—and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?"

"Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started.

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"Oh! I always knew it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added.

Lucia thought deeply, for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said, at length. "I *am* angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have forgiven her more easily—but she has been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. Octavia," turning upon her, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "I think that, for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion. I think I shall never be afraid of her any more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. "Yes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home, and tell her what I think."

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

She walked very fast, after she left the house. She wanted to reach Oldclough before one whit of her anger cooled down, though, somehow, she felt quite sure that even when her anger died out, her courage would not take flight with it. Mr. Dugald Binnie had not proved to be a very fascinating person; he was an acrid, dictatorial old man; he contradicted Lady Theobald flatly every five minutes, and bullied his man-servant; but it was not against him that Lucia's indignation was aroused. She felt that Lady Theobald was quite capable of suggesting to him that Francis Barold would be a good match for her, and if she had done so, it was scarcely his fault if he had accepted the idea. She understood now why she had been allowed to visit Octavia,

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and why divers other things had happened. She had been sent to walk with Francis Barold; he had been almost reproached when he had not called; perhaps her ladyship had been good enough to suggest to him that it was his duty to further her plans. She was as capable of that as of anything else which would assist her to gain her point. The girl's cheeks grew hotter and hotter, her eyes brighter at every step, because every step brought some new thought, her hands trembled, and her heart beat.

"I shall never be afraid of her again," she said, as she turned the corner into the road. "Never! never!"

And at that very moment, a gentleman stepped out of the wood at her right, and stopped before her.

She started back, with a cry.

"Mr. Burmistone!" she said, "Mr. Burmistone!"

She wondered if he had heard her last words, she fancied he had. He took hold of her shaking little hand, and looked down at her excited face.

"I am glad I waited for you," he said, in the quietest possible tone. "Something is the matter."

She knew there would be no use in trying to conceal the truth, and she was not in the mood to make the effort. She scarcely knew herself.

She gave quite a fierce little laugh.

"I am angry!" she said. "You have never seen me angry before. I am on my way to my—to Lady Theobald."

He held her hand as calmly as before. He understood a great deal more than she could have imagined.

"What are you going to say to her?" he asked. She laughed again.

"I am going to ask her what she means? I am going to tell her she has made a mistake. I am going to prove to her, that I am not such a coward after all. I am going to tell her, that I dare disobey her—*that* is what I am going to say to her."

He held her hand rather closer.

"Let us take a stroll in the copse and talk it over," he said. "It is deliciously cool there."

"I don't want to be cool," she said. But he drew her gently with him, and a few steps took them into the shade of the young oaks and pines, and there he paused.

"She has made you very angry?" he said.

And then, almost before she knew what she was doing, she was pouring forth the whole of her story—even more of it, than she had told Octavia. She had not at all intended to do it, but she did it, nevertheless.

"I am to marry Mr. Francis Barold, if he will take me," she said, with a bitter little smile. "Mr. Francis Barold, who is so much in love with me—as you know. His mother approves of the match, and sent him here to make love to me—which he has done as you have seen. I have no money of my own, but if I make a marriage which pleases him, Dugald Binnie will probably leave me his—which it is thought will be an inducement to my cousin—who needs one. If I marry him, or rather he marries me, Lady Theobald thinks Mr. Binnie will be pleased. It does not even matter whether Francis is pleased or not—and, of course, I am out of the question—but it is hoped that it will please Mr. Binnie. The two ladies have talked it over, and decided the matter. I daresay they have offered me to Francis, who has very likely refused me, though perhaps he may be persuaded to relent in time—if I am very humble, and he is shown the advantage of having Mr. Binnie's money added to his own—but I have no doubt I shall have to be very humble indeed. That is what I learned from Lady Theobald, last night, and it is what I am going to talk to her about. Is it enough to make one angry, do you think—is it enough?"

He did not tell her whether he thought it enough or not. He looked at her with steady eyes.

"Lucia," he said, "I wish you would let *me* go and talk to Lady Theobald."

"You?" she said, with a little start.

"Yes," he answered. "Let me go to her. Let me tell her that instead of marrying Francis Barold, you will marry *me*. If you will say yes to that, I think I can promise that you need never be afraid of her any more."

The fierce color died out of her cheeks, and the tears rushed to her eyes. She raised her face with a pathetic look.

"Oh," she whispered, "you must be very sorry for me. I think you have been sorry for me from the first."

"I am desperately in love with you," he answered, in his quietest way. "I have been desperately in love with you from the first. May I go?"

She looked at him, for a moment, incredulously. Then she faltered,

"Yes."

She still looked up at him, and then in spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of it, she suddenly began to cry softly, and forgot she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, kind arms.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE morning of the garden-party arose bright and clear, and Stowbridge awakened in a great

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state of excitement. Miss Chickie, having worked until midnight, that all her orders might be completed, was so overpowered by her labors as to have to take her tea and toast in bed.

At Oldclough, varied sentiments prevailed. Lady Theobald's manner was chiefly distinguished by an implacable rigidity. She had chosen, as an appropriate festal costume, a funeral black *moire antique*, enlivened by massive fringes and ornaments of jet—her jewelry being chains and manacles of the latter, which rattled as she moved, with a sound somewhat suggestive of bones.

Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had received an invitation, had as yet amiably forborne to say whether he would accept it or not. He had been out when Mr. Burmistone called, and had not seen him.

When Lady Theobald descended to breakfast, she found him growling over his newspaper, and he glanced up at her, with a polite scowl.

"Going to a funeral?" he demanded.

"I accompany my grand-daughter to this—this entertainment," her ladyship responded. "It is scarcely a joyous occasion, to my mind."

"No need to dress yourself like that, if it isn't," ejaculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't you stay at home, if you don't want to go? Man's all right, isn't he? Once knew a man of the name of Burmistone myself. One of the few decent fellows I've met. If I was sure this was the same man, I'd go myself. When I find a fellow who's neither knave nor fool, I stick to him. Believe I'll send to find out. Where's Lucia?"

What his opinion of Lucia was, it was difficult to discover. He had an agreeable habit of staring at her over the top of his paper, and over his dinner. The only time he had made any comment upon her, was the first time he saw her in the dress she had copied from Octavia's.

"Nice gown that," he blurted out. "Didn't get it here, I'll wager."

"It is an old dress I remodeled," answered Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it myself."

"Doesn't look like it," he said, gruffly.

Lucia had touched up another dress, and was very happy in the prospect of wearing it at the garden-party.

"Don't call on grandmamma until after Wednesday," she had said to Mr. Burmistone. "Perhaps she wouldn't let me go. She will be very angry I am sure."

"And you are not afraid?"

"No," she answered. "I am not afraid at all. I shall not be afraid again."

In fact, she had perfectly confounded her ladyship by her demeanor. She bore her fiercest glance without quailing in the least, or making any effort to evade it; under her most scathing comments, she was composed and unmoved. On the first occasion of my lady's referring to her plans for her future, she received a blow which fairly stunned her. The girl rose from her chair, and looked her straight in the face, unflinchingly, and with a suggestion of *hauteur* not easy to confront.

"I beg you will not speak to me of that again," she said. "I will not listen." And turning about, walked out of the room.

"This," her ladyship had said, in sepulchral tones, when she recovered her breath, "this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett." And nothing more had been said on the subject since.

No one in Stowbridge was in more brilliant spirits than Octavia herself, on the morning of the *fête*. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was startled by the arrival of another telegram, which ran as follows:

"Arrived to-day, per Russia. Be with you to-morrow evening. Friend with me.

MARTIN BASSETT."

On reading this communication, Miss Belinda burst into floods of delighted tears.

"Dear, dear Martin!" she wept. "To think that we should meet again! *Why* didn't he let us know he was on the way? I should have been so anxious, that I should not have slept at all."

"Well," remarked Octavia, "I suppose that *would* have been an advantage."

Suddenly, she approached Miss Belinda, kissed her, and disappeared out of the room, as if by magic, not returning for a quarter of an hour, looking rather soft, and moist, and brilliant about the eyes, when she did return.

Octavia was a marked figure upon the grounds, at that garden-party.

"Another dress, my dear," remarked Mrs. Burnham. "And what a charming color she has, I declare! She is usually paler. Perhaps we owe this to Lord Lansdowne."

"Her dress is becoming, at all events," privately remarked Miss Lydia Burnham, whose tastes had not been consulted about her own.

"It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though her clothes always have a *look*, someway. She's prettier than ever to-day, and is enjoying herself."

She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis Barold observed it rather gloomily as he stood apart. She was enjoying herself so much, that she did not seem to notice that he had avoided her, instead of going up to claim her attention. Half-a-dozen

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men were standing about her and making themselves agreeable; and she was apparently quite equal to the emergencies of the occasion. The young men from Broadoaks had at once attached themselves to her train.

"I say, Barold," they had said to him, "why didn't you tell us about this. Jolly good fellow you are, to come mooning here for a couple of months and keep it all to yourself."

And then had come Lord Lansdowne, who in crossing the lawn to shake hands with his host, had been observed to keep his eye fixed upon one particular point.

"Burmistone," he said, after having spoken his first words, "who is that tall girl in white?"

And in ten minutes, Lady Theobald, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Barold and divers others, too numerous to mention, saw him standing at Octavia's side, evidently with no intention of leaving it.

Not long after this, Francis Barold found his way to Miss Belinda, who was very busy and rather nervous.

"Your niece is evidently enjoying herself," he remarked.

"Octavia is most happy, to-day," answered Miss Belinda. "Her father will reach Stowbridge this evening. She has been looking forward to his coming with great anxiety."

"Ah!" commented Barold.

"Very few people understand Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "I am not sure that I follow all her moods myself. She is more affectionate than people fancy. She—she has very pretty ways. I am very fond of her. She is not as frivolous as she appears, to those who don't know her well."

Barold stood gnawing his moustache and made no reply. He was not very comfortable. He felt himself ill-used by Fate, and rather wished he had returned to London from Broadoaks, instead of loitering in Stowbridge He had amused himself at first, but in time he had been surprised to find his amusement lose something of its zest. He glowered across the lawn at the group under a certain beech tree, and as he did so, Octavia turned her face a little and saw him. She stood waving her fan slowly, and smiling at him in a calm way; which reminded him very much of the time he had first caught sight of her at Lady Theobald's high tea.

He condescended to saunter over the grass to where she stood. Once there, he proceeded to make himself as disagreeable as possible, in a silent and lofty way. He felt it only due to himself that he should. He did not approve at all of the manner in which Lansdowne kept by her.

"It's deucedly bad form on his part," he said, mentally. "What does he mean by it?"

Octavia, on the contrary, did not ask what he meant by it. She chose to seem rather well entertained, and did not notice that she was being frowned down. There was no reason why she should not find Lord Lansdowne entertaining: he was an agreeable young fellow, with an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, and no nonsense about him. He was fond of all pleasant novelty, and Octavia was a pleasant novelty. He had been thinking of paying a visit to America, and he asked innumerable questions concerning that country, all of which Octavia answered.

"I know half-a-dozen fellows who have been there," he said. "And they all enjoyed it tremendously."

"If you go to Nevada, you must visit the mines at Bloody Gulch," she said.

"Where?" he ejaculated. "I say, what a name! Don't deride my youth and ignorance, Miss Bassett."

"You can call it *L'Argentville* if you would rather," she replied.

"I would rather try the other, thank you," he laughed. "It has a more hilarious sound. Will they despise me at Bloody Gulch, Miss Bassett? I never killed a man in my life."

Barold turned, and walked away, angry, and more melancholy than he could have believed.

"It is time I went back to London," he chose to put it. "The place begins to be deucedly dull."

"Mr. Francis Barold seems rather out of spirits," said Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theobald. "Lord Lansdowne interferes with his pleasure."

"I had not observed it," answered her ladyship. "And it is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure to be interfered with, even by the son of the Marquis of Lauderdale."

But she glared at Barold, as he passed, and beckoned to him.

"Where is Lucia?" she demanded.

"I saw her with Burmistone, half an hour ago," he answered, coldly. "Have you any message for my mother? I shall return to London, to-morrow—leaving here early."

She turned quite pale. She had not counted upon this at all, and it was extremely inopportune.

"What has happened?" she asked, rigidly.

He looked slightly surprised.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I have remained here longer than I intended."

She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest profession of reluctance to go. She said, at last,

"If you will find Lucia, you will oblige me."

She was almost uncivil to Miss Piper, who

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chanced to join her after he was gone. She had not the slightest intention of allowing her plans to be frustrated, and was only roused to fresh obstinacy by encountering indifference on one side, and rebellion on the other. She had not brought Lucia up under her own eye for nothing. She had been disturbed of late, but by no means considered herself baffled. With the assistance of Mr. Dugald Binnie, she could certainly subdue Lucia, though Mr. Dugald Binnie had been of no great help, so far. She would do her duty unflinchingly. In fact, she chose to persuade herself that, if Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind, there could be no real trouble with Francis Barold.

CHAPTER XXIV.

But Barold did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. He stopped to watch a game of lawn-tennis, in which Octavia and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally forgot Lady Theobald's errand altogether.

For some time, Octavia did not see him. She was playing with great spirit, and Lord Lansdowne was following her delightedly.

Finally, a chance of the game bringing her to him, she turned suddenly, and found Barold's eyes fixed upon her.

"How long have you been there?" she asked.

"Some time," he answered. "When you are at liberty, I wish to speak to you."

"Do you?" she said.

She seemed a little unprepared for the repressed energy of his manner, which he strove to cover by a greater amount of coldness than usual.

"Well," she said, after thinking a moment, "the game will soon be ended. I am going through the conservatories with Lord Lansdowne, in course of time; but I daresay he can wait."

She went back, and finished her game, apparently enjoying it as much as ever. When it was over, Barold made his way to her.

He had resented her remaining oblivious of his presence, when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surroundings, and now as he led her away, leaving Lord Lansdowne rather disconsolate, he resented the fact that she did not seem nervous, or at all impressed by his silence.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked. "Let us go and sit down in one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired—not that I mind it, though. I've been having a lovely time."

Then she began to talk about Lord Lansdowne.

"I like him ever so much," she said. "Do you think he will really go to America? I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it won't be for a year or so—I mean until we go back from Europe. Still it's rather uncertain when we *shall* go back. Did I tell you I had persuaded Aunt Belinda to travel with us? She's horribly frightened, but I mean to make her go. She'll get over being frightened after a little while."

Suddenly, she turned, and looked at him.

"Why don't you say something?" she demanded. "What's the matter?"

"It is not necessary for me to say anything."

She laughed.

"Do you mean because I am saying everything myself? Well, I suppose I am. I am—awfully happy, to-day, and can't help talking. It seems to make the time go."

Her face had lighted up curiously. There was a delighted excitement in her eyes, puzzling him.

"Are you so fond of your father as all that?"

She laughed again—a clear, exultant laugh.

"Yes," she answered, "of course I am as fond of him as all that. It's quite natural, isn't it?"

"I haven't observed the same degree of enthusiasm in all the young ladies of my acquaintance," he returned, dryly.

He thought such rapture disproportionate to the cause, and regarded it grudgingly.

They turned into an arbor, and Octavia sat down and leaned forward on the rustic table. Then she turned her face up to look at the vines covering the roof.

"It looks rather spidery, doesn't it?" she remarked. "I hope it isn't; don't you?"

The light fell bewitchingly on her round, little chin and white throat; and a bar of sunlight struck on her upturned eyes, and the blonde rings on her forehead.

"There is nothing I hate more than spiders," she said, with a little shiver, "unless," seriously, "it's caterpillars—and caterpillars I loathe!"

Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her hat—a large, white Reuben's, all soft curling feathers and satin bows—a charming tip over her eyes.

"The brim is broad," she said. "If anything drops, I hope it will drop on it, instead of on me. Now, what did you want to say?"

He had not sat down, but stood leaning against the rustic wood-work. He looked pale, and was evidently trying to be cooler than usual.

"I brought you here to ask you a question."

"Well," she remarked, "I hope it's an important one. You look serious enough."

"It is important—rather," he responded, with a touch of sarcasm. "You will probably go away soon?"

"That isn't exactly a question," she commented. "And it's not as important to you as to me."

He paused a moment, annoyed because he found

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it difficult to go on; annoyed, because she waited with such undisturbed serenity. But at length he managed to begin again.

"I do not think you are expecting the question I am going to ask," he said. I—do not think I expected to ask it myself—until to-day. I do not know why—why I should ask it so awkwardly, and feel—at such a disadvantage. I brought you here, to ask you—to marry me."

He had scarcely spoken four words, before all her airy manner had taken flight, and she had settled herself down to listen. He had noticed this, and had felt it quite natural. When he stopped, she was looking straight into his face. Her eyes were singularly large, and bright, and clear.

"You did not expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "Why didn't you?"

It was not at all what he had expected. He did not understand her manner at all.

"I—must confess," he said, stiffly, "that I felt, at first, that there were—obstacles in the way of my doing so."

"What were the obstacles?"

He flushed, and drew himself up.

"I have been unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself," he said. "I told you I was conscious of my own awkwardness."

"Yes," she said, quietly. "You have been unfortunate. That is a good way of putting it."

Then she let her eyes rest on the table a few seconds, and thought a little.

"After all," she said, "I have the consolation of knowing that you must have been very much in love with me. If you had not been very much in love with me, you would never have asked me to marry you. You would have considered the obstacles."

"I *am* very much in love with you," he said, vehemently, his feelings getting the better of his pride, for once. "However badly I may have expressed myself, I am very much in love with you. I have been wretched for days."

"Was it because you felt obliged to ask me to marry you?" she inquired.

The delicate touch of spirit in her tone and words fired him to fresh admiration, strange to say. It suggested to him possibilities he had not suspected hitherto. He drew nearer to her.

"Don't be too severe on me," he said, quite humbly—considering all things. And he stretched out his hand, as if to take hers.

But she drew it back, smiling ever so faintly.

"Do you think I don't know what the obstacles are?" she said. "I will tell you."

"My affection was strong enough to sweep them away," he said, "or I should not be here."

She smiled slightly again.

"I know all about them, as well as you do," she said. "I rather laughed at them, at first, but I don't now. I suppose I'm 'impressed by their seriousness,' as aunt Belinda says. I suppose they *are* pretty serious—to you."

"Nothing would be so serious to me as that you should let them interfere with my happiness," he answered, thrown back upon himself, and bewildered by her logical manner. "Let us forget them. I was a fool to speak as I did. Won't you answer my question?"

She paused a second, and then answered:

"You didn't expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "And I didn't expect you to—"

"But now—" he broke in, impatiently.

"Now—I wish you hadn't done it."

"You wish—"

"You don't want *me*," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody who would respect you very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people."

"Do you mean also that you would not respect me?" he inquired, bitterly.

"Oh," she replied, "you haven't respected me much!"

"Excuse me—" he began, in his loftiest manner.

"You didn't respect me enough to think me worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen of your own will."

"You are treating me unfairly!" he cried.

"You were going to give me a great deal, I suppose—looking at it in your way," she went on; "but if I *wasn't* exactly what you wanted, I had something to give, too. I'm young enough to have a good many years to live, and I should have to live them with you, if I married you. That's something, you know."

He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and wounded feeling.

"Does this mean that you refuse me," he demanded, "that your answer is no?"

She rose, too—not exultant, not confused, neither pale nor flushed. He had never seen her prettier, more charming, or more natural.

"It would have been 'no,' even if there hadn't been any obstacle," she answered.

"Then," he said, "I need say no more. I see that I have—humiliated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter, I must confess."

"It wasn't my fault," she remarked.

He stepped back, with a haughty wave of the hand, signifying that she should pass out of the arbor before him.

She did so, but just as she reached the entrance, turned, and stood for a second, framed in by the swinging vines and their blossoms.

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"There's another reason why it should be 'no,'" she said. "I suppose I may as well tell you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE first person they saw, when they reached the lawn, was Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinda.

"I'll go to them," said Octavia. "Aunt Belinda will wonder where I have been."

But before they reached the group, they were intercepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his charge, and watching her, with some rather sharp pangs, as she was borne off to the conservatories.

"What is the matter with Mr. Barold?" exclaimed Miss Piper. "Pray, look at him."

"He has been talking to Miss Octavia Bassett, in one of the arbors," put in Miss Lydia Burnham. "Emily and I passed them a few minutes ago, and they were so absorbed that they did not see us. There is no knowing what has happened."

"Lydia!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, in stern reproof of such flippancy.

But the next moment, she exchanged a glance with Miss Piper.

"Do you think—" she suggested. "Is it possible—"

"It really looks very like it," said Miss Piper; "though it is scarcely to be credited. See how pale and angry he looks."

Mrs. Burnham glanced towards him, and then a slight smile illuminated her countenance.

"How furious," she remarked, cheerfully; "how furious Lady Theobald will be."

Naturally, it was not very long before the attention of numerous other ladies was directed to Mr. Francis Barold. It was observed that he took no share in the festivities, that he did not regain his natural air of enviable indifference to his surroundings—that he did not approach Octavia Bassett until all was over and she was on the point of going home. What he said to her then, no one heard; but it was this.

"I am going to London, to-morrow," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, holding out her hand to him. Then she added, quickly, in an undertone. "You oughtn't to think badly of me. You won't, after awhile."

As they drove homeward, she was rather silent, and Miss Belinda remarked it.

"I am afraid you are tired, Octavia?" she said. "It is a pity that Martin should come, and find you tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired," Octavia answered; "I was only—thinking. It has been a queer day!"

"A queer day, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda. "I thought it a charming day."

"So it has been," said Octavia, which Miss Belinda thought rather inconsistent.

Both of them grew rather restless, as they neared the house.

"To think," said Miss Belinda, "of my seeing poor Martin again."

"Suppose," said Octavia, nervously, as they drew up, "suppose they are here—already!"

"They!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Who—"

But she got no farther. A cry burst from Octavia—a queer, soft little cry.

"They are here!" she said; "they are! Jack—Jack!"

And she was out of the carriage, and Miss Belinda following her close, was horrified to see her caught at once in the embrace of a tall, bronzed, young man, who, a moment after, drew her into the little parlor, and shut the door.

Mr. Martin Bassett, who was big, and sunburned, and prosperous-looking, stood in the passage, smiling triumphantly.

"M—M—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda. "What—oh, what does this mean?"

Martin Bassett led her to a seat, and smiled more triumphantly still.

"Never mind, Belinda," he said. "Don't be frightened. It's Jack Belasys, and he's the finest fellow in the West. And she hasn't seen him for two years."

"Martin," Miss Belinda fluttered, "it is not proper—it really isn't."

"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Bassett; "for he's going to marry her, before we go abroad."

It was an eventful day for all parties concerned. At its close, Lady Theobald found herself in an utterly bewildered and thunder-stricken condition. And to Mr. Dugald Binnie, more than to any one else, her demoralization was due. That gentleman got into the carriage, in rather a better humor than usual.

"Same man I used to know," he remarked. "Glad to see him. I knew him as soon as I set eyes on him."

"Do you allude to Mr. Burmistone?"

"Yes. Had a long talk with him. He's coming to see you, to-morrow. Told him he might come myself. Appears he's taken a fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits me exactly, and suppose it suits her. Looks as if it does. Glad she hasn't taken a fancy to some haw-haw fellow, like that fool, Barold. Girls generally do. Burmistone's worth ten of him."

Lucia, who had been looking steadily out of the

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carriage-window, turned, with an amazed expression. Lady Theobald had received a shock, which made all her manacles rattle. She could scarcely support herself under it.

"Do I—" she said. "Am I to understand that Mr. Francis Barold does not meet with your approval?"

Mr. Binnie struck his stick sharply upon the floor of the carriage.

"Yes, by George!" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with chaps like that. If she'd taken up with him, she'd never have heard from *me* again. Make sure of that."

When they reached Oldclough, her ladyship followed Lucia to her room. She stood before her, arranging the manacles on her wrists, nervously.

"I begin to understand now," she said. "I find I was mistaken in my impressions of Mr. Dugald Binnie's tastes—and in my impressions of *you*. You are to marry Mr. Burmistone. My rule is over. Permit me to congratulate you."

The tears rose to Lucia's eyes.

"Grandmamma," she said, her voice soft and broken, "I think I should have been more frank, if—if you had been kinder, sometimes."

"I have done my duty by you," said my lady.

Lucia looked at her, pathetically.

"I have been ashamed to keep things from you," she hesitated. "And I have often told myself that—that it was sly to do it—but I could not help it."

"I trust," said my lady, "that you will be more candid with Mr. Burmistone."

Lucia blushed, guiltily.

"I—think I shall, grandmamma," she said.

It was the Reverend Alfred Poppleton who assisted the Rector of St. James', to marry Jack Belasys and Octavia Bassett; and it was observed that he was almost as pale as his surplice.

Stowbridge had never seen such a wedding, or such a bride as Octavia. It was even admitted, that Jack Belasys was a singularly handsome fellow; and had a dashing, adventurous air, which carried all before it. There was a rumor, that he owned silver mines himself, and had even done something in diamonds, in Brazil, where he had spent the last two years. At all events, it was ascertained beyond doubt, that being at last a married woman, and entitled to splendor of the kind, Octavia would not lack them. Her present to Lucia, who was one of her bridesmaids, dazzled all beholders.

When she was borne away by the train, with her father and husband, and Miss Belinda, whose bonnet-strings were bedewed with tears, the Reverend Alfred Poppleton was the last man who shook hands with her. He held in his hand a large bouquet, which Octavia herself had given him out of her abundance. "Stowbridge will miss you, Miss—Mrs. Belasys," he faltered. "I—I shall miss you. Perhaps, we—may even meet again. I have thought that, perhaps, I should like to go to America."

And as the train puffed out of the station, and disappeared, he stood motionless for several seconds; and a large and brilliant drop of moisture appeared on the calyx of the lily, which formed the centre-piece of his large bouquet.

[THE END.]

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

THEY trouble me no more
Those sweet, blue, asking eyes,
What need hath she of human love?
Safe—safe—in Paradise,
Where love unstinted, looks on her,
From tender angel's eyes.

The soft, white, clinging hand,
Shall trouble me no more;
She hath no need of human help,
Safe on the shining shore,
"He leadeth her" 'neath heavenly palms
To rest for evermore.

I delved 'mid books to solve
All earth's great mysteries,
I said her mind can never soar
To lofty themes like these.
Fool that I was!—now plain to her
Are Heaven's great mysteries.

No more—no more—no more—
Shall soft, beseeching look,
Come with a mute appeal for love,
Between me and my book.
Shy, helpful ways, I scorned to praise
By grateful word or look.

I sit and dream alone,
But not of subjects vast,
In pain my spirit gropes adown
The dark halls of the Past,
For memories of the heart I starved
Until it broke at last.

No more, oh! gentle heart,
Shall any grief be thine,
Thy way is where the radiant heights
Of morns eternal shine,
Unfading light enfolds thee now,
The shadowed ways are mine.

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"ODD."

BY MRS. T. M. NEALL.

"I PUT on my things and came right down as soon as ever I heard of it."

Mrs. Blymer did not even close the door after her, but sank down in an arm-chair, and began rocking and fanning herself vigorously.

Her sister, Mrs. Stott, had on a large, white cooking apron, and was sifting flour. She looked up and asked:

"Heard of what?"

"Why, about Elizabeth, of course," irritably.

"Oh, about her and Joshua—yes," said Mrs. Stott, with a smile, "I know something about that myself. He is a well-to-do young man, has good prospects, and I am glad it is all settled, if that's what you've come for—"

"Well, it isn't what I've come for," interrupting; "and it isn't her and Joshua—*no!*" very emphatically. "But it *is* all settled, and if you're glad, why I'm not; and all I've got to say is, that you are as odd as she is."

"Dear me—who is it then?"

"Old Mr. Wrexham."

Mrs. Stott had just put a pan of bread sponge, well covered up, in the chair by her; and now she almost sat down upon it, in her excitement; but immediately sprang up, exclaiming, as she looked down on the chair, ruefully:

"I declare, Hannah, I am as limp as that dish-towel. You could knock me down with your little finger. See what I've done now. What does make you joke so?"

"You must have powerful yeast then, if you think it will raise you," said her sister, laughing; for she knew Mrs. Stott was sensitive as to her weight. Then she went on.

"I am not joking. I wish, in all conscience, I were. But the sting of my news is, that it is perfectly, and *dreadfully*, true."

"Now," said Mrs. Stott, sitting down, energetically, and this time choosing a more appropriate cushion, facing her sister, "Elizabeth is the youngest of our family, and we have had the care of her a good many years. She is a little peculiar in her notions; but what is for her interest is for ours; and if you've anything to communicate concerning her future prospects, do come to the point, at once. I am ready to hear it."

"The point is this then. She is engaged to marry old Mr. Wrexham, who is fifty years, if he is a day; and has a half-dozen children, at least."

"We must stop it! A man old enough to be her father! There's a law to prevent it, or ought to be—"

"Law and fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mrs. Blymer, "haven't you known Elizabeth Johnston twenty-five years? Isn't she just as determined a stick as ever grew? Hasn't she a mighty spirit of independence? Won't she have her own way? You say one word against this, and it will be like throwing a stone into the mill-race: the waters will seethe, and foam, and boil, and bubble right over it, till it is borne away She knows our minds, and will come to neither of us for sympathy, or congratulations, I warrant you."

"Such an absurd match," murmured Mrs. Stott.

"Absurd, it is preposterous! She admits, too, that, as a general rule, people of nearly equal age ought to marry. But she says she is older than her years: that very young men seem frivolous to her: and that Mr. Wrexham is young in heart, and has, besides, that stability of character, without which she could not look up to, and love, any man."

"The girl talks like a fool."

"More than that, she says love of this kind, her kind, you know, is the highest and noblest. She was never like any one else, she was always odd. She must e'en 'gang her ain gait.' The fact is, the helplessness of those poor, motherless children—Mr. Wrexham has half-a-dozen, at least—has touched her weak little heart. It is pity for them, a sense of duty, quite as much as what she calls love—"

"She always said her children must be ready-made for her; and they will be, with a vengeance: why, there's some must be nearly as old as she," snapped the other sister.

"And to think of all the offers she's had: Topliff, the store-keeper; and Reeder; and Joshua Jones, who'll be a rich man."

"Yes, and this Wrexham is poor, and has gray hair. She *must* be crazy."

"Well, she will come to her senses, I'm thinking, after she is married—and that's one good thing—with all that family on her hands," said Mrs. Blymer, who had but one child herself, and as usual made more fuss about that than her neighbor did for thirteen.

Let us now transfer the scene, eight years

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later, to the house opposite Mr. Wrexham's. Two neighbors have met, for an afternoon tea, and their talk is naturally about their acquaintances.

"I saw," said one, "Mrs. Wrexham, as I came past. She has returned so soon. What an energetic woman she is!"

"The smartest, I think, I have ever known, without any exception. How much good she has done, in that family."

"Yes, she has been the right woman in the right place. I wonder if her sisters ever became reconciled to the marriage. They were strongly opposed to it, you know, for Mr. Wrexham was ever so much older than she was."

"Oh, yes: they are on the best of terms now. They have sense enough to see how well she fills so responsible a situation. Half the marriages made come from mere youth and propinquity; and too many turn out badly in consequence. Her's was founded on real esteem, the most solid basis for lasting love. She could not have found a more useful sphere, or hardly one where she could have accomplished so much good. It was refreshing to go into that house, after she came there, for it had such a neglected appearance before; the children were getting unmanageable, and Mr. Wrexham was having a hard time of it. But his new wife had a genius for governing, quietly and wisely: everything seemed to find its place, on her approach, and to resolve itself to rights. Then, too, her rule has always been through love, not fear. The children adore her, from Jack down to the youngest girl."

"She has been such a mother to them, since their father died, a year ago. Sarah told me she found her crying over a note-book, in which he had put down, under the date of the day before his death, 'Elizabeth gave me a pair of slippers to-day, on our wedding anniversary, which she never forgets to commemorate. One of the best wives God ever blest man with.' She said her mother took so much comfort, in the thought that she had made him happy."

"And not only did he, but all of them, have cause to bless her. People wonder how she could have chosen such a hard lot for herself; but, after all, some might well envy it. A good deal of what is called love is only selfishness. This was love of a higher and purer order. And she has her reward. Think of the devotion with which she is regarded. Think of the good work she has wrought, in bringing up such a family, and making them valuable and Christian members of society. It is a work extending into Eternity itself. It is, as she herself said, the noblest and highest kind of love; because it is a love involving self-sacrifice. For my part, I am thankful that there *are* some people, who, not looking only for their own ease, and honor, and social advancement in life, have independence of character, and Christian heroism, enough, to accept some of the sterner duties of our lot, even at the risk of being called 'ODD!'"

OUR BABY.

BY ALICE D. LINDSLEY.

In the cosy nursery
  Lives a little boy,
Mamma's dearest treasure,
  Papa's pride and joy.
Pure as a lily,
  Sweet as a rose;
Oh! how we love our boy,
  Only Baby knows.

Early in the morning,
  At the peep of day,
I hear my birdie's voice,
  Trying hard to say,
"Please, mamma, take me,
  I've been good so long,
I want to hear you sing
  'Nother pretty song."

Who but a mother
  Knows a mother's fears?
Who but a mother can
  Watch our childhood's years,
With a love so tender,
  Sacred, pure and sweet,
Who can smooth the path so well
  For the little feet?

Oh, my darling baby!
  Can it ever be
That this face, so dimpled,
  Care and pain will see?
Must these dainty fingers
  Brown and wrinkled grow?
Must these tender feet, alone,
  Through the cold world go?

Once I was a baby,
  Fair and sweet as this,
Sheltered in my mother's arms,
  Felt her loving kiss.
With Him who has loved me
  All these long, long years,
I can trust my darling boy,
  Hushed be all my fears.

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A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"You are standing on dangerous ground."

Gracia Garnhart turned, and looked full into the eyes of Walter Brown, one of her oldest and truest friends; but, as she well knew, not a lover.

She was a brilliant woman, whose personal charms were made doubly and trebly alluring, by that subtle, seductive charm that the world finds so difficult to explain, so impossible to resist. When any woman realizes that she possesses this most dangerous power, she needs to tremble and be afraid; and, with renewed fervor, pray God to lead her not into temptation, but enable her to use her influence for good.

But Gracia Garnhart did not pray. She only exulted, in the blind conceit of youth, and while she scorned the name of flirt or coquette, she could not resist the temptation to experiment with this fascinating element in her nature.

Walter Brown had watched her course. At length, however, he had felt a sense of temporary relief. After numerous "experiments," which resulted in as many rejected suitors, came Donald Craig, who pleased my lady's fancy, and won her promise of marriage.

But, to-night, at his aunt's, Walter Brown had been filled with distressed wonder, at some things in Gracia Garnhart's demeanor.

Among the guests was an author—one of the comets who shoot so suddenly into the literary firmanent at times. He was just in the blaze of his splendor now, and the object of universal attention and discussion. He was a man past thirty-five, this Bruce Hamon, with a classic, cold face, and corresponding demeanor. A fine conversationalist, and a better listener; a man of artistic taste; and much sought after in society. There was a Mrs. Hamon, somewhere in the background—an invalid, who rarely left her room, but who so loved and trusted her gifted husband, she would not consent to his giving up the society he so adorned, and immuring himself in her sick-room.

Gracia Garnhart had never met him until to-night. She had been talking with him, and he had just turned to obey some summons of his hostess, when Walter Brown spoke.

"You are standing on dangerous ground."

The flush that rose slowly to her face, as she looked in his eyes, assured Walter that he was already understood.

But she answered with a query.

"What do you mean?"

"You know, I think," he said, gravely, "you were just now wondering in your heart secretly, if Bruce Hamon were a free man, whether or not he would yield to the power of your fascinations, were you not?"

She hesitated a moment; then looked him bravely in the eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I was wondering just that."

"I knew it; and so I said you were on dangerous ground. Be careful that the old love of experimenting does not seize you again. The passions of men are dangerous things to trifle with, Gracia; and Donald Craig is too noble a man for you to wound—or lose."

She laughed, lightly.

"You make a serious matter out of an unexpressed thought," she said.

A partner claimed Gracia for the German, just then, and she left Walter.

Alone in her room, that night, she remembered all he had said; and one expression recurred, again and again.

"Donald Craig is too noble a man to wound, *or lose.*" Did Walter Brown suppose her lover held by so slender a thread, that one unwise or even cruel action on her part would sever it? She might wound Donald Craig again and again, but she could not lose him. He loved her too well for that. And she loved him too well to wish to wound him.

When Bruce Hamon called, a day or two later, to ask for a book of which she had spoken, she felt her eye brighten and her veins pulse with the old life again. As it happened, Donald Craig was present during the call, and watched Gracia with quiet, observant eyes. Watched Bruce Hamon, too, as he listened to her easy flow of language.

"Hamon is interested in you," he said to her, after the door had closed behind her caller. "I never knew him to show as much pleasure as he did just now—he is usually so cold and impassive. I enjoy having you appreciated by men of talent and brain, Gracia; but be careful!"

So he, too, was warning her. It nettled her to be so watched. It flattered her, too, to be admired by such a man as Hamon. She endeavored to please him, whenever they met; and, of course, Fate had it they were always meeting after that.

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The uneasiness betrayed by Walter Brown and her lover, whenever she mentioned Bruce Hamon both amused, and vexed her. What right had they to criticize her actions, or suppose her incapable of judging when she had reached the limits of prudence? And it was so gratifying to see the spell of her charm work on such a man as Bruce Hamon. She could actually *will him* across a room to her! If he stood, talking with no matter whom, without turning her head, she could bring him to her side. And she had seen his cold face flush, and his eyes burn, once, when he touched her hand by accident. He was not openly attentive. She was prudent, and did nothing to call down public censure. She only meant, in a quiet way, to see what influence she had over such a man as Hamon; to see what this power would do with a man who was seemingly all brain, and mind, and with but little physical life. People called it animal magnetism, but she believed there was something behind that: it might be animal magnetism that made men seek to woo her, and made women and children love her; but it could not be that alone which made a man like Hamon—intellectually her superior, and devoid of all active physical life—so almost a slave to her will. What was it then, and what could it not do? The desire to investigate took complete hold upon her. And, of course, the *dénoûement* came.

It was at Mrs. Avis' *soirée*. Gracia had danced once, with Hamon. She never danced more than once with him, for fear of comment. They passed near the conservatory door, and he led her in. She never knew how it happened. Her hand touched his, and before she could speak, he caught both hands, and covered them with kisses. She tried to draw them away, but his hold was like a vice.

"My God," he cried, "you craze me. You have tried to make me love you, and you have succeeded. You have bound me, soul, and brain, and body—"

"Oh! hush—hush!" she cried, pale and horror-stricken. "Some one is coming—they will hear. Oh! let me go."

But he was beyond reasoning. He held her hands, fiercely.

"I do not care who comes, or who hears," he said, in a low, passionless tone, that made her blood cold. "You *shall* hear, how I love you. I would sell my soul for you."

She wrenched her hands from him, with a violent effort, but not before two people had entered the conservatory—two people, whose faces told that they had seen her position, and heard his words. A man and a woman—both given to gossip, both quick to put the worst construction possible on all actions.

Gracia sought her friends quietly, called her carriage, and was taken home, to pass a night of tearless horror, and useless remorse.

The next day, the scene in the conservatory was noised over the whole town. Her uncle came home, white and trembling.

"I would rather see you dead," he said, "and lying beside your mother, than to have your name in every mouth, as I have heard it, to-day. Truth or no truth, you have not been blameless in this affair. If Hamon's wife hears it, it will kill her."

Of course the reports were miserably exaggerated. "She had been seen in Hamon's arms." "She had been heard to promise to elope with him," etc., etc., and then all the tales of her past flirtations and "experiments" were dragged into discussion, and condemned. Rejected suitors came to the front, with slurs and inuendoes they had not dared utter, while society smiled upon the unattainable object of their regard; but which they were glad to vent their rage and malice in, now that she was frowned upon. All these things reached her ears, one way and another, and were more cruelly torturing than a thousand deaths.

There came, a week after the *dénoûement*, a note from Donald Craig. He had not been near her all this time.

"I have remained away from you," he wrote, "trying to decide what to do. I have decided. Yet I dare not come to you, and talk to you of my decision, because if I do, the spell you exercise over all human beings may cause me to waver, and I know I should regret it all my life, if I did waver. I asked a girl of stainless reputation to be my wife. I warned you, when Bruce Hamon made his first call, to be careful. You disregarded my warning, and while free from actual wrong, you have yourself to thank for a blemished reputation. God knows I love you; but I cannot bring myself to make you my wife. And so good-bye, and God keep you from further folly."

In the agony of her desolation, Gracia sent for Walter Brown. He came at a word. "I wanted to come before," he said, "but feared you would not see me. I can do nothing for you, only to tell you I do not believe the stories in circulation."

"Where is Bruce Hamon?" she queried.

"Gone abroad, with his wife—the best thing he could do."

"Well, I must go away, Walter; and I want to talk to you about it. I have friends in the West. I think I will go to them; for life here is worse than death."

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"Yes, I would go," he said; "but not yet. Wait a year, until this talk has blown over a little. If you go now, the slander will follow you, and kill you socially in any place you go to."

She looked at him with eyes of speechless agony.

"Do you think I can ever live it down?" she asked.

He looked away, and hesitated. "Not—wholly," he said. "But by years of faultless living, and of rigid behavior, you can build up a new name and life for yourself. You will find it hard, slow work. You must be ever watchful, and never allow yourself to forget your burden for a moment. Never permit your fine spirits to overflow, or your love of admiration to lead you to even familiar gaiety with gentlemen. If you do, and this scandal follows you, as it will in time, people will quote even your innocent mirthfulness against you. You must put away the old self, and make a new woman; one the world cannot harshly criticise."

"It is a bitter penalty to pay for a momentary folly," she said.

"Very bitter," he answered. "But God measures it out, according to our disregard of his gifts. You had youth, beauty, brain, position, love, to content you. You ignored them all, to gratify a foolish fancy that was wrong. If you had been a servant girl, your penalty would have been less bitter and severe, for fewer tongues would have cried you down—more excuse would have been offered for your folly. *Noblesse oblige*, is a true phrase, Gracia."

It was a long, long year; but the end came at last, and Gracia went to Homerville, a thrifty western town, to make her home with distant relatives.

She had fine musical talents, and put them to use. Before many months had passed away, she was known to all Homerville, as a fine instructor and brilliant performer, and her time was fully occupied. She was sought after socially, too, for Homerville, like most western towns, was alive with gaiety; and her beauty, and air, and accomplishments, attracted young and old. But she firmly adjured society; and the studied grave coldness of her manner, soon discouraged her masculine admirers. She was so sweet and gentle, however, that all admired from a distance, what they dared not approach: and before a year had gone by, Gracia Garnhart's name was a synonym for all that was nobly good and womanly sweet. The same mystic charm, that had blemished her life by its uncontrolled force, worked in a subtler way now, and won her friends with young and old. And, gradually she found rest from her remorse and sorrow, and gained happiness and content in her new life and duties. Yet the starved heart cried out for more, day and night, as hearts will.

She had been a resident of Homerville for three years, when among her pupils came Cressie Magoon, an only child of worshipping parents, a marvellous beauty; and possessed of a rare and almost angelic nature; she crept into Gracia's hungry heart, as a sunbeam creeps into and warms a rose long hidden in shadow.

As for Cressie, she gave her friend and teacher, the worshipping adoration of a young heart just blooming into womanhood—and yielded wholly to the magnetic charm, which older and stronger people had found so irresistible.

The parents noted this intense strength of affection, and were rejoiced.

"I am so glad Cressie loves you as she does," the mother had, one day, said to Gracia, "A girl like Cressie, warm, romantic, full of ideality and affection, must form some attachment, outside of her own family, to feed her expanding heart upon. Out of all the world, I would have chosen a woman like you, Miss Garnhart, to mould my child's character."

Gracia listened, as if each word were a blow. She worthy to influence an angelic girl? She worthy to mould her character—she, whose reputation had been so terribly blackened, whose folly had brought such awful consequences? O, was there to be no end to her punishment? After that, the thought was with her night and day—the fear, that Cressie or her parents would hear that old scandal, and that this beautiful girl, whose love and trust were like manna to a starving pilgrim, would be taken out of her life. The more the fear haunted her, the more intense her love seemed to grow for Cressie; and as she held the beautiful head upon her breast, and looked into the dark, spiritual eyes, and saw the white soul shining up, "like a flower in a brook," her heart almost died within her. Oh, how immeasurable the distance was between them! how ignorant this fair creature was of the existence of such evil in the world, as she herself had wrought! How she would shrink from her, if she knew the story of her past! And then it would seem to her that she would willingly die, the most awful of deaths, if she could go back, and be, for one day, as innocent of all wrong, as spotless in record, as Cressie Magoon.

Gracia Garnhart had known and loved Cressie Magoon for two years, before the fear that haunted her life was realized. Cressie was eighteen now, and Gracia twenty-six. One May,

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in all the beauty of promise, and crowned with violets—the other August, rich with realization, and with her roses rain-soaked, and drooping from too fierce sunlight.

It would have afforded a student of human nature a rare and strange study, to have witnessed the parting of those two, when Cressie went east to visit friends, with her mother. Her almost frantic grief, her clinging arms, and tender caresses, awoke such passionate love and sorrow in Gracia's heart, that it seemed to her a living portion of herself was going from her. And during her absence, the days had less of sunlight, the skies less of blue, the birds less of song. Oh, what if this girl had gone from her life forever, instead of for six weeks? What if her love and trust were taken, instead of simply her physical presence? The loss of Donald Craig was not more bitter than this would be.

But the weeks wore away, and Cressie returned. Gracia called, the following day. But only Mrs. Magoon appeared, in answer to her card. Mrs. Magoon, cold and distant.

"Miss Cressie will not come down to meet you," she said, barely touching the outstretched hand. "Miss Garnhart," she added, "I feel it but justice to say to you, that I have heard the story of your past life, and that I no longer consider you the appropriate companion of a girl like Cressie. I assure you I shall not use my knowledge against you—go on, and heaven speed you in the right way I believe you are in. But I do not like to have your name coupled with Cressie's constantly; for, to those who know of your past, it will cast a reflection upon my spotless child's fair fame. We will be friends still—but I desire the intimacy between you two to cease."

"You shall be obeyed," was Gracia's only response, as she passed slowly out.

That night, there was a low tap on her door, just after nightfall. Opening it, she saw Cressie, pale and tear-stained.

"I ran away," she cried, "and I would have come sooner, if I could. Oh, Miss Gracia! they have told me cruel lies about you, and they say I must never be seen with you any more, or people will think me like you! As if I would care what people thought of me, so long as I was with you—you, who are so good and grand! I do not believe one word of their lies, Gracia, and I came to tell you so! to tell you that I love you, better than all the world beside, and that no one but yourself could make me believe ill of you. I would leave everybody, and go to the ends of the earth with you, if you asked me."

She threw herself, sobbing wildly, into Gracia's arms, clinging there convulsively. As Gracia stood, with her beautiful burden, a fierce struggle took place in her heart.

She well knew the power, terrible in its intensity, that she possessed over this girl. She knew Cressie's words were not idle ones—knew she *would* leave all and follow her, if she bade her do so. Gracia was the magnet, Cressie the needle, that could not resist the subtle force that drew her, body and soul. She was so starved for love. All these long terrible years of remorse and penitence had been years of actual starvation. Brain and body had been satisfied with labor, and the soul busy with its upward growth, but the heart had hungered, feeding only on crumbs. When this girl had come to feed and fill it, and now should she let her go? Should she not take her at her word, and go away with her, out into a new world, where, under a new name, she could guard her fame from any reflected tarnish, and where she could build again a new life and be happy? and would it not be a cruel triumph over the mother, who had striven to deprive her of her one comfort on earth? With Cressie by her, she could always be content and happy, and she could support both, with her labors and talents. Only for a moment the temptation assailed her, and then she put it away. Put it away, with the clinging arms of Cressie, as she said, softly, "My darling, I thank you for your belief and love. But your mother is right—you must not be so much with me, for the tales you have heard are true; I have been what the world calls a flirt, and what I pray God you may never be. I was reckless and vain, and a dreadful scandal resulted. Because of that scandal, which I can never wholly outlive, you must not be my companion, but only my friend, hereafter."

She saw, by the white, scared look in Cressie's face, that her words had made an impression. And the look was more terrible to her than a blow. She kissed her hand, and gently pushed her toward the door. "Go," she said, "and only come to me when your mother accompanies you, Cressie. I shall always love you, no matter if I never see you."

And she shut the door, and sat down in her room, more utterly alone than she had ever been in all her life before.

Just one month later, she was invited to the Magoons' to tea. Mrs. Magoon had no wish to injure her former friend, by any too marked coldness of manner. She only desired to do what she believed right and just; and it was a hard place to stand in, and decide justly to both daughter and friend.

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Gracia accepted the invitation, glad of any opportunity to see Cressie. The bell rang—a servant ushered in a gentleman. Mrs. Magoon rose, with an exclamation of pleased surprise. Cressie flushed, and her eyelids fluttered down.

"I am here on business, and could not refrain from calling," said the gentleman; "though I wrote, only yesterday, that I should not come until a month later."

Mrs. Magoon turned to present Gracia; but she rose calmly.

"I believe we need no introduction," she said. "Mr. Craig and I are already known to each other."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Magoon; and the restraint, in either face, told its own story.

Mrs. Magoon adroitly drew Gracia into another room, to look at some pictures, and left Donald Craig alone with Cressie. "Mr. Craig met us, last summer," she said, "and has frequently written to Cressie since. He appears pleased with her, and I hope she may reciprocate. He seems a noble fellow."

"He is," assented Gracia. "You could desire nothing for your daughter that he does not possess—character, appearance, money, position."

"You knew him well once?" queried Mrs. Magoon, watching her face.

"Very well," Gracia answered, and turned away. Was there never to be an end to torture for her?

Donald Craig remained a week in Homerville. The last day of his stay, he asked Cressie to be his wife. "I have your mother's consent," he said.

"But you have not mine," she answered. "I will never be your wife, Donald Craig."

"Why?" he queried. "At least, you must tell me why."

"Because I cannot love a man who ever wounded the heart of the dearest friend I have in the world—Gracia Garnhart."

"How do you knew I ever wounded her?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Because your face told me, the night you met her here. No doubt you did right. I do not blame you, yet all the same, so great is my love for her, I could not love any one who had ever hurt or wounded her in any way. No, I can never be your wife."

A month later, Gracia visited her old home. She knew she could not bear any more pain, than had already come to her, and she felt the need of a change. There she met Donald Craig again. One day, he said to her:

"Gracia, let us forget all that miserable past, and begin anew. You are far more beautiful than ever, Gracia; your face is glorified; my heart goes out to you with a love stronger than of old. Will you be my wife, Gracia?"

"You are too late," she said. "I have given my heart and hand to Walter Brown. I shall marry him very soon."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes, with all my soul. I think I always loved him, and to him I owe all I am. He helped me bear my terrible past—he will help me enjoy the future I shall make for myself. I am sorry for you, Donald."

In her beautiful home, the honored wife of wealthy and influential Walter Brown, no more frequent guest is royally entertained by Gracia, than sweet Cressie Magoon. The old, miserable scandal is in a measure lived down, and only at times floats back on the winds of gossip, to wound and lacerate a heart, that paid in burning blood-drops, for its dangerous experiment.

JUNE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

PALE as a baby's brow
In death's repose—
Pure, and fragile, and cold,
My snow-white rose.

Crimson and passion-warm
As a maiden's cheek
Pressed by a lover's lips—
Ah! who could speak?

Pink, and riant, and free
As a child's glad dream;
Blooming by porch and wall,
And wandering stream.

Yellow, and amber, and gold,
My gypsies slim,
Crown'd with sunbeams bright
That naught can dim.

Oh, June of the calm white brow!
And sweet, grave lips!
My love nor frost nor snow
Can e'er eclipse.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 387.

CHAPTER XV.

THE wife of Asher Vance had not fainted; yet, but for a chair, that stood near, she would have fallen.

She turned her wild eyes upon Prime, with a pathos of longing that touched even his blunted sympathies.

"Speak!" said Vance, leaning one hand on the table; for he, too, was trembling, from head to foot. "Can you not see that suspense is killing her? Let us have your news, at once, be it good or evil."

"It is a little of both," answered Prime, so well pleased with the situation, that he could not resist the pleasure of continuing it.

"Then—then my child is not dead?" cried the mother, striving to sit upright, and grasping the arms of her chair with both shaking hands. "She is alive? You came to tell us that—"

"Alive," he repeated; "certainly—certainly, it is to be hoped so."

"Then you do not know. You came to us, like all the rest, with conjectures," said Vance, and a flash of anger shot through the wistful hope in his eyes. "This is a cruelty we will not submit to. It tortures me—it is killing my wife."

Prime glanced at the lady, and satisfied that the scene had reached its climax, deigned to speak more clearly.

"Of course, when I said that your little heiress was alive, I meant it. Gentlemen of my position are not apt to assert what they do not know. I come to this house as a benefactor, a friend of the family. What else could tempt a gentleman of my position, to present himself before you? Yes, I do bring news."

"Oh! speak—in mercy, tell us what it is," pleaded the poor mother.

"News that should make your heart leap with gratitude to the man who brings it," continued Prime. "Madam, your child is alive!"

"Alive and well!"

"And well—yes, I can venture to say—and well."

"You know this—you are sure of it?"

"Yes, I am sure of it—"

"Then, you have seen her—you know where she is," cried the lady, starting up and seizing Prime by the arm. "You have seen her."

The man winced a little, for those delicate fingers seemed to clasp his flesh like a vice.

"Yes, lady, I have seen her; only a few days ago she was in these arms."

"You saw her—you held her in those arms—she looked into your face with her eyes—those soft, beautiful eyes? Oh, tell me, tell me! Were they heavy with crying? Did she look hungry? Had she grown thin with pining for her mother? Man—man! Have you no heart? Why don't you tell us everything?"

"How can I, lady, when the next word will be a disappointment?" said Prime, really touched; for he had all the elements of an actor in him and could feel through the imagination, when he was as hard as flint in fact.

The lady drew back, and her face suddenly became cold and white under her tears.

"Then you *have* come to mock us."

"This is the work of a fiend," cried the husband, dashing Prime's arm from the relaxed hold of his wife. "No more of this—go!"

Prime again drew himself up to a lofty position, thrust one hand into the bosom of his coat, and put on an injured look.

"I can make allowances, Mr. Vance—no one appreciates your painful position more than I do; but for that, my pride as a gentleman and a landholder, would compel me to take you at your word; but I have been a father!"

"Then have some mercy on one who has lost an only child, dearer to him than life itself," answered Vance, hoarse with emotion. "For a moment, I did think that you might have something to tell us."

"And so I have. Your child is alive—well in health, I hope; a few days ago, I might have placed her in the arms of this weeping lady; but, while I was preparing to bring her here, the same vile creature who stole her from you, escaped with the little one. I followed her to Southampton, from thence to Liverpool, but was too late. Both the little lady and her kidnapper had set sail."

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"Set sail. You know this—in what ship? With whom?" questioned Vance.

"That I cannot tell you. Several emigrant ships went out that day. One for Australia, one for New York, and another for Canada. I could not make sure of the vessel she went in; but I would have followed the one for Australia, but that just then, I was not prepared with money for so long a voyage."

"Then you really know nothing?"

"Yes, one thing of a dead certainty. Your child and the woman who stole her, will land in one of these places, probably in Australia."

"We will seek her there. Oh! Asher, let us set forth at once!" cried the lady, starting to her feet. "Though she is taken to the ends of the earth our love will find her out."

"My poor Laura, my dear wife. We can do nothing on such information as this. As yet we have not a particle of proof."

Prime here interposed.

"Because your reception has been cold, suspicious, almost repellent, to a warm hearted man like myself. I pitied you, sir, and above all, this lady. Your character for benevolence had reached me. There is a brotherhood in charity that renders conventional introductions unnecessary. I, too, had been the father of a lovely child, and lost her—not as your darling has been taken, leaving room for hope—but forever and ever. Mine is an absolute bereavement. To me there is but one ray of consolation: I know where my darling angel is."

Here Mr. Prime thrust his hand tremulously through the opening in his coat, drew out his handkerchief, and pressed it to his face, struggling against the unmanly sobs that heaved his bosom.

The husband and wife exchanged glances of sympathy and distress. She laid her hand gently on the man's arm; but overcome with emotion, he turned away, walked to the recess of a window, and there strove to conquer the force of his grief.

When he came back again, the handkerchief was thrust deep into his bosom, and there was a flush about his eyes. He made a gesture with his hands, as if ashamed of the weakness that had overcome him.

"I do not often forget my manhood in this way," he said; "but you will forgive it; for it was this unconquerable sympathy that induced me to search for your child, and having attained a certain clue, offer the help that no one else can give. I read your advertisement; I heard of your desolation, in fact; without knowing you I became your friend. Like yourself, I often go among the poor; for a time I have been known to throw off the appearance and habits of myself, in order to gain the confidence of those I wished to help. This is not the first occasion on which sympathy has drawn us together. There was a time when the impulses of charity led us to the same object. Mr. Vance, have you no recollection of the person who has come to this house as a benefactor, who now offers you the right hand of fellowship?"

Vance did not take the extended hand; but stood still, doubtful and suspicious, stood gazing into the man's face, half-subdued by his splendid acting.

All at once, he recollected that obscure inn, where he had spent an hour, years ago, in London. A memory, that brought surprise and amazement, came with it—that of the girl, Myra, who lingered in his mind like the picture of some wild gypsy creature, whose picture he had looked upon and lost.

Slowly the personalities of the man dawned upon him, the pose, the voice, the ornate magnificence of address, the shabby gentility, all proved his identity with the person he had seen about the time of his last interview with the strange girl.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen you before."

"Years ago, when we were both interested in the salvation of one poor fellow creature."

Prime said this in a low voice, and with a certain significance.

"This man is speaking of the girl I told you of," Vance said, turning to his wife, with a grave smile.

The lady tried to smile in return; but her lips only trembled.

"All our attempts at civilizing the poor thing failed," said Prime; "there was nothing to be done with her, or that worthless step-father. Even I was compelled to abandon them."

Vance was silent. Had he been mistaken in supposing that this man might be the step-father Myra had complained of? Was he altogether wrong regarding him?"

"It was your goodness, in behalf of this poor child, that interested me in your loss," said Prime. "I recognized the name, and being at Ventnor, joined in the search. That I was more fortunate than others, was really a manifestation of providence, that placed a clue in my unworthy hands. Only the day before your child was lost, I saw, roaming about the beach, a woman whom I had often seen in the lowest haunts of London—a beggar, who usually had a half-starved child with her, for whom she pleaded for charity. I noticed that the child was changed from time to time; and that each one had traces of beauty under its disguise of rags—"

Here Prime paused a moment.

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"Go on, go on!" cried the lady, almost with a shriek of pain, "I can bear it, go on!"

"Well, when I saw this creature on the Isle of Wight, I got the idea that she was there for some evil purpose. When your child disappeared, and your name was in every ones mouth, I recognized that you were the man who had so generously befriended that poor *protegé*—"

"But this woman, the person you suspected?" said Vance, breaking through the torture of this long speech. "How you found her?"

"Well, I suspected this vagrant. I set a watch upon the place where she had been found, more than once; my emissary brought me word that a creature like her had passed along the coast-road, with a little girl. This was after your little angel was missed. Then I was certain of the ability to help you. That wretched creature is on her way to London, I said. She must be intercepted. I will myself attend to this. I, a gentleman of position and culture, will, for once, turn detective. Would I hesitate to plunge into any depth of water, to save this man's child? Why, then, should I shrink from disguising myself in this threadbare apparel, in order to trace out the wretch that has stolen her?

"This was my course of reasoning; eccentric, I admit, but not without its dash of chivalry. Well, I put myself on the track of this woman, disguised as you see. I traced her from point to point, along the coast. At every landing-place of the steamboat, I halted, and watched; but she had gained time, and was always ahead of me. At one remote landing, I saw her and the little one. Then I lost all trace of her, and much time in searching for the clue again—but you are impatient. I feel for you. I fling aside details, and you find me in Liverpool, standing on the wharf, from which three emigrant vessels had sailed, that day. She had been seen on that very wharf, with the little girl holding to her dress; every one remarked her, because of her wonderful beauty. Yes, ragged, and tired, and hungry, as she was, even the rude men, who were still at work on the wharves, took notice of her on that account. Do not sob, madam—do not clench and unclench your hands, with such passionate distress. Your child will be found. I pledge my honor, as a gentleman, that the little angel shall be found. It is only a matter of time."

"But in that time she may be starved or—oh, God help her!—beaten to death. Oh, Asher, Asher, is there any truth in this?"

The agony oft error and doubt, in that poor mother's face, touched all of good feeling that was left in Prime.

"You doubt me—you still hesitate. How can I convince you?" he said.

"Give us some proof," answered Vance.

"Proof—ah! there may be something in this. I do not know. The woman sold it, for a few pennies, on the wharf. That was what tempted me to buy it from the man of whom I inquired about her. A curious thing—have you ever seen it before?"

The lady sprang up, and snatched at the object he took from his pocket—a foreign shell, curiously engraved. The very plaything that Dora had carried with her to the beach, on the day of her disappearance.

"It was hers—it was hers," she said, covering the shell with passionate kisses. "She had it in her hand, when I kissed her the last time. I should know it among a thousand. Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

Prime smiled, benignly, and put her apology aside, with a gentle wave of the hand.

"Of course, of course," he said, "it was not to be expected that you would receive me without some distrust. In these garments, one can hardly expect to be recognized at his worth; but now—"

"Now we recognize all that you have done for us—oh, sir, can you ever forgive our doubts? How can we prove our gratitude?"

"By believing in me a little, when I offer to bring your child back to you, dear lady. I ask nothing better than that. Surely, you did not suppose it was the reward that brought me here. That humiliation, I trust, was spared me."

Here, Prime turned away, and began to search for the handkerchief in his bosom.

"No, no, we did not think of that!" said Vance, earnestly. "How could we? Were it ten times as much, you, or any man who brought news of our child, would be welcome to it."

Prime ceased to feel for his hankerchief, and held his breath, listening, keenly.

"That gives me infinite relief," he said, after drawing a deep sigh. "A gentleman of my birth and antecedents, could hardly endure that. Now, my dear sir, and you, my lady, let us discuss this matter quietly. Your lost child is now on the ocean—so far, I have tracked her."

"On the ocean! Oh, how vast and vague that is!" said the lady, lifting her eyes to the still anxious face of her husband. "How shall we find her?"

"That shall be my part," answered Prime. "No one else can accomplish her rescue from the wretched creature who stole her; for I alone, saw her on the island—saw her with the child in her arms. The first time was before the

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alarm was given, and I had no idea that the little thing might not be her own offspring."

"Oh, how could you think that? she a wicked vagrant, and my Dora like an angel," cried the mother.

"My dear Laura, let us hear what our good friend has to propose," said Vance. "You spoke of following the woman; but how?"

"By the shortest route to Australia, my dear sir."

"But if she has taken some other course?"

"Then I would make the best of my way to New York; and failing to find her there, go on to Canada."

"But that would take months," said the lady, with an impatient gesture. "Months that would kill us—"

"That is better than losing your child altogether. Besides, what else can be done?"

"Alas, nothing! But this suspense is terrible!"

"Knowing that, I would have started at once; but, as I have been forced to say, one does not often travel with money for a long voyage in his pocket, and I was forced to come back."

"But that has no significance now," said Vance.

Prime smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"A little time may be needed," he said.

"Not an hour."

"I am afraid it would take longer than that, for a man who is not quite a millionaire, to raise the sum that will be needed."

"That is my consideration. The question of time is most important. This wretched woman must be met when she lands. I will myself follow her."

Prime strove to conceal the dismay that fell upon him; but, spite of himself, a cloud came over his face.

"And I will go with you," exclaimed the lady, brightening under the thought.

"That would be almost impossible, and certainly hazardous to the success of our enterprise," said Prime.

"But how could I endure the suspense?" she responded, appealing to her husband.

"Let me suggest," said Prime, with an appearance of great interest. "Without me, you could do nothing; for I alone can identify the woman, and have a perfect remembrance of the child. This lady could never endure the rapid traveling that will tax the strength of a strong man; to remain here alone, a prey to suspense, would kill her; and after all, what aid could she give me? Trust this thing with me, and I pledge the honor of a gentleman and a land-holder of the realm, that your daughter shall be restored to you."

Vance looked at his wife. Her pale face was full of eager yearning; her eyes flooded with tears.

"Could you bear to remain behind, and alone?" he questioned.

"Oh! take me with you—let us both go!" she answered, locking her hands in an agony of entreaty.

Vance struggled with himself manfully. A desire to start at once, and rescue his child from the evil power that held her, was strong within him; but how could he subject that gentle woman to the fatigues of a rude journey, without danger to her life—or how could he find the heart to leave her to the long misery of expectation, such as had already struck the bloom from her cheeks, and given that sad heaviness to her eyes. Would it not be indeed wiser, if the man who had done so much, were allowed to complete his work?

"You are ready to undertake this," he said to Prime, "with or without me?"

"I am ready to undertake it without you; but heaven forbid that I should consent to share the hardships of a journey, like this, with my lady here, or deprive her for a single hour of your care. Trust this whole thing to me, and I pledge myself to bring your daughter back safe and well. I cannot promise as to time; but the moment it is possible, she shall be placed in her mother's arms."

Still the lady's eyes were turned wistfully on her husband, he reached out his arms, and drew her toward him, very tenderly.

"You cannot go, love; and I will not leave you. This gentleman, who has brought the first real intelligence of our little one, must act for us; perhaps he may succeed best alone."

"I am sure of it," said Prime.

"But when?" questioned the lady.

"This very night, if your husband so wills it, lady. But for the lack of funds, I should have been on the way now."

"Ah, that!" said the lady, turning to the table, and lifting the lid of a malichite coffer, loaded with gold, she took out a handful of sovereigns, and forced them upon him.

Prime dropped the gold, loosely, into his pocket. Vance had been walking up and down, and did not observe the transfer. He was chafing against the necessities that kept him comparatively inactive, while another person was entrusted with duties that he would have given years of life to undertake.

"There must be no delay," he said, pausing suddenly in his walk. "When was it these emigrant vessels sailed?"

Prime gave a date more recent than the actual one, for he professed to have come direct from

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Liverpool, having, in fact, wasted more than three days in his vagabond way, before returning home.

Vance went to a desk, and began to write rapidly. He asked no questions, and dashed off a check, without seeming to care for the amount he was so rashly consigning to a stranger. In truth, the news this man had brought him, drove all thoughts of prudent calculation from his mind; and even Prime stared with astonishment, when he saw the amount.

"If more is wanted let me know," said Vance, mistaking the expression of his face. "I have not had time to think how much may be required."

"I have not given it a thought as yet," was the careless answer; "but I trust this search will not take me far from the reach of a cable."

"Then we can hear from you—oh, thank the good God for that!" said the lady, trembling with delight. "Every day, after you land, we can know what is happening."

"Whenever a cable is accessible," said Prime, folding up the check that he had received, with fingers that trembled under his eager joy, spite of his efforts to retain an appearance of coolness. "But we must lose no time. You shall hear from me, when I reach Liverpool. Farewell, sir. Sweet lady, give me your prayers for success."

Vance felt his hand seized with enthusiastic warmth. Then Prime was bending over that of the lady, till his lips almost touched it, and he was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Prime returned to the gate-house, that evening, he found his wife in a sad state of dejection. Indeed, the poor woman had found the time pass drearily enough, since Myra's disappearance, and more than once heartily wished her back again. She had placed a scanty supper on the kitchen table, which she was too indolent to draw from the wall, and with Zuma in her lap, was feeding the child and herself from one plate, rather than wash another, though she was compelled to fight those two little hands—so dirty that you could hardly see the dimples—down with her spoon, before she was certain of securing a morsel.

That poor, weak soul had a hard time of it, when the little thing had appeased her own appetite; for she insisted on performing a sprightly war-dance on her lap, and was twisting her tawdry cap the wrong side before, when a step on the gravel outside made her pause and listen.

"That's him. Dad's come back! Now, high-led-a-martin, won't you catch it."

True enough, the door opened and Prime came in, swelling with importance, jingling the gold in his pocket, and absolutely taking a dancing-step, as he came toward his wife.

"I—I'm so sorry," said the woman, always ready for the defensive; "but not expecting you, I'm afraid you won't think the supper just—"

"Hang the supper, my love. What do I care for suppers, when I'm swelling all over with a sense of fulness? When a gentleman feels himself at the top of the heap, which he was born to, it's meat and drink to him. Look here, my angel, just feast your beautiful blue eyes on that."

Here Prime pushed the dishes back from one end of the table, threw a portion of the dingy cloth over them, seated himself on the cleared space, and drew a hand from his pocket clenched full of gold.

"What do you think of that, Mrs. Prime?"

"Are they real, Prime? Are they genuine?"

"Real—genuine! Why, Mrs. Prime, what do you take me for? Every one genuine gold, stamped with the Queen's head, and mine, by Jove, every one of 'em."

"Oh, Prime, where did you get them?"

"From the loveliest woman in the world, if she would only keep her cap straight and her boots laced. Never mind, my love, one can forgive a twist the wrong way, on a night like this; besides, we haven't time to be particular, because in an hour we shall set out for London."

"To London. Oh, Prime!"

"Or to America, if you like that best."

"In search of Myra?"

"In search of Myra, and of the fortune that comes with her. Look here! you can judge by this what the reward will be."

The woman puzzled over the check he unfolded, a minute or two, then broke into an exclamation of glad surprise.

"And is this yours?"

"This is what your advice has done for me, Mrs. Prime."

"My Henry, only to think that it should have been me!"

"There, there, we haven't time to be enthusiastic. It is best to quit this place at once; get on your most respectable toggery, rig up the little girl, and let us be off. I shan't feel as if the money were safe in my pocket, till we clear of this place."

"Oh! I'll hurry—I'll do my best."

The woman really did her best, so far as the

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next hour was concerned; for the sight of so much gold had been a stimulant even to her sluggish nature. Before the evening boat left Ventnor, she had dressed herself and the child, with some degree of respectability, and turned her key in the door of the gate-house. True, the furniture was all left in confusion, and fragments of that sparse supper lay scattered on the table; but that was of no consequence. In the wild exultation of her new riches, and her husband's good humor, she hardly thought the only home she possessed worth locking.

Once on board the boat, Prime left his wife and child to their own devices, and betook himself to serious thoughts of the good luck that had befallen him. His sudden change from poverty to comparative affluence had so unsettled his mind, that up to this time, it had been incapable of serious thought; but now the necessity of some plan was forced upon him. Of course, he would follow Myra, at once, and wrest the lost child from her, if force became needful. That he had intended from the first. Before the girl could reach New York, he would be there to intercept her; he must neither be in haste to return home or send an account of himself. There must be time for a voyage to Australia, and from thence to New York, or some portion of the money supplied for his expenses might be expected back again, or what was almost as bad, be deducted from the reward, which grew larger and larger in his calculations, every hour.

Yes, he would go to New York, directly, secure the child, and revel upon the money already secured, until it should be for his interest to give her up. The longer her return was delayed, and the more anxious her parents became, the likelihood of an enormous reward would be.

"That idea of Australia was a gloriously bright dodge," he said, thrusting his hand down to the gold in his pocket, and chuckling in greedy enjoyment, over the tinkling music it gave out. "Had I hinted that a ten days run would head her off in New York, both man and wife would have been on their way, to-night, and this individual tramping home with empty pockets. The name of the ship would have spoiled everything; but it was on my lips more than once. This confounded habit of speaking out will be my ruin yet; but this time, I managed to think before I spoke, and piled up the difficulties beautifully. After all, this quick power of invention is a great thing. It gave me three ships, all bound for different countries, with a wide field for expensive investigation in all of them. No one, I think, could have mapped out a finer enterprise, or given less information."

Here Prime glided into a feeling of such pleasant exultation, that he gave himself up to the enjoyment of it, for half an hour or more. Then he took up a calculation for the future.

How should he dispose of the woman and child sitting out there upon the deck? It certainly would not be safe to send them back to the gate-house; and many unpleasant circumstances, rendered London unsafe. A vague idea, that afterward took form, dawned in his brain, of which these two unseemingly useless persons formed a part. He took a sudden resolution to take them with him, thus insuring himself against the indiscretions of the woman, by removing all direct sources of information regarding himself, of which the persons who had trusted him could gain intelligence of his previous life.

Thus it came about, that during the half-hour, in which Prime stood leaning over the railings, and puffing the smoke of such segars as had not been known to his lips for years, into the pure evening air, he resolved for once to enter upon his voyage, in company with his wife and child, under a name that they had never heard of before.

CHAPTER XVII.

Neither Asher Vance nor his wife were greatly relieved, after the first excitement produced by Prime's visit had subsided. There was so much in the man to inspire doubt, that the suspense that had tortured them up to that time, was only intensified by a forlorn hope. After the man was gone, they remembered, with dismay, that no intelligence, beyond that of his own story, and the pretty shell, had been conveyed to them. In the eagerness of sudden hope, they had failed to make sure of anything; and now had only the recollection of his fine acting and hasty narrative to depend upon. A large sum of money had passed into the stranger's hand; for, to the rich and bereaved father, that seemed but a poor return for the gleam of hope he had brought to them. Even now, when suspicions and doubts would come back to poison this waning hope, it was not of this, either of those bereaved parents thought. But the idea that some accomplished adventurer might have practised on the sacredness of their grief, gave fresh bitterness to the misery of waiting. Three nights after that strange interview, while the husband and wife sat in the gray twilight of the room that had become dreary as a prison to them, silent in their growing hopelessness, a sharp ring at the door, made both start to their feet, and a nervous cry

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broke from the lady; for the strain of suspense upon her, brought a shock with each sudden noise.

The door opened, and a letter was brought in. Vance saw the gleam of the paper, and reached forth his hand.

"Strike a light," he said, in a voice so strange and sharp, that it greatly disturbed the man, who hastened to obey the order; but his hand shook, and he blundered in igniting the match.

"Will you never have done?" cried Vance, who snatched it from him, dashed it into flame, and made an effort to light the wax candle himself; but his hand shook so violently, that it flickered an instant over the wild, white face looking over his shoulder, and went out. The servant, who had retreated, in dismay, from this excitement in a master usually so kind to every one in his household, came forward now, and a light blazed out.

Vance, with the letter in his hand, was tearing at the envelope; while the poor young wife clung to him, trembling in all her limbs, and trying to catch at it, from over his shoulder.

"My Dear Sir and My Lady:

"I have made all arrangements, and shall sail for Australia, to-day, satisfied that my proper course is in that direction. You may expect to hear of my success by cable, though that may prove a matter of time, and the details come by letter. To a man who has trusted me so generously, I am bound to give all the ability that I possess, and put forth my best energies. Only, my dear sir, have faith in my intentions, and do not limit me as to time. If I could be certain that you have the confidence in my ability to serve you that I have in myself, this adventure would be scarcely more than a pleasure trip; but I know your anxiety, and fear that, while deceit and fraud remain in the world, even honorable people will distrust each other, and thus some amount of unnecessary anxiety may be added to the impatient affection with which you will await the presence of your child. This must be the result of the hasty action, which was necessary to success in this matter. I had no time to bring credentials, such as one gentleman offers to another, even for a light social acquaintanceship; but when I return, and with my own hands, put that lost angel into her mother's arms, the great joy of the occasion will render all other forms of little importance. This is the object of my voluntary exile from home and country; when it is accomplished, you will regret any doubts that may cloud your thoughts of me now, and knowing my own intentions, I can afford to wait. Once more, I promise you, sooner or later, to return to England with the daughter who seemed, for a time, lost to you forever. Till then live in hope, which I will make certainty. Permit me to subscribe myself, with all sincerity,

"Your friend and humble servant,

"Henry Augustes Prime."

Vance and his wife read this epistle over, again and again, she leaning upon his bosom, bathed in tears, blaming herself for ever having distrusted this noble friend, that heaven itself had raised for them in the depths of their troubles, and he pausing, now and then, to smooth her hair, or touch his lips to her forehead. Subdued into gratitude by their own generous natures, they were ready to believe in the goodness of others, and would have looked upon further doubt as outrageous ingratitude.

At last, Vance folded the letter, and gave it to his wife, who placed it in her bosom, and folded both hands over it, as if it had come directly from the child she yearned for. Then Vance saw, lying upon the table, where it had been left and forgotten, when the servant dropped it in his haste to kindle a light, one of those ominous looking envelopes, that make the receiver's heart beat with a thrill of anxiety, when they come into a private house of any kind. It was an unopened telegram. Vance was weary with excitement, and reached forth his hand reluctantly, just then he wished to think of nothing but his child.

"Is it about *her?*" questioned his wife.

Vance did not answer; but seemed studying the dispatch out, word by word. The lady lifted her head in alarm; but he drew her back to his bosom, and held her close, resting his cheek against hers.

"It is from Aldensgate," he said, in a low voice. "My dear Laura, your uncle is dead." The lady lay perfectly still for some moments, as if she had not heard. Then her husband knew, by the heave of her bosom, and the sobs that came thick and fast, that she was crying.

"Do not weep so bitterly," he said, with great tenderness. "Lord Holden was an old man."

"A good old man, I loved him dearly," she answered, lifting her head, and striving to conquer her tears.

She spoke the truth. Never was grief more genuine; for up to that time, she had not remembered that Lord Holden's death had made her a peeress of the realm, and one of the richest women in England; though the fact was heralded in half the journals of the country within the next two days; for the dead lord had left no male heirs; and the title was one of the very few

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that descended to males and females alike. From the English journals, the details of the funeral was copied into the American papers; and there Henry Prime read it, and not long after, the the friend whom he could trust in Australia, forwarded a letter in Prime's best style, announcing his arrival in that country, where he had, as yet, failed to discover the persons he sought; but would make sure that they were not there, before he proceeded to New York.

Then other letters passed by the same channel, and a year after, they began to be mailed from the United States, where he felt sure of discovering the high-born waif, whom he had reason to believe, had been carried to the "far West," and might be in the Indian country. At any rate, he was sure to find her, and redeem his promise in the end, having a certain clue.

While writing this letter, a bright little girl with brown eyes, that turned almost black, in her frequent moments of excitement, came into the room, and hung about his chair, surging herself back and forth, as he wrote. He sealed his letter, directed it, and then turned, reprovingly, to the child.

"There, there, how often must I tell you, that little ladies do not swing themselves about so rudely, you have got these habits from the old woman; go call her."

"No, I haven't," said the child, laughing; "but I like it, so don't scold her, she's real good to Dosy."

Prime lifted the child to his knee, and looked, smilingly, down into her face.

"Yes," he said, smoothing her hair, with caressing touches, "you are pretty enough, and the blue blood speaks out more clearly each day. No one can doubt that you were born a little lady."

"Dosy *is* a little lady. Don't she know?" answered the child, pursing up her pretty mouth, and nodding her head, approvingly.

"Does Dosy remember the good lady whom she used to call mamma?"

The child kept silent, and seemed trying to recollect; but shook her head at last, rather timidly.

"Not remember the good, beautiful lady who wore a long, silk dress, and loved Dosy so?"

The child's face brightened, and she eagerly interrupted him.

"That lived in a big, big house, with, oh, so many flowers all around, and pictures in the room? Oh, yes, Dosy knows that!"

Prime patted her on the head, with undoubted affection.

"And the sea—the great blue sea—does my little girl remember that?"

The girl stretched out her arms, and gave them a wide sweep around.

"When that wild woman snatched Dosy in her arms, and carried her away off?"

The child covered her face with both dimpled hands, and shuddered.

Then Prime kissed her, almost with passionate tenderness, bade her go call the nurse, and never to forget that she was a born lady, and would sometime see her mamma, the great lady, again.

The child obeyed him, and directly, Mrs. Prime appeared, dressed with an extravagant attempt at elegance, but with the same slip-shod arrangement that had marked her at the gate-house.

"I have no complaint to make," said her husband, observing that the woman approached him with some evidence of alarm. "You could not have dealt better with the child, if she had been our own departed darling. It is wonderful that a little thing of her age can remember so well. Her charming little ways are perfect. You see now that there is something in blood."

"I see that she is every inch a little lady, and it will be hard to give her up."

"There, there, let us have no more of that! Have you no feeling for the parents, who have been all these months pining for their lost heiress—no sense of honor? but I will not be hard on you. Naturally, the child has endeared herself to us both. Coming to us so close upon the death of our own Zuma, she has broken the pain of that great loss to a merciful degree; but honor, duty, the welfare of the child, makes it imperative that we should give her up."

"But not now. Surely, it is better to wait awhile."

"Well, I have just informed Mr. Vance, and my lady, that we start for the far West at once; but this must be our last excuse. Even now, he speaks of coming to aid the search in person Remember, how long they have been kept waiting, and how cruelly they have been disappointed."

"I know, I know, how they must have suffered, by what I feel myself," said the woman, brightening under this hint at reprieve. "You are very good to me, Prime; but this vague place, "the far West," will it not take months to reach it?"

"So many—if we choose to have it so—that two years will have passed, before we reach England."

It was two years, from the time they crossed the Atlantic, before Prime and his wife saw their native land again.

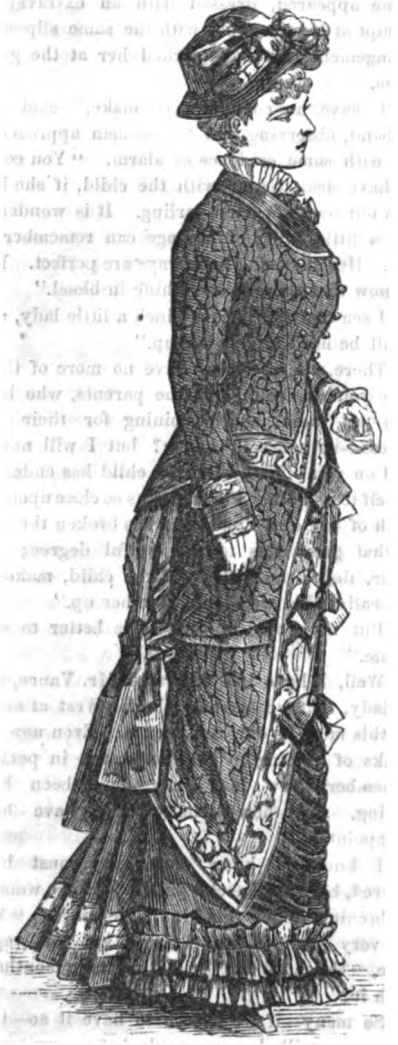
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume for either street or house, and is made of cotton satine in plain and figured design. These satines, or momie cloths, can be had in dark colors, navy-blue, myrtle-green,



No. 1.

dark maroon, in chintz figures, with borders for the over-dress, and in plain colors to match for the under-skirt and trimmings. In our model, the under-skirt is of myrtle-green satine, with two narrow knife-plaitings of the same across the front breadth and side gores. The



No. 2.

back breadth has a deep flounce, trimmed with one row of the chintz borders. Across the front of the under-skirt, the material is very much wrinkled; this is arranged upon the foundation.

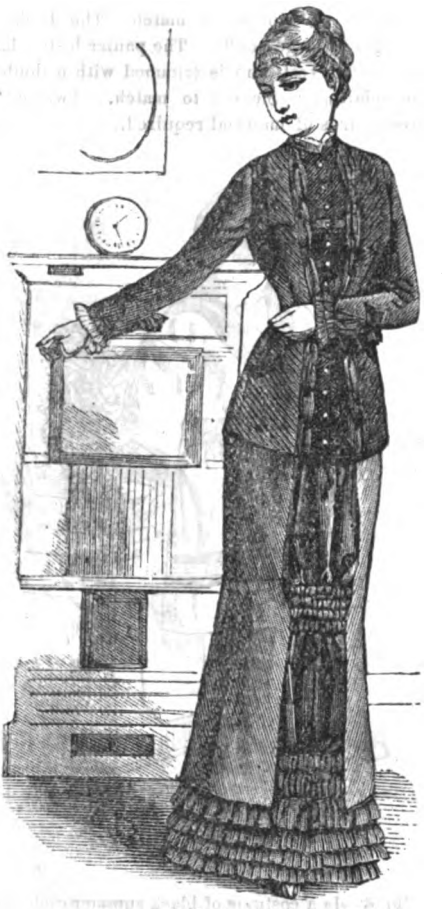
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The pointed tunic is made of the figured material, opens in front, and is bordered with the band to match. Ribbon bows ornament and tie the fronts together. The back of the skirt is of the plain satine, and is arranged in pouffs. The basque-bodice is made of the figured material, is double-breasted, and is finished at the neck with a rolling collar of the plain satine. The cuffs are made to match. Six yards of figured satine or chintz, and six yards of plain will be required. Satines cost 45 cents per yard; chintzes from 15 to 31 cents, with borders.



No. 3.

No. 2—Is a mourning-costume of cashmere and crape, suitable for either street or house wear. It is made with a very small demi-train, which is arranged to loop for walking. The front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with bands of crape two or two and a-half inches wide, put on in points, as seen in illustration. A similar band of crape finishes the edges, and completes the front plastroon. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a four-inch wide fold of crape, and at regular intervals, three more folds are placed upon the skirt. The back breadth is arranged in pouffs. The long cuirass-bodice has a very wide band of crape, covering half of the skirt of the bodice. Wide cuffs to match, and a fold of crape trims the waist, put on in V shape, finished with loops of crape. Crape buttons, which are made by covering wooden moulds. This model will serve equally well for silk, camel's hair grenadine, or any light material for spring or summer wear, where crape is still desired to be worn as trimming.



No. 4.

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Four yards of good English crape, and twelve yards of cashmere, will be required. Of single width goods, such as silk or grenadine, sixteen yards will be necessary.

No. 3—Another dress made of the same kind of goods as No. 1. A figured chintz, satin or muslin, may be substituted for the stripe. The skirt here is made upon a foundation, and has first, two narrow knife-plaitings. Then the tablier is arranged quite full in three groups across the front, where it is held in place by loops and ends of ribbon to match. The back is arranged in large pouffs. The panier bodice has a simulated vest, and is trimmed with a double knife-plaiting. Sleeves to match. Twelve to fifteen yards of material required.



No. 5.

No. 4—Is a costume of black summer cashmere and satin, suitable for light mourning or not. The skirt is very narrow, made of satin, shirred in front; four tiny knife-plaitings trim the edge of the skirt. The tunic is of cashmere, and is quite plain, both at the sides and in the back; the fulness being all put into two large box-plaits, the lengths hanging down straight. The basque is long and plain, with a vest of satin. A narrow band of satin, shirred in groups, finishes the edge where the vest and bodice join. Sleeves to match. This model in béige would be a good one for a simple travelling-dress, in light gray or béige color. An old silk or satin skirt might be remodeled after this design.

No. 5—Is a new model for a girl's sailor's suit. In every respect, except the substitution of a skirt for trousers, does the girl's resemble the boy's attire. It is appropriate for girls from four to fourteen years, and is made in both blue and white serge, and in these new Galateas of different width stripes. The collar and cuffs are navy-blue jean and white tape. The skirt is plain in front, the fulness at the back being kilted; the white flannel vest is banded at the neck, and buttoned at the back. The black or dark-blue silk handkerchief is tied, ready to put on. The frock or top bulges at the waist, and a lanyard and whistle are worn at the side. The cap is made of serge, the style being at once original and simple. A white, coarse straw is worn with this costume in mid-summer. This is called the Cecil costume, and is in good style.



No. 6.

No. 6—For a boy of four years, we have a kilted skirt, with over-paletot cut out in vandykes at the bottom, and bound with braid. A rolling-collar and vandyked cuffs to match the bottom of the skirt. The cut is the same as last season's.

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GIRL'S PELLISSE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



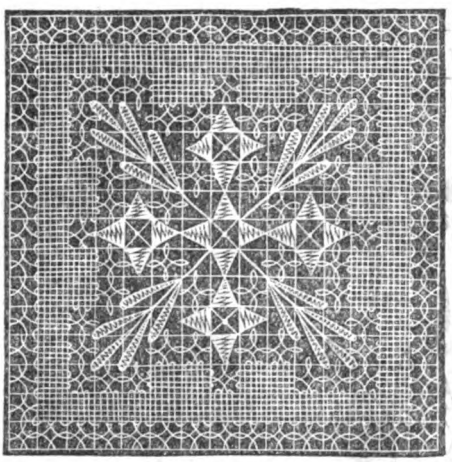
We give, here, something entirely new, in the way of a pelisse for a young miss of 10 to 12 years; suitable for chintz, momie cloth, or satine in chintz figures. Folded in this number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with a full-size pattern for this pelisse. The letters, on the Supplement, show how the pieces are put together.

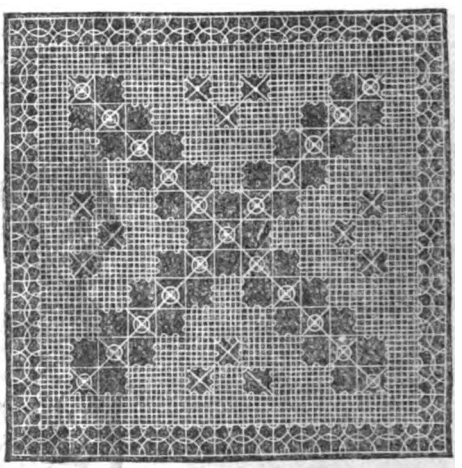
The Pelisse consists of front, skirt of front, back, and side-back, collar, pocket, sleeve and cuff. The dotted lines, in the skirt part, show where the plaits are to be put. Cut out of some old material and fit to the child, before cutting into the goods. This is one of the very prettiest and most stylish dresses that has come out this year.

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SQUARES: IN GUIPURE D'ART.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Although the netted and darned work, called Guipure D'Art, is not so much produced by amateurs since the machine-made imitations have appeared, we are frequently asked for patterns. These two squares (of fifteen stitches) will be found useful for curtains, antimacassars, cider-down covers, couvrepieds, etc., tastefully introduced among squares and bands of the thin canvas-like material (called toile de Colbert), or of English embroidery, or satin, or drawn work. The best embroidery cotton for the darning is French.

DESIGNS FOR KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two designs in knitting, for the foundation of shawls, or for stockings, etc.

If the designs are knitted round, that is on four pins, the alternate rows must be knitted instead of purled.

Design No. 1.—Cast on nine stitches for each pattern.

1st Row: Knit three, * make one, knit two together at the back, knit four. Repeat from.*

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit one, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together at the back. Repeat.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: Knit two together, * make one, knit three, make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slip-stitch over the two knitted together. Repeat from. *

6th Row: Purl.

Repeat from the first row.

Design No. 2.—Cast on any number of stitches divisible by four.

1st Row: Make one, knit one, make one, knit three. Repeat.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit three, make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slip-stitch over the two knitted together, make one. Repeat.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: Make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slip-stitch over the two knitted together, make one, knit three. Repeat.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: Like 3rd row.

8th Row: Purl.

9th Row: Make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slip-stitch over the two knitted together, make one, knit three. Repeat.

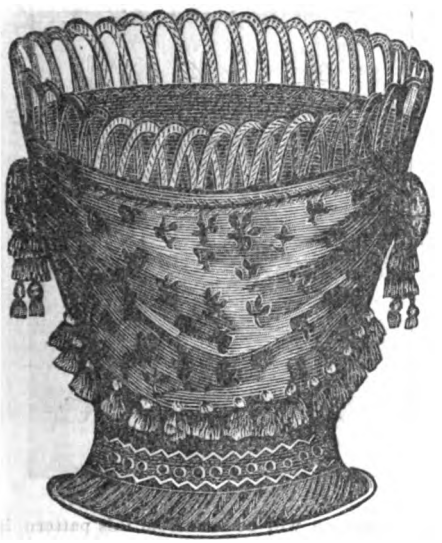
10th Row: Purl.

Then repeat from the 3rd row

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WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The basket is an ordinary willow or rattan one of the usual size. We give the detail of the embroidery pattern, full-size, in the front of the number. It may be worked on either silk or cotton plush; or on worsted canvas, felt, cloth or even crash: in fact, on almost any of the endless variety of foundation stuffs, that will make a pretty background for the embroidery. The design is for apple blossoms, and is done in crewels. Work five rows of these little blossoms, in the usual Kensington stitch. Make the stems and leaves of pretty shades of greens and browns; and the petals of the flowers, in shades of pink, alternating them, some delicate pink almost to white, others a deeper. Use yellow floss for the centres.

After the flowers are worked, turn down the upper edge of the work, and embroider a tiny vine, in the shades of green, for the finish to the upper edge: then, with the crewels make small tassels, (not mixed) but of the different colors, and when finished, comb them, to make them look fleecy. These, as will be seen above, are arranged all along the lower edge. Now drape the band of embroidery upon the basket, as also shown in the illustration, and finish by large tassels made of crewels, or else bows of ribbon, as your taste may suggest.

PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



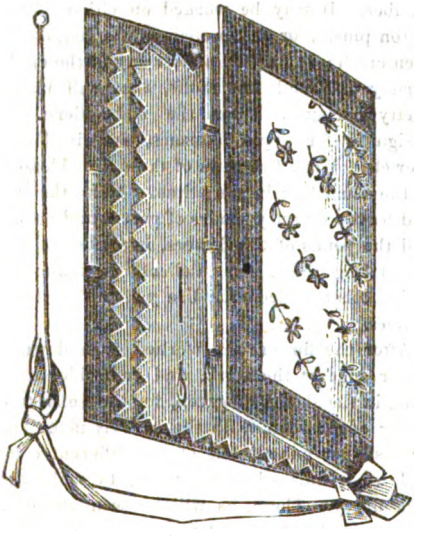
We give, here, a very pretty design for a photograph frame, showing how it looks when finished. In the front of the number, we give the design, in detail, full-size, for rather more than one half. The other half is made by reversing the pattern.

The frame is covered with black satin, bordered with black kid. The embroidery is Breton, or Point lancés. The stars are alternate pink and blue; the rays are maize; the sprays wood-color.

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NEEDLE CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give, here, a new design for that always useful article, a needle-case. The first engraving represents it as finished: the second gives the detail of the pattern, full-size. The back of the needle-case, as will be seen from this pattern, is covered with cashmere, studded with small bouquets of points lancés worked with filoselle. The flowerets are pale blue, the buds pink, and the leaves light green.

JAPANESE BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This pretty affair is made of straw, and ornamented with a band (see cut 2 for the pattern in detail,) consisting of a vandyked band of white cloth, with a row of fancy straw in the centre, and a knot of old-gold silk in each point; these are mounted on a band of crimson cloth similarly treated. The bag inside is crimson silk.

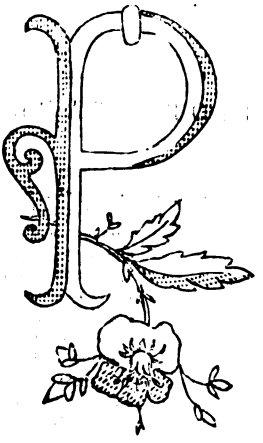
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FLOWER ALPHABET (CONCLUDED).

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



NARCISSUS.



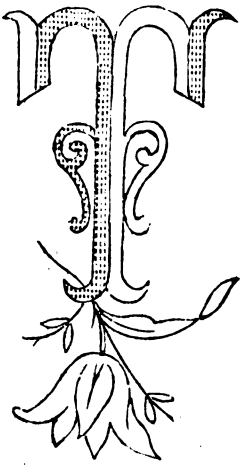
PANSY.



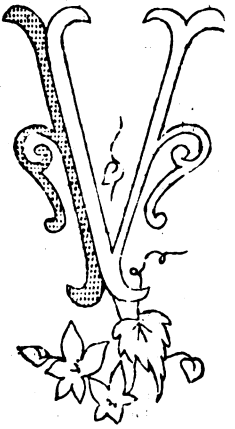
ROSE.



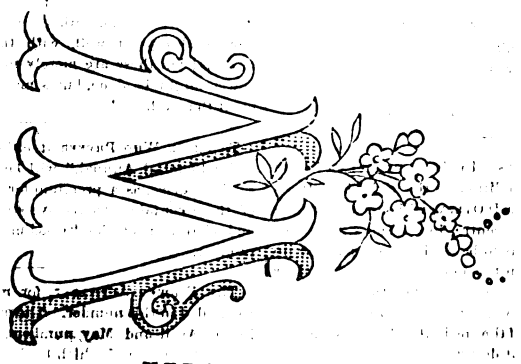
SUN-FLOWER.



TULIP.



VIOLET.



VERGISS NICHT.

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EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BE "ECONOMICAL," BUT NOT "SORDID."—During the very worst period of the recent "hard times," when business of every kind was more or less depressed, and when even what had been considered the best securities were depreciating daily, a lady, who had been reduced from affluence to comparative poverty, said, in our hearing, "The worst of a crisis like this, is, that the value of money, and the uncertainty of fortune, has been impressed so forcibly on everybody, that people will become sordid."

That is just it. The re-action from the extravagance of ten years ago has led to economizing everywhere, and in everything, till, what arose in necessity, and was wise at the time, has become a habit, and is no longer economy, but meanness. The pendulum, to use a well-worn simile, having been swung too far in one direction, has now swung of itself too far in the other. People deny themselves things, which they can well afford, in order to "save for a rainy day," forgetting that the "rainy day" may never come again, or that they may be dead before it does come. They pinch, and almost starve, that they may lay up a little money. This, carried too far, is miserliness. It is being "sordid."

Now there are two objections to this process. The first is, that, where it exists on a large scale, it defeats its purpose. If nobody spends money, nobody can make it. If everybody saves and pinches, all trade dries up in consequence. Everybody suffers alike. It was this, that prolonged the recent "hard times" for so many years, and it is its partial continuation, now, that still delays, to some extent, the full return of prosperity. If the dry-goods dealer sells less goods, he cannot afford to spend as much himself. What holds good of him, holds good of the shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, cabinet-maker, carpet-dealer, and all manufacturers, large or small. The community, at large, suffers, when economy is carried too far.

The other objection is that economy, when carried too far, deteriorates the character. Well has the Scripture said that "the love of money is the root of all evil." When a man comes to think that money is the chief end of life, he begins, from that moment, to sink in the scale, mentally and intellectually. He becomes hard, cruel, mean, degraded in almost every way. He no longer even desires to "do unto others as you would be done unto." All he wants is to prey on his neighbor. When men, or women, become sordid, they deny themselves, and their families, much of innocent pleasures, and even of that which refines and elevates the mind. "We can't afford it," is the cry. Everything is made to give way to the desire to "get rich." The consequence is that they and their families become, year after year, less refined, and more ignorant.

FOUR DESIGNS FOR D'OYLES.—In the SUPPLEMENT, in our May number, we gave, in addition to the Full-Sized Dress Pattern, an engraving for a D'OYLEY, with an appropriate design, to be worked in the centre, in outline stitch. We also gave three other designs to be used towards making up the dozen. We now give, in this month's Supplement, four additional designs, and shall give, next month, the remaining four. All the D'Oyley's, remember, are to be made according to the engraving of the one in the May Supplement; but in the centre a different design is to be worked, so that the complete dozen may show a dozen separate designs.

PAINTED DRESSES are now quite fashionable, and the method of painting them is, perhaps, worth describing. A correspondent of a London paper does it to our hand. She took her wedding-dress, which was of cream-colored satin, and then proceeded as follows (we give her own words): "To begin with, I decided that no flowers except those found in our own woods, hedges, or fields should have a place on my dress. I then made drawings of thistles, bluebells, buttercups, daisies, poppies, foxgloves, violets, primroses, and in short all wild flowers that I could remember sufficiently well to draw; and, to aid me in this, I consulted any books I might have containing botanical specimens, and not a few hints did I get from my old Christmas cards which I had carefully preserved. Having made my collection as complete as possible, I next took a piece of transparent tracing cloth, about fourteen inches in depth, and made this to fit the edge of my skirt just above the kilting. The flowers were then arranged on the tracing cloth, just as I thought they would look best, taking care to vary the forms of the different flowers as well as the colors. Grasses too I found most useful in filling in odd corners, and also in lightening the top of the design. When the work of arrangement was completed, I transferred it on to the satin by means of transfer cloth. The work of painting I found comparatively easy. It was, of course, executed in oils, and the colors laid on as dry as possible; no medium or megilp is used, and turpentine but very sparingly. The effect when completed should give the appearance of luxuriant growth. All stems should be continued to the plaiting at the edge of the dress. The bodice was buttoned up the back, and the front of it painted with small bouquets placed at irregular distances, but merely one or two flowers in each spray. The painting must be allowed a few days to dry before the dress is worn. I have seen a very stylish-looking dress made of sapphire Roman sheeting. This had a bodice with a square piece of pale blue satin let in back and front and on it were tiny bouquets of daisies, some perfectly white, others tipped with pink. The pale blue was also let into the front of the skirt, and painted with buttercups and daisies; this gave a very pretty effect with but little work. Fuchsias would easily be adopted as a trimming to a dress on either a dark or light satin. Poppies and corn too would look well on dark green, and dandelions with their bright flowers effective; leaves and fluffy seeds would be most stylish and uncommon arranged on a black gown, for either a scarf or trimming. Passion flowers also paint well, with their graceful leaves and tendrils; but these are merely suggestions, and almost any flower might be done, but some are more easy of arrangement than others."

TO THOSE WHO PREFER it, either our "Gems Of Art," or "The Pictorial Annual," will be sent, *instead of the large-sized engraving*, as a premium for getting up a club. Each of these contains twenty-five steel engravings of the size and character of the "Good-morning, Mamma," in this number.

THE FLOWER ALPHABET, for marking handkerchiefs, is concluded in this number. The preceding portions appeared in the April and May numbers. As there is no suitable flower, the name of which begins with an O, that letter has to be omitted.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS, NEW CLUBS, ETC., ETC.—Now is the time to get up clubs for "Peterson" for 1880. Or additions may be made to clubs, at the price paid by the rest of the club Remember, that, this magazine, at two dollars a year, is not only the *cheapest and best*, but that its prices to clubs are the lowest. Thus, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our premium engravings; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy of the magazine as a premium, all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our engravings as a premium; all postage free. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can be always furnished. Specimens sent, gratis, to those desiring to get up clubs. When enough additions are made to a club, to constitute a second club, the sender becomes entitled to a new premium.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE, if you wish to receive "Peterson," at present club rates; for if the present high price of paper continues, we shall be compelled to follow the example of the newspapers, and advance our terms to clubs. An extortionate price for printing paper has been brought about by a combination of owners of pulp-works and paper makers. Congress might have given relief, by removing the duty on wood-pulp; but did not do so; and so has left the public at the mercy of the monopolists. The consequence is that the people are having to pay increased prices for newspapers, and will have to pay, we fear, increased prices for magazines.

TO CUT DRESSES from our patterns, lay the supplement flat on a table: then lay over it a sheet of paper, thin, like that of the Supplement, through which the lines will show; then trace one of the parts of the dress, on this paper; afterwards cut the pattern out. Repeat this, with every part of the dress, until you have all the pieces. From these pieces cut the dress. If thin paper cannot be had, use thick; but, in this case, lay the Supplement on top, and prick holes, with a pin, about an inch apart, to trace the pattern.

"MERE CATCH-PENNY."—A lady writes, that she was induced to subscribe, earlier in the year, to a cheap fashion-book, thinking she might save something. "But," she adds, "I find it was a mere catch-penny, quite worthless as a magazine, or even as a fashion guide, being, in fact, only an advertising sheet for the owners, who are dry-goods people. I have, accordingly, come back to 'Peterson's,' which is, as you say, the cheapest and only really good lady's book."

"A BIT OF ECONOMY."—A subscriber, who sends a club, says, "I took 'Peterson' in 1879, for the first time. I have, this year, raised a club, telling my friends that it is a bit of economy to take your magazine, for that I have saved more in dress-making alone, for myself and children, by following your patterns, than ten times the subscription price." We have, we may add, numerous letters of this kind.

OUR BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS extort, from the newspaper press, the verdict of surpassing all others. The truth is, no other periodical gives steel engravings any longer, or steel engravings, at least, of any cost or merit. Most of them, when they profess to give steel engravings, give only lithographs, or electrotyped engravings. Compare ours with others, and you will see the difference at once.

"MORE BEAUTIFUL STORIES."—Says a lady, in remitting, "I have now taken 'Peterson,' for fifteen years, and have, meantime, read most of the other magazines, and I can assure you that there are more beautiful stories, in your pages, in one year, than in all the others together."

BED-QUILT IN CROCHET.—We give, in the front of the number, printed in color, a design for a Bed-Quilt in crochet. This Bed-Quilt is made of squares, which are crocheted, and then joined as many squares being used as is required for the size of the quilt; thus, in this way, a quilt may be made, small enough for the smallest single bed, or large enough for the largest double-bed. We give three engravings. The largest one represents a quarter of one of the squares. Crochet from the design, and then, crochet the other three parts of the square. One of the smaller engravings represents the pattern thus carried out. The other smaller engraving shows a Bed-Quilt, finished, after a sufficient number of the squares are joined together.

A NEW VOLUME will begin with the next, or July, number, affording an excellent opportunity for those who do not want back numbers, to commence their subscriptions.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Bunyan. By James Anthony Froude. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Harper & Brother.*—Beyond all question, the most appreciative biography of Bunyan, that has ever appeared. Froude may be, at times, inaccurate in his details, but no man grasps the real truth of his subject better. His insight, if we may call it such, is alike comprehensive and sympathetic. In this little volume, the man, Bunyan, tinker, preacher, writer, well-to-do citizen, comes out, with such dramatic force, that we almost feel as if we had known him personally. The work, in its way, is as remarkable as the "Cæsar," by the same gifted author.

Dream Numbers. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new edition of a very excellent novel. The story is one of modern Italian life, and as the author has lived, for nearly thirty years, in Italy, the book is as truthful as to the customs and habits of the Italians, as it is interesting as a mere story. In the latter particular, it has unusual merit, indeed. Adolphus Trollope, to our thinking, manages his plots even better than his brother, Anthony.

Brain And Mind. By Henry S. Drayton, A. M., and James McNeill. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—The aim of this treatise is to consider mental science, in accordance with the principles of phrenology, and in relation to modern physiology. The volume is profusely illustrated with portraits of men of eminence, whose mental peculiarities, as shown in their faces, are held to favor the views of the authors.

Rev. Mr. Dashwell, the New Minister at Hampton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. E. Potter & Co.*—The hero of this novel is a "sensational" preacher, who is described as selfish, conceited, hypocritical, untrustworthy, irreligious. The author says, in his preface, that such characters do "exist and infest the modern pulpit:" but on this subject, the reader must judge for himself, or herself: we leave the question open. The volume is handsomely printed.

Democracy. An American Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—As a story this is not a conspicuous success. Its merit lies in its racy, satirical sketches of politicians, and political life, in Washington. The style is terse, pointed, and often witty. The author, whoever he may be, is evidently both an observer and a thinker. There is nothing partisan in the volume, though the title, at first, might seem to imply it.

The Little Countess. By Octave Feuillet. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A translation of one of the best of this author's fictions. A charming story. The volume is very handsomely printed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Now Is A Good Time to subscribe for this magazine. Those who wish back numbers from January (and back numbers can always be supplied) will get the whole of Mrs. Burnett's novelet, at once, which, to many, will be quite a consideration. Those, who do not wish back numbers, can begin with the July number, when a new volume commences, which, in point of stories, engravings, fashions, etc., etc., will never have been equalled, even by "Peterson."

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for Seasickness. Prof. Adolph Ott said: "In the plurality of cases I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthy action of the functions impaired."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like Castoria because it gives health to the child and rest to themselves, and Physicians use Castoria because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI.—Blackberry.—Rubus Villosus.

[From the Celtic, *Rub*, red, the color of the fruit of some species.]

The *common brier*, or *bramble*, is known by every child in the country, as is also the *Dewberry*, or Running Brier—Rubus Canadensis. The roots of both of these species of Rubus are moderately astringent, and were a popular remedy for diarrhœa of our mothers, who formerly depended more upon herbs and *simples*, when it was not so popular to consult a physician for every trifling ailment as at present. The writer is inclined to think (from very extended observation for a period of a full generation,) that mothers of the present day are rather prone to call in a doctor, and often unnecessarily tax their resources with a bill, when a simple physic, followed by rest, simple diet, some bland herb tea—astringent, diaphoretic or carminative—as the case calls for, added to a little patience, would often do the work well, and money be saved for home comforts.

The ripe fruit of either of these species makes a pleasant *jam*, and there is also a spiced cordial still made and kept on hand by some mothers for bowel affections. That the estimate of these articles is various, the following anecdote will show: Two professors in the same medical school happened to speak upon the blackberry and dewberry roots the same day. One said, "No reliance can be placed on the decoction of these roots in the management of disorders of the bowels. It is utterly worthless." The other professor averred, on the same authority, that the decoction of the roots and syrup of the fruits were most excellent medicines, and had saved the lives of many children suffering from bowel diseases of hot weather. A very frequent cause, however, of such domestic remedies failing to cure, arises from the fact that indigestible substances are not first removed from the stomach and bowels by oil or some simple laxative, before resort is had to these agents.

The unsightly *knots* which are frequently seen on the branches of these briers, caused by the punctures of insects, were at one time carried by credulous dolts as an amulet or charm to prevent the toothache!

These brambles, from their tendency to spread, become a nuisance to farmers, especially in neglected or uncultivated fields.

The leaves of the Red or Antwerp raspberry—Rubus Idæus—are also favorably used in thrush of infants, and this *tea* is often sufficient to arrest or control infantile diarrhœa. These leaves were a favorite therapeutic agent with the Thomsonian and early Botanics, as a mild "anti-canker" medicine.

Bittersweet.—Solanum Dulcamara, Woody Nightshade.—This is a shrubby and climbing plant, smoothish, with cordate leaves, two to four inches long; cymes of flowers opposite the leaves, nodding; corolla, violet-purple, the lobes spreading or reflexed, each with two green dots at the base; berries, bright red when ripe and poisonous. A strong tincture of the bark, forms one of the medicines which the homœopaths advise the use of, and esteem highly, to prevent catching cold from exposure to *damp*,—arresting quinsy, stiff-neck, cholera infantum, coriza, etc., when resulting from dampness. Held to be by them as antidotal to *damp* and its effects as quinine is to malaria and its influences. It has undoubted influence over some diseases of the skin,—those especially of a moist character, for instance, impetigo, or moist tetter, ecthyma, etc. In old school practice bittersweet may readily be dispensed with, without loss to any one diseased.

Bouncing Bet.—*Saponaria Officinalis, Soapwort.*—Grows wild in the vicinity of dwellings, with square, nodose stems, pink-like flowers, and too well known to require description. The root and leaves when treated briskly with water form a lather, like soap-water, hence one of its names. Though used in Germany for taints of the system, scrofulous and cutaneous affections, I am not aware of its being used here, except rarely by our old German mothers. It is deemed to possess alterative properties like sarsaparilla, and superior to it, by some physicians. Well, it must indeed be worthless, if not superior to that innocuous agent, *me judice*.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

Doll's Houses and Furniture can be made out of all sorts of odds and ends. Old cotton reels, strung on wire, can be turned into pretty toy ornaments, the seats made with cardboard and stuffed; and single seats by simply putting each reel in a chintz bag, with a little wadding at the top, and a piece of ribbon tied in the centre. A cigar box, set on end, varnished, and fitted in with shelves, can be transformed into a wardrobe; and without shelves, merely with largish dress hooks, fastened round with small tacks, makes hanging wardrobes. A sardine box, cut in half, and bent into shape, makes a doll's fender. Toy tambourines to attach to dolls dressed as gipsys, etc., can be made out of the lids of pill boxes, the cardboard being replaced by parchment and small gilt spangles let into the edge at intervals, a tuft of colored ribbons on either side. A pill box cut down a little, and a brim of black paper added, make sailor hats, either for sailor dolls or with a silk bag inside, and so intended to contain sweetmeats.

Round strawberry baskets can be covered either with chintz or with muslin over pink or blue calico, and fitted up as a complete baby's doll wardrobe, the small china dolls dressed as a baby occupying the centre, and white frocks and under linen, hood, cloak, sponge (in sponge bag), and all the etceteras of baby's toilette, filling the several pockets. A mustard box, set on end, with two shelves at equal distances,

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makes a good doll's house. The nursery at the top, the drawing-room below, and the kitchen under that. Paper the walls, carpet the floors, and then proceed to furnish. Seidlitz powder boxes can be converted into beds; the depth of the box is cut down to half, the lid is sewn edgeways to the top and widened a little for the overhanging portion, and then the whole is covered with chintz and furnished with bed, pillows, sheets, and blankets.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 68.—Metagram.

Find a fish. Change its head and produce:

1. A twig. 3. To incline.
2. An idol. 4. A clod.
5. A trough.

Change its tail and make:

1. An animal. 3. To study.
2. A little boat. 4. A pony.
5. A hut.

Marblehead, Mass. G. C.

No. 69.—Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in Dun, also in Dee.
My second is in island, but not in sea.
My third is in cricket, but not in ball.
My fourth is in tumble, but not in fall.
My fifth is in ink, but not in water.
My sixth is in vow, but not in after.
My seventh is in new, but not in old.
My eighth is in warm, but not in cold.
My ninth is in red, but not in white.
My tenth is in day, but not in night.
My whole you will find if you closely look,
Is the name of a very useful book.

Liverpool, N. Y. Callie L. Freer.

No. 70.—Acrostical Decapitations.

1. Behead a water-course, and leave a pitcher.
2. Behead a map, and leave an animal.
3. Behead a fragrant fruit, and leave to wander.
4. Behead a fish, and leave a crowd.
5. Behead a twisted thread, and leave a beverage.

The decapitated letters in their order give the name of an American general.

Byfield, Mass. L. D. T.

No. 71.—Double Diamond.

Across:—A consonant; pulp; an African country; reasonable; a Scripture name; a title; a letter.

Down:—A consonant; a head; folios; severe; a measurer; a boy; a letter.

Providence, R. I. Twill.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number.

No. 66.

1. Per, pert. 2. Mar, mark.
3. Kin, king. 4. New, news.

No. 67.

C O L D
H A Y T I
A R C T I C
R O O K
L A T E
E L L E N
S I L A S

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP AND FISH.

Green Pea Soup.—Put a knuckle of veal and about three pounds of fat corn pork into the soup pot. On these pour one gallon of cold water; let it slowly simmer for three hours, skimming carefully. Shell a peck of peas, wash and put them on to boil, which will require about thirty minutes; pour them through a cullender; take out the meat and mash the peas through the cullender into the broth, and let it simmer for fifteen minutes; chop up a handful of green mint and put into the soup, and stir in a little salt and a tablespoonful of nice brown sugar. Toast a slice of bread, cut it into squares and lay on the soup when dished. The veal is a nice dish, served for the second course.

Potted Shad.—Clean and cut your shad in pieces, have a new earthen pot, and between every layer of fish put cloves, allspice, cayenne, whole black pepper, salt, and a blade of mace; cover it with strong vinegar, and tie it up very tight; send it to the bake house to be put in the oven when the bread comes out. Herring may be done in the same manner.

MEATS.

Mutton Cutlets.—Cut from a boiled or roast leg of mutton slices about half an inch thick, trim them all of a size, dip them in egg, and cover them with a mixture of breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, and powdered sweet herbs in due proportions; let them rest a couple of hours, egg and breadcrumb them again, then fry them a light color in plenty of fat; serve round a purée of any kind of vegetables.

Hashed Mutton.—Slice an onion in rounds, lay them in a saucepan with plenty of butter, when they are a light brown color put in the slices of mutton carefully trimmed, add pepper and salt to taste, and moisten with a little tomato sauce. Toss the whole on the fire till quite warmed through, and serve. A few drops of vinegar is an improvement.

Veal Cutlets and Sweet Herbs.—Chop all sorts of sweet herbs, mushrooms, shallots, pepper-and-salt, with a spoonful of butter; dip the cutlets in this, cover them over with breadcrumbs, and set them in the oven to bake; then add a glass of white wine to the sauce, skim it well, and when the cutlets are done, lay them on a dish, and serve them with the sauce poured over.

DESSERTS.

Junket.—The following very good recipe appeared in *The Queen* some months ago: "Heat three pints of milk in a saucepan till slightly warm, sweeten to taste, then add three large teaspoonfuls of essence of rennet, stir well, add a claret glassful of rum or brandy, stir again, and at once pour the mixture into your junket bowl, and leave it undisturbed for about two hours; just before serving, grate nutmeg over the top. In Devonshire we always cover it thickly with clotted cream, but this, though a great improvement, is by no means necessary."

Whipped Cream.—Cream should be whipped in a very cool place the afternoon before wanted; flavor delicately

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with lemon or vanilla, and beat in a little of the finest sifted white sugar. When it will stand up when heaped with a spoon put on a tammy that is only used for sweet things; place that on a dish in a cool larder to drain till wanted. In London what is called double cream should be used.

Coffee Cream.—Dissolve two ounces of gelatine or of isinglass in just enough water to cover it, put to a pint of and a-half of cream a teacup and a-half of very strong clear coffee with powdered sugar, add the dissolved isinglass, let it just boil, leave it standing till nearly cold; then pour it into a mould, and when quite set turn it out.

Blanc-Mange.—Take two ounces isinglass, one quart of new milk; strain it, and sweeten to your taste; add rose or peach water; let it be only milk-warm when you put it in the moulds. If you wish it particularly nice, blanch one-half pound almonds; beat them very fine in a mortar, and stir in before you boil or strain.

CAKES.

Irish Cake.—Take one pound butter beaten to a cream, three-quarters pound sugar, sifted and dried, nine eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, one-quarter pound almonds blanched and sliced, one and one-quarter pounds of currants, picked and dried, the same weight of flour also dried. When the butter has been worked with the hand to a cream, sift in the sugar, which should be quite hot; when mixed pour in the yolks of eggs, then add the whites, work it half an hour, then add the flour by degrees; when thoroughly mixed, add a very small teacupful of brandy. The currants and almonds, with one-quarter pound lemon or citron peel, should be added just before the cakes are placed in the oven, which should be hot. The cake should be beaten an hour; the hand should be kept moving the same way, and not taken out.

Scotch Loaf.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, ten eggs, half a gill of rose-water, one tablespoonful of *dissolved* saleratus one pound of dried currants, two teaspoonsful of ground cinnamon. Pick, wash and dry the currants, and dredge as much flour over as will adhere to them. Beat the butter and sugar till it is smooth and light; whisk the eggs to a froth, stir them into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour; add the spice and liquor, beat the whole very hard for ten minutes; lastly stir in the fruit and saleratus. Butter an earthen cake mould or iron pan, pour in the mixture, and bake for about two hours in a moderate oven.

Scotch Shortbread.—Rub together into a stiff, short paste two pounds flour, one pound butter, and six ounces loaf sugar; make it into square cakes, about a-half inch thick, pinch them all along the edge at the top, over the whole surface of the cakes sprinkle some white comfits, put the cakes on tins so as to touch each other by their edges, and bake in a slow oven.

HOUSEHOLD.

Cleaning Carpets.—Take a pail of water and add to it three gills of ox-gall. Rub it into the carpet with a soft brush. It will raise a lather, which must be washed off with clear cold water. Rub dry with a clean cloth. In nailing down a carpet after the floor has been washed, be certain that the floor is quite dry, or the nails will rust and injure the carpet. Fullers' earth is used for cleaning carpets, and weak solutions of alum or soda are used for reviving the colors. The crumb of a hot wheaten loaf rubbed over a carpet has been found effective.

To make old Black Silk look like New.—Unpick the garment, and wash the pieces in hot soapsuds: rinse by dipping up and down in hot water, then dip in a second water, prepared as follows: Boil two ounces logwood chips in five quarts of water, add one-fourth ounce copperas; strain through an old bit of calico; dip your silk into this dye. Let the silk be pinned on to a line by the corners, and hang until it is nearly dry: then take it down, and iron it between two pieces of old black silk; it will look like new.

Washing Lawn or Thin Muslin.—Boil two quarts of wheat bran in six quarts, or more, of water half an hour; strain through a coarse towel, and mix in the water in which the muslin is to be washed. Use no soap if you can help it, and no starch; rinse lightly in fair water. This preparation both cleanses and stiffens the lawn. If you can conveniently, take out all the gathers. The skirt should always be separated from the waist.

To Wash Colored Stockings.—Put a table-spoonful of salt in a quart of water. Let the stockings soak in that for ten minutes, and then take them out, and wash in soap and water.

SANITARY.

Add to a wine-glass of cold water a half teaspoonful of sal-volatile, and with a small piece of flannel or sponge, well wash the head and hair, dividing it into partings, so that every part is washed. This hair-wash cleanses quickly, and that it preserves the color of the hair has been proved by an experience of ten years. Spirits of hartshorn may be used instead of sal-volatile, six drops to the wine-glass, and applied in the same manner.

Iceland Moss Jelly.—One handful of moss, well washed; one quart of boiling water; the juice of two lemons; one glass of wine: a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; stir the moss (after soaking it an hour in a little cold water) into the boiling water, and simmer until it is dissolved; sweeten, flavor, and strain into moulds. Good for colds, and very nourishing.

Beef Tea.—One pound gravy-beef, cut in small pieces, put in a jar with one pint of cold water; cover the jar with a lid and put it into a saucepan nearly full of water; let it boil for an hour; let it get cold, when all the fat can be taken off; warm it again just before required for use.

HOME DECORATION.

FIRE-PLACES IN SUMMER-TIME.—What can be more ugly than the chimney-board, so often fixed in front of fire-places in summer-time, to shut out the draught or to conceal the grate? They usually consist of a few planks of rough wood covered with paper like that on the walls of the room, and are disfigured by a knob in the centre, which serves as a handle. Instead of having your chimney-board covered with wall-paper, get your carpenter to cover it smoothly with black paper, and then arrange on it yourself cross-bars of gold paper, like a trellis; at the bottom of the screen arrange some boldly-colored roses and leaves in such a way that they appear as if climbing up the trellis. Place a butterfly or other insect here and there, as if about to settle on one of the flowers. Another way of decorating these boards is by arranging colored scraps on them. Of course, if there is a knob on your board, you must arrange your scraps accordingly. We recently saw one, in a nursery, ornamented in a very simple yet effective manner. In the centre was pasted a gaily-colored chromo-lithograph; each corner and the intervening spaces were filled in with ordinary uncolored pictures. Round each picture and round the edges of the board was fastened a border such as is used by paperhangers as mouldings to certain wall-papers. Of course this style of ornamentation may be varied by having *all* the pictures colored, or the outside ones colored and the inner ones plain, according to taste. Of course, if more colored pictures are used than plain ones, the border must be plainer than if the plain ones predominate. These chimney-boards will be found to be much appreciated by the little inmates of the nursery.

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For the fire-places of drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms, many things may be suggested. One of the more durable means of concealing the grate is by using a Japanese sunshade, which is open and placed before the stove, the stick being shortened to allow of its being placed close to the bars. This gives a great deal of color to a room. One of the most fantastic ways of hiding the fire-place is by means of a small pair of curtains, which are, of course, looped back when the fire is lighted. The curtains may be made of crash, satin, serge, silk, or rep, embroidered in crewels. In a country house, where flowers, ferns, and moss abound, very tasteful groups can be made of flowers for the front of the fire-place. White lilies, foxgloves, gladioli, are suitable for this purpose. The flowers must be arranged fan-wise, and their stems placed in small jars of water, which may be hidden by means of moss or trailing plants. The flowers and ferns, when they are in water, will last a long time, especially if the stems are cut every two or three days. Many people make, in a similar manner, a bank of plants in pots, while behind them is placed a sheet of looking-glass made to fit the fire-place exactly. Ladies with clever fingers make elegant screens of dried ferns pressed between two sheets of plate glass, the whole being mounted in a bamboo or light wooden frame.

Mantel-cloths may be made of Utrecht velvet, bordered by a flounce of guipure mounted on silk of a bright color. Point lace, too, looks very pretty made up over a color. Scraps of silk are capable of being made up into very gay mantel-cloths by being cut into vandykes and sewn together in alternate points, say of amber and black, or scarlet and black, or dark blue and crimson. The seams should be followed with lines of feather-stich. Amber silk would look well with blue and crimson or with scarlet and black.

HORTICULTURE, Etc.

House Plants, for Parlors, Etc., Etc.—The proper plants for the house are a prime consideration with ladies fond of flowers. We shall devote a short space to this subject, the present month.

Taking Holland as our authority, we have little hesitation in saying that the soil best adapted to the growth and development of fine bulbs of any sort is a pure sand; but sand will not do without a proper supply of moisture. We have plenty of sandy tracts in this country, but they are deficient, in that other essential requisite, an adequate supply of moisture. They fail when the soil of Holland succeeds. They have no canals and water-courses intersecting them. Bulbs would not rot in them from excess of moisture or too close contact with it, but they would dwindle away for lack of it. On the other hand, in Holland a sandy, well-drained soil receives the bulbs and keeps them sound, while water, which the canals supply, stands everywhere at from twenty inches to two feet below the surface, attracting the roots downwards, and promoting, under the influence of sunshine, a most vigorous growth. In the absence of these advantages peculiar to Holland we shall not be far wrong in saying that the best soil in which to grow bulbous plants in our country is a rich sandy loam, a soil sufficiently sandy to insure the preservation of the bulbs, and sufficiently retentive of moisture to insure that they are at no time in danger of suffering from drought.

Another important essential in their growth is purity of atmosphere. Sunlight and pure air are necessary not only for the purpose of developing richness of color in the blossoms, but to insure a healthy growth in the foliage and roots. All admit the importance of a suitable soil, but few, in our opinion, give proper weight to the influence of atmosphere. Soil undoubtedly is a matter of paramount importance, and if this be properly provided almost all hardy bulbs will grow anywhere. But what we maintain is this, that the finest growth and the best-colored blossoms are to be found only in the purest atmosphere.

We have spoken of the two greatest requisites for success in bulb cultivation, a proper soil and pure atmosphere. There are, however, several other points to which attention must be directed. The soil in which bulbs of any sort are to be planted should be well and deeply dug, and a good dressing of manure should be trenched into it eight or ten inches below the surface. Almost all bulbs require to be planted from three to four inches deep, and on no account should fresh manure be allowed to rest upon them. Indeed, if the soil be very retentive of moisture, and the bulbs delicate, a thin coating of sand should be laid beneath and around each separate root as it is deposited in the hole made for it. The Dutch use no trowels or tools of any kind in planting and digging up their bulbs, but simply their hands. Many bulbous plants, as the gladiolus and others of a like character, must be removed from the soil every year, dried and replanted when the fear of frost is over. Others, as the narcissus, thrive best when undisturbed. These latter should have annually a good dressing of manure spread over them, and carefully "pricked in," as the gardeners called it, with a fork. Every encouragement should be given to them while they are making their leaves. The strength of the bulb for another year, and also the beauty of its blossom, depend upon the development of fine foliage, which under no circumstances should be cut in, pulled away, or removed until in a natural state it has died down. The flowers may be removed with impunity, but the foliage must not be touched. From the general practice in Holland we gather that the best possible manure that can be used is cowdung.

Of trailing plants there is Cereus flagelliformis, both curious and handsome. It gives no trouble in cultivation, and grows best in a mixture of loam and old brick rubbish, with very little water. Sedum seibaldii is effective as a suspended plant, and so also is the stag's-horn fern. This fern is singularly beautiful when grown in an open wire basket lined with moss and filled with a soil of lumps of peat. In this way it sends out its splendid fronds all round, and becomes a most attractive object. We must not here omit that pretty campanula, C. garganica, a great favorite, forming, as it does, pendent sheets of starlike flowers of a brilliant bluish purple, with white eyes. There are many varieties of ferns and lycopodium, especially these of a pendulous habit, which do well in baskets. We have a pot of seed containing some eight or ten different varieties, self-sown from standing in the midst of other ferns, which has been much admired in a hanging position. It seems hard to imagine what they can all live upon, for the pot itself is covered with a drooping moss. We are, of course, careful to keep it well supplied with water. The safest plan of giving water to suspended plants is to unhook the baskets from the chain, dip them into a pail or tank of water, and not return them to their proper position again until all dropping of water has ceased.

Under the comprehensive title of general pot-plants must be included the long list of whatever can be admitted into a cool greenhouse or conservatory. Of shrubby plants there are oranges, oleanders, pomegranates, camellias, azaleas, cytisus, coronellas, daphnes, tecomas, dioscas, etc., etc., for the list is far too extensive for further enumeration here. Not to overpower our readers with names, we have mentioned only a very few, but from these few a good selection of sorts and varieties can easily be made. Oranges, pomegranates, and oleanders are especially adapted to verandahs, large halls, and corridors. With due attention to pot-room and watering, there is not the slightest difficulty in the management of any of the shrubby plants which we have mentioned. They are all, without a doubt, liable to blight in confinement; but experience proves that the plants may be kept in good

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health by a proper supply of nourishment, and by carefully washing the stems, branches, and leaves twice a year with soap and water. We treat all greenhouse evergreens in this way. Our plan is to use carbolic soap, tepid water, and a soft sponge. When there are many plants the operation is tedious, but it well repays the trouble. Spring and autumn are the seasons preferred. We must add to our list one or two more very useful plants—the variegated Japanese euonymus, a few pots of different variegated hollies, the berry-bearing aucuba and laurustinus.

We consider shrubby evergreen plants ornamental at all seasons, whether in flower or not. Our list, however, is quite long enough to insure flowers being found on some of them throughout the year.

In addition to these there is a long list of other things suited to indoors growth, the beauty of which is especially owing to the blossoms they bear. Of these we may mention fuchsias, so useful during spring, summer, and early autumn, chrysanthemums, which come in with the late autumn and winter, cinerarias, primulus, shrubby calceolarias, double petunias, balsams. Geraniums, both the French and Zonale. The former of these make a grand display while in full flower, but they last in bloom only so short a time that few persons now care to grow more than one or two good specimens; the Zonale class is far more useful, and so much improvement has here been made of late that an abundance of fine flowers can be had of every variety of color. There is now a yellow variety, a free flowerer, aptly named Jealousy. The Richardia æthiopica, popularly called the calla, is a useful indoors plant; it is figured against the right-hand lower window-pane in illustration No. 1. Independent of its beautiful flowers of snowy whiteness, the arrow-shaped leaves and stately bearing of the plant itself render it very attractive. In a growing state it requires a great deal of moisture, which must be partially withheld after a time to induce flowering. Tree carnations are also good window plants, and under proper management yield a large number of blossoms. They require a rich light soil. Nothing suits them better than a mixture in equal parts of garden loam, leaf mould, rotten manure, and road sand. A few roses in pot perpetuals on their own roots are best, have a pleasing effect. If the green fly shows itself wash the buds with soap and water as above directed.

The bulb catalogue is a very long one, and of increasing interest, for each year adds novelties. Consult any good seedsman's catalogue, on this point.

PARLOR GAMES.

Silence—A pastime more amusing, perhaps, than intellectual, but not, therefore, to be despised. It has the additional advantage that the players will be already seated. This, then, being the case, one of them in the most solemn manner, and with a perfectly grave face, softly slaps the face of his right-hand neighbor—whether lady or gentleman—who in turn repeats the operation upon the next. Thus it goes round the circle, the most profound silence being observed, until it reaches the leader again. He then gives his neighbor a slight box on the ear on each side. And this, too, is repeated round the circle, possibly amid some faint titterings, which the leader must suppress with all the weight of his authority and much severity of countenance. That concluded, he next proceeds softly to pull his neighbor's ear, the circle still, it is hoped, sufficiently restraining itself to observe the perfect silence which is indispensable to the game. This having been duly completed, he goes on to pull the nose of the unhappy right-hand neighbor, upon whom all the experiments are first tried. If the good sense and proper feeling of the players is such that this proceeding, suffered and inflicted in turn by each, goes round the room without inextinguishable roars of laughter, the circle may be congratulated upon being the first which ever succeeded in playing the game according to the canon, and as it should be played.

Collaboration—Paper and pencils are to be given to the company, and each of them on the upper part of the slip is to draw a head. Let not the unartistic be frightened at this, for it is not necessary to display any knowledge of drawing; on the contrary, the absence of it rather adds to than diminishes the fun of the game. The most effective heads to draw are naturally exaggerated caricatures of any of the company present. The head having been achieved as effectively as may be, the slip is folded back just above the ends of the two lines forming the neck, and handed to a person sitting next, who fills in a body from the neck down to the legs, folding the slip again immediately above the ends of the lines forming the body, and again hands it on. The third person then adds legs according to his or her fancy, writing the name at the bottom thereof, and the whole result will be found to be the most laughable specimen of ideal humanity conceivable.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Figured Batiste. The front skirt is made with lengthwise puffings of plain batiste placed between rows of the figured material. The wide ruffle around the bottom is made in the same way; headed by the knife-plaitings of the plain batiste. The upper part and back of the dress is in the princess style, and is prettily looped and draped at the back. The waist is open in front, and is trimmed with Languedoc lace.

Fig. II.—Boy's Suit of Grey Kerseymere. The trousers are short; and the jacket is cut in a point at the back and braided.

Fig. III.—Carriage or Garden-Dress of White Figured Muslin. The short round skirt has ruffle of blue silk placed on it in battlement style. The over-dress is looped up at the back with blue ribbons, and is trimmed with a knife-plaited ruffle of Breton lace. It opens over a vest of blue striped silk, and has a shirred trimming of the silk edging the waist. Wide, square collar. Bonnet of blue silk, trimmed with white lilacs.

Fig. IV.—Walking-Dress of Thin, White Figured Muslin, made over thin, pink cambric. The skirt is laid in kilt-plaitings all around, and is edged with a knife-plaiting. The coat-waist is made very deep, and is slightly caught up in the back: it is edged with white cambric edging turned up on the coat. White chip hat, trimmed with pink ribbon and a long white feather. White muslin parasol made over pink silk.

Fig. V.—House or Garden-Dress of Cream-White Figured Foulard. The foulard dress is trimmed with a bias band of almond-colored silk, and is edged with a plaited ruffle Breton lace. Five similar ruffles fill in the lower part of the front of the skirt. The upper part of the dress is made in *panier* style, and ornamented with lace and a large bow of ribbon. The waist is made with a basque, and has a large *directoire* collar of the silk, and is trimmed with silk bows and lace. The sleeves correspond.

Fig. VI.—House-Dress of Grey Albatross Cloth, (or soft French Bunting.) The trained skirt is festooned in front to the muslin lining, and is edged by a flounce laid in box-plaits and side-plaits, and the space is dotted with small bows. The waist is a pointed cuirass, and the sleeves and chemisette are of pale pink foulard or soft twilled silk, and are trimmed with Breton lace.

Fig. VII.—House-Dress of Black Satin and Striped

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GRENADINE. The satin skirt (which shows in front,) is trimmed with two plaitings edged with black lace. The sides are ornamented with three draperies of striped grenadine, terminating with jetted fringe. The train is covered with puffings of grenadine, and the bodice opens heart-shaped and has pointed basques.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—WALKING-DRESS, BACK AND FRONT. The skirt is of cream-colored brocaded satteen, (this is washing material,) with nine narrow plaited flounces edged with lace. The polonaise with paniers is of the same material. The front of the bodice is arranged in close folds, and trimmed with fan-shaped plaitings of Breton lace and black velvet.

FIGS. X. AND XI.—MOURNING-DRESS, FRONT AND BACK. The dress is of black bunting, and has a side-plaiting all around, the part in front being very deep. The skirt opens square in front over this plaiting, and is but slightly draped. The basque is in long tabs, and is very plain. The simulated vest and the cuffs are of English crêpe. An entire dress made of English crêpe in this way is very beautiful, but much more expensive than bunting.

FIG. XII.—SUMMER BONNET OF COARSE, BROWN STRAW, with crown and long ends of cream-colored dotted lace. The ends are edged with Languedoc lace, and a gilt ornament is passed through the crown.

FIG. XIII.—SUMMER BONNET OF TUSCAN STRAW, trimmed with three feathers of the same color. The strings and face trimming are of violet satin, and a cluster of pansies with yellow hearts fasten the strings together.

FIG. XIV.—EVENING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY. The skirt is thin muslin puffed, and worn over a skirt trimmed with a great many narrow ruffles. The waist is only slightly full, and the sleeves are trimmed with rosettes of lace, in the centre of one of which are some pink rose buds. The black velvet corsage is made with deep points, and buttons at one side. It would look very well fastened directly in the front or the back. This corsage can also be worn over a dress made high in the neck.

It will be seen from our colored plate that most of the summer dresses are made short; in fact, some of the richest and most expensive imported ones are quite short; this is a most sensible fashion, especially for those who go to watering places, as trailing long skirts over soiled floors and piazzas is most uncomfortable.

The satteens, and other cotton materials that are called by more names than we can take space to record, are extremely beautiful this season, some of the handsomest being sold for sixty-five or seventy cents a yard, yet being no prettier in pattern than the much less expensive goods; but the coloring is wonderful, being of the richest Oriental style, reds, blues and yellows all harmoniously combined; it is this rich color that makes the expense. The satteens look like satin when first made up; but, of course, will rumple and loose their gloss in time. White will be much worn during the summer, especially thin, dotted and figured Swiss goods. For dressy occasions, embroideries and laces, with a good deal of gold thread in them, are plentifully used; but this should be applied carefully, in order to prevent a "stagy" appearance. This embroidery, when of real gold thread, is very expensive, and wears well; a common material tarnishes very soon, and soon becomes very common looking. Some of the new ribbons have the gold thread interwoven with bright-colored ones, and cost two dollars a yard, being not over three inches wide.

There is nothing new to say of the manner of making dresses, and our fashion plates give the very prettiest styles out; it will be noticed that all the dresses are close-clinging in front.

Mantles and all wraps are as various as the fancies of the wearer, only the general make is shorter, as is natural, than that of the winter; the loose-sleeved Àolena and *visite* will probably be preferred to a tighter-fitting wrap, as it is cooler and more easily put on.

Bonnets are worn either small or rather large, as may suit the fancy; many flowers as well as bright brocaded ribbons are employed as trimmings, and the flowers are nearly all large. Violets, pansies, large poppies and roses are very popular, and these are often mingled with buttercups, jinquils and other yellow flowers. The mixed straws are sought by those who want a serviceable bonnet; but they are not thought as elegant as a plain white or yellow straw, or a Tuscan one.

Hats are large, but not so enormous as the Gainsborough ones worn two or three years ago, and many young ladies prefer the turban shape.

The hair is worn very low on the neck by many, but some of the fashionable hair-dressers arrange it in a style that shows the back of the neck, and places the front hair higher, in plaits or a few puffs. The low style of hair-dressing suits admirably women with regular features, fine eyes, etc., but it is most unbecoming to round faces. This, however, we have often said before.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED LAWN. It has one deep side-plaited ruffle of dark blue lawn, and the skirt alone is laid in alternate folds of the cream-color and dark blue. Extending down the back of the skirt, are alternate plaitings of the dark blue and cream-colored lawn. The body is plaited back and front into a square yoke, and extends under the embroidered ribbon sash in the shape of paniers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK RED AND GRAY STRIPED PERCALE. This dress is made just like the one just described, and shows the front view, only the material is different.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF GRAY LINEN. The collar and bands on the sleeves are finished with white braid.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A Message From the Sea.
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The Runaway Pair.
Feeding the Motherless.
Fashions for February, colored.
"Please Buy."
Fashions for March, colored.
"Field Flowers."
Fashions for April, colored.
"Ruth."
Fashions for May, colored.
"Good-Morning, Mamma."
Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Rococo Embroidery, Worked with Shaded Ribbons.
Hand Screen, Ottoman, etc., etc., In Japanese Embroidery.
Tidy on Java Canvas. "The Monkey and the Chestnuts."
Designs for Towel Ends, etc., etc.
Design for Corners for Tea-Table Cloth.
Crewel Work on Crash, for Towel Covers, Table Covers, etc.
Bed Quilt in Crochet, showing one-quarter of a Square, etc.

FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

"Bitter Cold," New Year's Morning.
The Woodland Brook.
"Arrested By a Voice Singing."
Sketching in the Woods.
The Moonrise by the Sea.
Feeding the Swans.
A Proposal at Last.

WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Forty-nine Engravings.
February number, Forty-five Engravings.
March number, Forty-eight Engravings.
April number, Fifty-three Engravings.
May number, Fifty-eight Engravings.
June number, Forty-seven Engravings.

MUSIC.

Kutchke Polka.
Come In and Shut the Door.
Hearts and Homes.
The May Breeze.
The Turkish Reveille.
"Don't Forget to Say Your Prayers."

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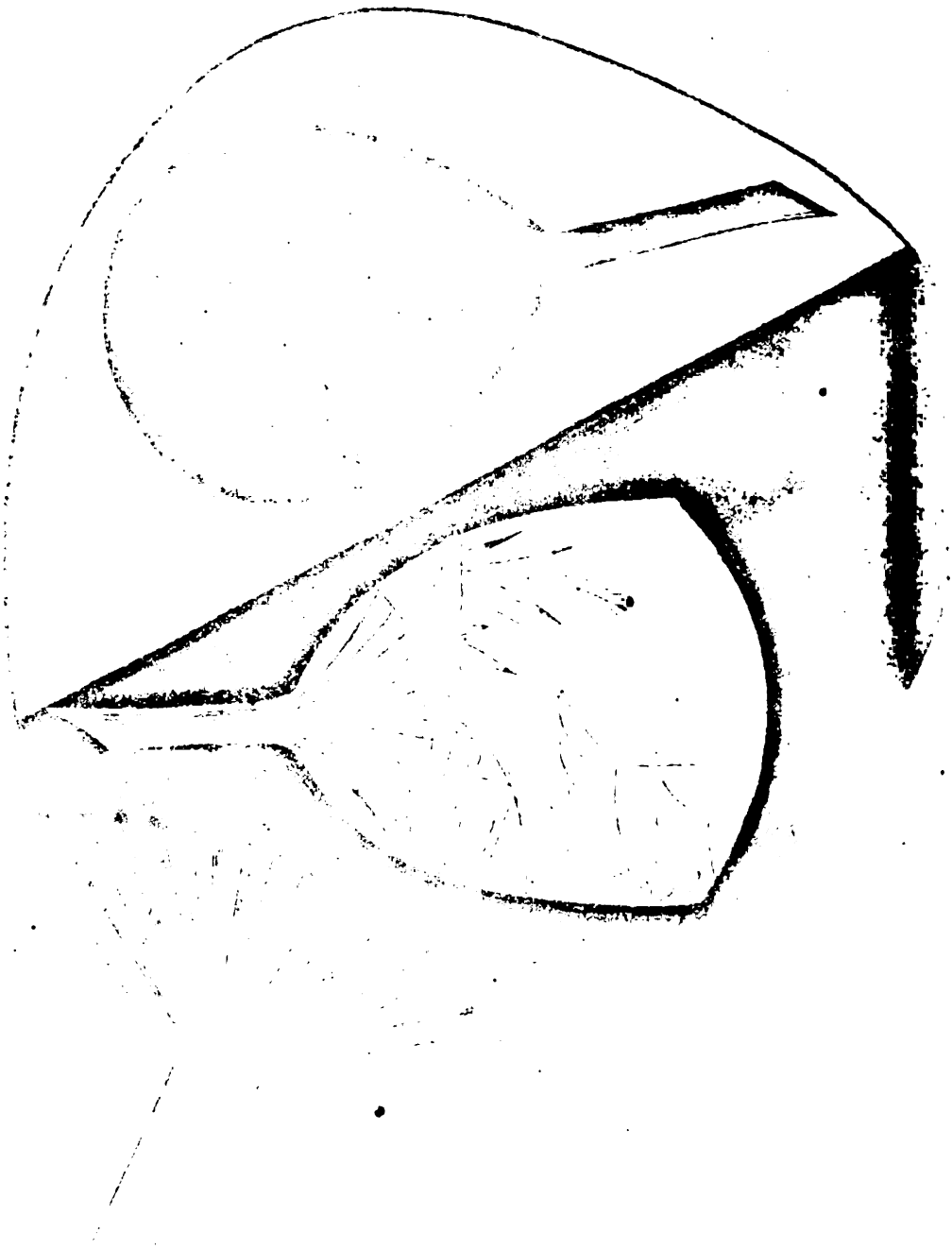
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ON THE BALCONY. [See "*A Romance of Venice.*"]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY. HEAD DRESS.

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NEW STYLE HOUSE DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLES FOR SUMMER DRESSES.

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BATHING DRESS. BLACK SILK BASQUE. SICILIENNE CAPE. LACE FICHU.

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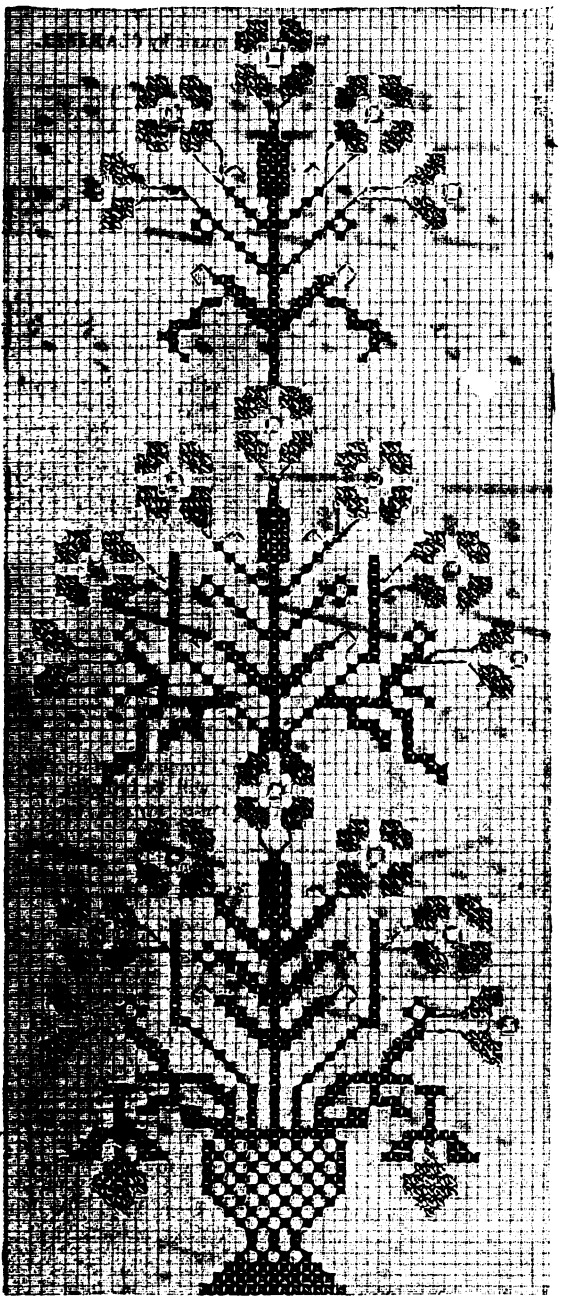
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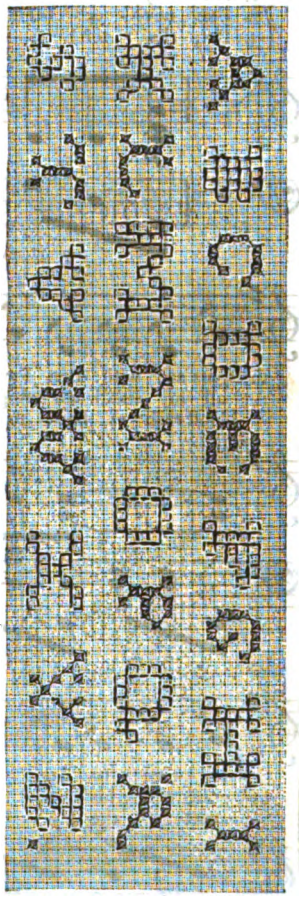


TOILET TABLE: WITH DETAIL. PATTERN FOR A BRACKET.

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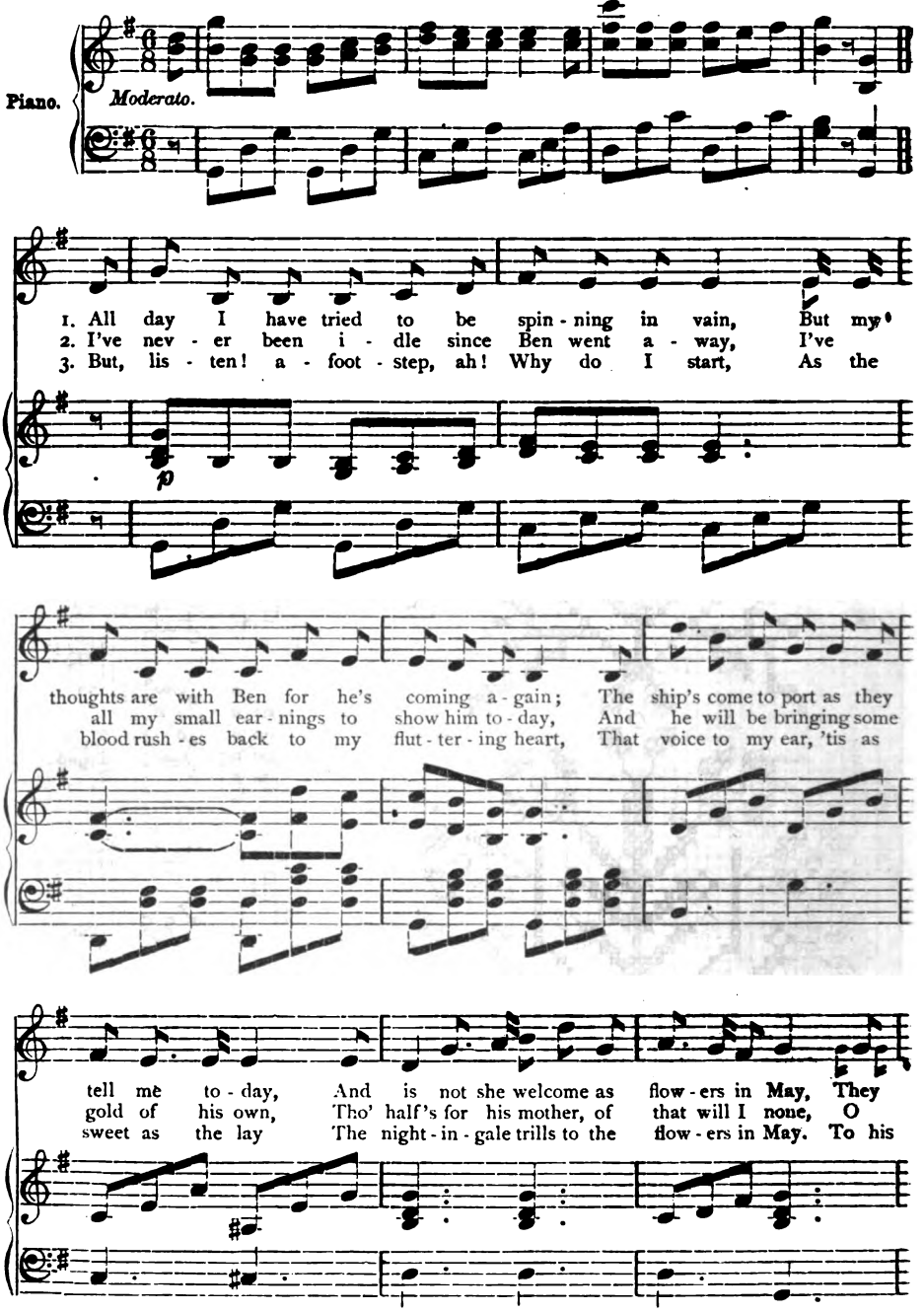




FURTHER DETAIL OF TOILET TABLE. ALPHABET. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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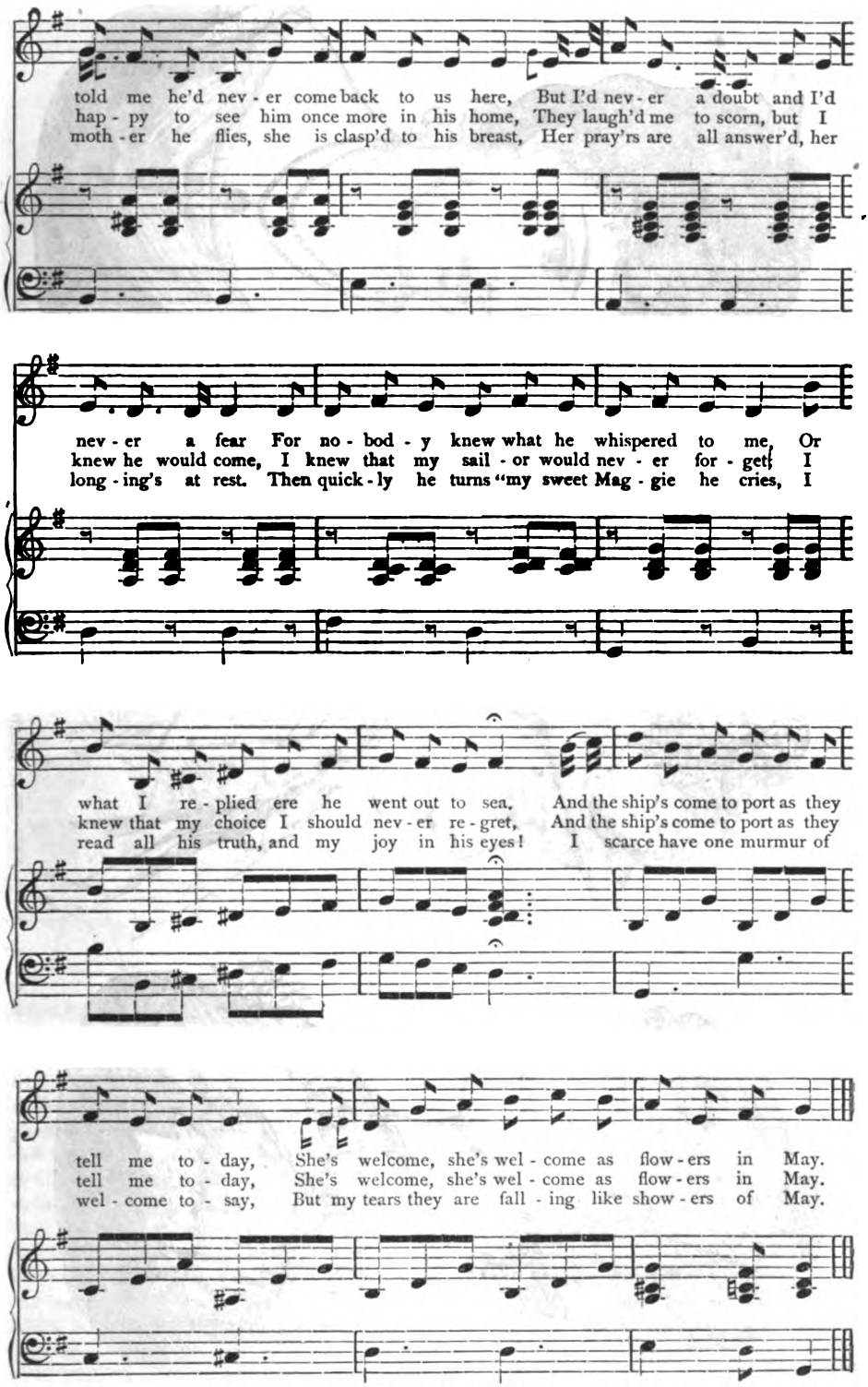
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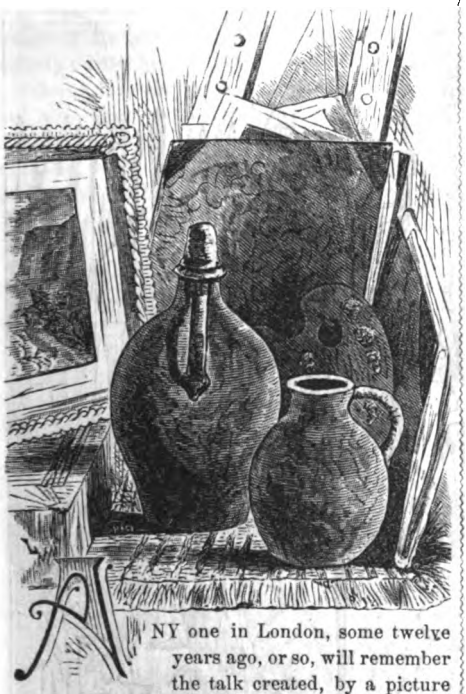
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1880. No. 1.

THE ARTIST'S LAST PICTURE.

BY MARGARET STIRLING.



ANY one in London, some twelve years ago, or so, will remember the talk created, by a picture called "Coming Thro' the Rye."

The picture made a deep impression upon me, and I can remember its every detail, even now. I can see the sunny field of waving grain; the church-tower in the distance; the very atmosphere, just like that of a warm, bright, summer's day. But, most of all, I can see the face of the girl, who, daintily holding up her dress, comes swiftly through the rye to meet her lover, who was, however, invisible; but supposed to be standing where the spectator stood. The picture was warmly attacked, in some of the newspapers, and as warmly defended in others. Half the critics, held that the lover ought to have been on the canvas; that the girl's face did not, and could not, except to very imaginative people, tell the story. The other half maintained, that as the lover would have had to stand with his back to the spectator, this would have spoilt the picture. These insisted, and re-insisted that the girl's face did tell the story; that those who could not see this knew nothing of art. The general public was as divided on the subject as the newspapers. Everybody thronged to view the picture. Everybody spoke of it. It was the fashion. For my part, I was of those who saw, or fancied they saw, the whole story in the girl's face. I behold that face, after the lapse of years, as vividly as at first. The summer sun shines full upon it, touching the lightly-blown, brown hair with golden lights, and bringing into strong relief the pretty piquant face; a bright little face, yet with an indescribable touch of pathos in it.

Soon after seeing it, I came across a criticism, written by one of the leading critics of the day. "The picture gives," he wrote, "an idea of power, but power awkwardly expressed; it lacks both finish and beauty of execution; and will be admired, as a whole, only by those ignorant sentimentalists, who rave over any wretched daub, that has a startling event connected with it."

The picture haunted me, and I asked what the "startling event connected with it" was, to which the critic alluded. This was his story:

"The artist was young, and had, undeniably, talent. But he was wholly without ambition. Sometimes, for weeks, he would work steadily, dashing off clever, little sketches, with astonishing rapidity; and then weeks would go by, without his touching a canvas. He was entirely dependent on his brush; but, fortunately, his pictures always commanded a ready sale, so that he never came to want. He and his wife had lived carelessly and happily, in true Bohemian fashion, from day to day, thoroughly enjoying the present, and very literally obeying the Bible in 'taking no thought for the morrow.'

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"About four months before he painted the picture, of which I have spoken, a change came over him. His little girl was born, and vague thoughts began to float through his head, of painting steadily, and making, not only money, but a name, that his wife and child might be proud to bear.

"Simultaneous with this, however, a feeling of



weariness, that he struggled against in vain, crept over him. 'A bad cold,' he laughingly called it, to his anxious little wife; but as weeks went by, and the 'bad cold' grew no better, he decided to consult his old family physician.

"The consultation lasted a long time, and when it was over, the stern old doctor, who had known him from childhood, was crying like a woman. But the young man only looked dazed and wonder-stricken. He had been told there was serious trouble with his heart; that he might die in six months; one month possibly; it might come at any time. He listened silently to all Dr. Mayer had to say; then shook hands quietly, and went out into the spring sunshine.

"He turned towards his home, his lips mechanically repeating the words of doom, that, as yet, were hardly more than words. He would go home to his wife, and she would tell him how it was all some horrible nightmare. The thought of repeating those words to his wife, gave them their full agonizing force.

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"'Dear God!' he prayed, passionately, 'give me a little while, only a little while!'

"Gradually, he became calm, and thought much of his wife and child.

"'But they shall not be left absolutely penniless,' he said, straightening himself up, 'I will paint one picture more.'

"It was one of those spring days, when the mere fact of being alive, makes one lazily happy. Everything about him was bright and gay. But he pushed his way, mechanically, through the crowd, looking ahead, with eyes that saw nothing of the busy life about him. As he swung by thus, with his long, easy step, an old cripple, looking after him, with the intense admiration that the deformed always have for physical perfection, audibly envied him his youth and strength.

"Going into the house, he went to his studio, and stood before the unfinished picture on his easel. It was the 'Coming Thro' the Rye.' Not what he would now, perhaps, have chosen to paint; but since it was started, it must do; there was no time for any other.

"All that day, the old doctor was haunted by the remembrance of the artist's face, with its dazed, horror-stricken expression. He thought, again and again, of the young wife, and the grief that was even now creeping nearer her; and he wondered sadly why it could not have been himself. What had he now, save money, to make life pleasant to him? Who was there left, who would miss him? What, after all, was life to him now, but a striving to do his duty, and a placid waiting for the end? While the other, who must die, enjoyed life so thoroughly, and was so extremely happy. It was the old, terrible problem, never yet solved, never to be solved.

"'The trouble was,' thought the old doctor, 'he was too happy. Such happiness never lasts.'

"That day, Dr. Mayer's patients were all dissatisfied; he seemed utterly wrapped up in himself. One young mother, thrilling over the important advent of a first baby's first tooth, declared, indignantly:

"'No matter how clever Dr. Mayer may be, he is an unsympathetic old thing.'



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"The young artist painted now as he had never painted before. He threw his whole soul into his work. His wife—who was his model—wondered at the change, and made happy plans for the future. Yet, sometimes, she looked at him, with vague anxiety.

"'Why paint so steadily? You will tire yourself," she would say. And he would answer her lightly, saying to himself, 'I must tell her: but not to-day, not to-day.'

"Spring passed quickly, as spring always does; and languid summer was creeping by. Day by day, the picture grew. The artist's brush lingered, lovingly, on the face of the girl; for it was the face of his wife he was painting. Sometimes, as he worked, he would find himself, morbidly, wondering, how his wife's face would look, after he had told her what, he himself felt now, was creeping every day nearer.

"At times, it required the most agonizing effort to work on, and hide from his wife what he suffered. But he struggled along bravely, bearing his trouble alone. At last, the picture was finished.

"Quietly the artist sat in front of his completed work, a little later in the day.

"'He is sleeping,' said his wife to herself, when, on her coming into the room, he never moved.

"Poor little wife! Not 'sleeping,' but dead. There he sat, his tired hands dropped listlessly at his side, and the sweetest, happiest expression on his face."

THE SPELL OF NATURE.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

THOUGH the summer of life is over,
The harvest is gathered in,
And I only sit with empty hands,
And dream of what might have been.
I have toiled and grown aweary,
But I will toil no more,
For, alas! my soul has fallen
From the golden hopes of yore.

And in the presence-chamber
Of my grief-o'ershadowed heart,
Despair, a grim, unwelcome guest,
Sits throned and will not part.
Nothing, nothing to live for!
For broken is every tie
That bound my heart to humankind,
And what is left, but to die?

Worn and fevered with sorrow,
I lie in my lonely room,
With the curtain over the casement drawn,
For I feel akin to gloom;
But the west wind, soft as a spirit,
Pushes the foldings by,
And touches my brow with a kiss so sweet,
That I smother the rising sigh.

Oh, gushes of glad bird-music,
And breath of faint perfumes,
That float to me from the Eden
Of blushing orchard-blooms!
To bring to my wearied senses
A dream of Nature's charms
And a feeling of far-off, blissful rest
From human cares and harms.

Methought I was dead to all things,
Yet Nature moves me still,
And my heavy heart is quickened
With a strangely joyous thrill.
Her soul, in its might and sweetness,
Absorbs and holds my own,
Replacing the gloom of sorrow
With a purer, brighter tone.

There is something left to live for,
While Earth is still so fair;
drink in her beauty and grandeur,
Forgetting my selfish care;
And the old, sad life, like a garment,
From my spirit falls away,
And I rise to a being, fresh and sweet
As the birds and flowers of May.

SONNET.

BY C. E. D. PHELPS.

NAY, ask me not how long my love will last,
Long out upon the waving forest green,
Where May the wreath of her full hand hath cast.
Can aught of earth present a goodlier scene?
Look on this leaf, preserved in yellow pages:
It lives not, but exists. Plucked in its prime,
Here hath it lain concealed through many ages,
The withered witness of a vanished time.
It never fluttered in the summer's breath,
It never changed with autumn's glowing hue,
And though it hath escaped November's death,
Who now remembered in what place it grew?
If we can only cling through sunny weather,
Perhaps fate wills that we may fall together.

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ROYAL BEAUTIES OF THIS CENTURY.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.



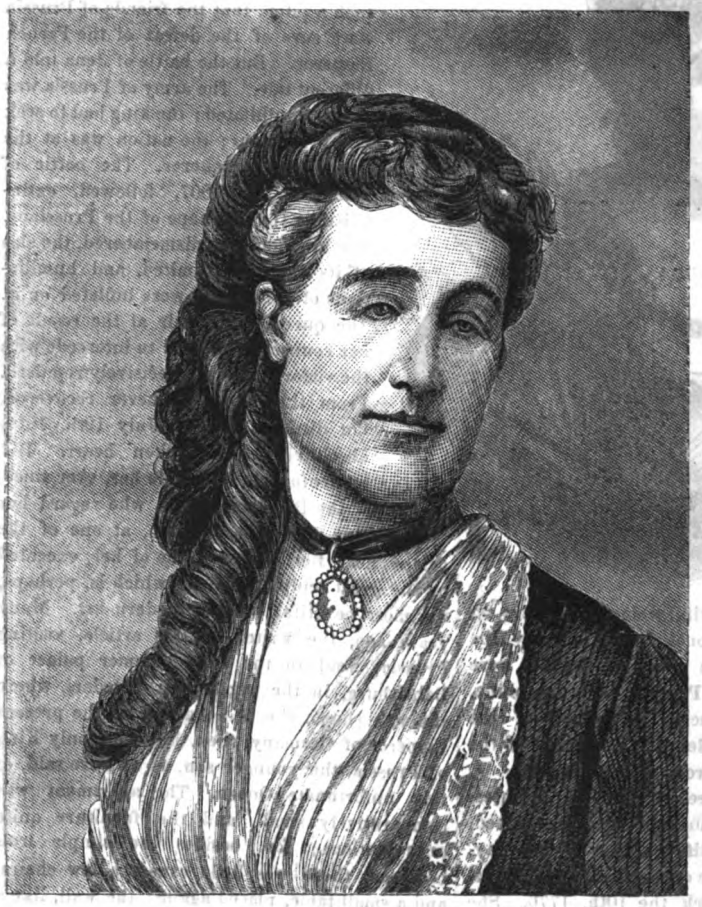
OF the beautiful women, who have sat upon thrones, in this century, the two most beautiful, in the first decade, were Louise, the Queen of Prussia, and Josephine, Empress of the French. A portrait of the latter forms our initial letter. A portrait of the former is given in the front of the number.

Of the two, the Queen of Prussia, incontestably, was the more beautiful. She was, indeed, one of the most beautiful women of her day. A daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, she was born on March the 10th, 1776. She married, when only seventeen, the heir-apparent to the Prussian crown. In 1797 her husband succeeded to the throne. Two sons were born to her, both of whom, in time, have been kings of Prussia, the present Emperor of Germany, now eighty-three, being the younger of them. As her portrait shows, she was a woman of great resolution, as well as beauty. She always opposed the alliance, which, for a while, at the beginning of this century, existed between Prussia and France. Finally, in 1806, her counsels prevailed, and war was declared against Napoleon. Frederick the Great had been always so victorious, and had carried the discipline of his army to such a pitch, that the friends of Prussia were sure of the defeat of the French Emperor. But the battle of Jena told a different tale. The army of Prussia was almost annihilated; the king had to seek safety in flight; the nation was at the feet of the conqueror. The battle of Friedland, in 1807, followed, extinguishing the last hope of the Prussians. The kingdom was dismembered, the size of its army was limited, and humiliations of every kind were inflicted on it. The queen, in despair at the result of her counsels, ventured to intercede with the victor. She was decisively repulsed. From this blow she never recovered, but died, at Strelitz, July 19th, 1810, absolutely of a broken heart. Her mournful fate has made her, ever since, the idol of the Prussian people, who regard her as a martyr. In a mausoleum, at one of the palaces near Berlin, is a statue of her, executed by the great sculptor, Rauch, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful work of modern art. Many years ago, the writer of this article, visiting Prussia, went to the little summer palace of Babelsburg, in the woods near Potsdam, where she was shown the bed-chamber of the present Emperor of Germany, then, however, only King of Prussia, the younger son, as we have said, of this unfortunate Queen. The apartment was comparatively small, and the furniture quite unpretentious; for, besides the simple iron bedstead, there was little except a few chairs, and a small table, placed against the wall, like a sort of altar. But that which impressed us, especially, was a copy, in marble, of the hand of the Queen, from Rauch's statue, to which this little table was devoted, and where, night and morning, the monarch knelt to pray. Even then, the mother had been dead for more than half a century, yet the son, aged as he was, kept her memory green, and insisted on having this memento ever before him. He had helped to avenge her, at Leipsic and Dresden, and again, in 1814, when the allies marched on Paris; and

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he doubtless remembered her tragical end, when, in 1871, he was crowned Emperor in Germany, at the palace of Versailles. Our portrait represents the Queen, in the hey-day of her youth and beauty, before the misfortunes of her later years fell upon her.

The story of Josephine is even better known. She was born in the island of Martinique, on the 24th of June, 1763, and was married, at an early age, to the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais, by whom she had two children, Eugene Beauharnais, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and mother of Napoleon III. Josephine's husband was guillotined in 1794, and she herself came near sharing the same fate. She was saved, however, by the timely fall of Robespierre, but was reduced to such poverty, that her son entered a carpenter's shop to learn the trade. The Directory came into power, soon after, and then her fortunes improved. Barras, Chief of the Directory, was her friend, and when Napoleon, meeting her, and falling in love with her, proposed marriage, the command of the army of Italy was given to him, as her marriage portion, so to speak. The wedding took place on the 9th of March, 1795, and twelve days later, Napoleon set out for the seat of war. How brilliantly he availed himself of his chances, every one knows. In time, he became Consul, and afterwards Emperor, and Josephine shared with him his honors and state.



The Empress was not beautiful, in the sense in which the Queen of Prussia was, however. But she was naturally graceful, and had an exquisite taste in dress, so that she became her high position better than many born to the purple. Her manners were unusually captivating, the result, as much of a kind heart, as of conventional breeding. No one could manage the irritable, exacting Emperor as she could. Notwithstanding that Napoleon finally divorced her, he seems to have been really attached to her. Madame de Remusat, in her Memoirs, says she was the only woman he ever loved. The interviews, between husband and wife, when the divorce was impending, often ended in tears on both sides. But state necessities, or fancied state necessities, prevailed, finally, and the divorce took place on December 15th, 1809. Josephine did not long survive this blow. She died, at Malmaison, May the 29th, 1814, having lived just long enough to see Napoleon's fall. Her face, even at the height of her prosperity, wore that melancholy look, which is seen in the portrait at the head of this article.

Another Empress of France, more beautiful than Josephine by far, but even more unfortunate, always had (see it above) something of the same sad air, as if prophetic of the future. Eugenie Marie de Guzman was born on the 5th

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of May, 1826, the second daughter of the Count Montijo, a grandee of Spain. Through her mother, she was descended from the Fitzpatricks, a Scotch family of great antiquity. As she grew up, she developed into extraordinary beauty. An elder sister, equally beautiful, married the Duke of Alba, one of the very highest nobility in Spain. In 1853, being, then twenty-seven, she was married to the Emperor Napoleon III. From that time, until the fatal year of 1870, she was the arbiter of fashion and taste in Europe, as her husband was, at least apparently, the master of its destinies. "If he gets out of bed, angry, in the morning," said Bismarck, "all Europe trembles." Yet, even in her highest splendor, the face of Eugenie wore that melancholy air, to which we have already alluded. The writer of this article saw her frequently, at this period, and was profoundly impressed by it. Subsequent events showed that it was the shadow of a coming doom. The fate of Eugenie is even sadder than was that of the Queen of Prussia. The latter, indeed, did not live to see the recovery of her country; but her son has since attained a greatness that she could hardly have imagined; and that greatness is almost sure to continue to his descendants. Eugenie, on the contrary, is a widow, childless, and in exile. For *her* lost hopes, there can be no resurrection. Even if the Bonapartes should ever again ascend the throne of France, the heir is, and has long been, her most bitter enemy. Our portrait was taken, recently, and represents her in her widow's dress.

The most beautiful woman, now living, on a throne, is unquestionably the Empress of Austria (see above). There was some romance in her marriage. She was a Bavarian princess, one of several beautiful sisters. Between an elder sister, and the present Emperor of Austria, then quite a young man, a matrimonial alliance was proposed. The Emperor, on a visit to his intended bride, arrived unexpectedly, when the young princesses were out. Starting to join them, he saw the present Empress coming out of a woods, with some wild flowers, and fell in love at first sight. When, afterwards, he was presented to the elder sister, it was too late; his heart was no longer his own: he was determined on having the younger sister, or none. The Empress has a daughter, married, who has children, so that she is already a grandmother, the youngest-looking one, perhaps, in the world. Her son is about to marry Stephaine, one of the

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daughters of the King of Belgium. The present writer has frequently seen the Empress of Austria, and can testify to the fidelity of the portrait given with this article. A wood engraving, however, can hardly do justice to her beauty.

No doubt the preservation of this loveliness is the result, in a great degree, of her mode of life. She lives in the open air almost entirely, rarely keeps late hours, rises early, fares simply. She is especially fond of horses, and is, it is said, the best horsewoman in Europe. Of late years, she has gone to Ireland, every winter, for the sake of the hunting, and is generally the first in at the death of the fox. She visits her pet horses, daily, feeding them, often, from her own hands. She is also very fond of dogs: several of them sleep in her chamber. In a word, her tastes and pursuits are simple and healthful; and in this respect she might be imitated with advantage. Yet no one can be more imperial, in dress or manners, when the occasion calls for it. Those, who remember her, at the time of the Vienna Exposition, will never forget her gracious bearing, or dazzling loveliness.

The Princess Alexandra of Wales, though not yet on a throne, properly belongs to the royal beauties of this century; for she may be expected, in the natural course of events, to become Queen of England, and Empress of India, at no distant day. In personal appearance, the Princess Alexandra, it has often been remarked, resembles a high-bred American girl, rather than an English one. The portrait, given with this article, is from a recent photograph. Her disposition is said to be extremely lovely, a fact which, we think, can be seen in the expression of her face.



Her younger sister, Dagomar, wife of the heir to the Russian crown, is very like Alexandra. The writer of this article has often seen the two sisters, in Hyde Park, London, dressed so exactly alike, that it would have been difficult to tell which was the Princess, if it had not been that she was, naturally, the one driving the pony phaeton, in which they were seated, and to which every one bowed.

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A ROMANCE OF VENICE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HELEN ARCHER and her mother were spending the winter at Venice. It would have been more correct to put the elder lady's name first, but the daughter was so much the more important person of the two, that I placed her in the foreground, without thinking. For little Mrs. Archer was one of those women, who need constant support. She had been taken care of all her life. Her parents had spoiled her; her husband had continued the process; and since he died, some four years back, Helen had, in this matter, assumed his place.

Poor Mrs. Archer needed more support and tenderness than ever, in these days. Eighteen months before, a terrible misfortune had befallen her and Helen. They had lost their fortune. The trouble came quite unexpectedly. They had been in Europe, travelling in the luxurious fashion, in which wealthy Americans do, when the blow fell. Neither mother nor daughter had ever known what it was to have a wish ungratified, or be obliged to restrain a caprice which money could give. It seemed as natural to them that they should have riches as sunlight or air; and if they had ever thought about the matter, would no more have been able to conceive existence, without the former, than they would deprived of the latter, blessings.

Mrs. Archer had been, nominally, her daughter's guardian. But all their fortune had been in the hands of a trustee, in whom her husband had placed implicit confidence; a man to be trusted, enormously rich, a banker, a philanthropist, and everything else respectable and trustworthy! Suddenly, he had been discovered to be a forger and a cheat, had disappeared, and Helen's fortune had disappeared with him.

Mother and daughter were left so nearly penniless, that to complete the payment of their outstanding bills, even jewels and laces had to be parted with. They went, first, to a cheap *pension* in Switzerland, spent a winter at Pisa, and finally, the next season, established themselves in a small and economical hotel in Venice, on one of the side canals, a hotel much affected by elderly spinsters, ancient widows, and what old-fashioned writers would have styled "decayed gentlewomen" of all sorts.

When I tell you that Helen Archer was bright and cheerful still, I have given you as thorough an idea of her nobleness as pages of description could. She not only bore up bravely, under the first shock, but during all the dreary months which followed, with the horrible gnawing used to petty economies, the counting of pence and candle-ends, the myriad little details which render life loathsome, she had never once given way in her mother's presence, nor failed to be that mother's consolation and blessing.

Mrs. Archer had sunk, meantime, into the condition of a nervous invalid, and was not likely ever to rouse out of it; but she neither fretted, or nagged; and her touching plaintiveness and melancholy was caused rather by the memory of Helen's losses than her own.

Poor little woman, it really seemed to her that none of their miseries had been more galling, than the blow inflicted on her by a raw-boned Englishwoman, with a bass voice and an ambitious moustache, a few days after their arrival at the hotel.

"Archer—Archer?" boomed the female Briton. "No relation to the great American heiress, I suppose, that made such a sensation at court, last spring, the one the Queen said was so beautiful; and that, they say, has lost her money since. No, of course not," she added, meditatively, with a disparaging glance at Helen.

But Helen speedily became a favorite, even with this terrific elderly British spinster, and when it leaked out that she really was the late famous heiress, the fact increased her popularity. Meantime, she practised her music, sketched, took care of her mother, and indulged in long walks; for, notwithstanding the popular idea to the contrary, you can walk all over Venice by picturesque old streets, and curious by-lanes, when once you have learned the clue. In fact, she did the best with her life, that she could. She had some dreadful hours to pass: moods of discouragement, bitterness, revolt even; but she stayed in solitude, till these moods passed away, and she could re-appear with a smiling face. Even her mother did not know of these struggles. "I will fight my own battles alone," said Helen to herself. "Poor mamma has enough troubles; and as for pity from others, it makes me feel degraded."

About a fortnight after their arrival, Helen,

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tired of the senseless chatter in the public drawing-room, one evening, stepped out on the balcony to breathe the fresh air. The stars sparkling in the clear blue overhead; the brilliantly lighted houses, that cast long reflections on the water of the canal; the gondolas flitting noiselessly, yet swiftly, to and fro—affected her, with that strange charm, that indescribable witchery, which every imaginative mind feels, on a night in Venice. Leaning on the balustrade, she gazed and gazed, until a rapt expression stole over her face, the reflex of the peace that had come into her soul.

A young man, idly floating by in his gondola, espied her, and was struck, not only with the graceful outlines of her figure, and the chiselled beauty of her face, but with its spirtualized, almost celestial, expression. "Great heavens," he cried, "what a face, and what possibilities it suggests: she might have been a St. Cecilia, or a St. Agnes: a gracious, noble soul, full of lofty aspirations, and yet of meek self-abnegation." More than once, his gondola passed and re-passed, unnoticed by Helen. The next day, he came to the hotel, and established himself, as a guest. He might stay all winter, he told the proprietors, he probably would. They were delighted with his frank, gentlemanly manner, and triumphantly informed the boarders that he was an American, an artist, and that his name was Philip Fleming.

Mr. Fleming made acquaintance with Helen, by raising her mother from a bad fall, on the stone staircase of the old palace, which was their hotel, the very day after his arrival. Mrs. Archer doated on him, from that moment, and naturally the introduction was of a nature to prepossess Helen herself in his favor.

In a fortnight the young people had gone further, towards an intimate acquaintance, than they could have done in months of meeting in society, or perhaps, anywhere else even than in Venice. It had become the habit for Mr. Fleming to accompany Helen in her walks, or in occasional trips in a gondola out into the lagoon, having seized an opportunity to offer, when Mrs. Archer chanced to express, before him, her anxiety when the girl went out alone. He helped Helen with her sketching; he played her accompaniments; and his velvety, baritone voice went admirably with her rich contralto. He was so gay, so hopeful, that his companionship came like a breath of fresh air to Helen. She contrasted him, favorably, with the men she had known, during her brief season "in the world." Thoroughly educated, and deeply read she found him, too; she knew enough about art to perceive that he had genius; and when one adds to that, physical beauty, and the manners which only refined training and society can give, it must be admitted that Helen would have been ungrateful, not to have appreciated the change his coming had brought into her monotonous life.

Whatever the young man may have done, Helen certainly did not think at all whither their mutual relations might lead. Nor did Mrs. Archer, until the British female we have alluded to put it into her head; and then Philip Fleming had been many weeks in the house. Everybody knew, she said, that the young artist depended on the labors of his brush for support; he had avowed it; and he had come to Venice to study color. He was only just beginning his career. So when it was hinted as to what might happen, Mrs. Archer felt alarmed.

"Your daughter must find a rich husband," said the spinster. "They're not easy to get, but she must hunt one up. It won't do to have her flirting with a young chap, who has got nothing but a pair of fine eyes and a paint pot to recommend him."

"Oh, I'm sure Helen wouldn't think of such a thing," sighed the mother. "I know, when I speak to her—"

"You mustn't open your lips," interrupted the other. "If you say a word, she'll take to liking him from contradiction. I know girls! Just keep quiet. I'll watch. Leave it to me."

But greatly to Mrs. Archer's relief, that very day, she received a visit from a former acquaintance, an old Miss Forester, who had come to Venice also. With Miss Forester was her brother, a rich bachelor of six-and-thirty. Miss Forester threw out hints that though they ostensibly came on account of her health, the real inducement was that her brother had always been a devoted admirer of Helen's, and that he would have sought her, months before, only that, soon after the loss of Mrs. Archer's fortune, business matters had forced him to go to Australia, and he had only just returned.

But all this was to be a profound secret, Miss Forester said; her brother would not forgive her telling; and Helen might be displeased; but she knew, that, though a weak woman, Mrs. Archer was not silly; she could keep her own counsel and other people's too.

The Foresters had the finest apartment at Danielli's, close by St. Mark's, but on the Grand Canal. They had men and maids, two private gondolas, and all the appurtenances of wealth: and to share of these luxuries, was like a return of the old life to the widow and her daughter. Helen had always liked the cheery, keen-witted

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sister, and the brother was a very agreeable, cultivated man. So she was naturally glad of their arrival.

There followed a very pleasant month. The Foresters had friends stopping in the hotel, the weather was lovely, and excursions to points of interest, to the Lido, the Armenian convent, and other places, were made almost daily. Mild gaieties of all sorts, too, were the order of the day. Mrs. Archer brightened exceedingly under this little change. The daily airings in Miss Forester's gondola were of great service to her health; and Helen was glad of whatever brought pleasure to her mother.

Yet as the weeks went on, she was not quite comfortable herself. She grew restless, and an odd presentiment of trouble hung over her; and she could not get rid of the sensation, absurd as she considered it. She decided that it must be physical, though she had scarcely ever had an ailment in her life; and now, beyond a tiresome nervousness, could discover no ache or pain upon which to base her belief. But she must find a reason of some kind for her peculiar feelings, and to lay the blame on her corporeal part was the easiest solution to be got at.

Philip Fleming had been made acquainted with the Foresters, and shared in the excursions, and in the little reunions at the hotel; and speedily became a favorite with the whole party.

The experience of her girlhood had rendered Helen so accustomed to men's adulations, and thoughts of love and marriage were so much less in her mind than is usual in girls at her age, that for sometime it did not occur to her that there was anything particular involved in Mr. Forester's attentions. He was not a man she could ever have dreamed of loving, and the idea of being influenced by wealth and position in her choice of a husband, never occurred to her, never even crossed her brain.

As to Philip Fleming, she had not thought at all. His society was delightful to her: they had so many sympathies and tastes in common. Her admiration for his talent, his aspirations, and his industry were so great, that there seemed to have been no process of becoming acquainted necessary: they had known and understood each other from the first.

A little thing, in such circumstances, often brings matters to a crisis. A party had been made up to go to Murano, and thence on to Torcelli. There were two gondolas in all. Mrs. Archer was not well enough to accompany the rest; but Miss Forester went, though not her brother: at the last moment, he sent word that something had happened to detain him.

What an afternoon that was! The glass-works at Murano were inspected, and then the quaint old cathedral; and after that, the prows of the gondolas were turned towards Torcelli. The heavens were intensely blue; the light air ruffled the lagoon; far to the north-west rose the Apulian hills. Now and then a market-boat, half buried in the rich grasses it carried, drifted by, a floating garden.

They reached Torcelli, and landed near the ancient market-place.

"Let us go into the Campanile," said Fleming to Helen, while the others were inspecting the basilica. "I have a curiosity to ascend it."

"I—I—fear to mount so high. It always makes my head giddy," said Helen; "but I will wait for you below."

Fleming, at first, hesitated; but she insisted on his going. "I shall think I am to blame, if you don't," she said. So he ran up the ascent hastily, took a long look at that glorious panorama, and was descending, swiftly, laughing and calling to her, when, some twenty feet from the bottom, his foot slipped, and he fell, headlong, and lay, for a moment, dead, as Helen thought, at her feet.

With a cry of horror, she stooped, and tried to lift his head. Never before had she known what supremest agony was. She loved him, she loved him, she knew it now; and he was dead at her feet!

But before she could speak, he stirred feebly, opened his eyes, and smiled up at her.

"Ah! I remember," he said, "I have had a fall. And I have frightened you," seeing how pale her face was, and how she trembled. "What a stupid dolt I was to slip! I didn't think the old Campanile was so treacherous."

"Thank God, you are safe!" whispered Helen, hardly conscious of what she was saying; and then she burst into tears.

"Helen! Helen!" he cried, now struggling to his feet. "Don't! You unman me. And I love you so. Oh! my darling, haven't you known it?"

She glanced up, at him, shyly, through her tears. Then he, too, loved! It was not unmaidenly to have given her heart, for she had not given it unsought. The hot blushes came to her cheeks, nevertheless: she felt them burning there; and instinctively she buried her face in her hands.

He took those little hands, tenderly, in his, and gently removed them. "Look at me again, dearest," he said, "that I may be sure I am not mistaken; that I may know, beyond doubt, that you love me. It is almost too blissful to be true, Ah! as I was falling, I had but one thought, it was that, 'if I die, the worst pang will be, that

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I die without having told her how I loved her.' Helen, Helen."

They were interrupted by approaching footsteps; by gay laughter; and by Miss Forester's voice, as she rushed in, followed by all the rest. "Here they are," cried that lady, "looking at the Campanile, as I told you. But it is getting late, and we must be off. Come!"

Helen thought, as their gondola bore them back towards Venice, that she had never seen sky, or sea, or starlight so beautiful before. Was it love, that gave a glamour to it all, or was the evening really so divine? It was, perhaps, something of both. It was certainly such an evening as you see only at Venice, and then only when you have been out on the lagoon.

Have you ever witnessed it? Do you remember the silent dip of the oar, the low splash against the bow of the gondola, the opal tints that shimmered through the lustrous green of the water, the colored sails in the distance, the purple hills far away, the golden glory of the western sky? Do you remember how the dark mass of the great basilica at Torcelli slowly dropped out of sight, and then its tall Campanile after it? Far ahead, you watched Murano, with its pall of smoke; before you knew it, Murano was at your side; an instant more, and Murano was astern, and fading in the darkness. The stars began to twinkle, to glow, to stand bodily out, as they do in those Southern climates. The magic city, which, but a few moments ago, stretched whitely on, in a long line of palaces, churches, Saracenic domes, and tall bell-towers like cypresses turned to stone, became, all at once, even while you looked, a mere mass of shadows. Then, suddenly, lights after lights were lit, till they flashed all along the water-front: the reflections shot down and out, away into the lagoon: the city seemed to rise and float in air; and your gondola itself, and the enchanted islands, around, floated with it.

Helen sat, in her favorite attitude, with her chin leaning on her hand, watching it all, hardly venturing to breathe, lest she should dispel the illusion. She was too happy for words, or even for anxious thought. She only knew that Fleming was at her side; that he loved her; and that Paradise was in her heart, and everywhere about her. She did not come back to real life, until the gondola, leaving the lagoon, suddenly shot into one of the canals, and gliding, spectral-like, between ghostly palaces on either hand, and under what seemed phantom bridges, drew up, noiselessly, at the side-entrance to their hotel.

Alas! she had that, awaiting her there, which soon drove all thoughts of happiness, all illusions, out of her mind. Letters had arrived, that afternoon, which brought information, that, unless the affairs of a certain railway, in which they held stock, brightened, during the next few months, they must be prepared for further loss, in fact, for almost literal beggary.

"And, oh! Helen, if I had not other news, and such good news, to tell you," said her mother, throwing her arms around her daughter, "I think the shock of these letters would have killed me. Mr. Forester has been here, all the afternoon: he did not go on your excursion, because he wanted a quiet afternoon with me; and he is all nobleness and generosity; you can guess, Helen dear, you understand; he wants your to be his wife."

Poverty, not for herself; that she could have endured, with Philip; but poverty for her mother, on one side; and on the other, wealth for her mother, and comfort, and the luxuries the poor invalid needed so much! How could Helen hesitate? The very nobleness of her nature, that martyr-like part of her which she shared with all the best of her sex, said to her, yield, give up Philip. And yet, and yet, how could she? Her long her mother talked, how long she listened, dumb and cold, Helen did not know; and poor Mrs. Archer took her silence for satisfaction and girlish timidity, and ended by exclaiming, ecstatically:

"He is so good and kind—you will be so happy! Oh, Helen, Helen, if it had not been for this hope to buoy me up, I should have died, to-day, when I opened that letter—I should have died!"

"Don't say such dreadful things, mother!" Helen moaned. "You frighten me—don't!"

"But I should!" persisted Mrs. Archer. "I should have died, outright! But, oh, now, now our miseries are ended! My dear, he is the best, the most generous of men! I have been his confidant. Susan told me, at first, why he had come; but lately, he has talked with me himself. He only wanted the assurance, that you cared for no one else, and I could give him that; so then he said you must not be hurried; you must have time. But now he means to speak, and, oh, Helen, Helen, isn't it almost too good to be true?"

That voluble flow of words, how their eagerness hurt and stung! Oh, the soft rejoicing of that voice, how it cut like an icy wind across Helen's heart! And she could not bid her mother cease. She dared not, for as soon as Mrs. Archer got breath again, she was saying:

"My dear, I have never complained; but I could not have borne this life much longer. I don't think my heart is strong. I have such strange feelings sometimes, such palpitations!"

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"Oh, mother!" cried Helen, in terror, kneeling beside the sofa, and catching the little woman in her arms.

"Oh! you needn't be frightened," said Mrs. Archer. "Rest, relief from care, is all I want—I shall be well now! My dear, it was the idea that I might die, and leave you alone—poor—unprotected!" added the parent, always firm in the belief, which most weak people, who are always cared for indulge in, that she was a prop of support. "But now—now! My dear, he says I am always to live with you—he has told me all about his beautiful place in Devonshire—just the rooms I shall have! Oh," here she broke off to laugh in her girlish way, and the sound which had always been so sweet in Helen's ears smote them now, like a fiendish mockery of her agony, "we have no secrets, I assure you! I told him, that when he came back, he might speak to you, without hesitation. I knew you liked him. You were not like many girls. You would not let yourself think too much of any man, until he had told his love. But there was nothing to stand between you. My sweet, if you had seen how happy he was, how he came out of his usual reserve, how beautifully he talked!"

She was so eager and excited, that she did not notice Helen's silence, or her brief answers when a response was unavoidable. She could think of nothing but her own delight, and the happiness of removing her daughter's anxiety about the letter, by this blissful news. When, once or twice, Helen tried to find strength to utter a warning word, which might show her mother something of the truth, it was speedily rendered impossible by the widow's going back to her personal health, and all the dreadful consequences that must have ensued, had this business disaster come, without her possessing a fresh hope as a shield between her and its possibility.

"I could not have borne it—I should have died," she said, over and over. "Oh! what I have suffered!—more for you than myself! I've not complained—have I, dear?"

"No! no! You have been so good, so patient! Oh, mother, mother!"

Helen clasped her closer in her arms, laid her head on her mother's bosom, and realized that there was no escape. She must give up her own life, for this frail creature committed to her charge.

She realized it as fully, in these first moments, as she did hours later, when she kept a terrible vigil, while her parent slept, with a smile upon her lips, that told of the bright fancies which had gone with her into her dreams. Whenever, during the course of that long night, Helen's resolution faltered, she had only to steal into the bedroom, and gaze at the sweet, placid face on the pillow, that looked younger and fresher than it had done in months, she had only to do this for her strength to come back, her resolve to reassert itself.

She must marry Mr. Forester. She would be her mother's murderess if she did not. And only this day, this very day, Philip had told her of his love, and her own heart had betrayed its secret! No help—no way out! Almost at the first of their acquaintance, she had known that Fleming was poor. He had told her, himself, that he had earned every penny he had spent, since he had come to Venice.

And now she must break his heart and her own; she must bid him go. She dared not trust herself even to see him again. But how was she to avoid that; how prevent his speaking? And how was she to conceal her own misery? How appear calm and cold, and send him away, with the belief that she did not care for him?

The weary night came to an end. Helen fell asleep at last, and slept from sheer mental fatigue, until very late. Her mother was up, and drinking her coffee, when Helen rose. Mrs. Archer was, if possible, more radiant than on the previous evening, and so eager to get out, that Helen's pale cheeks and tired eyes escaped her notice. Miss Forester had written for her to come to the hotel. Her brother had told her, she said, the good news, and she wanted to congratulate Mrs. Archer. Later in the day, perhaps Helen would kindly follow.

So Mrs. Archer departed, in the highest possible spirits, and Helen was left to herself. Thus the morning wore on. Helen could not go down to the twelve o'clock breakfast, for she knew she should meet Philip Fleming there. He sent a message, meantime, begging to see her. She excused herself. Then he sent some lovely flowers, and with them a letter for her. She would have torn up the epistle, if she could have nerved herself to do it, but that was beyond her. She must see him, or write to him, but not yet: she wanted a few more hours respite; and Mr. Forester was coming that night—that night!

After breakfast, looking from the window, herself hidden by the curtain, she saw Mr. Fleming enter a gondola, with some friends. Safe now from the fear of encountering him, she went for a walk, in the hope that the fresh air would revive her a little. But she put the unopened letter in her pocket, for she knew it must be read before she returned. She made her way to the court of the Ducal palace, which, at that hour, was almost sure to be deserted, and

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she wished to be alone. She stopped at the great well in the centre, half afraid of the memories, which met her at every step, for the quaint, old affair had been a favorite haunt with her and Fleming. But it was useless to shrink. She had got to learn to bear pain.

To her dismay, at this juncture, she saw Philip Fleming coming towards her. There was no escape now!

"I—I thought you had gone to the Lido!" she exclaimed.

"Not I! Some fellows came for me, but I got rid of them. How pale you are!" he said, suddenly stopping. "Are you ill?"

"Only a dreadful headache," she replied, desperation giving her the strength, she had so vainly sought, all the morning. "Don't think me rude—I can't talk—I—"

"Helen!" he broke in, suddenly growing white and troubled. "Do you mean you want me to go away?"

She bowed her head.

"Is—is that your answer to my letter?" he exclaimed.

She was forced to lean against the bronze side of the well. She could not stand. He watched her steadily.

"Is that your answer?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said. To her own ears, her voice sounded like a shriek, but the response was scarcely audible. As she spoke, she put her hand in her pocket, to take her handkerchief. She had saturated it with some strong smelling salts, as a restorative against the faintness which had several times seized her during the morning, and she needed them now. As she drew it forth, the letter fell out too, and dropped at Philip's feet.

He picked it up, and exclaimed:

"This is my letter. Why, you haven't even read it!"

She could bear no more.

"I do not need to—it is better not!" she cried. "Take it back—that is my answer!"

"No, by heaven!" he answered. "Helen, Helen, if you will not read it, you must hear me! If you can tell me, honestly, that you do not care for me; if you can tell me that, after what happened yesterday; after what I read in your face when you thought me in danger; then I will admit that I am answered, but not till then."

It was useless to attempt a falsehood. Better tell the truth, and be done.

"If—if I am perfectly frank with you," she stammered, "will you promise to accept my answer?"

"Yes," between his shut teeth.

"We are very poor," she said, slowly. "We are threatened with still greater poverty. I could bear it. But my mother," here there was a sob, "she would die. She told me so. Only one hope kept her from despair, she said, when the news came, last night."

"One hope?" he repeated, inquiringly, as she paused.

"I—I can save her—I have a chance to marry a rich man—a good man—I must do it—I—" She broke down utterly now. He stood watching her in silence. "Now go," she added, as soon as she could get her voice back. "I have answered. And some one will be coming."

"You can't answer till you have heard me, nor will I go till you have heard me."

"No, no, I mustn't hear!" she cried. "Go away. If you have any mercy, go away. I tell you my mind is made up."

"Many a man would think this motive you give a mere pretence," he said, "would decide that you wanted wealth—position—"

"Ah, yes," she interrupted, "you have a right to despise me!"

"I believe you, and I honor you," he said. "I know that you are telling the truth."

"Oh! I thank you," she murmured. "But now please, go. It is useless to talk. There is nothing more to say,—only one thing—be generous enough to let this be good-bye forever."

"But if we are to part, you can be quite frank with me," he said. He was trembling from head to foot. His eager gaze seemed trying to pierce her very soul. But her eyes were fixed upon the ground. "A little hurt, more or less to me, can be of no consequence. Perhaps it might make my case easier, if you admit that you, too, shrink from poverty; that you, too, are tempted by the chance of getting your old life back, with its pleasures and luxuries. I could not blame you: it would be natural."

The color returned to her cheeks. An indignant flash brightened the eyes, that she raised to his, as she said, quickly:

"If that were true, I should be the vilest wretch alive. I am not mean enough to sell myself for money, any more than I am base enough to break my mother's heart, or even shorten her life, by refusing to do right."

"Surely, you know that I am not despicable enough to believe you capable of it," he said. "But—"

"Oh! don't say any more," she pleaded.

"Only this. You need not be afraid to reply. You may give me so much comfort. If you were alone, would you have hesitated to take my hand, to accept my love, to go with me through poverty, hardship even?"

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She spoke, steadying herself, by leaning one hand on the well, and with her face turned away.

"You are not generous, now," she said.

"Don't go!" he cried. "You would be sorry after. You would regret that any girlish scruples had permitted you to leave me, with a possible doubt in my mind! Helen, Helen, speak out as frankly as you would do, if one of us were dying—because the parting you demand must be like that of death!"

"What do you want me to say?" she gasped, with a pathetic fretfulness in her voice—it seemed so cruel on his part to persist.

"If you were alone—free—would you have married me? Answer, and I promise to go, without another word—never to approach you again, except by your permission! Would you have married me, in spite of poverty—of—"

"Yes!" she cried, half-maddened, between anguish and a sort of anger at his hardness. "Yes—and have loved you all the more, because I had to bear poverty with you!"

She sank back against the well, waving her hand in dismissal. He kept his pledge, he hurried away in silence.

Helen got home, somehow; got back to her hotel, crept up to her room, and fell upon her bed. She could not think. She tried, in vain, to find some plausible reasons for her state, which would prevent suspicion rising in her mother's mind. She could only lie there, and struggle against her suffering, as best she might.

An hour passed; and then the door opened, suddenly. Her mother was bending over her, holding her in her arms, sobbing, and crying out:

"Oh, my darling, my darling—why didn't you tell me the truth! Oh, it has all quite turned my head! And what the Foresters will say, I'm afraid to think—Susan will be fit to kill me—but you must be happy! And only to fancy Mr. Fleming's being rich, all the while, and coming to this house, just because he had seen you, and humoring the joke about his poverty, when he found we all thought him poor! And indeed he had a bet, it seems, to see if he could live for six months, by his painting, and—"

But Helen had fainted quietly away, and when she came to herself, Philip Fleming was supporting her in his arms, and her mother was weeping over her.

"My darling—my brave love!" Philip whispered.

And then Mrs. Archer stole softly out of the room, and left them to their happiness.

PARTING.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

Far, far away the white-winged ship
  Bears my dear love from me;
And faster fall the bitter tears
  Until I scarce can see
Her tall white mast, she sails so fast
  Across the wide, wide sea.

And farther still the drifting years
  Will sever us apart;
And often from my watching eyes
  The tears unbidden start—
But past all time, through every clime,
  Heart answers unto heart.

No more my tears fall like the rain,
  No more my lips shall moan;
Time cannot take away from me
  The happy days I've known.
Through hopes, through fears, and through long years,
  My heart will hold its own.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

I bathe the feet of the forest trees,
  As I hasten on my way;
And I sing this song the birds to please,
  But I cannot stop to play.
I cheer the drooping, fading grass,
  That through the earth has burst,
As on my way I quickly pass;
  And I quench the songster's thirst.

I make the moss a brighter green,
  As I travel on my way,
And I paint each fading, drooping scene
  With the tints of the coming May:
Bright joy I bring to every breast,
  And they all are filled with glee;
And at last I sink away to rest
  In the arms of the deep blue sea.

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THE LOST TALISMAN OF MONTEZUMA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

When the war with Mexico broke out, I was one of the first to volunteer for service. There is, I suppose, a good deal of the "Berserker" blood yet left in us Americans. The sap of the old Vikings still stirs in our veins.

I had obtained a lieutenancy; and was in most of the battles of the war. I fought at Chepultepec, and was with Scott when entering the city of Mexico; and I remained, in that city, after the surrender.

During the interval that followed, and before the troops were mustered out, I had a good deal of idle time on my hands. I occupied quarters in an old monastery, and there made the acquaintance of a monk, who was quite an antiquary. One day he said to me:

"You seem interested, my son, in that sheet of picture-writing. It is a curious relic of the ancient Aztecs."

"Curious. How?"

"Tradition says it carries with it the secret of the lost talisman of Montezuma."

"And what was that?"

"A jewel, my son, of priceless value, and of extraordinary powers. My brothers believe that some compact with the Evil One," here he crossed himself, devoutly, "gave to its original possessor, one of the earlier of the ancient kings of this country, authority over man and beast, and even over the genii of the air."

I looked the interest I could not conceal. "At the time of the Conquest," he continued, "the hatred of this horrible superstition of the Aztecs was so intense, that idols and priests, and everything allied to them, were destroyed indiscriminately. Thus, hundreds of rolls of picture-writing, in which their chronicles were kept, were burned, and so all exact knowledge of their history lost. As you know, my son, we are even ignorant who these Aztecs were."

I looked at the venerable relic. Wrinkled and faded as it was, the symbols on it were still quite legible. A wild hope leaped up, in my heart, that, perhaps, I might be able to solve it.

"It seems to me," I said, "that I have heard something of this before. Haven't I read that there was a mighty talisman thrown into the lake, by Montezuma's nephew, Gautemozin, on the last night of his empire?"

"So runs the tale, as generally received, and that the jewel was of priceless value. But there is another story, that has come down by tradition among the few families of pure Aztec blood surviving. It is, or rather was, held by the descendants of Montezuma's daughter, who, you know, first married Gautemozin, and afterwards married one of the Spanish nobles who came out with Cortez. One of these descendants (the last died only about ten years ago,) came here, when I was young, and was very anxious about this bit of picture-writing, though he confessed he had no key to it. His tradition was that the talisman was not thrown into the lake, but was carried off by one or more members of the imperial family. Curious to say, the same tradition has always maintained that this bit of picture-writing contains a narrative of the event."

"What would you say, father, if I should decipher these pictures?"

The monk shook his head incredulously. But after awhile, seeing that I was in earnest, he said:

"*Quein sabe?* Who knows? It would be a wonderful thing; but there is no telling what can be done: who would have believed, when I was a boy, that the ocean would be navigated by steam?"

"I will set to work, to-morrow," I said. "You are, I have long seen, a learned *savant*. You have heard of Champollion, and even of the Rosetta stone?" He nodded assent. "Well, what has been done for Egyptian hieroglyphics, may yet be done for this Aztec picture-writing. At least, I will try."

"God grant you success. That is," he added, hesitating, "if there is nothing demoniacal in it."

The next day, I went to work, in earnest. But days, weeks, and even months went by, and I was no nearer a solution than at first. I began, finally, to despair. "If I could only find some slightest clue, the most insignificant," I said to myself, one night, as I tossed in my bed, thinking it all over, and unable to sleep in consequence, "*Eureka! yes, Eureka!*" I shouted, suddenly, starting up in bed, "I have it—I have it."

For all at once, as if by an inspiration, the hint I wanted flashed upon me. Of course, I slept no more, that night, but with the first blush of dawn was in the library, and at work.

Days, however, passed, before I made much

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progress. But every new discovery was a stepping-stone to some other, and, by and bye, my work proceeded more rapidly. At the end of a month, from that eventful night, I had deciphered the famous roll. It ran thus:

"The record sent to the great emperor, by me,"—here followed what I suppose to be the writer's proper name, which there were no means of deciphering—"second high-priest, intrusted, by his mightiness, with the task of conveying his best-beloved sister, the lady"—another proper name, of course untranslatable—"to a place of safety, and of also conveying to the same place, and making secure, in some secret treasury, the wonderful talisman, long in possession of his family, and on the safe keeping of which the prosperity, if not actual existence, of his royal race depends.

"Pursuant to your instructions, oh! mighty king!" the roll went on to say, "we stole across the lake, in the night-time, and were fortunate enough to land at a point where the enemy—anathema be to them forever!—had no sentries posted. From thence, we made our way to the point you had indicated, where preparations had been made for our reception; and for forwarding us, northwards, to the mountains of the sun, whence your illustrious race originally came. The princess bore the anxiety, fatigue and inconveniences of this night journey, with the heroism of her royal race, never uttering a complaint at these hardships, though often lamenting her separation from her royal brother, and from her cousin, his most illustrious spouse. The talisman of his royal race, which you have named after him, I carried in my bosom, so that death only could seperate it from me, or prevent my fulfiling your august commands."

Here followed a description of the journey, given with considerable detail, with which, however, I will not weary the reader. I had no difficulty in making out pretty nearly where the journey ended, for the account of the locality, its distance, etc., were not to be mistaken.

"We are here, safe, in the heart of the mountains," the picture-writing went on to say; "with the princess. Great perpendicular cliffs, rising on either side of a narrow valley, permit us to locate our habitations in such a way as not only to defy surprise, but to be almost inaccessible to attack. High up, on the face of one of these cliffs, we have begun to construct houses, a larger one for the princess, a smaller one for myself, still smaller ones for our attendants. These retreats can only be reached by letting persons down from the top of the precipice above, or by ascending from below with ladders, or by steps cut in the nearly perpendicular wall. Half way up the face of the precipice, there is a narrow ledge, at one spot on which, I have noticed, that, exactly at the third hour of the afternoon, the shadows of two neighboring, dagger-like mountain tops meet. It has seemed to me that this would be a good place to deposit the talisman. I will cause, therefore, a shaft to be sunk there, which can be concealed by a stone, so nicely fitting, that no ordinary observer can detect it. The opening, instead of being round, shall be many-sided and irregular, so that the stone, that covers it, will look like a natural bit of rock. This shaft shall, at a proper depth, lead into a tunnel, which, itself, shall end in a chamber, cut also out of the solid rock, where the precious talisman shall be deposited. For greater security, another approach shall be made to this chamber, which, through a secret tunnel, shall lead to the house of the princess. But the entrance from this point shall also be closed tight, with blocks of stone fitting exactly, so that no eye shall see the talisman evermore, unless the fortunes of your royal race should regain the ascendancy." Here followed an elaborate account of the chamber, and of the corridor in the palace from which it was to be approached. The record then went on: "Should that auspicious event happen, you, or your descendants, have only to send to the spot, at the third hour in the afternoon"—here the day of the month, and the month itself was indicated, both of which I suppress, for obvious reasons—"and the conjunction of the points of the two shadows, the shadows of the two dagger-like peaks near, of which your servant has spoken, will show the mouth of the shaft. The stone may be covered, by that time, with vegetation; but persevere; and the opening will be found. Should, by any accident, our enemy, meantime, discover the shaft, I, or my successors, who will keep jealous guard, will avail ourselves of the tunnel from the house of the princess, to hasten to the secret chamber and rescue the talisman. These careful preparations I have made, so that, if the gods should still keep angry, and your royal race be deprived of your inheritance even for generations, your descendants, when the time for their restoration comes, may be able to recover the talisman, even though I may have been, for many life-times, dumb and dead."

The document then went on to speak of the precautions, which the writer had adopted, in order that the report might reach Gautemozin, even if a prisoner. Whether it did, or not, must remain a secret. My own impression is that it did not. No opportunity, perhaps, occurred to

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give it to the unhappy monarch, and the document finally passed into the hands of the conquerors, probably through the capture of its bearer. Some hint of the value must, meantime, have leaked out, for in no other way can I account for the tradition concerning it. But this knowledge was plainly confined, originally, to possessors of Aztec blood, most likely to those only of priestly race, or members of the royal family; and in the course of time, as in the case of the last of the Spanish counts of Montezuma, even they not only lost the art of deciphering the picture-writing, but also the knowledge of the spot, in which the talisman was concealed.

"Let me see," I said to myself, when I had recovered from my first, stunned feeling, after unravelling this mystery, "let me see," and I put my hand to my brow in thought, "the month, mentioned in this report, is the very next month from this, and the day when the two shadows will come into conjunction, is but about five weeks off. What a lucky coincidence! I will get leave of absence; I will procure a faithful guide, *and I will find the talisman.*"

For the enterprise appealed powerfully to my imagination: it was one, I said to myself, worthy of a knight of old.

CHAPTER II.

THE first necessity was to procure a guide, familiar with the regions to be traversed; for the mountains, described in the record, were many day's journey distant. The city of Mexico swarmed, at that time, fortunately for me, with scouts and Indian fighters, who had accompanied the American army; and one of these happened to be known to me, from my own experience, as particularly bold and self-reliant.

He was of Scotch descent, an Armstrong, originally from Eastern Tennessee. I sent for him at once, for no time was to be lost. In a few words, I described the region which I proposed visiting, and asked if he had ever heard of it.

He looked at me, with unaffected surprise, and said:

"How did you know of that place, captain?"

It must be remembered, that, thirty years ago, the whole of that country was still unexplored. He went on.

"I thought no white man, but myself, had ever visited it; and I have rarely spoken of it, because, you see, it's sort of uncanny. I passed near it, with some friendly Indians, when taking the shortest cut down to the great plains, where the Camanches hunt, or even I would never have heard of it."

"Uncanny?" I said. "I hardly see how that word applies here."

"In this way. The rivers, there, run between perpendicular cliffs, in what the people call *canyons*, gigantic ditches, so to speak, a thousand, two thousand feet deep. Even where rivers don't run, you find these awful clefts. Well, in one place, in the very heart of these mountains, in the midst of a high table-land, we came upon a *canyon*, on whose precipitous sides, half way up, houses were built, two, three, four stories high, houses of solid stone, as good as anything we see here, and quite above what the red-skins could construct."

I drew a deep breath. Here was unexpected confirmation of the record I had deciphered.

"And were they inhabited?" I interposed, eagerly. "What sort of people lived in them?"

"They were utterly deserted, like a city of the dead: uncanny, as I said. I'm sure ghosts haunt them."

"Do you think you could find the place again?"

"Certainly. But—"

He stopped, stroked his chin, and looked at me curiously.

"You are are not afraid?" I asked.

"Of the ghosts? No, not exactly," moving, uneasily, on his feet. "After all, I suppose there are no such things. But we Scotchmen, they say, are all superstitious," and he laughed, as if the least bit ashamed of himself.

"Nonsense," I said. "I'll venture the ghosts, if you will."

He hesitated, a moment. "But that's not all. The expedition would be one of great risk," he said. "Ten to one neither of us would come out of it alive."

"What is the risk?"

"Well, you see, we've got to traverse the whole of Mexico, north of this; and the people are anything but friendly. That could be managed, howsomever, for I know three or four good fellows, Mexicans, who could be got to see us safe to the frontier. The real danger comes after."

"And it is that which you fear?"

"I fear nothing, captain," he said, drawing himself up, proudly, "neither man, nor devil, nor even Camanche."

"Will the Camanches block our way?"

The Camanches were, at that time, regarded as even more formidable than they are now.

"Yes! We shall have to cross a great plain, before we reach the mountains, and these Camanches swarm on that plain like devils incarnate."

"But it would not be impossible, altogether impossible, would it, to elude them?"

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"Well, put in that way, I can't say it's impossible. Fact is, captain, nothing's impossible, I suppose. You'd want the best of arms, and a rare good horse. I've a horse that would do; but we want another; and I don't know where one can be found. We may have, you see, to make a run of it, some day, and we want a horse that can go from sunrise to sunset."

"I have the very horse."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"They don't raise the horses they used to, captain," he answered. "When I was a boy, and used to go over into old Kentucky, they ran nothing but four mile heats, and that kept a horse up to his work. But now they go in for speed at short distances. Besides, they breed in and in too much; the horses are spindly things: there's no bottom to 'em. We have better horses out on the plains. But yours," with a tone of contempt, "is of course one of those nervous thorough-breds, which all you fellows from the East brag of so."

"Mine is nearly a pure Arabian," I answered. "His sire was brought over, by a friend of mine, who was consul-general to Egypt. I have read, in some traveller's tale, of a mare of the same stock, that carried two men, in chain armor, for a whole day, and distanced her pursuers at that. I believe my horse could do as much. I call him Whirlwind. Come and see him."

The stables were close at hand. Jack followed me, quite incredulous; but the moment he saw my horse, he broke out:

"I give in, captain. I give in. My horse is a good one, as I've said; but he's no circumstance at all to yours. What lungs, what nostrils. See the power in his hind-quarters. How flat his fore-arm. What a shoulder. Ribbed well home. He's a beauty, too: what fire in his eyes; how he arches his neck: yes, captain he'll do."

I will not dwell on the details of our conversation. Of course, I did not tell my secret to Jack. It was not necessary to do that, and he was too much of an in-born gentleman, mere scout as he was, to inquire into it.

The enterprise, after his first hesitation, began to fascinate him, as all such adventures do fascinate young and ardent characters. Its very dangers were seductive.

It was finally settled that we should start, on our expedition, on the third day, the interval being required for necessary preparations; and I went, at once, to head-quarters, to get leave.

The journey through Mexico was marked by no particular events. Once or twice we would have been robbed, if it had not been for the presence of our Mexican guides. On the extreme outskirts of what they considered civilization, these guides took leave of us, however: nothing would have induced them to venture into the unknown regions beyond. They admitted that they feared the Camanches, more than they did Satan himself.

The serious part of our enterprise, as Jack had foretold, now began. We travelled with the greatest precautions, chiefly in the morning and evening, lying by in the middle of the day, and camping in some protected spot at night. As yet we had seen no Camanches. But one day, as we drew up on the crest of a hill, Jack pointed to a vast plain below us, and said:

"There's the hardest nut we've had to crack yet, captain. If we can cross that plain, and gain the shelter of the mountains yonder, we'll be comparatively safe. But the Camanches, curse 'em, swarm on that plain, often, as maggots swarm in cheese. You never know when not to look for 'em."

As he spoke, the sun sank behind the western hills, and the whole valley fell into sudden darkness, for in those regions there is little or no twilight. I could just distinguish that the plain was about a two days' march across, and that, except for a few clumps of timber scattered over it, and a line of greenery, a little on one side, that seemed to mark the course of a winding stream, it was absolutely bare. No place of the same extent, that I had ever seen, was so absolutely destitute of cover. The mountains, on the further side, rose steep and apparently inaccessible, for no opening into them could be seen. Their needle-like summits, which, at first, had been rosy with the sunset, gradually grew dark, as I gazed, until the whole landscape sank into shadowy gloom.

"Well," said Jack. "What do you think of it?"

"Please God, we will cross it, to-morrow," I answered, "or at least, the first half of it."

"You are determined? Hadn't you better sleep over it? Better, perhaps, turn back."

I looked, again, to where, in the distance, and undistinguishable only as black silhouttes, rose the needle-shaped summits of the mountains I was seeking. Behind them lay the mysterious region, which concealed, as I had every reason to believe, the mighty talisman of Montezuma.

"I do not need to sleep on it," I answered. "Do you remember Major Graham's words, at Molino del Rey? 'Forward, always forward.' I say the same."

"He died as he said it," answered Jack, "and so may we. But I, like your pluck, captain, and I'll go with you to the death."

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Long before the stars, the next morning, had faded in the sky, we were mounted and descending into the plain. Warily we took our course, keeping, wherever possible, to sunken depressions, or behind the screen of timber, so as to conceal, as much as possible, ourselves and our horses, from any wandering Camanches, if such might be roving in the neighborhood.

About ten o'clock, we reached a thick grove, in which we resolved to pause and rest, intending to set forth again at three o'clock. The hours passed anxiously. Ourselves and horses recuperated by rest and food, we started afresh, after first satisfying ourselves that no enemy was in sight.

Four o'clock came, then five, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune, for the grove of timber, in which we designed to spend the night, was in sight, at only two hours distance, when Jack suddenly halted.

"Hist," he said. "Stoop in your saddle, so as to leave as little to be seen as possible, and look over there to the left. Just ahead of us, I mean. Isn't something moving there?"

I looked, and saw, about three miles off, a dark object on the plains, which I knew, immediately, to be a mounted Indian. Simultaneously, I distinguished another, then a third, then a fourth.

"They don't see us, however, as yet," I said, in a whisper.

"As yet, but they soon will," retorted Jack. "These Camanches have the eyes of eagles. There, I told you so."

As he spoke, one of the Indians wheeled his horse suddenly, for they had been going from us, and the moment after, I heard, or fancied I heard, a halloo bore down upon the breeze. The other three Indians wheeled their steeds, as if in answer, and came careering down towards us, apparently whooping and shouting exultingly.

"We can turn and run for the hills behind us," said Jack, "if you say so; and perhaps out-ride the devils; and when we reach the hills, we may be able to hide ourselves in some ravine, and so throw them off the track."

"There are but four of them," I answered. "I see no others in sight."

"All right," retorted Jack, slapping the barrel of his rifle. "This is safe for one of the devils. I depend on you for the other; and then we'll be only two and two."

CHAPTER III.

No one, who has never seen a Camanche ride, when he thinks he is certain of his prey, can realize the sight: the wild speed of his horse, the flutter and whirl of his trappings, the exultation with which he waves his arm defiantly around his head.

But long before they came within rifle-shot, our foes grew more wary. Instead of sitting erect, and gesticulating, they stooped low on the necks of their horses, showing as little as possible of their bodies. But their speed did not slacken; on the contrary, it increased, if that were possible; and in but little more time than I have taken to write this paragraph, they were close upon us.

"Now, captain," hissed Jack, between his teeth. "We can't afford to wait. I'll take the fellow on the right: you one of the others."

The crack of his rifle followed, and simultaneously I fired also. A burly savage reeled from his saddle. A hurried glance showed me that Jack had brought down his man, likewise.

"Now for warm work," cried Jack. "You keep that fellow on the left in your eye, and I'll look after the other."

There was no time to re-load, for this was before repeating rifles had come into use. The government, when the war broke out, had tried in vain to secure enough Colt's pistols to arm a single regiment, and had failed: even breech-loaders had not been introduced. Jack and I had nothing to defend us now but the old-fashioned pistol, and at closer quarters, our swords.

The Camanches knew their advantage, and as they bore down on us, let fly arrow after arrow, with incredible quickness. The only resource left to us, was to dash in upon them. So Jack and I, by a common impulse, put our steeds to the run.

But the Camanches, as we approached, began to circle around and around us, plying their arrows faster than ever. Fleet as our horses were, theirs were no less fleet. Once, twice, the arrows of my particular adversary rung on my saddle-flap; once, one sang close by my ear. At this, I drove my rowels into Whirlwind, up to the heel, and the good beast, answering with a snort, rushed on my foe. The savage tried to twist himself over to the other side of his steed, and to put his horse between me and him, as is the fashion with the Camanche. But it was too late.

The red man is never a match for the white in a hand-to-hand combat, for there the superior weight and muscle of our race tells. After a struggle, that may have lasted for five minutes, or for only half that time, though it seemed an hour, I got a fair chance at my adversary, and rising in the stirrup, so as to give the full force, not only of my muscles, but of the momentum of my descending body to the stroke, I dealt him a blow on the skull, that clove it as if it had been a pippin. He fell from his horse, stone dead.

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I now wheeled to see what Jack was doing. I found him engaged in the same kind of struggle; his enemy wheeling and wheeling; and hidden behind his horse, plying Jack incessantly with arrows. There was no time to lose. I dashed, at once, on the savage. He turned, for a moment, at this new attack, and sent an arrow direct at my heart. The missive just grazed my shoulder. Before the Indian could fit another arrow, I was upon him on one side, and Jack on another. A bullet from Jack's pistol went straight into his brain, at the same instant that a blow from my sabre nearly severed his arm. He leaped up into the air, convulsively, and tumbled, with a thud, on the ground, a corpse.

"Neither of us hurt, thank God," I said.

"Neither," said Jack. "We've a bit of hard riding before us yet, however, ere we can reach cover. There must be other red-skins about, and if we don't gain the hills, to-night, we shall certainly hear of them, to-morrow. I think," he continued, "we had better leave on the left, that bit of timber ahead, where we had intended to camp for the night. We must make for the growth on the right, which winds along, as you see, till it almost reaches the hills. If I am not mistaken, it follows the course of a river, and, should we gain it in safety, it would conceal us, till we reached the mountains."

We started, at the word. The day, which had been quite sultry, now began to grow suddenly cool, for a breeze from the north had set in, a bracing, exhilarating breeze, full, I suppose, of what scientists call ozone; and it acted on us like a stimulant. I was even on the point, once or twice, of breaking into snatches of jovial, camp-fire song, but Jack checked me, "for," said he, "the less noise one makes, the better, as a Camanche can hear for miles, though I don't suppose any one is—"

"Stop," I cried, interrupting him. "What is that?"

I pointed ahead, a little to the left, and there, emerging from the very clump of timber, where we had proposed, originally, to spend the night, we saw one, two, three Camanches emerge, in succession, and continuing to count, we finally made out thirty or more.

"We must make for the belt, by the river," said Jack "We are, luckily, nearer to it, than they are. If we gain it, we may have a chance."

We put spurs to our horses at once, but had hardly gone a hundred yards, when we saw, emerging from the belt of trees, which was our destination, first one, and then another Camanche, until we counted twenty.

Jack drew in his rein. I imitated him.

"Well," he said, coolly, "a fellow must die sometime, I suppose. Look here, captain, how many of those red-skins do you think we can kill, each of us, before they get our scalps?"

To advance was impossible. If we escaped the Indians on our right, we should fall into the hands of those on our left. One, solitary chance remained: it was to retreat, ignominiously to the hills behind us.

"It won't do," said, Jack, shaking his head, as if divining my thought, "for see, there's another gang of these devils, in our rear, coming out of that bit of timber we passed in our morning's ride."

Yes, there they were. We were literally, hemmed in, on every side.

"Captain," said Jack, after a pause, "do you ever pray? I haven't prayed since I was a little shaver at my mother's knee. You see, I was never in a scrimmage before, that didn't show some chance of escape. But now, if the Lord don't help us, and that pretty soon, nothing else can."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ETHEL.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Ethel is winsome and wee,
Ethel is bonnie and sweet,
Ethel has two laughing e'e,
And two pretty capering feet.

Ethel, with fewest of words,
Few as the pearls they pass through,
Chirrups as chirrup the birds,
In tones as incessantly new.

Ethel, the dear little pet,
Shy as a timorous dove,
Hides, like a finished coquette,
The face that is beaming with love.

Ethel has budding red lips,
Tempting the wandering bee;
Yet must he heed how he sips,
For chary of kisses is she.

Ethel, unconscious of theft,
Innocent, artless, and gay,
Yet is surpassingly deft
At stealing all hearts in her way.

Mine—archly stolen, no doubt—
Went with a throb like a sigh;
But Ethel, too loving to pout,
Will give me her own by-and-bye.

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A GREAT LOVE; AND A GREATER.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

"But doctor, dear, dear doctor, what are we to do without you? Mamma will die a thousand times over; and I never shall know whether I am really ill or making believe, without you to assure me of the latter."

The doctor looked pleased, and adjusting his gold-bowed glasses, took a smiling survey of the lovely speaker, with her great violet-blue eyes, and maze of sunny hair, and skin of cream and roses, and rounded beauty of form.

"But I have procured a successor, a charming young man, and as skilful as charming."

"I here solemnly register a vow of everlasting hatred against this accomplished youth. What is his name?"

"Robert Winscombe, and he isn't such a youth as you seem to think. Fully thirty, I should say, and a very manly, handsome fellow."

"Is he married, doctor?" asked a frail, sweet voice, as a hand, like a moonbeam, put aside a lace drapery, screening a couch, in one corner.

"Oh, mamma, are you awake!" exclaimed Millicent, running to arrange the dainty draperies. "And did you hear what this dear, horrid, old thing has been saying?"

"Yes, and I was so grieved I couldn't speak, at first," said the invalid, plaintively. "How *could* you do it, doctor? But is he married?"

"No, that is, I never asked him; but he mentioned that his only family was a sister, who keeps house for him; and he expects a younger brother, by-and-bye. I suppose, by that, he's not married."

"I'll treat him horribly," cried Millicent.

It was the third day after this, that Millicent, dreaming in her hammock, under shelter of the vine-clad verandah, heard the familiar roll of the doctor's buggy upon the gravelled drive, below. In a few minutes more, he had mounted the steps, and presented himself inside the wall of greenery, saying, gleefully,

"Here is Dr. Winscombe, Mrs. Batolphe."

Millicent started from her recumbent position, or rather tried to do so; for to rise gracefully and suddenly from a hammock, is rather a difficult feat, as Milly proved; for alas! the long slender heel of her French slipper got entangled in the meshes of the hammock, and as she sprang up, tripped her so suddenly and violently, that she fell forward. As she fell, she struck her head against a croquet mallet, that had been carelessly left lying upon the floor, receiving a wound sufficient to stun her for some moments.

When the blue eyes next unclosed, their half-conscious and dreamy gaze settled upon a strong, dark face, bending over her, the gray eyes full of watchful interest, the stern mouth breaking into an evidently unaccustomed smile.

"You are better," said this vision, quietly; and Milly, closing her eyes, heard again and again the brief phrase, reverberating, as it seemed, through vast reaches of echoing space, "you are better, you are better;" and then down, down through those dark, endless spaces, slid the swooning sense, and all was silence.

Later on, she woke again, to find herself lying on the bed in her own pretty bedroom, while her mother, and a maid, and Dr. Wetherbee, stood around her; and straight and silent as a sentinel, at the foot of the bed, was the athletic form, and the grave, kind face, for which, half-consciously, she looked.

A wan smile flitted across her lips, and very softly she whispered:

"Yes, I am better, now."

Dr. Winscombe smiled again, and came forward, with a soothing draught, he had been preparing. Then the room was darkened; and the invalid left to solitude and repose.

But the repose would not come. For some five minutes, she lay, silent; then springing from the bed, she staggered to the mirror, and gazed feverishly at her own image. The fluffy golden curls, deluged with water and cologne, had been ruthlessly dragged back, and lay clumped, in wet-darkened masses. A great blue swelling, upon one temple, was crested by a deep cut. Pallid cheeks, and drawn and haggard features, and violet shadows beneath the eyes, all proved the severity of the late shock; and Milly clinging to the toilet-table, lest she should fall, contemplated the image, in stern disapproval.

"A hideous monster, nothing less," said she, aloud, and then crept back to bed, and cried herself to sleep.

That evening, the doctors came again, together. But the next morning, Dr. Winscombe came alone, and so slid quietly into the position of daily visitor; for before Milly was quite recovered, her mother, upset by the worry and fatigue

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of her daughter's accident, fell into one of her nervous crises; and the new doctor found his skill and patience, not to mention his amiability, severely taxed.

Summer waned into autumn, and although Mrs. Batolphe was better, it had become so strong a habit of the doctor's horse to turn in at the great iron gates of the Batolphe place, that he seldom resisted it; and the delicate and nervous invalid fancied that some access of vigor and calm came to her with his presence. Not infrequently, she prevailed upon him to stay for dinner, or tea, or at least to take a biscuit.

"By the bye," said Mrs. Batolphe, one day, to Millicent, "you ought to call on the doctor's sister. Go, dear, and ask her to tea."

So Millicent went. But while unlatching the doctor's garden-gate, she heard a quick, strong step behind her, that sent the blood tingling to her cheeks, and made the warm white fingers so clumsy over the latch, that another hand took latch, and fingers, and all into its brown, firm grasp, while a voice Milly knew, so well, ah! so well, said, blithely:

"Let me! You are coming in?"

"Yes," replied the girl, forcing herself to speak calmly, as a young lady speaking to a friend ought to speak, and raising her eyes, though not quite to the level of his own; adding,

"Yes, I am going to call upon Miss Winscombe. I thought these were your office-hours."

"They are. I was called home, suddenly."

There was something peculiar about him, to-day; but what was it? His look, the one look she had dared to meet, was burning and eloquent with—ah, with what? Was it love? Did he love her? If so, why had he never said it, except in some half-dozen glances, and in this, the most fervent of all? And his voice! She, who knew its every tone so well, she could not mistake that thrill, that caressing vibration, almost a kiss, in which he had spoken those last words. And the air of intense, yet subdued excitement, pervading his whole manner—what did that mean?

Millicent had not answered one of these questions, when she found herself standing in the middle of the low-ceiled, sunny parlor, with the doctor holding both hands, and looking straight into her face, which, before that gaze, drooped, and drooped like a flower, upon whose heart the sun gazes too pitilessly. What did he read there? Heaven knows. But releasing the little hands, that were almost crushed by that iron grasp, he suddenly dashed his clenched fist against his forehead.

"God forgive me!" he groaned. "God forgive me!" Then, snatching her hand, he said, "But, promise you will never hate me!"

"Hate you!" murmured she, in soft incredulity, yet puzzled inexpressibly by his words and manner, so contradictory.

"Millicent,," he pursued, in an agitated voice, "look around this room, and tell me what I may give you—some memento of this visit, this strange, strange visit."

"Why strange?" demanded the girl, a touch of womanly pride beginning now to struggle through her agitation.

"Why? Who can tell why?" replied he, vaguely. "But choose. What will you have? Something you *must* take—something to mark this day."

"Then, it shall be this," exclaimed Millicent, carried away by what spirit she knew not; and snatching from the table an engraving of The Crucifixion, that lay there, in an open portfolio.

Robert Winscombe took the picture from her hand, looked at it, and turned ghastly pale. Then, returning it, he said, very quietly:

"You could not have chosen better. Wait. Let me write the date upon the back."

He did this, and folded the picture in a bit of paper, tying it methodically with cord. Neither of them spoke, or looked at each other, while he was doing this. Why, they could not tell. But there are some crises too sad for speech.

Winscombe had just finished, when a carriage drove to the door. He started, glanced out at the window, seemed to grow suddenly rigid, and said, in an odd, restrained voice: "That is my brother, who has come to bring me a patient, and if you do not care to see them, you can go through the garden, and so out to the other street. I need not apologize for sending you away. You will not mistake me."

Millicent only bowed her head, and like one in a maze, followed the doctor, as he opened a side door, and silently pointed down the path, to a little gate. She thought only of herself and her companion, and never glanced back, so that she did not see the blithe, handsome fellow, who dismounted from the carriage, and carefully lifted down a pallid, swooning figure.

"Well, is she coming?" asked Mrs. Batolphe, as her daughter came languidly into the parlor.

"Coming? Who?" asked Millicent, dreamily.

"Why, Miss Winscombe, of course. Didn't you go there to invite her to tea? What in the world is the matter with you, child?"

"I—I didn't see Miss Winscombe, mamma."

"Didn't see her? What can you mean?"

"I will tell you, some other time," answered

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Millicent, rising. "But, just now, my head aches, and I will go and lie down."

Mrs. Batolphe rather pettishly picked up her novel; and Millicent, in her room, sat drearily staring out of the window, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, except that inward, inarticulate voice, whose utterances are so much more engrossing than the most eloquent speech from without.

"He loves me," said the voice, "certainly he loves me. His eyes, his tones, his manner, all said it. But why so strange about it all? Why is the Crucifixion the best memento I could have chosen of that visit?" So went on the Voice, the busy, cruel, untiring, dreary voice, telling of love with none of love's sweet assurance and joy, of a heart given perhaps unasked and unvalued, except as a trophy; "and yet, and yet he surely loves me," passionately broke in the voice, the voice now of wounded maiden pride. "I never could have loved him, if he had not tried to win my love."

When all in the house were asleep but herself, Millicent unfolded her picture, and falling upon her knees, gazed long and earnestly at it. She seemed, in that image of supreme self-devotion, of sacrifice, and of love stronger than death, to read the story of her own and another's life. Then she hung the picture up, close beside her bed, that her first and last look, morning and night, might fall upon it; and so drearily undressed, and lay down, to cry herself to sleep.

But the next day was bright and clear, and Mrs. Batolphe felt herself able for a drive in the pony carriage. "You must be the driver, Millicent," she said, "for Mouse and Midge travel more demurely and steadily under your hand than that of even Munny." Munny was the coachman, and was nothing loth to take the seat behind, in the rumble.

"Really, Milly," said her mother, when they had been driving for about an hour, "this is charming. But, perhaps, we've gone far enough. Hadn't you better turn round?"

Millicent obeyed, but just in the midst of the manœuvre, a dog burst yelping from the thicket, that fringed the road, and sprang at the heads of the ponies. The unexpected noise and sight, frightened the nearest horse, and this terror communicated itself immediately to the other; and getting the bits between their teeth, the two set off at a breakneck pace, utterly beyond Millicent's power to control. Meantime, the first mad whirl had unseated the stately Munny, and thrown him into the ditch, so that he could not assist her. A catastrophe was imminent. But Millicent, in all her dismay, found time to hope that her mother, at least, would escape with life and limb, and to wonder for herself, "Will Robert be sorry if I am killed?"

But rescue was nearer at hand than she supposed. The master of the guilty spaniel, a long-legged, athletic young fellow, no sooner saw the mischief he had done, than throwing down his gun, he started across the field, reaching its opposite end, just as Mouse and Midge, putting down their obstinate little heads, prepared to bolt round the corner, there. Taking the fence in his stride, he was in the middle of the road, as the ponies came up. Seizing the bridle of the nearest, he flung the horse with a quick, powerful movement, almost on its side; checked its mad career and that of its fellow; and in a moment more had both bits in his grasp, and had brought the terrified animals under control.

"I hope you are not much frightened, ladies," he said, as the ponies stood, with steaming, panting sides, regarding him with staring and astonished eyes. "These little rascals are quite safe now."

"Thanks—my mother—" replied Millicent, choking back a sob, and turning to take the poor hysterical, convulsed invalid in her arms.

"If Bob was here, now," said the young man, half shyly. "Perhaps you know my brother, Dr. Winscombe?"

"Yes, indeed, he is our physician. Oh! I wish, with all my heart, he was here now. Poor darling, poor little mamma—there, dear, there. If I had some sal-volatile, or cologne—"

"I tell you what," broke in their half-boyish deliverer, "if your man can walk home, I'll take his seat, and drive to my brother's house, as fast as the ponies can lay legs to the ground. It isn't over a mile, I should say, and he is at home until noon to-day, looking after—will you do that?"

"Yes, if you please. I couldn't drive, just now; and, besides, mamma can't spare me."

Off went the ponies, at a rigidly correct pace, though Mrs. Batolphe shrieked and moaned afresh at every motion, and Millicent patiently and sweetly soothed her.

"What a trump of a girl! And ain't she pretty?" said Harry Winscombe to himself, as he watched these proceedings, and blessed the chance that had brought him to that especial field at that especial moment. In fifteen minutes, the ponies were at the doctor's gate. Hardly had they stopped, before the doctor himself was at the side of the carriage.

"What is it? An accident?" he asked, anxiously.

A few clear words, from his brother, explained all that needed to be told; and Milly added, eagerly:

"Do take her in, and give her something,

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doctor. I can't drive through the town, with her, poor soul, in this way. She'll soon recover."

A strange shadow of hesitation passed over the doctor's face, and it was a moment before he replied; and then very coldly.

"Certainly. Shall I carry her in?"

"Yes, please," replied Milly, with a wistful glance at the stern, set face, that would not turn toward her.

The doctor lifted the sobbing sufferer, as if she had been a child, and bore her into the house, laying her upon a sofa in the parlor.

"I will call my sister," said the doctor, abruptly, as he turned from Mrs. Batolphe, and strode out of the room, still never glancing at Millicent.

Harry entered now, and by his sympathy, he made both women feel that he was a friend, not only willing, but anxious to take any trouble, or make any sacrifice of time, or labor, to help them out of their worries. Moreover, Millicent, at least, could not but see, that Harry Winscombe was one of the handsomest men she had ever met; very like his elder brother, but more regular in feature, with bright brown hair, and clear, light hazel eyes.

Steps were now heard upon the floor overhead; then a murmur of voices; and finally the doctor's firm tread, descending the stairs. But just as he reached the foot, a shriek, a succession of shrieks, from the upper room, pursued him, as it were; and turning, he sprang up three steps at a time, and re-entered the room.

"Oh, my goodness, what's that? Millicent what has happened? Do go and see! They are killing somebody—dear—dear—dear!" And poor Mrs. Batolphe's sobs and cries returned with redoubled force, and for some moments mingled, in maddening confusion, with those from the upper room.

"What *is* the matter, Mr. Winscombe?" demanded Milly, almost at her wits end, and glancing over her shoulder, as she knelt beside her mother. Harry Winscombe's face had suddenly changed. It wore a curious guilty look, and had crimsoned like a girl's.

"I—I—it's a poor creature come here, to be under my brother's care," he stammered, turning away from that bright, inquisitive glance. "I'm afraid she's a little out of her head, to-day, and very likely didn't want Robert to leave her."

"Well, I must get my mother away, at once. If Dr. Winscombe had explained, that this was a private madhouse, we certainly would not have intruded."

"I'm sorry you're angry," replied Harry, so simply and honestly, that Milly blushed with shame, at her own ill-temper, and penitently said:

"Oh, excuse me, but I am coming to the end of my endurance, and am hardly responsible for what I say. But we must get away, really; that poor woman's cries will kill mamma. The ponies won't answer. Will you go down to a livery stable, and get a close carriage, as quickly as you can? And you can tell them to send up a man, to drive the ponies home, if you please."

He darted from the room, at her words, and soon returned with a carriage, having been fortunate enough to find one ready harnessed. Just before he arrived, Dr. Winscombe once more descended the stairs, and this time entered the parlor, looking flushed, annoyed, and anxious.

"I am so sorry to have been detained; I sent some sal-volatile. Did your mother take it?" he said. He spoke almost timidly, and now it was his look, that sought Millicent's, and hers that refused to be met.

"It was not brought," said she, very coldly. "And I do not think mamma will be any better here. Mr. Winscombe has gone for a carriage to take her home."

The dark brows met over Robert Winscombe's eyes, and his teeth set themselves, as in strong pain. Mrs. Batolphe unclosed her eyes.

"Who is that madwoman? Why do you have her here? She has frightened me almost to death," she said.

"I am very sorry. I would have helped it, if I could. She's a patient, whom I have taken into the house—for a time."

The desolate, hopeless tone of his voice smote upon Millicent's heart; but she would not look at him, or try to put down the unreasoning anger burning in her heart against him, nor did he once look at, or speak to her, until after the carriage had arrived, and Harry and he had placed Mrs. Batolphe within.

That evening, Dr. Winscombe came, as in duty bound, to call upon his patient; but Millicent did not appear.

The next morning, the brothers came together for a visit, and Harry Winscombe proved himself one of the best bred, sunniest, most sympathetic of young fellows.

From his conversation, it appeared that he had just graduated from Harvard, and inclining to his brother's profession, was to spend some months with him in preparatory studies. Then, if he still remained of the same mind, he was to go to a great medical school, at the beginning of the next year.

"And during my sojourn here, Miss Batolphe, I shall throw myself upon your mercy, for

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society, and the humanizing influence of 'fair woman,'" said he, gayly. Millicent smiled, but not quite so frankly, while she replied:

"Yes, indeed, you must come to us a great deal. But you are not so destitute as you wish to represent. You have your sister, there, at home."

"Sophia! Yes, she is with us—" began Harry, with rather a twist of the merry mouth. But just at that instant, Millicent caught a swift warning look shot from Robert's eyes to his brother's, and the latter stopped abruptly. Vexed, yet without knowing why, and impelled by that strange perversity, that so often makes angry lovers long to wound the beloved object, Milly turned toward the doctor, saying:

"I suppose, however, Miss Winscombe is a good deal engaged, at present, in attending your resident patient. Isn't it rather dangerous to leave her alone, with such a violent maniac?"

She meant to annoy him, but she was not prepared for the livid pallor, that suddenly overspread his face; the bitter anger that shook his voice, and sparkled in his eyes; or the haughty coldness, with which he replied:

"You are very good, to trouble about my sister, or my patient; but I hope your anxiety is groundless. I will, however, return to my home duties, at once. Harry, are you ready?"

When they were gone, Milly rushed to her own room, threw herself down before her picture, and cried until she could not see.

A day or two after this, Dr. Winscombe called, alone, one day, and found both ladies in their pretty, little library.

"Mrs. Batolphe," he said, "I want advice. But, first, I must tell you a secret, that is a secret until now—don't go, if you please, Miss Millicent; I shall be glad to have your opinion, as well as your mother's in this affair."

Mrs. Batolphe, like most women of small experience, and limited mental capacity, was always pleased to have her advice asked, and was always very ready to give it.

"I'm sure, I shall be most happy to help you, doctor," she said.

Milly, without looking up, selected some crewel from her basket, and began her conventional rose-bush, in the middle of her conventional pond. Robert Winscombe did not look at her. In fact, he gave his chair an impatient hitch, bringing it nearly with its back to the embroidery frame.

"Eight years ago," he began, abruptly, "when was just out of college, a green, romantic boy of two-and-twenty, they sent me to the West Indies, for a winter, on account of my health. They'd better have tied a stone round my neck, and pitched me into the Atlantic, before I was out of sight of land; for though my lungs got sound, the end of it was, that, in a moment of boyish passion—God knows, I soon found it was not love—I married a Spanish girl, beautiful, indeed, but with nothing else to recommend her. In short, I ruined my life. That is to say, ruined its domestic and social hopes, ruined whatever happiness men draw from family ties. I took her home to the West, and I think it broke my mother's heart. At any rate, she died in a year or two, and my father said I had killed her. I went abroad to study my profession, and when I came home, my wife was in an insane asylum, and my father dead; no one left to me but my brother Harry, and my half-sister, who never forgave me for her mother's suffering and death, and what she called the disgrace I had brought upon the family. Still, she is a good woman, and a devoted one, in her grim fashion. She had been once a month to visit my wife, ever since she was shut up, and frankly offered to come and make a home for me, wherever I might settle, if I wished it.

"I did, and we came here. Dr. Wetherbee asked nothing about my domestic concerns, and I did not volunteer any information. My sister never opens her lips, if she can help it, least of all in the way of gossip; and so it came about, with no premeditated deceit on my part, that everybody has taken me for a single man.

"Some weeks ago, I received a message, from the physician in charge of the asylum, saying that my wife had partially recovered her mind, although liable still, if excited, to paroxysms of furious mania. But the doctor added that, she was dying of an internal disease, in fact could not live the year out, by any possibility. I went to see her. You remember I was absent for several days, and although neither her sufferings, nor her approaching death, could revive a tenderness that never existed, or pity long since worn out, I decided, as an act of duty toward the woman who bore my name, to bring her home, and devote myself to the care and attention still possible to offer her; to let her die at least in the home, that, in health, she never should have entered. Was I right? Tell me, Millicent, was it not my duty to do this?"

His voice had a piteous pleading in it, strangely at variance with its usual robust tones; but Millicent's was clear and cold as the north wind, while she made answer.

"I do not know why you ask the question, Dr. Winscombe, or why you even made a mystery of your marriage. It is not dishonorable to be the husband of an afflicted woman, but it is most

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dishonorable to assume the character—any character which does not belong to you."

Millicent, as she spoke, got up and left the room. The doctor sighed, but went on:

"There isn't much more to say. My brother was travelling in the West, just then; and I asked him to bring my wife here, under his escort. She arrived, when Millicent was at my house, and I could not explain then; afterward, when you were there, she heard women's voices, and it brought on a paroxysm of jealous fury, in which I thought she would die. I waited to see how it would end, and since—well, Mrs. Batolphe, I have been a coward in the whole matter—but I think you will forgive me, won't you?"

"That I will, my dear doctor, fully and freely; and after all I cannot blame you. It would have been so disagreeable," said the gentle matron, fervently. "But what are you going to do?"

"That is the advice I told you I wanted. Shall I tell everybody? Will you tell two or three people for me? The poor creature cannot live many weeks, not over two or three months at most; but she has a right to my name, although I might have been released by law, long ago."

Why did he wish, so earnestly, to insist, to Millicent's mother, that, by man's law he might have been free already, and that by God's Law of death, he must be free, before many weeks were past? Ah, why?

So it was settled, that the news was to be told, and Robert Winscombe, as he rode away, said to himself,

"And when Milly knows all, she will, she must forgive me; and she cannot but realize that in a little while, a very little while, I shall have the right to say, in so many words, I love you."

His dark eyes lightened, as he said this, with a tender joy, as if already his probation were over, and he could clasp the reward of so many bitter years of suffering and shame.

"He says she can't, anyhow, live over two or three months, poor thing," repeated Mrs. Batolphe to her daughter. "And I, for one, shan't blame him, if he does not always remain a widower. Shall you, Milly?"

"Dear little mamma, my fancy is not so vivid as yours; and I can't possibly tell how I shall feel, when Mrs. Winscombe is dead and buried, and Dr. Winscombe, after a decent mourning, marries again. I may be dead, or married myself."

And so the golden autumn days went on, and Dr. Robert Winscombe visited his patient, sedulously as ever, Mrs. Batolphe calling him in very frequently; and he accepted quietly, but not without deep mortification and suffering, the changed, chill manner, in which Millicent always met him; a change so slight outwardly, that nobody else perceived it, but one so marked to himself, that it told even on his health.

Harry Winscombe, happy, care-free, handsome Harry, saw nothing of all this; he knew that Millicent had seemed offended with his brother, at the time the latter declared his marriage; but he had set it down to annoyance, at having been kept so long in ignorance of so important a fact, in her friend's history. Very soon, he forgot all about it, and Millicent's eyes and Millicent's smiles fascinated him more and more daily.

In two words, Harry Winscombe was very thoroughly in love, and didn't care who knew it. Even Mrs. Batolphe could see it, and murmured calm satisfaction over the prospect; for the young man possessed everything Milly's husband ought to have, except money, and of that, the Batolphes themselves had more than enough.

And Milly? Who can read a girl's heart, supposing she has one, and Milly had? That she had loved Robert Winscombe, with at least the beginnings of a strong, great love, there can be no doubt; but it was not a love that had reached its climax; it was still unexpressed. And, meantime, Harry was charming in his way, and loved and admired her, and all so frankly and unreservedly; and there were no dark corners in his life, no old loves, rightful or wrongful, to jeer at her, with their boast of priority. Why not love Harry? Yes, and marry him?

She used to ask herself that question, day after day, and night after night. She had given her first love mistakenly. She had been shamefully deceived. Dr. Winscombe knew well, when he sought her heart, if not in words, at least in looks, that he had no right to do so. Was ever innocent girl so treacherously treated? It was not in her proud heart to forgive a great injury, and continue loving.

So matters stood, when one windy, rainy, equinoctial night, poor Teresa Winscombe's soul went forth of her wasted body.

The next morning, Harry came, and told the news, and wondered why Millicent, turning pale in hearing it, went presently to her own room.

Ten days, or so, later, Dr. Winscombe sat alone in his office, his head upon his hand, his eyes intently fixed upon a picture of Millicent, given him months before, and always in his pocket-book since. He did not speak aloud, but if he did, it would have been to say:

"At last, at last, my darling! How soon may I speak? Not to shock her by lovemaking, but just to put my hope in words, just to do away with this long, dreary winter, that has fallen

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between us. No wonder you were angered, my proud, petted darling. But you'll forgive—"

The door opened, and Harry, blithely, in his usual exuberant fashion, rushed into the room.

"Bob, I've a confession to make," he stammered, hesitatingly. "The fact is, Bob, I'm dead in love; I'm going to propose this very day, this very afternoon, that is, if you don't object."

"Who, under the sun—why you've kept the matter sly enough—I hope it's no low affair, that you've been carrying on out of my sight!" exclaimed the doctor, angrily.

"Low affair! Sly!" repeated Harry, in the same tone. "Well, if you call the Batolphes low; and as for sly, it couldn't well have been more open; and Mrs. Batolphe herself told me, or as good as told me, last night, that she saw how it was, and had no objection. Sly, indeed!"

"Do you mean that you love Millicent Batolphe, and have reason to think your love returned?" demanded the elder brother, in so stern and harsh a tone, that Harry, forgetting his own anger, looked at him in astonishment, as he replied:

"Yes, why not? What's the matter? Why shouldn't I?"

"She loves you?" asked Robert, his forehead falling again into his open hand, and so hiding his face.

"Yes—at least I think so. Bob, what is it? Do you know some dreadful reason, why she cannot marry? Insanity? Consumption?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort. Wait a minute, I have to attend that patient, knocking at the outer door. Stay till I return. Will you stay?"

"Yes. I didn't hear any one knock. But I'll stay," said Harry.

There was no patient in the outer office, but for the next ten minutes there was a man shut up there, alone, to endure such an agony as no physical suffering ever produced.

At last, Robert Winscombe returned, master of himself, and taking up his hat, said, quietly:

"No, Harry, there's no reason whatever, if you love Miss Millicent Batolphe, honestly and manfully, and she loves you, as she is well capable of loving, that you should not marry; and I for one wish you God-speed."

"You are sure your brother won't object to your throwing yourself away, in this fashion?" demanded Millicent, a few hours later, with a pretty coquetry of manner, not very well supplying the place of tenderness.

"Quite sure. He wished me God-speed in my wooing. Now say, yes, Millicent," replied the lover, and she saucily replied: "Yes, Millicent."

Well, he was content, and so they were engaged, and that night Millicent sent the little picture of the Crucifixion back to the donor, without any message. "He will understand," she said.

He did understand. But she did not. For, snatching a pencil, the doctor wrote beneath the picture:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his brother."

Then he sighed heavily, and said, half-aloud:

"But she shall never know what it cost me; and I will not cloud the happiness I have laid down my life to secure for him; Harry might guess, if he saw what I have written."

Taking a scalpel from the table, he cut off the text, and then nailed the picture upon the wall, opposite his usual evening seat. There it remained, as the years went on; there it remains to-day, when years for Robert Winscombe are no more; for he died at Memphis in 1878, after such work as made a great nation admire and mourn. You all have heard of him, but not as Robert Winscombe.

Millicent was very sorry, when she heard of his death, and cried quite heartily for several minutes; but little Bob ran in, just then, with a cut finger; and Tot was clamoring for apples; and the doctor drove up in his buggy, for Harry had succeeded to his brother's practice: so that with so many calls upon her love and attention, the young wife and mother wiped her eyes, and in the course of an hour ate a very good dinner.

So runs the world away!

MADELINE.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

THINE eyes are tender, sweet and true,
Fair Madeline,
So like the firmament of blue,
Rare Madeline.

Thy cheeks, they shame the sweetest rose,
Dear Madeline,
Thy brow is pure as wintry snows,
Loved Madeline.

Thy voice is like a singing bird's,
Shy Madeline,
I hang upon thy lightest words,
My Madeline.

Oh, speak the words I long to hear,
Fair Madeline,
The loving words that cast out fear,
My Madeline!

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MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

BY LUCY LEE PLEASANTS.

I HAD come to the city, to seek my fortune, having only the traditional half-dollar in my pocket; and for years had to be content with an attic for my lodgings, and with the plainest fare for food. But industry and frugality, I had been assured, always tell in the long run, and I worked on, hoping for better days. At last, prosperity came, or comparative prosperity at least, so that I felt justified in looking out for a more comfortable home. Hardly knowing how to set about it, I determined to take into my confidence a fellow clerk, John Redmond, who had worked by my side for three years, and with whom I had drifted into a sort of intimacy.

"My shy and solitary habits," I said, "render me equally disinclined to hotel or boarding-house; but if I could get a quiet room or two, where I could go and come, without exciting interest or curiosity, I should be perfectly satisfied."

"I can tell you of just such a place," said Redmond, thoughtfully, after a moment, "but you must not feel bound to take it, if it does not suit you. I have got to go to Hamburg, for the firm, in the course of a week or two, and I don't like the idea of leaving Marion and the boy without any man to take care of them in case of emergency. I shall not be absent long, but it would be an immense satisfaction to me to know that you were in the house with them. There is plenty of room, and you would be perfectly free to do as you liked."

"What is the address?" I asked.

He wrote it for me on a slip of paper.

"If you like the place," he said, "bring your traps around, and I will help you get settled before I start. It is there I have been living."

Somebody came with a message for him, at this juncture, and I did not see him for the rest of the day. The next day, he was absent, and I inquired of one of the clerks where he was. "The Manhattan sails at noon," said my informant, "and the firm have decided to send him in her, instead of waiting for the Carolina, which is detained for repairs."

During the morning, a boy brought me a penciled note.

"DEAR NORCLIFF:

I am obliged to sail at noon. I have told Marion of your half promise to stay here.

Yours in haste, J. R."

After office hours, I set out in search of Redmond's home.

I found it in a locality, that had once been fashionable, but was so no longer. The house had, however, a dignified and respectable air, which was heightened somewhat by its surroundings. It was set back in a large and rather neglected enclosure, which was nevertheless filled with roses and hardy shrubbery, and had a sort of wild luxuriance which captivated me exceedingly.

The door was opened for me by a young woman, with a child in her arms.

"This," I said to myself, "is doubtless Marion."

She wore a neat morning-dress of cambric, and seemed to me to be in the first bloom of young matronhood. Her cheeks were glowing with a vivid color that spread over them until it melted into the whiteness of her neck. Her brown hair, gathered into a loose knot at the back of her head, exhibited a decided tendency to break out into frolicsome curls.

I was so overwhelmed by the beauty of this guardian of the threshold, that I stood blushing, hat in hand, before her, until she gently inquired the nature of my errand.

"My name is Norval," I replied, with embarrasment, "that is to say, Norcliff. Mr. Redmond directed me to come here, to look at some lodgings."

Her face brightened with a smile of recognition, and she held out her hand immediately.

"I have heard him speak of you," she said; "pray come in."

She ushered me into an ancient and lofty parlor, which affected me with a sort of chilliness after the warmth of the June sunshine. She put the baby down on the carpet, and left me to call "Margaret—Margaret," in a sweet, clear voice, at the top of the basement stairs. Presently, she returned with the Margaret in question, a neat, rather withered little person, with an alert and wiry expression, together with a sort of dignity which might, on occasion, effectually check any disposition to impertinence on the part of irreverent youth.

"Margaret will show you the rooms," she said, "and I hope you will like them well enough to stay here permanently." She took

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the baby up again, and as I ascended the stairs, I saw her tripping through the hall, with the round, rosy face resting on her shoulder.

The apartments were lofty and spacious, with furniture of a cumbrous and old-fashioned type, set so far apart, that it was quite a journey from the dressing-table to the washstand. The sitting-room was furnished with a sofa, whose amplitude might have served for the refreshment of a weary giant; a secretary with glass doors, consisting of curious little panes, set in a heavy frame; a massive round-table supported on claw feet, each of which grasped a ball; a picture over the carven mantle of the destruction of the chariots of Pharaoh in the Red Sea; a sampler commemorating the decease of some honored friend—and sundry scattered tokens of antique fancy-work and bric-à-brac.

From the deep-seated windows, I had a bird's-eye view of the city, and through them the sunshine came dancing hand-in-hand with the breeze.

I decided immediately to take the rooms, and signified to my attendant that I would confer with her mistress with regard to the rent; but she informed me that all business of a pecuniary nature was conducted through her; and that "Miss Marion," as she called her, was a perfect baby in money matters: so I meekly handed her the quarter's rent in advance, and took my departure.

It did not take me long to transfer my few household goods to my new abode, and once established there, I wondered that I had ever endured my previous discomfort and wretchedness.

Descending in the morning, I sometimes saw my hostess tripping about her domestic avocations, or giving the baby his breakfast in the sunshine at the back-door. Once I stopped to speak to her, and have a romp with the boy, between whom and myself there had grown up a decided friendship. He was a round, rosy, roll-and-tumble, youngster of two years or more, and in his exuberant good nature went off into paroxysms of glee at my efforts to amuse him. "What a wild boy he is!" I said to his mother. "I don't know what you will do with him when he is older, Miss Marion." "How did you know my name was Marion?" she asked me, smiling. "I beg your pardon," I stammered. "I said it inadvertently. I suppose I got it from Margaret—she always calls you so."

"It does not matter," she said, kindly. "I think I like it best. I only wondered how you knew;" but after this, I always avoided mentioning her name, and while I denied myself the pleasure of saying "Miss Marion," I would adopt any roundabout course to escape from calling her Mrs. Redmond.

One hot night, later in the summer, I sat with my feet on the window-sill, smoking a cigar. It was very dark and sultry, and the subdued roar from the city came to my ears like the sound of a great waterfall. The doors were all open, and from the hall below, I heard Marion's rocking-chair from its accustomed place by the window, moving to and fro to the accompaniment of a lullaby. Every now and then, the baby stirred and fretted uneasily, and then the sweet, clear voice sounded in the refrain of some old melody. Listening at first unconsciously, I heard songs my mother used to sing to me—songs I had not heard for years, and which thrilled me with the half-forgotten associations of my childhood,

"When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee.
Turn on me then those tender eyes
As stars look on the sea."

I waited when she finished, breathless with the fear that she would not sing again, but she did,

"Where ha' you been a' the day,
My boy Tammie?"
"I've been by burn an' flow'ry brae,
Meadow green an' mountain gray,
Courtin' of a wee thing
Just come frae her mammie."

After this, there were several more, all given with wonderful expression and pathos, among them the inimitable ballad of "Allan Percy."

"She was a beauteous lady, richly dressed,
Upon her neck were chains and jewels rare,
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is sweetly slumbering there."

Listening, I was filled with a wild desire to learn more of the fair songstress. "If I could catch her in this mood," I said to myself, "perhaps she would be communicative and impulsive, she might even be beguiled to betray some of the sentiment she expresses unconsciously in these old songs." So I threw my cigar out of the window, and went softly down the stairs. She started when she saw me in the dim light.

"I came to beg a match," I said. "I have been sitting in the dark all the evening for want of one."

"There are some in the next room," she replied. "I will get them for you;" but when she rose, the baby stirred and fretted, so she sat down again, saying, "can you wait five minutes? he will be asleep directly; but if you need the matches at once, Margaret will give them to you."

"I can wait any length of time," said I. "May I sit down here, and listen to your singing?"

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"You may sit down there, if you like; but I have done singing."

"Pray go on. I have enjoyed it so much. More than if you had known I was listening."

"If I had known, you would not have enjoyed it at all."

"May I ask why?"

"Because I should not have sung. I never sing for any one but baby."

"Not for Mr. Redmond?"

"For John? I should sing for him, if he cared for it; but he never does. I meant for strangers."

"And you do not see many strangers."

"No. I think I lead almost as solitary a life here, as if I were wrecked on a desert island."

"But it is your own choice," I said. "You could have friends, if you chose."

"Yes, I could have friends of a certain sort, but I do not care about it. Perhaps you think I am proud," she added, with a little laugh; "but once we belonged to a better class of society, and had high notions; now I prefer solitude to contact with the ignorant and vulgar people of this neighborhood."

"But," I said, "your world is not confined to this neighborhood: why not choose your friends from the circles you are so well fitted to adorn?"

"I cannot," she said. "My early friends have forgotten me, and it would require wealth and influence to enable me to regain the position I have lost." I wondered that Redmond should allow his lovely young wife to be so utterly debarred from all social privileges and enjoyments; but, of course, this was a sentiment I could not express.

"When we came here," she went on, "this house was all that was saved out of the wreck of our fortunes, because it belonged to my mother. My father died of a broken heart; there were circumstances about it all that I could never understand. I am sure there was never any real guilt or disgrace; but there must have been the shadow of it, for he never held up his head again."

"And your mother?" I said.

"My mother died a few years afterwards, and then Margaret took care of us. I believe there was never any one so good as Margaret," she said, enthusiastically. "She was our nurse when we were children, and then she would come with us here, in spite of everything. After mamma died, she took her place, and loved Millicent and me as if we had been her own children."

"Millicent?" I queried.

"My sister," she replied; "there now, the baby is asleep, and I will get you your matches."

"One thing more," I urged: "you have not told me how you met Mr. Redmond."

"Oh! he rented the rooms that you have now. Margaret used every means to eke out our slender income, and sometimes we had half-a-dozen lodgers; but Margaret never let us have much to do with them; John was the only exception."

She bore the baby softly away to his cradle, crooning a little tune as she went; presently, she came back with the matches, and her hand touched mine in the darkness.

"Good-night," she said, gravely, and I felt that was I dismissed.

This interview impressed me with a great respect for my young hostess, unconventional as it was. I felt that he would have been a bold man who would have presumed upon her unprotected situation, there being about her the simple dignity and unconscious rectitude of thought and speech which are a woman's best safeguard. Nevertheless, I thought that our conversation, and her voluntary confidence, would place us hereafter upon a more friendly footing. In this, however, I was mistaken. I saw her so seldom, that I almost fancied she avoided me, and was forced to conclude that I was numbered with that proscribed class, to which John Redmond was the only exception.

Several weeks afterwards, I was obliged to come home from the office about noon, for some valuable papers I had left on my writing-table. As I opened the gate, I casually glanced up at my window; there I saw an object that fairly transfixed me with horror. Little Jack, the baby, had climbed up on the window-seat, and was leaning far out in his effort to clutch an ivy leaf. Before I could recover myself, I heard a little sound near me which was something between a cry and a gasp. I turned and saw Marion. Her face was deadly white. She had an uprooted plant in one hand, and a gardener's trowel in the other. Evidently it was in rising from her stooping position over the flower-beds that she first caught sight of the spectacle which had so terrified me.

"Hush, for heaven's sake," I cried, seeing her open her lips to scream to him in warning. "Fly up to the room at once, and pull him in, if you can. I will get the ladder, and try to catch him, if he falls."

She ran away before I finished speaking, and I hurried off for the ladder. It was about thirty feet long, but lacked much of reaching to the window. I ran up to the top round, and simultaneously I saw Marion enter the room. I breathed hard: in one second she would reach

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the child; but in that one second Jack made a vigorous effort to reach the ivy leaf, and fell head foremost out of the window. I held out my arms, and, almost by a miracle, I caught him; but his not unsubstantial weight, coming at me with the force of a projectile with the gathered impetus of a dozen feet, overset me on my unstable elevation; the ladder swayed, and gave way. Holding the child with one arm, I took a wild leap, and tried, with the other, to catch a limb of a tree hard by. It was a feat that would scarcely have shamed a professional acrobat—it is needless to say it failed. One wild sensation that the world was whirling round beneath me like a gigantic top, and then I fell in a stunned and helpless heap to the ground.

When I opened my eyes, the baby was sitting beside me on the grass, rubbing his chubby hand on a red bump on his forehead. For once, nobody noticed him, and for once he did not seem to expect it. Marion was bathing my head, and Margaret was holding some pungent salts to my nose. I pushed it away. "There," I said, "I am better now;" then I smiled faintly at Marion. "Look," I said, directing her attention to the fence, through which the dirty faces of a dozen children were peering with an expression of intense interest and curiosity. She darted at them immediately. "Which of you," she cried, "will go for a doctor?"

In the course of time, I was got to bed. My left arm was broken, I was bruised and jarred from head to foot. During the long days that followed, I had plenty of time for reflection. Margaret tended me faithfully, and Mrs. Redmond came with her work or a book, and sat beside me, reading or talking. The baby too favored me with a great deal of his society, toddling in with his arms full of playthings, and sitting contentedly on the floor by my sofa for hours, talking with a gravity beyond his years, and giving me the whole of his baby confidence as to the whips he should have, and the horses he should ride, when papa came home, a date which he seemed to have fixed for the realization of his dearest wishes.

After the first intense pain and dull aching in every joint wore off, I found my position of invalid had its advantages. It was very pleasant to me, after my hard, homeless bachelor experience, to have dainty dishes concocted for my appreciation, and administered by fair and gentle hands; to have a sweet voice singing to me the old ballads I preferred to all other music, or reading aloud the varied cadences of Tennyson or Longfellow. How long I might have prolonged my convalescence under these favorable circumstances, I cannot say, if something had not occurred which awoke me to a sense of my position. Marion read me aloud a letter from John Redmond, written in response to one of hers, detailing the adventure which led to my misfortunes.

It was full of expressions of the most fervent gratitude, and ended with: "I cannot express to you, my dear Marion, how thankful I feel for the chance which consigned you to the care of Edward Norcliff, during my absence; but for his timely presence, I shudder to think of the horrible fate that would have befallen our darling Jack. You, of course, can not know him as I do, but I assure you I have never known any man whom I considered so highly honorable and trustworthy. Tell him for me, if you can, how fully I appreciate his conduct, and let us hope that time will afford me some more tangible method of expressing my gratitude." I turned my face to the wall while she was reading. I could not look her in the face, and listen to praises of my honor and trustworthiness. If the writer could know all the thoughts and emotions that filled my heart, would he be so thankful for the chance which confided Marion to my care?

I did not sleep at all, that night. I had come to a full realization of what had happened to me, and through the long hours before the dawn, I tossed about, a prey to a thousand conflicting emotions. The next day, however, I put a resolute period to my happy invalidism. I donned my every-day garments, and hung my dressing-gown sadly upon its nail; then feebly, but steadily, I took my way back to my desk and my ledger.

It was at this time, that I first noticed that the summer had slipped insensibly away. The roses had bloomed and shed their leaves on every wandering gale, and bloomed again and died. The autumn winds now swept the yellow leaves from the honeysuckles, and blew the little singing birds far away to the south. I did not see much of my fair hostess in these days. I used to come down stairs earlier in the morning, that I need not meet her in the hall; and I spent my evenings in the stately solitude of my own apartment.

Sometimes, however, she would seek me out, and beg, with many apologies for troubling me, that I would leave an order with the grocer, or drop a letter in the post office, on my way down.

The business with the grocer I transacted without difficulty; but I had to summon all my strength to resist temptation to tear open the cover directed to John Redmond, Poste Restante, Hamburg; and guage for myself the extent of

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the writer's affection, by the tenderness of her expressions.

One morning, she met me in the hall with an open letter in her hand.

"He is coming back," she announced, joyfully.

"When?" I forced myself to say with dry lips.

"Any day, now; this was written on the eve of sailing, and as a general thing, passengers make the trip in less time than letters. He may walk in upon us this morning."

"You have not much time to prepare for him," said I, seeing that she expected me to say something.

"No, but I shall have a fatted calf in readiness—how glad he will be to get home again!"

I left her, and went out into the street. It was a wild day. For weeks the sky had been obscured with clouds, and fierce gales had whirled the dust in clouds about the streets, and swept the white-winged ships far out of their course on the sea. Now, as I looked at the dark sky, and listened to the wailing wind, I did not pray for the return of the fair sunlight, as John Redmond's friend should have prayed, but I set my teeth hard, and strove to subdue the wild and wicked thoughts, that ran riot through my brain. The figures in the ledger were transformed to little ships, that whirled, and reeled, and danced before my eyes. One distorted image after another drove all sober thinking out of my mind. Sometimes, it was John Redmond, floating on a spar, with a ghastly face upturned, imploring me to save him. Sometimes, he was brought home drenched and pallid, and Marion wept and wrung her hands above his senseless figure, while with caress and entreaty, I strove to comfort her. At last, I locked up my desk, and put on my hat to go away, for I had been promoted latterly, and was no longer bound by office regulations.

It had begun to rain, in a sort of cold, uncomfortable drizzle, but I did not heed it: it suited my mood better than any other state of the atmosphere could have done. I walked on rapidly, traversing street after street, until I had passed the city limits, and was fairly in the heart of the country: then I sat down on a wet log, and reflected upon my folly. At last, wet, weary, disheartened and miserable, I took my way home again.

It was quite dark, when I entered the house, and the door of the sitting-room being open, the fire-light sent a fitful gleam into the passage.

The baby heard my steps in the hall, and ran out to meet me, crying a half-inarticulate welcome, and striving to embrace my wet legs with his dimpled arms.

"Don't, baby," I said, disengaging the little hands, "I will give you your death of cold."

Marion came out, and took him up.

"How wet you are," she cried, looking at me, "come into the fire, and get dry."

"It is nothing," I said, gruffly, "I am going upstairs."

"If you go up and sit in that cold room, it will give you a chill," she cried, "do come in to the fire, now—please."

I could not resist her pleading. I hung my dripping coat in the hall, and followed her into the bright, little parlor.

"You look pale and haggard," she said, presently, while I stood holding my numbed hands to the blaze; "what is the matter? You are not ill?"

"No—yes," I replied, rudely; "why should you care?"

She looked hurt, then offended. "I do not know," she faltered; then with spirit, "I do not care."

"I thought not," I said, grimly extending my other foot to the fire; "so Redmond has not come back?"

"No," she said, anxiously; "do you think anything can have happened to the ship? To-day's paper had accounts of several disasters."

"According to the shipping intelligence, the Manhattan was due a week ago," I said. "There have been fearful gales, and I doubt very much if she ever gets safely into port."

She looked at me, with quivering lips.

"How unkind you are!" she cried: "you need not have told me this."

It maddened me to have her reproach me for him, but I tried not to betray myself. For ten minutes, the clock ticked away an unbroken silence; then I said:

"I am glad to have seen you, to-night; I wanted to tell you that I have made other arrangements about lodgings. I—I—am going away."

"Going away!" she cried, pale and startled. "What is the matter? What have I done?—has anything happened?—has Margaret—"

"No," I said, "Margaret has done nothing—nothing has happened; but I am obliged; circumstances require that I should go away."

"I am sure you are angry with me," she said, piteously "What will John say, when he comes, and finds you gone?"

"He will say that I have done the only thing a man of honor could do," I cried, hoarsely. "Why will you tempt me so far?"

"I cannot tell what you mean, to-night," she said, coming close to me, and laying her hand upon my arm; "do you know I think you must be a little feverish and wild, and do not know what you are saying, or—it cannot be that you

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have been drinking?" She looked so distressed, that to reassure her, I smiled, and said:

"No, I haven't been drinking."

"I thought it wasn't like you; but why are you so strange, to-night?"

"Because I cannot help it—because I am very miserable."

"Are you? Poor boy!" she said, in her divine compassion, putting up her soft, little hand to my forehead. "I am so sorry—is there nothing I can do for you; you have been very good to me."

Her eyes dropped when they met mine, a quick flush mounted to her temples, and she drew her hand away. The next moment, almost before I knew it myself, I had stooped and kissed her. It was an impulsive, unreasoning folly. I did not wait to see the consequences. Before she had time to recover herself, and upbraid me, as I deserved, I turned, like the coward I was, and fled from the room.

The next morning, I was awakened by a great stamping and laughing in the hall. It mingled with my dreams before I was fairly awake; and at last roused me, and impelled me to make a hasty toilet. Descending, I found John Redmond, with the baby on his shoulders, careering up and down the hall. The boy, convulsed with merriment, shouted and screamed with delight, while Marion and Margaret made up an admiring audience; but Marion looked pale and weary, and there were dark circles around her eyes.

Redmond, on seeing me, stopped, put the baby down, and came forward to greet me, with a warm shake of the hand.

"My dear fellow," cried he, "I am so glad to see you—how can I thank you for the care you have taken of the boy and Marion?"

"Pray, do not thank me at all," said I. "I have never been happier than during my brief sojourn here."

"And yet they tell me you are going away?"

"Circumstances—" I began, stammering. Marion caught up the baby, and turned away.

"Well, well, we will not keep you against your will; but you are not going for the present, at any rate. Yes, immediately? Well, at least you must come back and dine with us, to-night. We are going to have a feast in honor of my return, and the banquet would be incomplete without you."

I promised, and he accompanied me to the door, talking all the while, and shouted disjointed sentences after me, until I turned a corner and was lost to view.

At five o'clock, I shut up my ledger, and went home. I made a careful toilet before descending to the chilly drawing-room, into which I had first been ushered by Marion. I was so unprepared for the lights, and the brilliancy of the scene, that I was, at first, quite dazzled and bewildered. A wood-fire snapped and crackled on the elaborate fire-dogs, polished until their convex surfaces reflected absurd images of the assembled guests. Wax candles burned on the lofty mantel-pieces, in sconces that dangled with vibrating prisms. The quaint chairs and sofas, covered with faded embroidery, seemed to have put on for the occasion a transient, although somewhat ghostly, freshness.

John Redmond was standing with his back to the fire, making himself agreeable to two ladies, to whom he immediately presented me. Mrs. Kendall, elderly, stout and blooming, with gray curls and a lace cap. Miss Kendall, youthful, vivacious, and somewhat over-dressed in voluminous blue silk. I looked for Marion, and found her sitting in pensive wise upon a flowery ottoman. She was dressed in some soft, thin, black stuff that seemed "like the dim setting of a jewel," and there were frills of lovely old lace about her white throat and fair little wrists.

During dinner, I was much puzzled by the demeanor of the company. Marion's place, as hostess and head of the family, was almost usurped by Miss Kendall, to whom Redmond's manner was decidedly lover-like, while Mrs. Kendall put on an air of proprietorship in him and in Marion that struck me as being very unnecessary and very much out of place. I found myself, once or twice, getting angry on Marion's account, and could hardly help speaking out, when I fancied she must feel herself insulted beyond endurance; but when I glanced at her, she looked so nonchalant and self-possessed, so utterly undisturbed by what she saw, that I resisted my impulse to take up the cudgels in her behalf.

"She can not care about him," I said to myself, with grim satisfaction; "if she did, she could not bear it as she does. On the first night of his return, to be devoting himself to another woman before her eyes!"

When we went back to the drawing-room, Miss Kendall sang, and Redmond hung ecstatically over the piano. Mrs. Kendall entertained Marion and me with an account of her voyage, until the subject being exhausted, she subsided over a book of engravings; then I found an opportunity to whisper to Marion, "Who are they?"

"Some people," she replied, "whom John met on the Manhattan. Oddly enough, they made both trips on the same steamer, at the

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same time. He saw a great deal of them in Europe."

"Did he ever mention them in his letters?" I inquired.

"No, but he told me about them as soon as he got home."

"He seems very much pleased with the young lady," I suggested, watching her face.

"Yes," she replied, quietly, lifting her eyes to mine. "They are engaged to be married."

I dropped the coffee-cup, I had been holding, with a crash to the floor. Luckily it was empty. I stooped to pick it up, but my fingers trembled so that I could scarcely hold it. Marion took it away from me.

"What is the matter?" she said, looking at me.

I glanced at Mrs. Kendall; the lace cap was nodding over the book of engravings. My eyes sought the piano; the fair performer was thrilling her listener with the melting strains of a song; then, with a world of love and longing, I looked at Marion, and Marion looked at me.

"Why did you not tell me before?" I whispered.

"I only knew it this morning myself," she said, bewildered.

"Not that," I cried. "Oh, Marion, if *you* are not married, what does it matter about any body else?"

She drew away the hand I tried to take. "Excuse me," she said, "but I think you should really see a physician: this extraordinary language, taken in conjunction with your behavior last night, convinces me that you are losing your mind."

"Not my mind, dear Marion," I cried, "but my heart; you are the only physician who can cure me, and if you give me up, I feel that I am lost indeed."

I am afraid her belief in my sanity was not confirmed by this appeal; but I did not stop until I had told her the whole story.

"I cannot think how you could have made such a mistake," she said, when I had finished.

"The idea of thinking I was married—and to John of all people!" she added.

"But you forget that nobody told me?" I explained. "I found you here alone with the baby—the baby called you mamma—"

"Yes, yes," she cried, blushing, "I never thought of that; I thought everybody would know that it was Millicent's baby. I wonder Margaret did not tell you."

"Perhaps, like you, she thought that everbody knew."

When we told John about it, he did not seem as much surprised as we expected; but he gave us his blessing, and said that he would go away and leave us in possession of the gray old house and the tangled garden; but Marion said no step-mother should question her right to the boy.

The stormy days had given place to Indian summer, shortly after these things came about; and on a lovely Sunday afternoon, Marion and I, walked out to the quiet church-yard, taking little Jack with us, to see his mother's grave. It was marked with a simple slab, bearing the brief inscription,

MILLICENT,
Beloved wife of John Redmond,
Aged 19 years.

Marion read it with tears.

"I can scarcely forgive him," she said, "for forgetting her so soon."

But I could forgive him that and more, in my deep thankfulness that it was she, and not my Marion, who was, or had been, MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Come close to me, darling, my own, my sweet,
Let me clasp you here to my heart;
The joy of the morning is this, to meet,
The pain of the evening, to part.
At sound of your step, my pulses thrill;
Oh, passionate heart, be still! be still!

Oh, eyes of amethyst, depths untold,
Oh, the face so wonderous fair;
The sun of the morning has turned to gold,
All the wealth of your flowing hair.
Oh! heart so warm, and so pure, and true,
Of all earth's treasures I ask but you.

Mine, yes, mine, and I held you so fast,
To my throbbing heart, in a dream
Of joy untold. Is my dreaming past?
Has the Shadow fallen between?
For the sun is black, and the light is fled,
And earth and heaven are still and dead.

I am kneeling beside you, my love, my own,
I am kissing your waxen brow;
Do you know that my life and light are you?
Can you love me, and love me now?
Oh! blest the thought, that, though far away,
You love, and will love, to the "perfect day."

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ALDENSGATE CASTLE gave its name to the estate that was a part of Lady Holden's inheritance when she became a peeress of England. It had been a grand stronghold at the time of the Conquest, with a square keep, battlemented towers, arrow-slips for windows, portcullis, a deep moat, and all the savage appliances of a warlike home in the far off ages. Crowning the upland of a beautiful country, and visible at a great distance from land and sea, it had all these centuries been an object of interest, either as a mighty stronghold when the home of an English baron was indeed his castle, or a picturesque ruin, clothed with traditions that turned every broken stone into a poem.

The castle was a ruin long before it came into Lady Holden's possession. It had been taken and retaken many a time, without much scath, in kingly contests; changed masters, more than once, in the "Wars of the Roses;" and never wholly yielded to the storm of battle, till Cromwell came, with the cannon of his psalm-singing soldiers, and battered its grand old walls to the earth, leaving only one broken tower standing against the sky, the ruin of a mighty fortress.

Long after the vast hollow that had been a keep was choked up by stones from the falling walls, and they had been hidden under soft emerald turf ten feet deep; long after trees, of noble growth, were lifting their branches through the roofless chapel, and the moat was only a shallow outline of wild flowers, that old ruin gave its name to as fair a stretch of country as ever glorified the bosom of Mother England. From its broken walls, more than one thrifty village might be seen, hedged in by cornfields, emerald meadows, and orchards that swept, in rich undulations of color, from those castle hills down to a soft silvery line on the horizon, that blended the sheen of the sea with the blue of the sky.

In the centre of this landscape was one vast space of a green so vivid, that the eye rested on it wonderingly; for seldom was a park so broad, and trees of such lofty growth, to be found in the private grounds of any subject in England. There, oaks, chestnuts, grand old cedars of Lebanon, house beeches, and Norway pines, blended their various tints of green so harmoniously, that the depth of coloring seemed like enchantment; and through them, here and there, as they spread up the base of the hill, meeting the wild growth that surrounded the castle ruins, a flash of water might be seen, shooting downward like a flight of silver arrows disturbing the foliage.

This ocean of green, and the noble buildings that looked down upon it, from a shelf of table land on the lower slope of the Castle Hill, was not in itself devoid of some claim to antiquity; for many of those great trees had formed a wilderness around the old castle, and gave shelter to Cromwell's soldiers, when they battered down its walls. Aldensgate Hall—for no lord of that castle would ever have permitted a meaner name to be given to his residence, while the traditions of the old stronghold lasted—was indeed comparatively a modern building. Its architecture and bare adornment were well calculated to fill, in this period of advanced civilzation, the proud place occupied by the castle in medieval times; for here, the beauty of art took the place of ponderous strength. Each represented what was grandest in its era, and both were invested in the possession of one fair woman.

That woman came down the great hall of her dwelling slowly, and, as it seemed, given up to gentle thoughtfulness. Up and down—among the great bronze warriors, that might have kept silent guard of the old castle in their dead stillness, and seemed a part of it—she moved; sometimes her dress swept the front of an old chest, with the carved work of a man's lifetime upon it; sometimes she would pause before the tall mantel-piece, where the arms of her family were emblazoned, and a stern warrior's head, in medallion, looked down upon her, from the oaken laurel wreaths that surrounded him, as if in grim wonder that anything so delicate and fair could presume to represent the power his own right hand had wrested from friend or foe,

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it mattered little to those ruthless old free-booters which. Though the lady seemed to regard these things, they really made no impression upon her; for constant use makes even beauty seem commonplace, even to those who see it first with a swift leap of the heart; and Lady Holden could hardly remember the time when that haughty old head had not looked down upon her, from its place among the rare carvings, or when the antique things, that had been saved from the ruin up yonder, had not been familiar objects to her.

No, the lady was not thinking at all of the objects she seemed to look upon. As she lingered among them, however, a young girl came down the grand staircase, smiling to herself, and touching the carved bannisters with one hand, fitfully, as if her fingers were beating time to some music in her mind. A strangely beautiful picture the girl made, as she paused a moment, and leaning over the bannisters, looked down upon the lady. A Gainsborough hat, around which a long, white ostrich feather swept with a droop to the left shoulder, was altogether too pronounced for a girl of her age; but it gave a dash of wild grace to her dark features and dusky brown eyes, now full of defiant laughter, that might have seemed royal in a gipsy queen. Lady Holden could not help smiling, as she lifted her eyes, and saw that bright young face looking down upon her; but she shook her head, and waved the young girl back with her hand.

The girl shook her head also, and laughing lightly, came flying down to the hall.

"Oh, mamma—my own beautiful mamma!" she said, rushing up to the lady, and attempting to kiss her. "Let me wear it this once. Then people will think me almost as lovely as you are. I want to look like you so much."

There was something indescribably caressing even in the commonplace flattery of this young creature—an earnestness that was almost irresistible to the woman who loved her with something like idolatry. Besides, the picture she made in her saucy way of wearing that Gainsborough hat, was in itself an appeal.

"Just this once," she went on, sweeping back the suggestion of a train, all she dared venture upon, with her hand. Look at me now, and say if any one can think that I am in nothing like my own mamma."

"Who does say that?" questioned the lady, with sudden earnestness.

"Nobody with eyes; but then people are so blind! as if I couldn't see myself in the glass. Ah! here comes the ponies. Mamma, dear mamma, you will let me go just as I am, without another word; because I have set my heart upon it."

Lady Holden smiled faintly, and shook her head, but made no serious protest, for just then, a small page came into the hall, clothed in a dress of deep wine-colored cloth, and rattling innumerable buttons of filagree silver, that ornamented, it as he walked. In his hand he carried a brown hat turned up at the sides with silver cords. He was a strange little figure, but not out of harmony just then with the young mistress he served.

Bowing low before the lady, he turned to the girl with a sweep of the hat, and addressed her in French:

"Young mistress, the carriage waits."

The carriage so gracefully announced, was one of those basket phaetons that seem made exclusively for pretty women and children. This one, cushioned with purple satin and mounted with silver, seemed more like a fairy chariot than a useful conveyance.

Two cream-colored ponies, with flowing white manes and tails, were pawing the ground, as if eager to fly away with the whole establishment, and it almost seemed as if they might accomplish the feat, when the young creature in the Gainsborough, settled herself among the cushions. She gathered up the reins, scarcely giving the page time to leap to his seat behind, and dashed down the avenue, looking back and nodding to her mother as she turned the first downward curve.

Lady Holden drew a deep breath as the vehicle disappeared. In some way, the strong will and high animal spirits of the young creature she had just parted from, seemed to oppress her. She resumed her walk up and down thoughtfully, and with a feeling of self-reproach. Inheriting, from a long line of cultured ancestors, great refinement of taste, and educated with unusual care, she felt the want of harmony that existed in her nature and that of her only child, without allowing herself to dwell upon it as a serious thing, or, if she did, it was only to blame herself for the excessive love that had failed to perform a mother's duty of guidance and repression, after the daughter that was lost had been restored to her.

"Almost as lovely as her mamma," she said, in the humility of her great love. "Was there ever a time when I was so brightly beautiful as she is? My own, own darling!"

CHAPTER XIX.

That pretty phaeton dashed down the eminence on which "The Hall" was uplifted, curving in

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and out of sight with the windings of the grand avenue, and glinting through the trees, like some giant flower set adrift on a high wind, until it came in a straight line with the main entrance to the park, some two miles away. Here two lordly rows of chestnuts, in full blossom, lined the way, casting soft shadows, that seemed woven from perfume, on the girl, as she became more and more exhilarated by her drive, and urged her spirited ponies to a speed that frightened the diminutive page, behind her, half out of his wits, and set all his buttons to tinkling like a host of tiny bells.

A woman in the lodge heard this rush of wheels and the swift patter of hoofs soon enough to open the great iron gates, and drop her courtesy to the young heiress, as she dashed through. This was answered, by a wave of the whip and a cordial nod of the head, and away went the equipage along the public road, which led to a village some three or four miles beyond the park gates.

Lady Holden had, doubtless, expected her daughter to keep within the shelter of the park almost the entire distance; but the young lady preferred a route that might lead to some change of scene. She had threaded all the roads and avenues of the grand enclosure so often, that the very beauty of their solitude was irksome. With no one but gamekeepers and tame deer to look on, she found little pleasure in the fleetness of her new ponies, or in her wild fashion of handling them.

To be happy, the heiress of Aldensgate must have admirers, no matter of what rank, and those were only to be found at random on the highway, which led through the villages on the estate to a railroad station and market town farther on.

If the young lady had expected any adventure between the lodge she had just passed and the village, she was disappointed. Her way led along the park walls most of the distance, and happened to be solitary just then as the woods inside. These walls formed an angle on the edge of the village, and near that point, stood a small stone cottage, half-overrun with ivy and other creeping plants, all tangled together, and, in places, almost matted together, unpruned and left to their own rank growth, year by year, till brown leaves and dead twigs were almost as abundant as green foliage. Still, it had been a pretty cottage. There was a bow window in front, and the stone porch still had roses entangled with the negligent vine that covered it.

Miss Vance flung her reins to the page, left the phaeton standing by the door, and entered the cottage, without knocking. She was met in the narrow hall by a middle-aged female, who seemed half-bewildered in her attempts to fasten a loosely fitting dress from which half the buttons had been torn away.

"Ah! here you are; always dressing, and never dressed," said the young lady, laughing, as the woman threw both arms around her. "There, there, don't kiss me so savagely. It takes ones breath away."

The woman dropped her arms, and stepped back, her lips trembling, and her eyes full of tearful reproach.

"Remember," said the girl, with a tone of apology in her voice, "that I am a little girl no longer."

"I know, I know," answered the woman. "This is the time I have dreaded so. You are the heiress of Aldensgate, and I—"

"You are a precious old darling, who saved my life, and was more than a mother to me, or this pretty home would not have been given to you, and I should never be allowed to come here as I do. There, there, kiss me again, and do not look so sorrowful."

"How can I help looking sorrowful? All alone—all alone," said the woman, touching the blooming cheek bent to her with quivering lips. "Who on earth will care for me, now that you have outgrown the old love?"

There was something pathetic in the woman's eyes that touched her visitor keenly; she was a creature of strong, swift impulses, and the sight of that forlorn face aroused them at once.

"The old love. Why, you blessed old soul, when can my love for you cease to be old? I cannot remembered well one day of my life when you were not everything to me. Even now, I have a strange, wild remembrance of that storm sweeping over us. A boat, that seems to me like a terrible shadow, into which you were taken, while I clung, with both arms, to your neck."

"You remember this?" said the woman, earnestly. "You never will forget that."

"After that, I was with you in many strange places, and across the sea again. Then you brought me home."

"Where you are a great lady, and some day will be placed so high, that the old woman will be forgotten."

"What nonsense. One would think you had rescued a serpent from death, and was afraid of its bite."

"I am afraid of everything that threatens to separate me from the child that I saved."

"But what can do that? Will not Aldensgate be my home always? Is not this cottage yours? Surely, you have nothing to wish for."

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The woman sighed heavily.

"Come, come," said the girl, "this talk is making us both sad. I called to show you my new ponies and the pretty carriage papa sent down from London. Come and look at them."

Directly, the woman and girl stood together in the bow window, one triumphing in the splendor of her new possession, the other lost in a glow of admiration that completely annihilated all her previous anxieties.

"And this is yours—all your own," she said, with exultation. "Ah! they are giving you a taste of their greatness, at last. Why, the carriage is fit for a princess."

"And so it should be," answered the girl, with a toss of her head that made the snow-white feather flutter on her hat. "Why, nurse, don't you know that an heiress of Aldensgate is more powerful than any princess of the realm? They think that I do not know, up there at "the Hall;" but one does not need to be told."

The woman's face flushed, and her eyes shone; she turned, and gazed on the excited young creature, with intense admiration.

"Yes, you are like a princess. Young, beautiful, rich beyond counting. No one can prevent that—not even your father or my lady; and it was I who made you so."

"You?"

The woman had spoken with reckless exultation; every nerve in her usually inert body seemed to thrill with delight; but she paused, and caught her breath, as that single word fell upon her like a drop of ice, and looking up, she saw a haughty cloud on the girl's face.

"I who snatched you from the waves," she said, more quietly and half-afraid.

"Ah! in that, yes; but in saving the heiress of Aldensgate, you won no small benefit for yourself—a pretty home, an annuity that would content most gentlewomen, and a free welcome at the Hall whenever you choose to come."

"Yes, through the servants' entrance," answered the woman, moodily and under her breath.

Miss Vance caught the words and the look. A flash of amusement came to her face, and she broke into a laugh.

"Dear old soul, how it has been spoiled," she said, with a world of mischievous humor in her eyes. "Well, well, when I am lady up yonder, you shall come to the front entrance, in a carriage and four, with outriders, if you like."

This woman was not keen in her perceptions, and failed to detect the rather coarse irony of the speech.

"Ah," she said, "but that will be a long time hence?"

"Let us hope so."

"But why?"

"Why—because—oh, cannot you comprehend?"

"Only this, sweetest lady-bird: that you would then be second to no great lady in the kingdom, and might marry a prince of the blood. That is what I look forward to."

"I must go now," exclaimed the young lady, flushed and smiling; "if I stay longer, you will be aspiring to an emperor, and all this before my governess is discharged. Oh, nurse, how I do long for that to happen! There now is a kiss for each cheek. Stand there, while I drive away; you must watch the action of my ponies. Stop a minute; some one is coming!"

While she was speaking, a high drag, drawn by four horses, came up the road, and swept by the cottage, with a great clatter of hoofs and crash of wheels. A tall and remarkably handsome man sat in front, with a young lady by his side, and behind them were several persons, laughing, talking, and evidently in a state of hilarious enjoyment. One of them stooped down, as he passed the cottage, and gave a curious glance at the two persons standing in the bow window. The contrast, presented there, might well have challenged attention; for that carelessly clad woman and the beautiful girl, smiling under her Gainsborough hat, seemed to be creatures brought together from some opposite spheres.

"Who is it?" questioned the girl, breathlessly.

"It is the new man, Burnham, from Teamly," was the answer.

CHAPTER XX.

Twice each day Mosley village was so full of active life, that you might almost have mistaken it for a market town; for on its outskirts was a stone church, almost coeval with the castle, rich in antique tablets, and dim with painted glass that dated back to a time before some of the tints to be found there were lost to the arts. Then the village contained two or three mansions that still retained unbroken traces of the Elizabethan period, and these, with the history of the ruins, were enough to draw many travelers from the direct line of the railroad, and those who once found themselves in this beautiful country were often tempted to remain there long after their antiquarian curiosity was satisfied.

Thus it came about that an omnibus ran from the station to Mosley twice each day of the year, enlivening the place up with something like the

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dash which had accompanied the advent of old stage-coaches, long ago.

True, the omnibus, when reduced to a pair of over-worked horses, as it happened in the dull seasons, was no substitute for the rattle and dash of a "four in hand" wheeling up in front of the public house, built when huge cross-beams were visible in front, and diamond-pained windows were in vogue; but then it was only very old people who thought of that as a grievance, and all the long street that ran through the village, almost in a straight line, became animated when the omnibus swept through it. At such times a little group of idlers was sure to collect in front of the "Hare and Hounds" or, farther down, at the "Two Keys," an upstart new building, all flushed with paint, that looked "more like a tea-caddy than a respectable English inn," as the landlord of the Hare and Hounds was in the habit of observing to his customers.

The morning when Miss Vance started on her drive to Mosley, the omnibus set down two travelers at the old inn, both females, who had occupied outside seats, and were somewhat timid about stepping down over the wheels. Indeed, the younger one seemed to tremble, and cast such a look of terror downward, that the landlord, who always stood ready to receive his guests, lifted his portly figure up, and with one foot on the hub of the fore-wheel, helped her gallantly to the ground.

"Americans," thought the landlady, who had kept decorously behind the red maroon curtain of a window, taking swift observations of the guests that might present themselves. "Ladies, too, if they did come outside. Thick veils drawn across the face. Neat gloves and tidy little boots. Yes, undoubtedly Americans."

Here the good woman, always mindful of her duties, dropped the fold of maroon that she had been courteously holding back, and presented herself before the travelers, pleasant and smiling, as her husband had been out of doors.

"Rooms, certainly, no better in all England," she said, in reply to an inquiry made by the elder of the two females. "Step this way; only up one flight. Would you like them to look upon the castle, or toward the sea? I cannot promise a view of the water; but when the wind is right, a whiff of salt air sometimes reaches us."

"It does not matter. One room will be sufficient. This, if we can have it."

The speaker took off her veil and shook the dust from it, as she spoke, exposing the face of a woman who seemed scarcely more than thirty—a dark, striking face, lighted by a pair of black eyes heavy with fatigue and, it may be, with some deeper feeling. Lifting her hat from a mass of raven-black hair, she laid it on the bed, and turned to her companion, who was trying to unfasten her veil.

"Let me help you," she said, in a low, caressing voice, softly removing the veil from a face of such perfect loveliness, that an exclamation of surprise broke from the landlady.

"Surely not your own daughter," she said, coloring violently when she met the look of surprise turned coldly upon her, and rushing on headlong, as people will, when no language can be found in which to excuse a first mistake.

The person she addressed did not answer. She had removed the veil, lifted the girl's hat from her head, and was smoothing the soft brown hair back from her face.

"Sit down here, love," she said, wheeling a great easy chair, covered with white dimity, closer to an open window, and gently forcing the girl into it. "The height of the omnibus made you dizzy. Let this soft wind blow across your face, and the headache will pass off."

The girl smiled; from some cause she seemed unable to converse, and closed her eyes wearily. Then the elder woman made a sign to the landlady, and followed her into another room.

"My sister is worn out with a sea voyage, and stands in need of rest," she said. "This may keep us here some time; pray tell me what objects of interest there are in the neighborhood. We have seen but little of England as yet."

"Objects, oh! as for that, we have plenty here to keep a traveler busy weeks, and months, as one may say; first, there is the old castle, altogether the finest ruin in England. My Lady Holden thinks more of its smallest stones than if they were heaps of diamonds."

"Lady Holden?"

"I forget you are a stranger, and do not know. I am speaking of the countess who owns this estate—and many another, for that matter. It is to her the ruins belong. Then there is the old church—"

"Yes, I understand; but this lady, is there no lord? Is—is her husband dead?"

"Dead! Oh, dear me, no! Mr. Vance is healthy as can be, and almost as young as he was when he married my lady. She had no more title than they give him now; but got the estates and the title from her uncle, who has been lying in the family tomb ten or twelve years. But for her, and some law that makes her as good as a male heir, the old family would have run out, they tell me. The same thing might happen again, at my lady's death, and all this fine property go to the Crown; for she is

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very delicate, and her only child stolen; but the little Miss was brought safely back from beyond sea, and all is right now."

For a moment, there was silence in the room. The strange lady made a gesture as if about to speak; but the hand she half-lifted dropped into her lap. When the landlady turned to look at her, she was pale as death.

"Stolen—brought back—What are you speaking of?"

The landlady broke into an uneasy laugh,

"How stupid I am—as if you could know anything about the little heiress. Indeed, it all happened before the countess was my lady at all; and she never has been quite herself from that day to this."

"The little heiress? I cannot understand."

"Of course not. How should you? especially as the young lady is no longer little, but quite full grown, and seems older than she is; though it is not many of her age that has gone through as much," said the traveler, in a low and strange voice, that shook, as if the speaker were suffering from a chill.

The landlady, who loved to hear her own voice, was glad to take up the old romance. No other guests had come by the omnibus, and she was at leisure for a lazy and comfortable recital; so, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing one hand over the other in her lap, she went on:

"As I was saying—what I am telling, happened years ago, when Lady Holden was only Mrs. Vance. With her husband and little girl—as pretty a creature as you ever set eyes on—she was spending the warm season somewhere near Ventnor on the Isle of Wight. One day, when they all went out pleasuring on the shore, Mr. Vance and the lady walked ahead, leaving the child with her nurse, picking shells from the sand. They had only lost sight of her while you could count ten, and turned back at once, but she was gone. You may well stare at me. The story was enough to drive anyone wild. It makes me shiver now, though, I have told it, over and over again many a time—but that child might have been in the bottom of the ocean, for anything they could hear of her for days and days; but some gentleman that lived near Ventnor, had seen a strange woman prowling about the place, and, being a great friend of the family, and almost like a father to the little girl, took an idea that she might have been the kidnapper. So, without telling anyone of his suspicions, for fear of giving false hopes, he followed her his ownself from place to place, till he tracked her and the child to Liverpool, where she was meaning to take ship for the New World.

"He was too late to stop her, for she had already gone on board of an emigrant ship; but he followed in another vessel, and made sure of overtaking her on the other side; and the child was with her; but the emigrant ship was old and so worn out that she foundered at sea, and for a long time, it was thought that every soul on board went down. So they did, as far as that horrible kidnapper was concerned; but just as the good gentleman was coming home, heavy-hearted from the news he had got to take with him, news reached him, that a boat-load of passengers had been taken up at sea, and among them, was a little girl that a kind woman had saved from the wreck and taken care of.

"That good, kind man, would not go home till he had searched and searched, all over that wild country, for the little girl, and, after a long time he found her, out among the Indians, wherever they live, and sure enough, the kind woman who had saved her from the wreck, and been like a mother to her, after the horrid kidnapper was swept overboard—as she ought to have been—was a person he could trust to take care of her on the way home. She hadn't lost sight of the little one, since it came on ship-board, and could swear to that; besides, the kidnapper had got frightened when the storm came on, and told her all about the little heiress, and gave her a bundle with the very clothes in it, that the pretty creature had worn when she was stolen. So everything was made straight to that kind gentleman, and he brought the lost child back to England, with the good-hearted soul who had befriended her.

"That was a year or two after the old lord died, and Lady Holden came into the est[illegible]. I remember, as if it was yesterday, the great doings that told the whole country-side that the little heiress of Aldersgate was found. All the bells within ten miles, were set to ringing—bonfires were kindled in the ruins—all the tenants had a holiday. The nobility and gentry, far and near, came to congratulate Mr. Vance and my lady. Why, for weeks and weeks, we had not an empty room in the 'Hare and Hounds.' It was like a jubilee."

"Did Mr. Vance—did the lady recognize her child?"

The landlady regarded her listener, curiously. Her voice was so low and hoarse, that it chilled her enthusiasm.

"Oh! as for that, she had been gone upwards of two years in a strange, wild country, with only such care as the poor woman could give her, and was changed of course; that was to be expected; but the little darling remembered

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them, and threw her arms about Lady Holden's neck, after the first shy look, as if she had never been parted from her. Oh, that was a joyful time at the Hall. We shall never have another like it again."

The woman, who had listened to this story, sat with her gaze fixed on the floor, and her both hands clasped tightly in her lap some moments after the landlady ceased speaking. When she looked up, her great eyes were heavy with smouldering anxiety, and her lips were nervously drawn together.

"And this man—this good man, who brought the child back, what reward did he get for such devoted service," she asked, pronouncing the word "good" with a scarcely perceptible accent of irony.

"Reward. Oh! he was too much of a gentleman to take rewards. I have heard him say so a hundred times, when people have spoken of the trouble he had been at, and of his great deserving."

"Then you know him!"

"Know him. Yes, indeed. Of late years, this house has been like a home to him, when he visits the place. At first, he always stayed at the Hall, and no guest was ever more honored; but even then, he liked to spend an evening at the Hare and Hounds, over a glass of something strong and a quiet game of cards. The state and stiffness up yonder was sometimes too much for him, he used to say. Being a man of the world, he wished to see life in all its changes. That was his cosy habit of talking, and it made him hosts of friends."

"Then he comes here frequently?"

"Indeed. One never knows when to expect him. What with his devotion to the heiress, and his gratitude to the woman who saved her from the sinking ship, he is sure to drop in upon us every month or two, especially when Barnham of Backwell comes down with his friends; he is a great favorite with that set."

"Where does this gentleman live?"

"Really, that is asking more than I can answer. He always seems to be coming down from London, but often speaks of his property in the country as if Aldersgate were nothing to it. Still, just in what part of England it is, I don't know.

"It is a strange story that you have told me—very strange. No wonder these two persons, the woman who saved this child, and the man who searched her out, are great favorites here. Of course the woman was not above taking a reward."

"Oh! as for that, Lady Holden would give her no choice. All that she asked was the privilege of living near the child she had saved, and cared for till it had become like her own. That, no one, with a heart, could refuse her, though I do think my lady would have liked anything better; for, as was natural, she wanted all the love the child had to give, and shrunk from dividing it with this woman as a right. But we could only guess at this, as she was not likely to refuse anything to that woman. One of the prettiest little cottages on the place—that nearest the church, and close by the park walls—was given to her, with an annuity that makes her richer than the parson, and what is more to her mind, Miss Dora—"

"Dora!"

"Yes, that is the name of our young heiress—Miss Dora is permitted to visit her when she pleases. There has been a door cut in the wall, by which she can come and go, under shelter of the park all the way."

"And this woman? You have seen her, I suppose. What is she like?"

"Oh! it is easy enough judging of that for yourself, if you stay in these parts long enough; for travelers are sure to go over our church. Her cottage is just on the turn, where you leave the main street, and she is always sitting in the bow window or hanging about the porch, having little else to do. Some think her a comely woman for her age, and she might be that, with a bit more tidiness."

"How far away is this—is the church?" questioned the stranger, arising suddenly. "An old building, you say, and well worth seeing. While my sister rests, I will walk that way, if you will point out the direction."

Without waiting for her question to be answered, the woman went hurriedly upstairs, and entered the room allotted to her, and found her young companion still resting in the white easy chair. Her face was turned toward the window, and she was looking afar off at the ruined tower of the castle, in a languid state of enjoyment.

"It is strange," she said, as her sister came in, "but this scene does not seem unnatural to me. I may have seen it in a picture perhaps, only I cannot remember where. Does it strike you in the same way, Esther?"

"No, dear—no. I certainly had no idea of it!"

The girl started, and sat upright. There was something strange in her sister's voice, that disturbed the dreamy state she had fallen into.

"Why, Esther, what has happened? You look so white, your voice is so strange!"

Esther turned away, and took up her hat.

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"What nonsense," she said, with a great effort to assume her usual manner. "I am curious, and want to keep moving. The woman has been telling me of a wonderful old church, that I will search out while you are resting. It is not far away."

The young girl still looked at her sister anxiously, as Esther put on her hat, and attempted to fasten the veil.

"Your hand trembles—you are tired. Let me help you," she pleaded, forgetting her own weariness, and starting from the chair; but Esther gave the veil a sudden twist, and hurried toward the door, only saying:

"Do try and sleep a little. I will be back directly."

The landlady stood in the front entrance, when her guest came down.

"Step this way," she said, moving unto the door-step, and pointing down the street. "The church—dear me, whatever is this? Barnham of Backwell, with company on his drag. I fear, madam, that you will have to wait a bit. He is coming this way."

Esther saw a high carriage, full of people, sweeping by the inn, and drew back, waiting for it to pass; but the driver seemed to take a sudden resolution, and wheeled toward the entrance with so short a curve, that the leaders became restive. One backed, and the other reared angrily. The fierce crack of a whip brought him down, with a force that set the whole team in motion, and nearly upset the drag.

A wild cry broke through this tumult—a woman dashed past those smoking horses, and out into the road, where she planted herself directly in the way of a tiny carriage that came, leaping and bouncing from side to side, behind a pair of ponies, driven mad by the struggling team and that loud crack of the whip. A young girl sat in the phaeton, blanched with terror; for the reins had been jerked from their hold, and the desperate animals, free from all restraint, came plunging forward, with eyes on fire, their white manes streaming out like drift snow—two beautiful creatures driven mad in a single minute.

The men upon the drag, saw the awful danger that young girl was in, and one of them leaped down; but before he could take a step forward, Esther had given one leap from the bed of the road, seized the ponies by the bits, dragged them down for a moment by her weight, and then was hurled upward by the rearing animals, that, failing to fling her off, made vicious efforts to trample her under their hoofs; but she clung to them with desperate energy, and was dragged on, swaying to and fro, with each toss of their heads, while the hot foam flew over her from their galled mouths, now beginning to be flecked with blood. The fury of their speed was checked at last, for the reins got entangled among their hoofs; blood was dripping through their locked teeth, and their strained sinews seemed to give way all at once, for, with a sudden swerve, that shattered the little phaeton, and dashed Esther bleeding and lifeless to the earth, they stood together, breathing hard and quivering in all their limbs, still panic-stricken, but exhausted beyond further power of destruction.

When the people from the inn and the occupants of the drag came up, they found the young heiress of Aldensgate lying among the splintered basket-work and purple cushions of her pretty turnout, pale as death and panting with fright; but otherwise unhurt. Behind, a little distance down the road, lay a Gainsborough hat and white feather, crushed out of all shape by the wheels and hoofs that had trampled over them. Just beyond that, lay a heap of wine-colored garments and small silver buttons with a bruised hat, from under which, a scared face looked out, and a weak voice was calling piteously for help. No one heeded the page, or stopped to help the calling heiress from the ruins of her chariot. For there, lying in the dust of the highway, was the woman who had saved them both, a pallid, broken creature, lying with her face turned upward to the sun, without a sign of life or motion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SONG OF LOVE.

BY MISS E. STOCKALL.

Enamell'd with moss, and purple with heather,
Gleams the broad moor to the red setting sun;
Love! let us sit 'midst the blossoms together;
Our work for the day, like the bees' task, is done.

Sweet, oh! how sweet, is the breath of the clover,
Breeze-borne from meadow-lands over the moor;
Sweeter, yet sweeter, the blossoms that cover,
The turf at our feet and the hedges-roses o'er.

Come; the broad moor, lately purple with heather,
Dons sombre gray, for the night-parted sun;
Love! hand in hand, like two children together,
We will go home—our day labor is done.

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THE FASHIONABLE STREET.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

Two brides expectant, old school-mates, had met together for mutual congratulations.

"Where do you expect to live?" said one to the other.

"In Gorham Street. Harry has taken the prettiest little house there."

"Gorham Street!" said the other, with a scornful toss of the head. "What an unfashionable quarter! Charley is looking for one on Courteny Avenue; he says he wouldn't stoop to live anywhere else. Now, Harry, as I know, has exactly the same salary; and you can afford it as well as we can."

"But," replied the other, "Harry says that he can get a house, in Gorham Street, for little more than half; and what we save, in this way, we can spend in adorning the rooms. Besides, he says that, when people first go to housekeeping, they hardly ever make enough allowance for the extras; little outlays, for even pins, needles and thread count. Then there must be something for unexpected charities. Singly, these are not much, but they come to a great deal, in the aggregate. In consequence, if beginning on too large a scale, one finds oneself, he says, sooner or later, pinched."

"I don't think there's any danger of that, with us," answered her friend. "Charley has calculated it, very closely, he says; and finds we can easily pay the Avenue rent, and yet have enough to spare."

Three years have passed, since this conversation. The little house, in Gorham Street, is a picture to see. The walls are covered with fine line engravings, there are tasteful statuettes on brackets, bits of art-embroidery are scattered about, magazines lie on the centre-table, everywhere there are indications, not only of taste, but of a sufficient income, even if not a large one. It was only the other evening, that the young wife said to her husband:

"I went to see my old school-mate, Clara, to-day, and could not help thinking of a conversation we had, just before we married."

"What was the conversation?"

She recounted it, and then added:

"Such a forlorn-looking house as it is. It is quite plain that Clara and her husband have to strain everything, in order to pay the rent, and keep the house going. They have nothing, in consequence, left for other things. The rooms are larger than these, you see, and cost more to heat; more gas has to be burned; an extra girl, at least a half-grown one, is required. There isn't a single pretty trifle anywhere. Clara wanted to borrow some of my magazines, for she said they couldn't afford to take any. As for a new book, she declared she hadn't seen one, for two years and more. The walls are bare, not a single engraving on them: the whole house looks inexpressibly shabby. Clara talked of nothing but the expenses of housekeeping, and, poor thing, she does look care-worn enough."

Her husband answered,

"It all comes of trying to seem what they are not. They want to live among the rich, as if they also were rich. People only laugh at them for it. It was but yesterday, that I heard old Mr. Somers, referring to Charles, and saying that everybody knew he was but a bank-clerk, and really couldn't afford to live in such a house; 'he deceives nobody, except himself,' added the old man, 'he is like an ostrich, that hides its head in the sand, and then fancies nobody can find him out.' If there is one thing, more than another, that conduces to happiness, dear, it is having a decent margin, over and above your necessary household expenses. Without it, there are constant worries."

"And nothing tries the temper more than those little worries."

"Nothing. The pinch, too, comes almost always, from living in an expensive house, with the foolish idea that a big, or fashionable, one, brings social importance. How much wiser to start life on a less pretentious scale, and thus always have a margin. Don't you think, Amy, that we are happier, with these pretty things about us, in this cozy little parlor, than if we lived on the Avenue, in the comfortless rooms you describe, and pinched to pay the rent?"

"A thousand times, Harry, a thousand times," was the response.

"And here, our friends like us for ourselves, and not for our fine house. There is no sham about it."

"But best of all is, what you said first, that we are not worried for money to meet small expenses, but always have a margin. All that we save by not living, beyond our means, in a FASHIONABLE STREET."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a house-dress for a young lady, made of plain and striped cotton satine: figured and plain, may be used for the same model if preferred. The short, round skirt, barely two and a-quarter yards wide, is trimmed with four rows of knife-plaiting of the plain satine, with a band of muslin insertion, above each row, for a heading, an edging of Hamburg may be used instead of the insertion if preferred. A full drapery put on scarf-fashion, edged with Hamburg to match, covers the upper part of the skirt, it is a good deal puffed at the back. A ladder of loops of ribbon, ornaments the left side of the tablier. The bodice is made of the striped material, is cut square in front, finished with lace and ruching, and with loops of ribbon on the right



No. 1.



No. 2.

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side, similar to those on the skirt. Same forms the trimming for the cuff of the sleeve. For a more dressy costume, use Breton or Languedoc lace, instead of the Hamburg embroidery. Ten yards satine, plain, four yards striped, and twelve yards of embroidery will be required.

No. 2—Is a costume for a young lady, combined of two materials—plain and striped, or plain and figured. The short skirt has for the bottom trimming a deep knife-plaited flounce, nine to ten inches deep, made of the plain material; this is put upon a foundation, over this is arranged the lower half of what seems to be the over-dress; this is made of the striped goods, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of the plain. The panier-polonaise is made of the stripe for the under part—simulating vest, etc.—over which the plain is arranged for the upper part of the bodice, paniers, drapery at the back, sleeves. Cuffs and collar of the stripe. This is also edged with a



No. 3. (Back and Front.)

narrow knife-plaiting, save as on the lower half of the striped skirt, as may be seen. The back is looped in large pouffs. The material may be any of the light-texture woolen goods suitable for summer wear, in the same or contrasting colors; or this would be a very good model for black silk or satin, combined with striped or figured grenadine. Ten to twelve yards plain goods, and four to five yards striped, will be required for this costume.

No. 3—Is a costume for a young girl in foulard Pompadour, or chintz of the same design. We give the back and front of the dress. The skirt has five gathered ruffles, over which is arranged the over-skirt, which forms a full tablier edged with a similar ruffle put on with a heading; the back breadth is looped in one long pouff. The basque-bodice has a piece set on, gaged at intervals on the back, as may be seen; the same repeated for the trimming of the front of the bodice. Ribbon belt, finished with long loops of ribbon, ornament the bodice and front of

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tablier. Twelve to fourteen yards of yard wide chintz, or fifteen to sixteen yards of foulard silk, will be required.



No. 4.

No. 4—Is a costume for a garden-party, and is made of plain and striped batiste, in two shades of the same color, or contrasting colors, as the taste may decide. Our model is pale blue for the plain, and blue and white stripe for the other parts of the costume. The skirt is made very narrow, only two and a-quarter yards wide at the bottom. The first flounce is twelve inches deep, made of the plain blue, bordered with a band of the stripe put on lengthwise three inches deep. This flounce is gathered above it, is a ruffle four inches deep of the stripe cut bias, then one same depth of plain blue, same, the third of the stripe is put on with a heading. The skirt itself is made of the striped material. The jacket-polonaise has a simulated vest of the striped material, and the polonaise is made of the plain, bordered with a two and a-half inch wide band of the stripe put on lengthwise to match the lower flounce. The shape of the polonaise is seen in the illustration. The back is part of a width arranged in puffs like loops, and the end falls over the skirt, held in place by buttons and loops underneath. This is a very pretty model for any of the pretty muslins in plain and figured designs. Almost all costumes are combined of such. Six to seven yards of each will be required of yard-wide goods.



No. 5.

No. 5.—For a little girl of four years, we give a pretty robe of pique or nainsook trimmed with English embroidery, wheel design. The skirt is formed entirely of the wide flounce, and the waist is plaited either into a low or high-necked yoke, with or without long sleeves. If made low, an inside spencer with high neck and long sleeves is generally worn in this climate; but for the South, the low neck and short sleeve could be worn without the inside spencer.

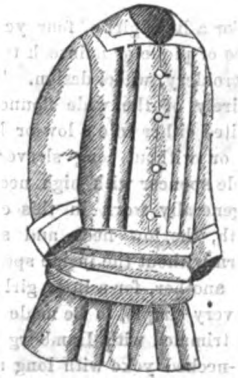
No. 6—Is another, for a little girl of three to four years, very simple, to be made of linen or percale and trimmed with Hamburg edging. A plaited high-necked yoke with long sleeves may be substituted. Made of navy blue linen or chintz, edged with white embroidery, a very serviceable and pretty costume is made for country wear.

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No 6.

No. 7.—Simple flannel blouse-dress for boy of two to four years, white linen collar and cuffs, and broad, white serge sash.



No. 7.

No. 8.—Is an apron for either girl or boy from three to five years. It is made of navy blue, soft chintz or satine plain, and trimmed with wide waved cotton braid, as seen in illustration.



No. 8.

No. 9.—Is a frock of English nainsook and Hamburg embroidery, for either girl or boy of



No. 9.

two to three years. There is a double kilted skirt; the waist is plaited back and front, the same to a square yoke edged with Hamburg. A wide belt, with ruffle of the embroidery on the lower edge, finishes the waist-line. Cuffs to match.

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No. 10.

No. 10—Is a baby's christening-robe of fine nainsook, mull, or linen cambric made with puffs and insertion of lace or muslin, bordered and edged with ruffles to match. Long sleeves can be addded.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

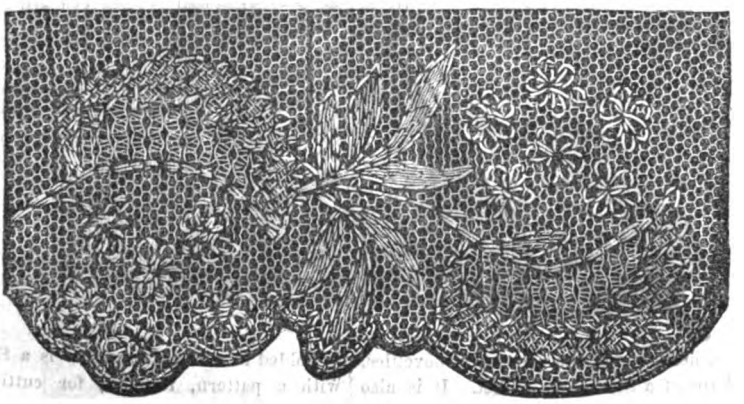
Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

DESIGN FOR DARNING: BRETONNE LACE.



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SLEEVELESS JACKET: WITH VEST.
(SEE ALSO SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, one of the very latest novelties, in the shape of a Sleeveless Jacket. It is also one of the most seasonable.

Folded in with this number is a SUPPLEMENT, with a pattern, ready for cutting out the jacket.

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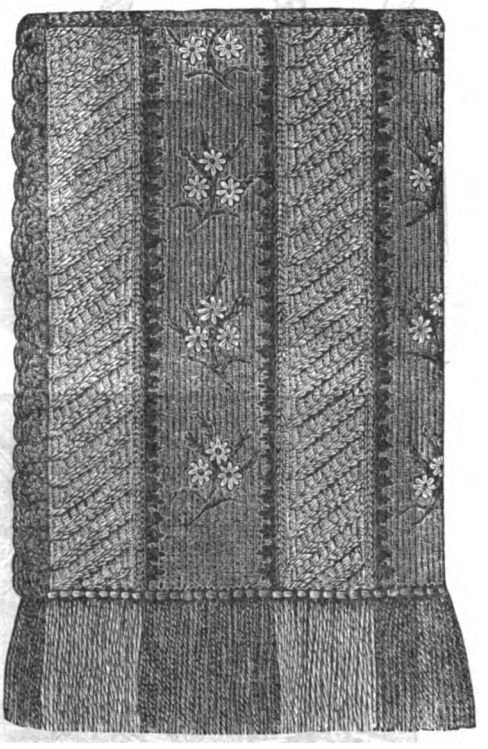
The jacket is particularly useful, when made of the same material as the dress. It consists, as will be seen, of five pieces, viz.:

I.—The Front.
II.—Half of Vest.
III.—Back.
IV.—Side-Back.
V.—Collar.

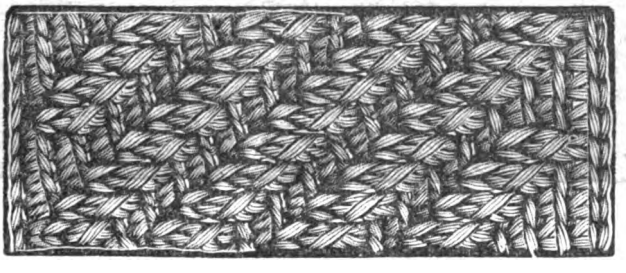
The pieces are joined by the corresponding letters and notches. Make the darts to fit the figure it is intended for. The jacket is somewhat longer than the vest. The front turns over to form the revers, as may be seen. Our model is of cambric, trimmed with embroidery and plaitings. On the Supplement are also some D'Oyley designs.

CARRIAGE RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a very pretty pattern for a carriage rug, or wrap to lie on a sofa, etc., to be worked in crochet and Point Russe. Below, we give a detail of the stripe; the one that is not embroidered. Cast on twenty-two stitches of claret-colored wool, and crochet to and fro in Victoria stitch a stripe of the required length. Then work along each side of it (the long way) as follows: With black wool * two double, take up one stitch from the stitch *below* the next marginal stitch, one stitch from the stitch below the following marginal stitch, one from below the next marginal stitch, draw the thread once through these three stitches, and then draw up with what is on the needle, repeat from *, then work the flower pattern in Point Russe, with green, white, and claret filoselle. For the stripes of pale fawn, cast on a sufficient number of stitches, and crochet the long way as follows: First and second rows: Double crochet. Third row: One double, then alternately one long treble in the vertical part in the next stitch in the last row but one, miss one, three double in next three stitches. Fourth row: Two double, then alternately one long treble in horizontal part of stitch in the last row but one, miss one, three double, repeat ten times the preceding row, letting the long trebles advance by one stitch in every row, and beginning new patterns, as is shown to be necessary for the slanting lines represented in the detail below. The stripes are put together with a row of white filoselle in double crochet. For the scallops round the outer edge, crochet with claret-colored wool as follows: * one double, miss one, five treble in next stitch, miss one, repeat from *, work a row of double crochet, and knit a fringe of four strands of wool, ten inches long and folded in half.



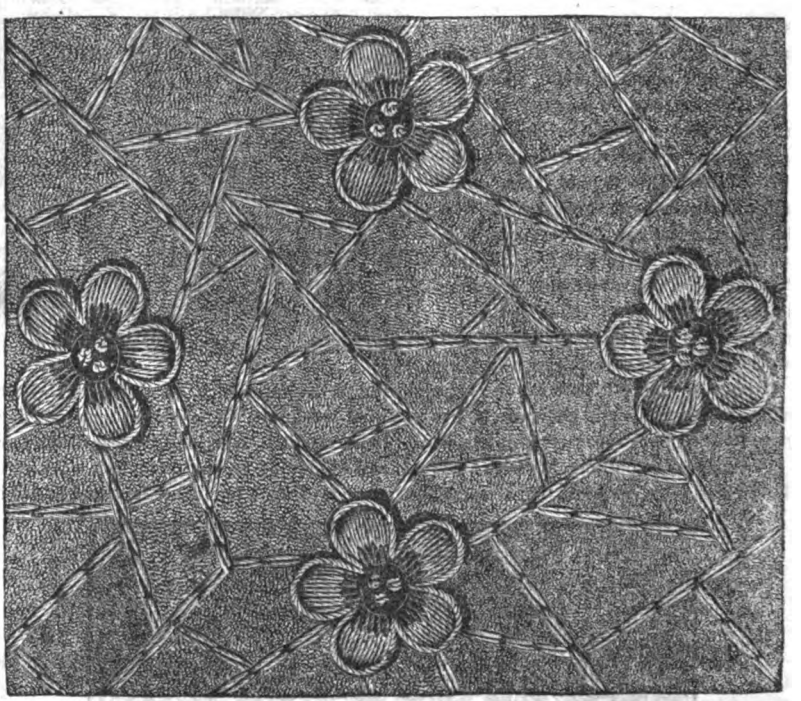
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LOUIS XV. TABLE: CLOVER LEAF TOP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



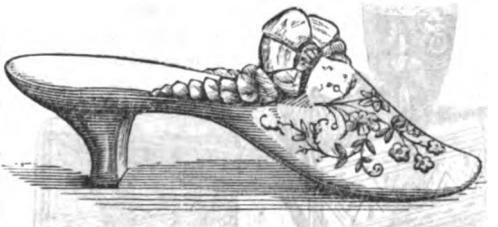
We give this pretty little table complete, and with it the design in full-size for embroidering the cover The table of this shape can be bought in all the large cities, with walnut or ebony finished frame, and pine tops, which are covered with the embroidered material stretched on tightly, and finished with long bullion fringe in worsted or silk or the two mixed. This design is done upon cloth or felt, black, sage-green, or pale blue. The embroidery is done in crewels and floss silk. The daisy pattern is done in white, shaded into a pale gray towards the centre; and all the centres are of yellow floss silk, with the three dots in white silk. The irregular design connecting the flowers is done in long chain-stitch, and yellow floss silk. Have the fringe made to match, and tack it on with the tiny furniture tacks which come for the purpose.



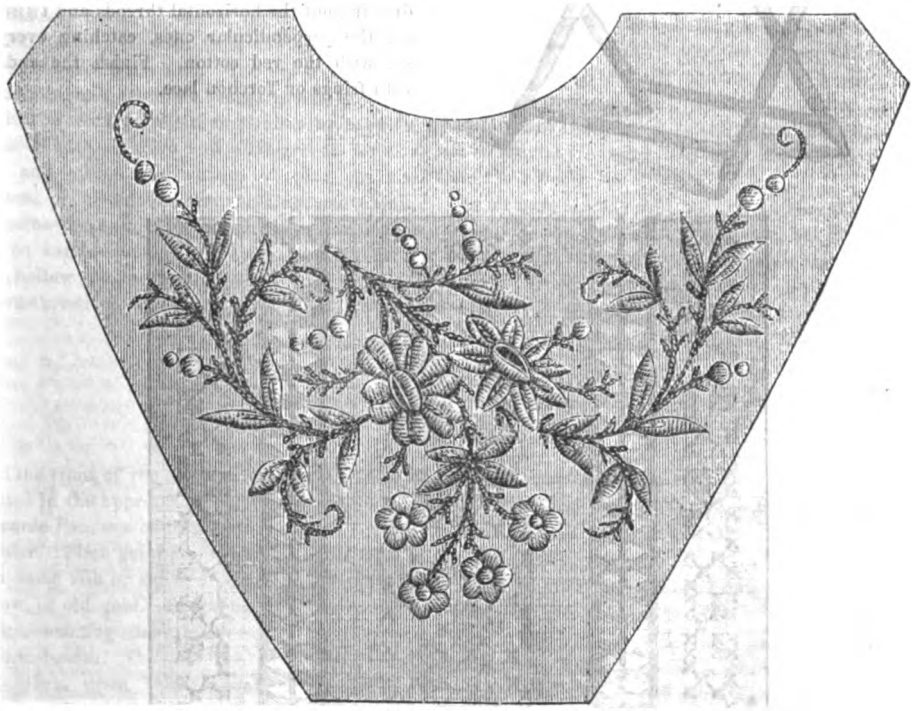
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LADY'S SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a beautiful design for a lady's slipper, and below, a pattern full-size, for working it. It is of what is called the "Watteau;" that is, it has no back. The material may be either satin, cloth, or velvet, and the embroidery may be carried out either with silks of various colors or with several shades of the same color This design also looks well if worked with gold thread on a black velvet ground. If satin is used, it must be lined with either muslin or cambric before commencing the embroidery.



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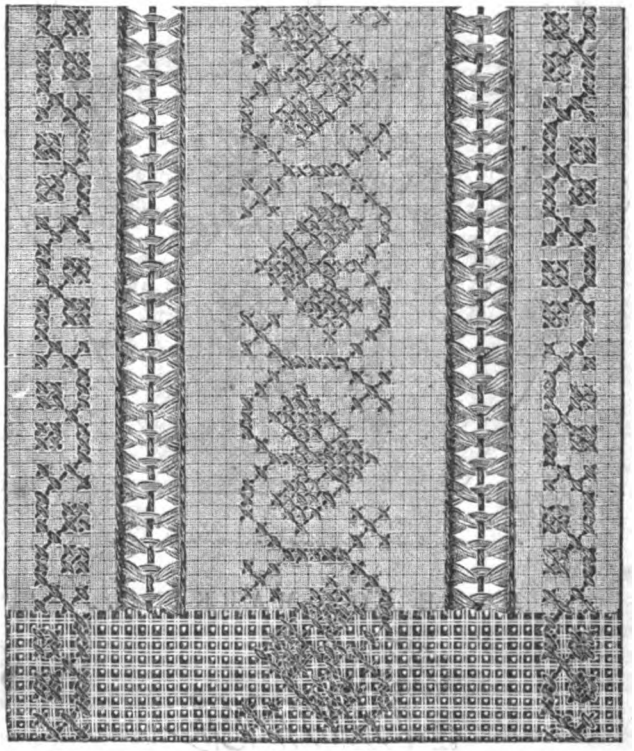
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TEA-TABLE CLOTH: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Lunch and tea-table cloths are very fashionable at present, and a very effective result is obtained by working cross-stitch in white crochet cotton on Turkey red twill, or by working white damask in Turkey red cotton, or red crewels, either of which wash well Our model is white damask, and over it a piece of canvas is tacked; the design is then worked in cross-stitch with the red cotton, and after it is finished, the threads are drawn away. The open lines are produced by drawing out the horizontal threads and twisting the perpendicular ones, catching every six with the red cotton. Finish the ends with fringe or Torchon lace.



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TOILET TABLE: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a design for a toilet-table of the latest fashion. To make it, get a simple pine table of a size and height convenient, and use for the foundation of this toilet.

The drapery is of Java canvas, cream color, but the toilet can be draped, in white muslin, over colored Silesia, cretonne, or silk, or anything to suit the furniture of the room it is intended for. Our model is embroidered on cream-colored Java canvas. The design for the embroidery we give in the full size, both for the curtain and for the border of the top cover. The curtain, as may be seen from the illustration, is laid in double box-plaits. The top of each plait is embroidered, after the design given, in cross-stitch, the work done either in silks or crewels.

Use shades of olive and olive-greens for the vase and stems, and shades of pink for the flowers, or alternate them, making some pink, and some blue, or, if preferred, the whole design can be carried out in cardinal and dark blue. The hollow parts of the plaits are done in drawn-thread work, which is simply drawing out the threads, and then crossing them, forming a herring-bone stitch.

The border is edged with an antique lace, into which tassels made of the different colored crewels are tied. The pin-cushions, hair-pin stand, and all the furniture for the top of the toilet, are made to correspond.

If the fancy glass cannot be procured, a very pretty substitute can be made by taking any ordinary glass, of the same, or say larger size, either long or oval, and covering the frame with a piece of embroidery to match. This can easily be arranged by taking out the glass, and tacking the embroidered band upon the frame, before replacing the glass. Of course, such a glass would have to be hung above the toilet in position, but the effect is equally good, although not so elegant; but then it is much less expensive than the glass in our model.

As we have already said, we give an engraving, not only of the Toilet-Table complete, but of the details of the border for the top, and vase and flower ornament for the drapery, for all of which see the front of the number.

COVERED JAPANESE FAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in the appropriate colors, for a Covered Japanese Fan, one of those pretty fancies now so popular. First get a fan of any size you wish; then some silk or satin, of black and mandarin yellow, or old gold. Shape and cut as seen in design, seaming the pieces neatly together in overhand-seam. Cut out the little fans, and baste them upon the foundation; buttonhole the edges fine and neatly, with the silk of contrasting color. The designs are to be done in different colored silks, in the long stem-stitch. The best silks to use are the embroidery silks split, or else sewing silks not too coarse. After the fans are embroidered, then carefully baste the covering upon the fans, and make a second piece for the back, either all in one piece or two, as preferred. Cut the exact shape in paper, and cover the paper in the same way as for a square of silk patch-work; back this to the upper side of the fan, and over-seam neatly on the edge. Now, the edge may either be bound with a narrow gold-colored silk braid, or a fine cord can be held, and buttonholed in long stitches to hold it in place. Finish with a tiny bow of ribbon at the handle. Such fans are covered in this manner, with any two contrasting colored silks, and the decorations may be appliquéd as these are, or else embroidered in silks. The designs are usually Japanese, or else a single spray of flowers with their foliage. Two or three violets and leaves, buttercups, or daisies, or the wild rose, or apple blossom, but only one small spray dashed across the fan, part on one of the colored silk, part on the other. We need only add: these decorations, if painted on the silk, are most artistic, and, of course, more beautiful. A handle, twelve inches long, finishes.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

IT IS NOT MONEY, after all, that is the indispensable thing in making a house beautiful. Good taste does much more. A few dollars will cover your walls with prints from Raphael, Rubens, Da Vinci, Ary Shaffer, Reynolds, Turner, Gainsborough, and others. If the husband will deny himself a few cigars, or the wife some bit of jewelry, they can have statuettes after Phidias and Praxeteles, or Venus of Milo, the Fawn, the Dying Gladiator, or the choice of scores besides. The rich man pays thousands for a marble figure of Nydia, or the Greek Slave. But it is not the material, it is the idea, that gives value in art. We have seen costly statues, in the whitest Carrara, that were less beautiful than a plaster cast of the Venus, because the sentiment of the latter shone through even the cheap material, while in the former there was no sentiment at all. There are tens of thousands of parlors, in these United States, where more money has been spent on gaudy, meretricious furniture, than would have crowded the walls with the works of the great masters of all time, and covered the tables with the books of the mightiest thinkers. It will not do, therefore, to say, that only the wealthy can surround themselves with beautiful things.

For, even if you think you cannot afford a good engraving, or a plaster bust, or a tasteful terra-cotta vase, you can have vines growing in your windows, or a bit of fern, or at most a few dried grasses. Shelly used to say: "Give Leigh Hunt eighteen pence, and he will make any room elegant;" and what Leigh Hunt could do, others can. A creeper trailing from a bracket, or a photograph of some rare picture, neither of which cost much, will lift what, otherwise, would be a common room, into the regions of the beautiful. Or, for a very trifling sum, a miniature conservatory may be built. You have but to tack a small angular projection, with a sloping roof, consisting of glass panes in a wooden frame, to a window looking south, and you have what, while seeming as a refuge for plants in winter, will transfigure your little parlor into an Arcadia of loveliness. It is a popular cry, now-a-days, that "there should be nothing that doesn't pay." But what pays better than these cheap, innocent decorations, that gratify the soul's aspirations for the beautiful?

"MOST BEAUTIFUL AND READABLE."—The Villasca (Iowa) Review says of our last number, "that most beautiful and readable of ladies magazines, 'Peterson's,' has arrived, and, ladies, if you appreciate a magazine devoted to the interests of your class, and one of the highest order, subscribe at once."

THE ENGAGEMENT RING should be worn on the left hand, and on the finger next to the little finger, the same where the wedding ring is to be worn. When the wedding takes place, the wedding ring is put below the engagement ring, which is then worn as a shield to the other.

TO THOSE WHO PREFER it, either our "Gems Of Art," or "The Pictorial Annual," will be sent, *instead of the large-sized engraving*, as a premium for getting up a club. Each of these contains twenty-five steel engravings of the size and character of the one in this number.

COLORED BED-QUILT.—A new style is a five inch band of pretty flowered chints stitched on to the ordinary counterpane. It is placed so as to show well when the quilt is on the bed, and at a good distance from the edge. Very often this band of chintz is the same as for upholstering the room. Another effective style is a broad band of pink, blue, or red twill stitched on, and ornamented at each edge with long herringbone stitches of colored thread, and in the centre with white daisies worked in wool. Some of the new day bed-quilts for covering are of self-colored satinette, or satin sheeting, lined with alpaca, and edged with coarse lace or guipure d'art. If the vandyked guipure is used, it is put on double, the points of one row turning on to the quilt; these points are tacked in their place. The second row is put on as a flounce, with a little fulness. The sal de nuit generally matches. One of these colored quilts, that we have seen, had the four corners and the centre ornamented with wreaths of flowers in chenille and muslin, in imitation of old work, the leaves being of green and brown chenille, and the flowers and buds of muslin. The muslin flowers are quickly made by a strip being folded and neatly puckered up, and tacked on to imitate roses and buds and other flowers. Coverlids are sometimes fantastic and elaborate. All old brocades and embroideries are looked up, and arranged with satin, etc., for ornamental purposes. For similar use, colored oat meal cloth looks well if edged with deep lace and ornamented all round with a border of some kind, either appliqué or embroidered.

THE FASHIONS GIVEN in this magazine, remember, are not the home-made absurdities, got up at third-rate dressmakers for dry-goods dealers, and without style, novelty, or elegance. On the contrary, they are the very latest Paris novelties, sent out expressly for "Peterson," and selected with particular reference to the needs and taste of American ladies. "Peterson," in fact, is no catch-penny periodical, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and depending on flash for a temporary success. For more than thirty years it has been the exponent of fashion, and depends still, as it always has, for success, on the fidelity, elegance and appropriateness of its designs.

SEE THE SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, for four designs for *D'Oyleys* to be worked in outline stitch. In the June and May numbers, respectively, we gave eight other designs, making, with these, twelve in all. We also gave, in the May number, an engraving for the *D'Oyley* itself, with directions how to make it. Each *D'Oyley* is to be made alike, but a different design is to be worked in the centre; and as we have now given twelve designs, our subscribers can make up the complete dozen for their tea-tables.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, "Louise, Queen Of Prussia," is one of those masterpieces only to be found in "Peterson." The article, which it illustrates, "Royal Beauties Of This Century," with its other accompanying portraits, also deserves particular attention.

FOR TWO DOLLARS, sent to "Peterson," you get more for your money, than in any other way. Not to be a subscriber to "Peterson," is to be outside the world of art, literature and fashion.

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A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity for new subscribers. During the coming six months, we shall have a succession of stories, the best we have ever published; while the steel engravings, colored patterns, etc., etc., will be quite unrivalled. Old subscribers cannot do better than to speak of this to their friends, and induce them to take "Peterson," as the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books. Our prices to clubs, for the present, remain the same, though if paper continues to advance, we shall have to raise them. We advise everybody, therefore, to subscribe at once, so as to avail themselves of these low prices. Remember, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our premium engravings; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy of the magazine as a premium, all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our engravings as a premium; all postage free. If you wish to begin with January, instead of July, back numbers can be supplied. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those really wishing to make up clubs.

THE DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN character of this magazine is one of its features of which we are most proud. It is essentially NATIONAL, as its title implies. Its stories, instead of being reprinted from English periodicals, are all *written originally* for it. "Peterson," in fact, was one of the first magazines to pay its writers; and it has never deviated from that practice. Many authors, now eminent, first appeared in "Peterson." Its literary tone, in consequence, has never been foreign, but always American. In the deluge of cheap, and mostly worthless, reprints, with which the country is now being flooded, "Peterson" is almost the only ladies magazine which publishes original stories, and from American writers. It is really the one that families of refinement generally take.

ATLANTIC CITY is destined to become to Philadelphia what Brighton has become to London. It is about the same distance from Philadelphia that the great English watering place is from London, and is now so accessible, through the trains of the Philadelphia and Atlantic Railroad, that it can be reached in less than two hours. The air is so salubrious, even in winter, that many physicians send their patients there instead of to Florida; and in summer, the place is simply unrivalled as to climate, except by Newport. No other sea-side resort, this side of Block Island, has anything like the advantages, in this respect, that Atlantic City has.

THREE SPIRITED NOVELETS will appear in "Peterson," during the next six months, in addition to the powerful one by Mrs. Stephens. They will be "The Lost Talisman of Montezuma," by a new contributor; "In Three Acts," by Frank Lee Benedict; and "The Maid of Muhlen," by Mrs. M. Sheffey Peters.

OUR "SUPPLEMENT."—The Baldwin (Mich.) Star says: "The pattern sheets given extra with each number of 'Peterson,' twelve each year, are alone worth the subscription price." Hundreds of other newspapers say the same.

"OF SURPASSING INTEREST."—The Columbia (Ky.) Spectator says, "the stories in 'Peterson' are of surpassing interest, this year: it is a good time, now, to subscribe for this splendid magazine."

"PETERSON" AGAIN AHEAD.—So says the Mt. Pulaski (Ill.) Citizen, and adds: "This number outstrips all former ones: there's no use talking; everything in 'Peterson' is first class."

WE DO NOT GIVE PREMIUMS for subscribing to "Peterson." No magazine of real merit does. For, when a premium is given, it comes out of the magazine, which is, to that extent, worse than it otherwise would have been. "Peterson" only gives premiums to persons for getting up clubs. This is to repay them, for the time spent in canvassing. When either a newspaper, or magazine, offers a premium to *people to subscribe for it*, you may conclude that the periodical is not worth the money asked for it. No really good magazine has to bribe people, in this way, to take it.

THE COMBINATION of materials in both morning and afternoon costumes is peculiar this season. The self-colored French buntings, so popular last summer, are now combined with figured foulards; cashmeres in the new heliotrope shades, in which a gray tinge prevails, are made up in conjunction with summer foulards; the new "tiger-spotted" pongée, which is écru with velvet spots on it, is made up with striped pongée; in fact, there is no end to combinations.

BODICES FOR EVENING WEAR are decidedly undergoing an alteration; for the reason, I believe, that it has become the custom in Paris to dance much later in the season than formerly. In other days we only danced in winter, but now the most brilliant *réunions* come.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Initials. By the Baroness Tautphœus. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—In the dearth of really good recent novels, it is a pleasure to meet a new edition of the "Initials." We have read the book, more than once, and could read it, we think, every year, if we had the leisure. As a love-story it has hardly ever been equalled. In all fiction there is no heroine to surpass Hildegarde: she is at once so intelligent, yet feminine, so true and so noble. Then the sketches of life in Bavaria are so vivid, that the reader seems to have lived in Munich in winter, or summered among the Bavarian hills. A very handsome new edition, tastefully bound in cloth.

Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon. By the Duchess d'Abrantes. 2 *vols.*, 8*vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—Those who have read the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, should read these, by the wife of Junot, Duc d'Abrantes. As the former was written under a strong legitimist bias, these are written from the exactly opposite point of view. Yet, when allowances are made for this dissimilarity, the result, so far as the personal character of Napoleon is concerned, is substantially the same. The verdict of history must be, that, though Napoleon was probably the greatest soldier that ever lived, he was, personally, one of the most selfish and unscrupulous of men.

Agnes Graham. By Sarah A. Dorsey. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—There is enough plot in this novel for half-a-dozen of the ordinary kind. The story opens in Europe, is then transferred to Washington, is subsequently carried South, and finally returns to the Old World. Mrs. Dorsey was a well-known lady of Mississippi, distinguished for her culture, not less than for her wealth, so that her sketches of life and society have, among their other advantages, that of being strictly accurate. The story cannot fail, apart from this, to interest the reader.

Mrs. Beauchamp Brown. 1 *vol:* 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is one of the "No Name Series" of novels, and therefore appears anonymously. But we think we can recognize, between the lines, the fine hand of one of our own contributors.

The Roman Traitor. By W. H. Herbert. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* A story of the days of Cataline, told with great skill. A very powerful, historical novel, indeed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE for this magazine. "No family," as one of our weekly cotemporaries says, "ought to be without 'Peterson:' it is within the means of every one; emphatically it is *the cheapest as well as the best.* The Supplements alone, with their full-size dress-patterns, are worth the price of each number. 'Peterson' still gives the best stories of any lady's book."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE for Dyspepsia, Mental Exhaustion, etc. I have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in a number of cases in which it is recommended with good effect. J. I. ROOKER, M. D., Noblesville, Ind.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No sour-curd or wind-colic; no feverishness or Diarrhœa; no congestion or worms, and no cross children or wornout mothers where castoria is used.

ORGANS AND PIANOS.—The Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, comes to the front with what we consider the greatest offer ever made on first-class Pianos and Organs. The celebrated instruments of his manufacture have attained a world-wide celebrity for purity of tone, excellency of workmanship and every quality that can make instruments *desirable and durable.* A fairer and more liberal offer was never made, for, if in any particular the description differs from the advertisement, Mayor Beatty will take it back and pay all freight charges both ways. As an evidence of his immense popularity among those who know him best, we mention the fact of his re-election last week as Mayor of his city by an overwhelming majority. Any one contemplating the purchase of an Organ or Piano should send for his latest illustrated circular, which is complete in every detail. Read his Advertisement.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII.—BLAZING STAR—STAR-GRASS—ALETRIS FARINOSA, AND HELONIAS DIOICA.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERS.—Leaves all radical, linear-lanceolate, acuminative, pale yellowish-green, stellately spreading on the ground, six to eight inches—hence one of its names. Scape two to three feet high, with a few very small remote bracts, terminating in a white-flowered raceme six to twelve inches long Found in open, moist, green woodlands, flowering in June and July. The root is small, crooked and branched, black externally, brownish within, and intensely bitter. This plant is frequently confounded with the *Helonias*, called also by some botanists blazing star, the root of which is wholly unlike the Aletris, being very short and premorsed, or as having been bitten off.

It is an excellent medicine for the many women of our country suffering from debility, impaired digestion, defective nutrition, and consequent flatulency and colic; nausea and vomiting; dysmenorrhœa, leucorrhœa, prolapsus; and in convalescence of any disease. Night sweats and depression of spirits are also promptly relieved by the root of this little plant, which can be found generally throughout the country. The root should be well bruised, if freshly dug, or, if dried, ground fine, and tinctured in diluted alcohol, say four ounces to the pint, of which five to fifteen drops, one hour after meals, in a little water is a suitable dose.

This plant is also called *colic* root and False Unicorn root, the same as the Helonias, and hence the two had better be compared, distinguished and separated now. The distinguishing features are the leafless stems, regular flowers, and small, crooked, branching fibres of the roots of the former; the leafy stems, dicecious flowers, and short bulbous-like root, say one-half inch thick, and three-fourths inch long, of grayish color, of the latter. And yet, many druggists sell them indiscriminately, and do not know the one from the other. The writer has known several persons, subject to colic, to habitually carry one of these small, hard, grayish roots in their pockets, to be ready at all times (*semper paratus,*) to grate or scrape off a few grains, mix in hot water, and take for immediate relief. Moreover, the root being somewhat like a small oblong nutmeg, can readily be grated, and a portion like a wheat grain be taken in water three or four times a day, for colic, cramps, indigestion, want of appetite, depression of spirits and the other diseases already mentioned.

The active principle of the former is called *aletrin*, or *aletridin*, which, if used, should be triturated with sugar—ten grains to ninety—of which five grains is an average dose.

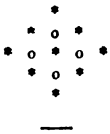
The active medicinal principle of the helonias is *helonin*, and should be triturated with nine times its weight of sugar, and used in doses of one to five grains. The active principle is preferred by many, and has cured cases of diabetes, Bright's disease, and other affections of the kidneys, bladder, etc. In these cases, the dose should be repeated every two or four hours.

Helonin proves of great value in uterine, vaginal and urethal debility. Dyspepsia, with mal-assimilation as connected with diabetes, yields to helonin, as it improves appetite, and gives power and tone to the digestive functions. It is a medicine that will prevent the formation of worms, when once expelled.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

No. 72.—DIAMOND DROPS.



Marblehead, Mass. PHINAULTÉ.

No. 73.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in whimbrel, but not in kite.
My second is in white-ant, but not in mite.
My third is in grayling, but not in sole.
My fourth is in black-fox, but not in mole.
My fifth is in Clarence, but not in Mike.
My sixth is in gilt-head, but not in pike.
My seventh is in wildness, but not in tame.
My whole is a Brazilian bird,—now name.

Dunkirk, N. Y. "MY DOT."

No. 74.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

My whole is a man's name. Transpose and I am wicked. Again, and I am to exist. Once more, and I a covering.

Laconia, N. H. LAURA E. RANDLETT.

No. 75.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven lettters. My 5, 7, 11 is a cave

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My 5, 10, 3 is to clothe. My 1, 4, 9 is a plain. My 8, 2 is myself. My whole is dexerity of hand.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

No. 68.

COD. 1. Rod. 2. God. 3. Nod. 4. Sod. 5. Hod. 1. Cow. 2. Cog. 3. Can. 4. Cob. 5. Cot.

No. 69.

Dictionary.

No. 70.

1. Sewer, ewer. 2, Chart, hart. 3. Orange, range. 4. Trout, rout. 5. Twine, wine. SCOTT.

No. 71.

S
PAP
NATAL
LOGICAL
BERED
SIR
C

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

THE LITTLE FOLKS can have made for them, or can make for themselves if old enough, very capital sailors, nurses, etc., out of the merry thoughts of fowls. The head is made of wool and sealing wax covered with white calico, which should be slightly painted for the face. The two bones make the legs, the upper portion being stuffed for the bodies. And the shell of a lobster can be turned to very good account, especially if converted into the semblance of a college professor, wearing his academic gown. Two of the lobster's legs make the man's legs, and must be fastened to a square piece of wood for a stand; the outer shell of the body must be placed upright and stuffed, the stuffing covered in the front with black velvet made to look as much like a waistcoat as can be, with a row of steel beads down the front for buttons. Two more legs make arms, a piece of newspaper placed in them keeps up the delusion. The pincer ends of the claws, with tiny spectacles across them, and a college cap, poised on the top, forms the head-piece. Sometimes, however, a piece of colored candle is moulded into a capital face, with beads for eyes, and morsels of frisette for whiskers, hair, and moustaches. An academic robe depends from where the shoulders should be.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Lamb Cutlets and Cucumbers.—Trim the cutlets neatly, egg and bread-crumb them, and fry them in lard a light-brown color; drain and arrange them in a circle on a dish, placing in the centre cucumber prepared as follows: Cut up a large cucumber in rounds an inch long, cut each round into four quarters, remove the seeds and rind, and trim each piece to a uniform shape. Then let them remain in salted water for a couple of hours; drain them, throw them into boiling salted water, and when they are nearly cooked, strain and put them into cold water, there to remain till wanted. At the time of serving, take the pieces out of the water, and put them into a saucepan, with a piece of butter, some parsley finely minced, and a sprinkling of white pepper. Shake them gently till quite warm, and they are ready.

Mutton Cutlets and Tomatoes.—Trim from the cutlets all superfluous fat, dip them in an egg beaten up, and some pepper and salt; then roll them in bread-crumbs, and let them rest for a couple of hours. Peel some good-size tomatoes; make an incision around the stalk end, and remove all the pips, taking great care in doing so to preserve the tomatoes whole. Lay them in a stewpan with a small quantity of good stock, some parsley and basil, mixed fine, pepper and salt to taste; let them stew very gently till done. Fry the cutlets a nice color in plenty of butter; arrange them in a circle on a dish, and put the tomatoes in the centre, with as much of their gravy as is necessary.

Dormers (Cold-Meat Cookery).—Chop one pound mutton, three ounces beef suet, pepper and salt to taste, four ounces boiled rice, one egg, and bread-crumbs. Mix these ingredients well together, and roll in sausages; cover them with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in hot dripping to a nice brown. Serve in a dish with gravy poured over them, and a little in a tureen.

VEGETABLES.

Tapioca and Tomatoes.—Soak a tablespoonful of tapioca in water for a couple of hours, set it to boil, adding a little more water till quite done to the consistency of porridge. Add pepper, salt, and a little fresh butter. Cut two tomatoes in half, remove pips and watery substance, sprinkle with a little pepper and salt. Fill each half-tomato with the tapioca, sprinkle the top with grated Parmesan and baked bread crumbs, put them into the oven for twenty minutes, and serve.

Tomatoes Stewed.—Cut four ripe tomatoes into quarters, and remove the pips and watery substance; cut an onion into the thinnest possible slices; put these into a saucepan, with a large piece of butter, and keep shaking the saucepan on the fire until the slices of onion are cooked, but not browned; then add the quarters of tomatoes, with pepper and salt to taste, and toss the whole on the fire until the tomatoes are cooked, which will be in about ten minutes.

Stewed Cucumber.—Peel and cut a large cucumber into six or eight segments lengthwise; immerse for a quarter of an hour in a pint of cold water, in which a teaspoonful of salt has been put; drain, and remove the seeds; put into a stewpan, with a cupful of stock, a finely-chopped shalot, half a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a good sprinkle of white pepper, half a tablespoonful of vinegar, one ounce butter, and half a saltspoonful of salt; simmer for an hour.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Peel fine ripe tomatoes; cut them up in small pieces, and put in a pan a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of tomatoes, with pepper, salt, and some pieces of butter; then put another layer of bread-crumbs and tomatoes, and so on till the dish is full. Spread some beaten egg over the top, and set it in the oven and bake it.

DESSERTS.

Yorkshire Curd and Cheesecakes.—To make the curds procure some good buttermilk, and keep it a day or two; then put a couple of quarts of milk (old is best) into a basin in the oven. When it is simmering take it out, and ladle some buttermilk by separate spoonfuls into it, giving it a gentle stir between each spoonful. As soon as the milk begins to look like whey be cautious not to add too much buttermilk; and when curds appear in the milk, and the whey becomes thin, cease adding the buttermilk. Next tie the curds in a strainer or piece of canvas, and hang them up to drain for some hours. To make the cheesecakes, add

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a cupful of cream or good new milk to the curds, a cupful of cleaned currants, a cupful of loaf sugar pounded fine, an ounce of mixed peel cut up, and a pinch of salt. Mix all these; then add a couple of eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately) and a wineglassful of rum or brandy. The curds are then ready. Line patty pans with good puff pastry; fill them with the curds, and bake in a quick oven.

Bread Pudding.—To one pint of milk add three ounces pounded sugar and a very little salt, pour it boiling on one half-pound bread-crumbs, add one ounce fresh butter, and cover with a plate; let them remain for half an hour or more, and then stir to them four well-whisked eggs and a flavoring of nutmeg or of lemon-rind, pour into a buttered basin, tie a paper and cloth over, and boil for an hour and a-quarter. One-half pound currants is generally considered an improvement.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Morella Cherries (Preserved).—Take equal quantities of sugar and cherries, cut off the stalks from the cherries, wipe them clean with a soft cloth, and strew over them a little finely-powdered sugar; boil the sugar with one pint of water to every three pounds of sugar, clarify it with whites of eggs, strain it, and then boil it to candy height. The next day boil up the cherries with the syrup for five minutes, and let them remain in the syrup for four-and-twenty hours; strain off the syrup, boil it again to the second degree, and pour this over the cherries. The next day boil up the sugar to the third degree, dip each cherry separately in the syrup, and put them on a sieve in a warm place to dry.

Apple Jelly (Scotch Recipe).—Codling apples are best for the purpose; but any kind of juicy apples will do. Wipe and core the fruit very quickly, so that the color does not spoil, leaving on the skin. Cut each apple into eight pieces, put them in the preserving pan with sufficient water to cover them; simmer them until the pieces are quite soft, but take them from the fire before they boil into a mash, strain the juice through a muslin bag; return it to the pan, allow fourteen ounces of loaf sugar to every pint of juice, boil twenty minutes. If the flavor of lemons is liked, allow the juice and thin rind of one lemon to every six pounds of apples.

Rhubarb Jelly.—In answer to "Wild Irish Girl," wipe, peel, and cut up quite small some fresh rhubarb, put it into a preserving pan with a very little water, and the thin rind of half a lemon to every pound of fruit. Boil until reduced to a pulp. Strain the juice, weigh it, and allow one pound of pounded sugar to every pound of juice. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, boil, skim, and when it jellies on the skimmer pour into pots, and tie down when cold. If boiled too long it will become like molasses.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Mash two quarts of raspberries, let them stand in a pan to get sour, strain the juice through a sieve, and to every pint put one pound loaf sugar, and a pint of the usual white wine vinegar; let it boil ten minutes; skim, and, when cold, bottle.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF ÉCRU-COLORED FOULARD, STRIPED WITH BLUE, worn over an écru-colored silk. The under-skirt has two narrow knife-plaitings, and is in gathered draperies in front; the *paniered* over-dress and deep basque are trimmed with blue fringe. The front of the V-shaped bodice is filled in with ruffles of *crêpe lisse*. White straw hat, with white feather and roses.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED GAUZE. The bottom is trimmed with a knife-plaited ruffle; and in front, where the drapery curves, is another deeper ruffle beneath the ends of ribbon. The very deep basque is made with slight paniers to correspond with the draping of the skirt, and like the skirt, is trimmed with knife-plaitings of Breton lace. Wide "footing," plaited in this way, would look very well. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with white satin ribbon, hawthorn and red roses.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK BLUE FIGURED BUNTING. The round under-skirt has a deep kilt-plaited ruffle. The over-dress is of figured bunting, made in princess style. Coarse straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF PONGEE of the natural color of the silk. The skirt is trimmed with knife-plaitings and with bands of pompadour figured foulard. The basque-bodice is trimmed to correspond. It closes at the neck, then opens over a small foulard vest and a lace jabot, and the revers are faced with the foulard. The bonnet is of white chip, trimmed with pink roses and May green leaves.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS OF PALE YELLOW SURAH SILK. This silk is of an exceedingly soft, twilled kind, and very cool for summer wear. The skirt is kilt-plaited, terminating in a wide flounce at the bottom; the over-skirt is laid in plaited draperies, and the deep plain bodice, as well as the skirt, has draperies of blue twilled foulard silk, striped with Oriental colors, and finished with loops and ends of blue and black faced satin ribbon. A collarette of the Oriental foulard, ornaments the open bodice. Yellow straw hat, trimmed with blue satin ribbon, a feather and pompon, and a small cluster of buttercups.

FIG. VI. AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF A BLACK GRENADINE HOUSE-DRESS. The narrrow ruffle around the bottom is of the grenadine, with a satin insertion. The gathered front of the skirt, as well the wide ruffle at the side, is also of satin. The revers on the skirt are of grenadine, striped with satin. The princess bodice, has the *paniers* edged with a rich jet fringe. The satin-striped grenadine forms a vest alone, with a shirring of the plain satin coming down to a point at the bottom of the bodice.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC MUSLIN, with closely plaited flounces of the same material. Polonaise and *panier* trimmed to correspond. The front breadth of the skirt has inserted bands of embroidered cambric between plaitings of muslin. Elbow-sleeves with plaited frill. Knots and streamers of blue satin ribbon. On the shoulders near the neck, a pale pink rose. Straw hat, trimmed with a bow of Breton lace.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF CREAMY-WHITE FRENCH BUNTING. The back of the skirt is kilt-plaited the whole length. The front has also a deep kilt-plaiting, which is edged with a band of white foulard, figured with violets. The pretty *lovecure* tunic is turned up, and ornamented in the same way. The basque-jacket is made of the white foulard, figured with violets. Coarse straw hat, trimmed with a roll of violet satin and mauve-colored feathers.

FIG. X.—BLACK SILK BASQUE, with rolling collar and cuffs of dark red satin, brocaded with old gold color.

OTHER ENGRAVINGS.—We give, this month, as usual, in addition, a large assortment of the latest novelties.

The Sicilienne Cape is trimmed with a black lace ruche and chenille and jet fringe, and it has a satin bow, with long ends in front.

The Fichu is made of *crêpe lisse*, and is trimmed with white lace, with a large crimson rose in front. A fichu of this kind, made of the very delicate blue or pink gauze which has appeared this summer, and trimmed with white lace, is very beautiful.

The bathing dresses are made of flannel or serge, but the flannel will be found to be the warmest and softest; they may be of any color that is preferred, but dark blue and white are the most usual; white has the disadvantage of soiling soon with the dirty seaweed, but looks very pretty

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when new. If the dress is of white, colored worsted braids may be employed as a trimming; if of colored material, white braid is most worn. Abroad it is customary to wear short sleeves, in America the long sleeve is preferred. An oilcloth cap to protect the hair from the water, and a large, strong, coarse straw hat to protect the face from the sun, and long thick stockings or canvas shoes to protect the feet from the stones, are all necessary adjuncts.

The first sleeve is of grenadine, trimmed with satin and a jet ornament, and the *second sleeve* is of silk, cut in turrets, beneath which *crêpe lisse* plaitings appear, and the cuff is of rich Oriental colored embroidery.

The black lace cape has a foundation of black silk, on which the rows of lace are quilled, and is edged with a jet and chenille fringe. These capes are very popular for out-of-door summer wear.

The Head-Dresses are of the newest styles, well adapted to the shape of the heads and faces.

The bonnet is of straw, trimmed with light yellow feathers and dark red roses.

General Remarks.—Nothing decidedly new has appeared this summer in the style of making dresses; the polonaise gains in favor; though it has never been entirely abandoned, it is much too becoming to stout figures not to be popular. The polonaise always has the appearance of being one entire dress over an under-dress; but by making a muslin under-dress, and putting the plaitings, ruffles, etc., on it only where the under-dress shows under the polonaise, much expensive material is saved.

Stripes, checks and plaids have all had their triumphs, and now spots, the old "polka dots" large and small have come into favor. The spot is in a different shade or else a contrasting color with that of the ground-work, and is the size of a pea; hence the French name of *pois* stuff, by which it is known. There are also ball figures that suggest the globe-like shape, because they are shaded in the centre, or are brocaded in more than one color. But the *pois*, or spot patterns, appear especially in three recent fabrics, viz., bunting, tamise cloth, and camel's hair. The bunting is all wool, with cream, drab, or gray grounds dotted with olive, heliotrope, peacock-blue, garnet, or black. It is forty-eight inches wide. Tamise cloth is of the same width and similar colors, but is heavier than bunting, resembling the old-fashioned delaines with smoothly woven surface. Camel's hair cashmere of light quality, sleazily twilled, has pale blue ground with olive dots; white camel's hair has blue spots; olive has darker olive-green; and cream and gray grounds are shown. Though used for dresses, this twilled fabric is especially suitable for morning wrappers.

Grenadines with velvet ball spots or else brocaded satin balls are very fashionable. There are also satins de Lyon with ball spots brocaded; these are all black, and with light tan, blue, or cream grounds, with the spot brocaded in several colors. The most beautiful grenadines are those embossed with velvet in arabesque, vermicelli, and palm-leaf patterns of the color of the ground; these are especially handsome in black, or in cream or heliotrope color. Red is used very much in all combinations: red flowers, red feathers, red ribbons for black, white or colored dresses; red linings to sacques; but it must be sparingly used.

It is quite impossible to name, much less describe, all the new summer goods; there are thin soft flannels for the sea-side and cool days, buntings and summer cashmeres of all qualities, de bége, bérége, grenadines, foulards, lawns, percals, chintzes, ginghams as beautiful as silk, and dozens of varieties of beautiful cotton goods, dotted and sprigged Swiss muslins, batistes, all of the most exquisite patterns and colors. The dress goods were never so beautiful.

The beauty of summer dressing is especially its freshness, and cottons are now so exquisite that they rival silk in appearance, and, when they are made up after a good model, they are as attractive as those that cost double. But they are not silk, and their destiny is the wash-tub, and unless the laundress is mistress of her art, the resemblance to the bright fresh toilette when new is entirely gone. They are streaked and stiffened with starch, ironed out of shape, and make to look glossy, because they have been pressed on the right side.

This could be remedied, if a fairly intelligent head presided over the wash-tub, and used strained bran water instead of soap and starch, and ironed the dress on the wrong side, and aimed at making the cotton as little stiff and as much like new as possible. But instead of this solution of the problem, the majority fall back on black grenadines and summer silks that will not "show dirt:" because they are safe and durable, and can be worn on a majority of occasions.

As we have said before, wraps of the mantle and dolman shape have replaced the close-fitting jacket to a great extent for the warm weather; and small round capes and fichus, as they can be easily put on or laid aside.

Bonnets are much covered with flowers, or have one large flounce on the side, or a tuft of feathers, or sometimes both are employed. But anything that is becoming is worn. The large *hats* for young people are particularly picturesque, trimmed with feathers or with flowers, though many wear the small round toque as newer, but not always so becoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of White Nainsook, for a Little Girl. The skirt is an alternate row of embroidery and of nainsook. The princess over-dress is trimmed with two rows of wide embroidery, and the large square collar is of the same.

Fig. II.—Dress of Striped Foulard and De Bége, for a girl of eight or more. The under-dress is of the striped foulard, and is bordered with a plaiting of the same. The open over-dress is of the plain *de béige*, and has a narrow knife-plaiting of the same material around the edge. Large square collar.

Fig. III.—Boy's Suit of gray striped summer cloth. Gray hat.

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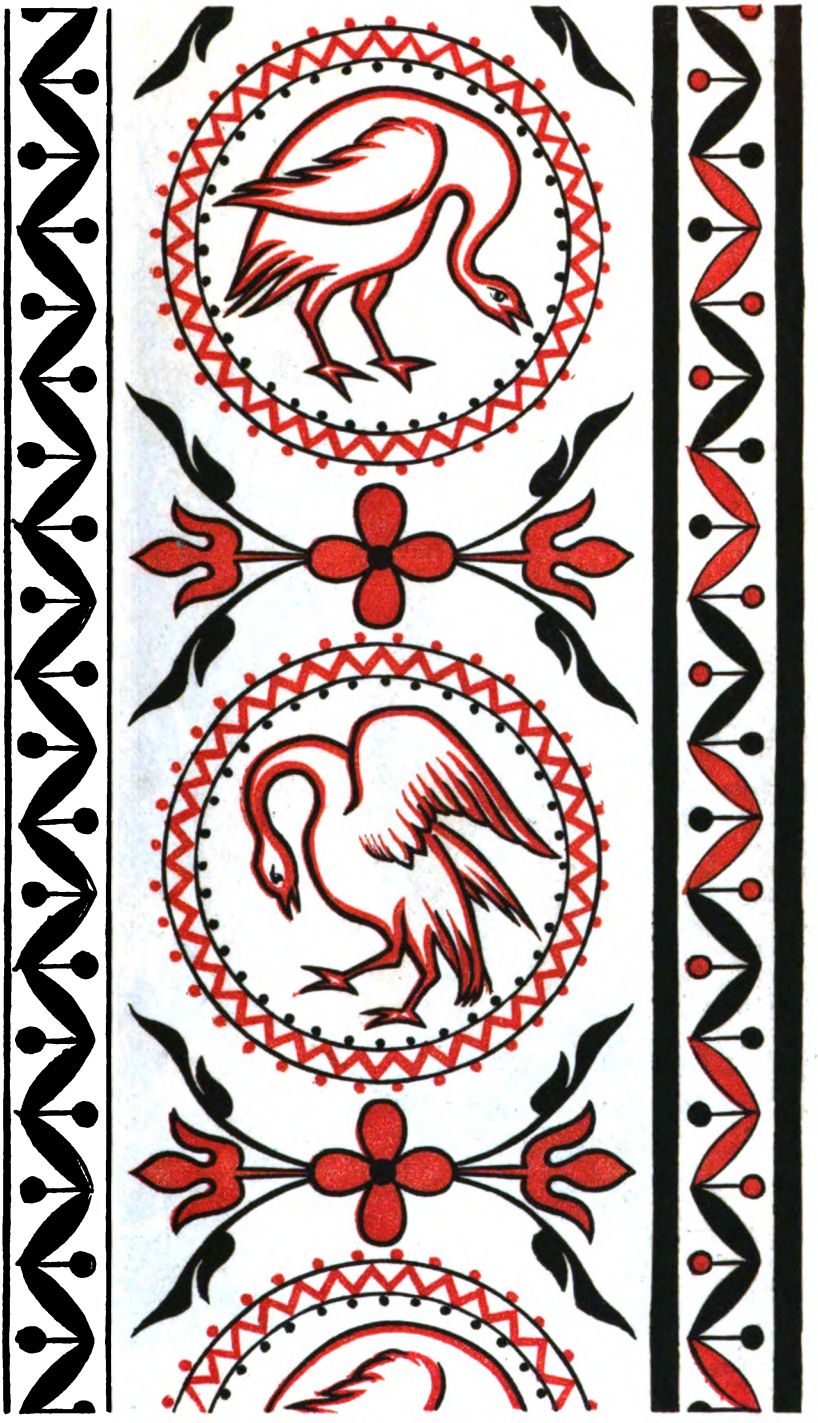
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IN THE GARDEN. [*See the Story, "Olive's Lovers."*]

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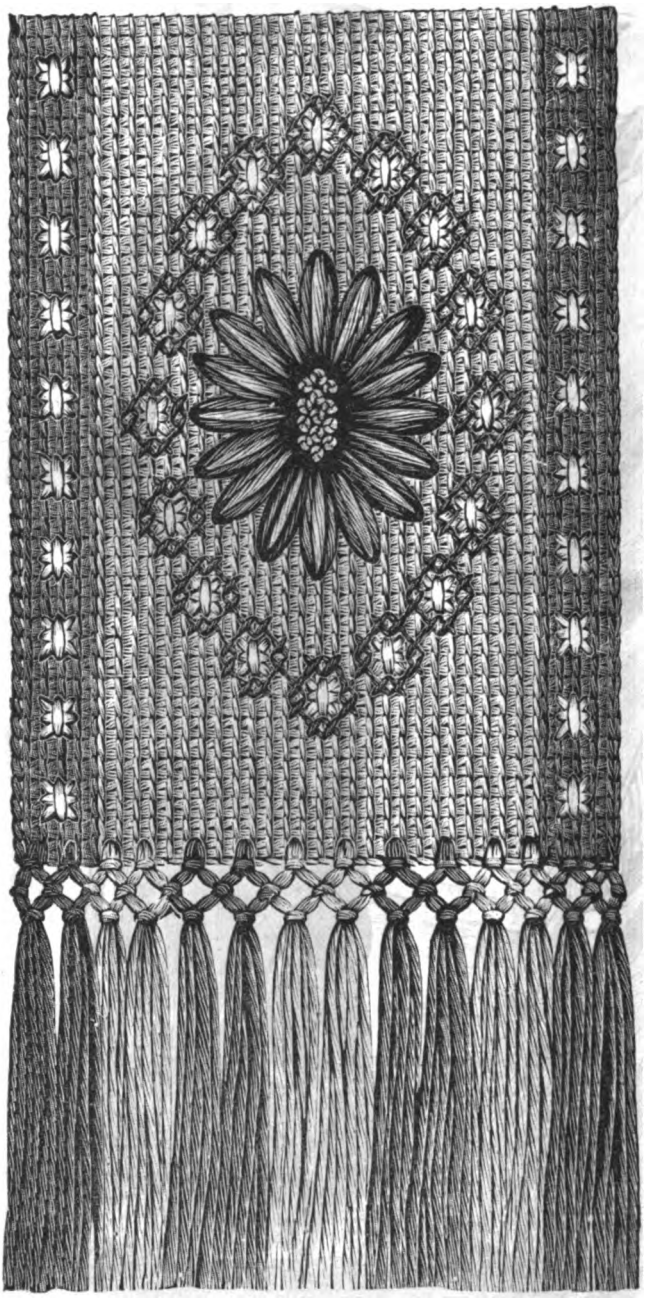
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NEW STYLE WALKING DRESSES.

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Cradle Coverlet and Marking

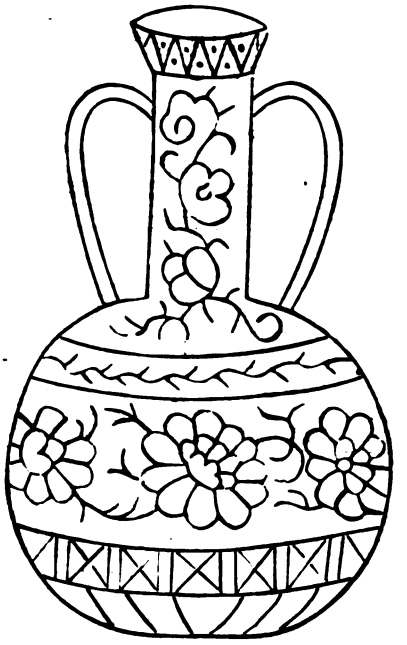


COVERLET FOR CRADLE. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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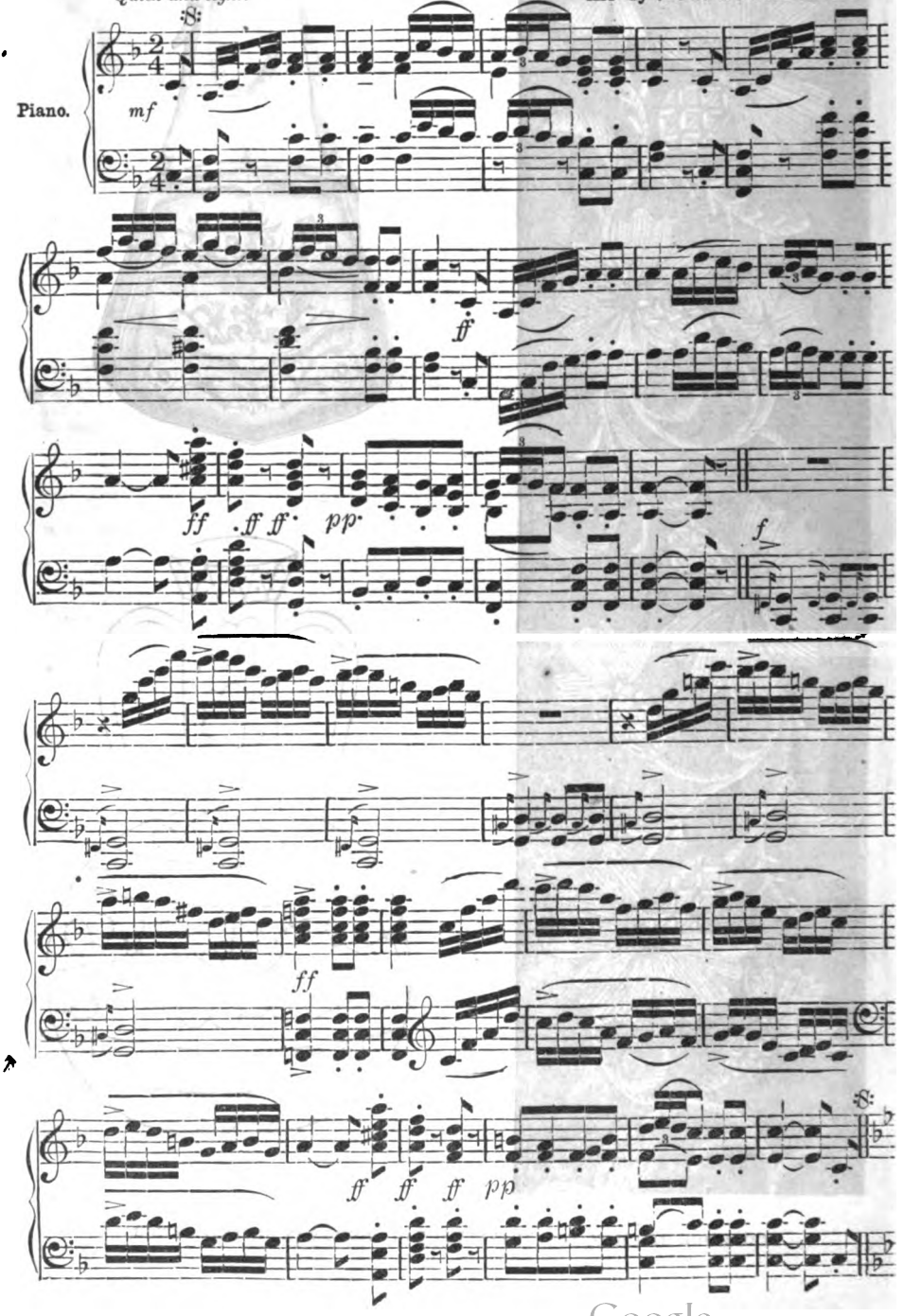
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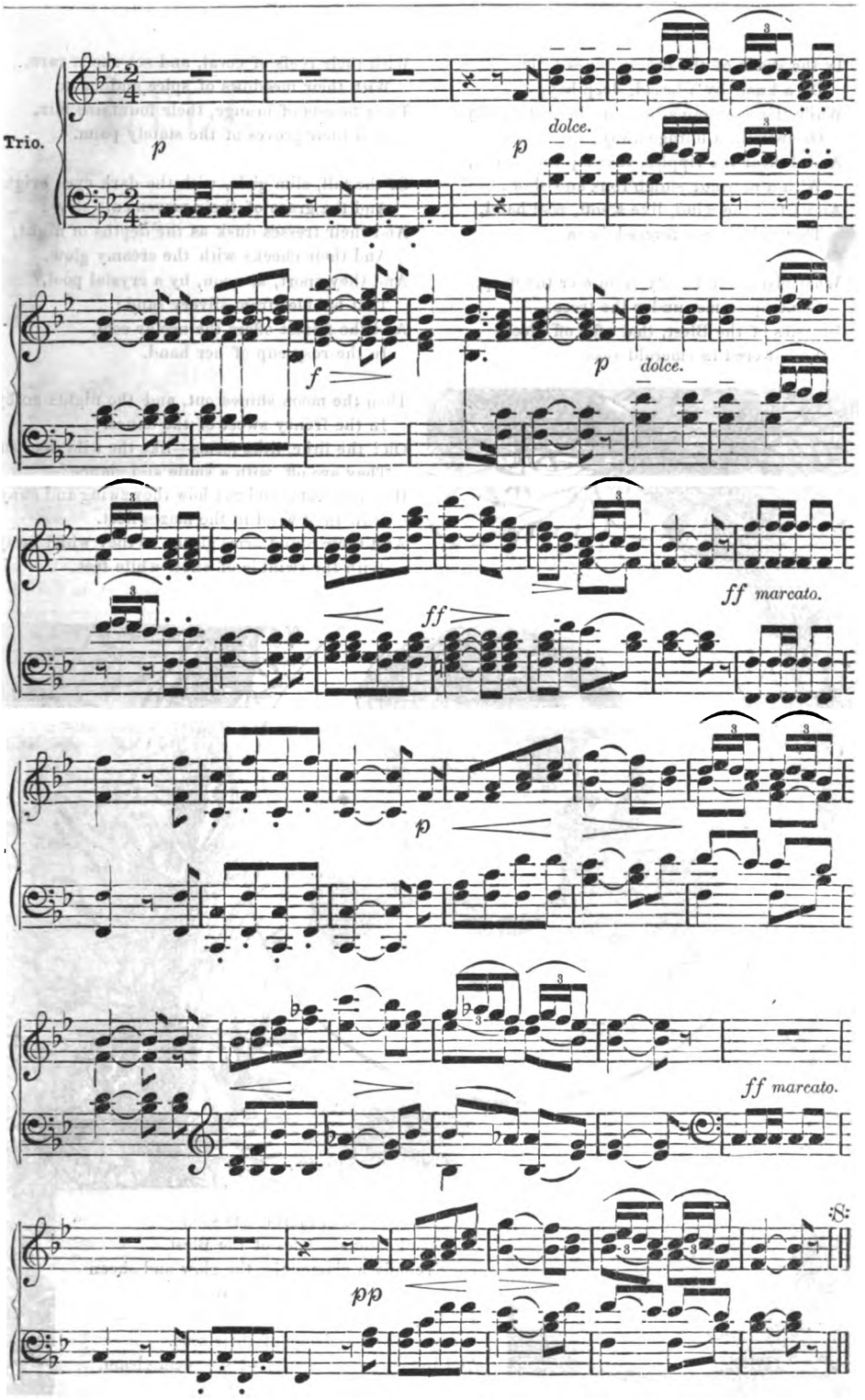
As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadadelphia.

Quick and light.

Arr. by V. BENNO SCHERECK.



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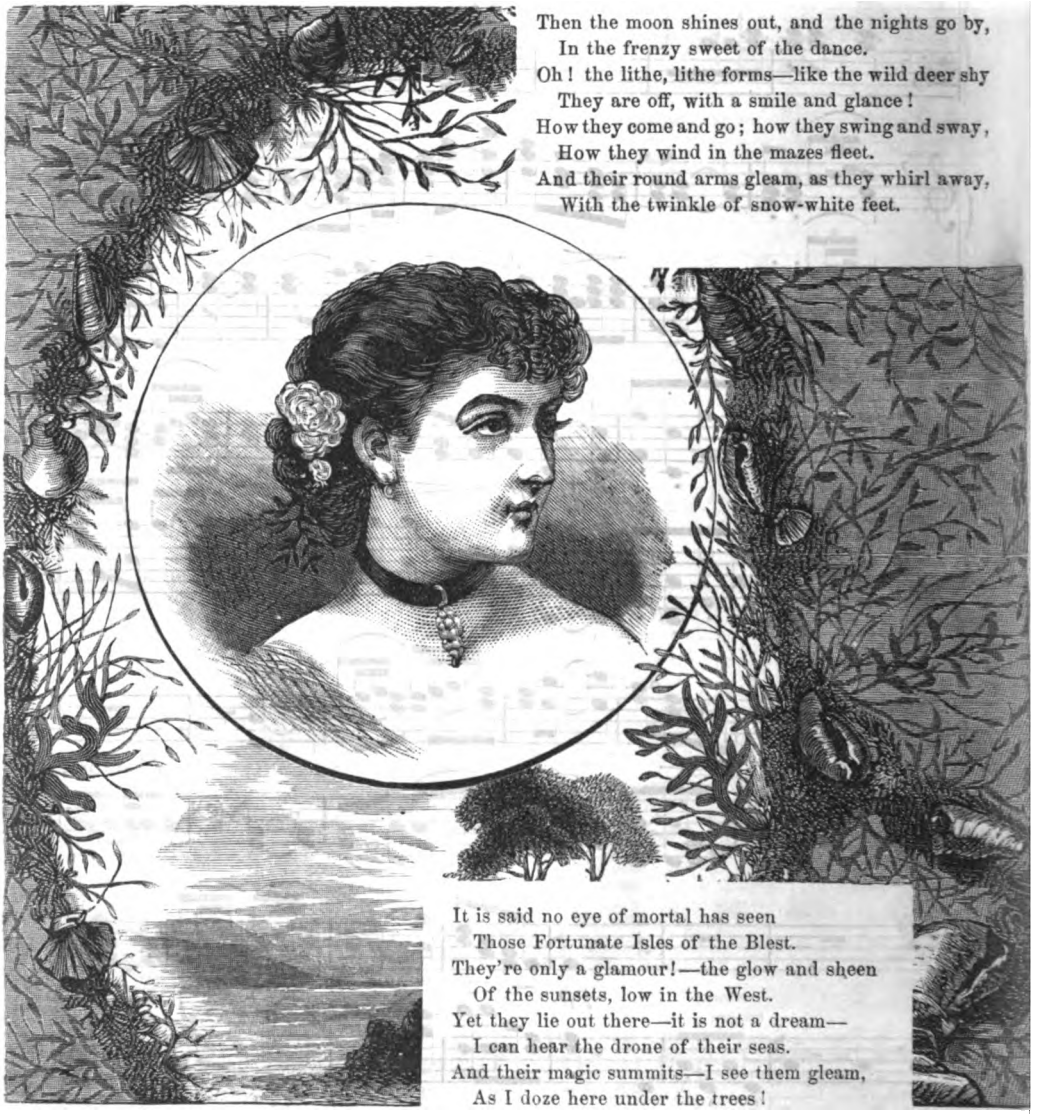
A Midsummer Dream.

In the shade of the breezy pines I lie,
On a knoll by a broad, deep bay,
While the mountains loom in the distant sky,
Or swim in a mirage away.
And I hear the ripples, that lap the strand,
With a murmur slumb'rous and slow;
And I feel the wind, like a soft, cool hand,
That is laid on a fevered brow.

What visions of beauty from o'er the deep,
Come up to me, under the trees!
Of Isles of the Blest, that afar off sleep
Embowered in emerald seas.

With their reefs of coral, and sea-shells rare,
With their meadows of spice and balm.
Their forests of orange, their fountains fair,
And their groves of the stately palm.

Of the tall, slim girls, with the dark eyes bright,
And the grace of their movements slow;
And their tresses dusk as the depths of night,
And their cheeks with the creamy glow.
And they sport, at noon, by a crystal pool,
That bubbles from silvery sand;
And the fairest offers the nectar cool,
In the rosy cup of her hand.



Then the moon shines out, and the nights go by,
In the frenzy sweet of the dance.
Oh! the lithe, lithe forms—like the wild deer shy
They are off, with a smile and glance!
How they come and go; how they swing and sway,
How they wind in the mazes fleet.
And their round arms gleam, as they whirl away,
With the twinkle of snow-white feet.

It is said no eye of mortal has seen
Those Fortunate Isles of the Blest.
They're only a glamour!—the glow and sheen
Of the sunsets, low in the West.
Yet they lie out there—it is not a dream—
I can hear the drone of their seas.
And their magic summits—I see them gleam,
As I doze here under the trees!

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

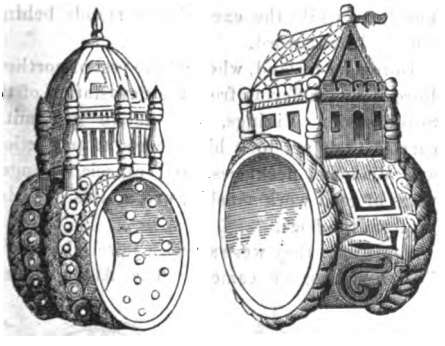
VOL. LXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1880. No. 2.

FINGER-RINGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

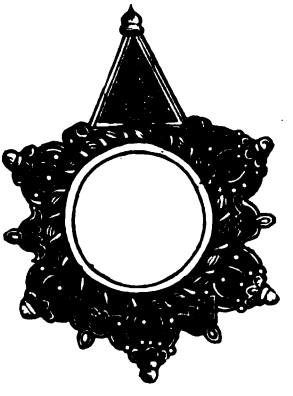


RINGS for the fingers, are alluded to in the earliest literatures of all peoples. They have been found in the catacombs of Egypt; they have been dug up in Assyria and Phœnicia; Cesnola exhumed them at Cyprus; they abound in the tombs of the Etruscans; the fields of Italy are full of old Roman rings, that the plough continually turns up. Even among the most savage tribes finger-rings have been discovered. The museums of Europe are full of rings of the remotest antiquity. A very curious Roman ring of the time of the Emperor Hadrian is given as our initial letter.



Some of the very earliest rings were the betrothal and marriage rings of the ancient Hebrews. Many of these survive that are, probably, as old as the time of Solomon. Patterns of these venerable rings have been preserved, from which modern copies are made, that are still freely used among the Hebrews. See above, and on next column.

The Egyptians had a great variety of finger-rings. Some were in the form of snakes, some were fixed seal-rings, and some revolved on a pivot, as in the case, generally, of the scarab rings. In these rings, the device was usually



cut in cornelian, or sard, on a flat surface, while the other side was made to resemble the back of a beetle, an insect held sacred by this ancient people. A hole was drilled through the stone, longitudinally, through which an axis was run, on which the scarab revolved. When worn on the finger, the beetle-side was turned outward, but when the ring was to be used as a signet, it was taken off, and the impression made with the flat surface. A very ancient ring of this kind



has come down to us, on which is engraved the title of Thothmes III., "the Sun-Placer of Creation, the type of Amon." We insert an engraving of the device here. Other rings have the portraits of kings or queens cut on them, as in an intaglio, in dark sard, of Ptolemy V., that belongs to the Græco-Egyptian period, and which we copy.

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But the larger proportion are devoted to sacred subjects. A very curious Egyptian intaglio is



one in garnet, representing the sacred hawk, an engraving of which we annex.



The finger-rings found in Cyprus, by Cesnola, are of various patterns. These types recall Grecian, Etruscan and Roman rings by turn. As a rule, they belong to a comparatively rude civilization, and when they contain intaglios, show traces of Assyrian, and Phœnician feeling. As in the case of Egyptian rings, the gold-work is usually plain, when the intaglio is artistic. Among all these ancient peoples, jewels were used, as they are now, in finger-rings. The jewels, however, have, in most cases, been lost. The Greeks excelled all others in the beauty of their intaglios. One, cut in black jasper, representing Medusa, but cracked across, has come down to us, of which we give an illustration.



The ancient Etruscans, the predecessors of the Romans in Italy, were very curious in rings. They used scarabs, frequently, as signet-rings, in the same manner as the Egyptians. Some of these rings are of great value. The Vatican Museum has, perhaps, the finest collection of them in the world. As many of the scarabs are cut in sard, a stone not found in Italy, in fact not found west of Persia, we have proof, in this incidental way, of the extensive commerce carried on by that ancient people.

The Romans indulged in the use of rings to an absurdity. Martial, the poet, tells of a Roman beau, who wore, daily, sixty rings. The Empress Domitian spent three hundred thousand dollars on a single ring. The wearing of rings was, in many cases, an emblem of rank. It was the distinguishing mark of the equestrian order. In places, where great battles were fought, during the Roman period, the rings of Roman knights have been ploughed up by hundreds. As a rule, the intaglios, executed during the Roman period, are inferior to the Greek. A very curious Roman ring, which we copy here, represents a mask.



It is cut in onyx, and is hollowed out to contain poison, like the rings in the middle ages, to which we shall presently refer. The early Christians seem to have worn intaglio rings, for an intaglio survives, cut in red jasper, with a female martyr kneeling, while the executioner stands behind, with uplifted sword.

In remote Ireland, when all the rest of northern Europe was suffering from the devastation of the Scandinavian Vikings, the native goldsmiths carried their art to a high degree of perfection, and diadems, necklaces, and especially finger-rings of good workmanship, are, to this day, dug up from the bogs.

Sometimes they were set with jewels, but never had intaglios, or cameos. The Anglo-Saxons,



rude as their civilization was, seem to have had considerable skill in making rings. Two very remarkable ones of that period survive. One

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belonged to Ethelwolf, (A. D. 837–857,) and the father of Alfred the Great. The other appears, from the inscription, to have been the property of one Ella. It is characterized by a rich chain-work ornamentation, that suggests Etruscan methods degenerated. We give them here.



Rings were used, from time immemorial, as signs of investiture. Lands very frequently, in the middle ages, passed in this way. In ecclesi-

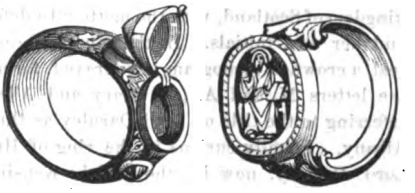


astical affairs, rings have always been employed thus. We engrave two rings such as worn by Popes.



The bestowal of the ring, in marriage, is another example in point. The primitive Romans used a ring of iron for this ceremony. In the English Book of Common Prayer, the words, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," accompany the putting the ring on the bride's finger. Something of the superstition, which still clings to the preservation of the marriage ring, had its origin, in this source. The ring in marriage, among Christians, however, did not come into use until the ninth century. The plain gold ring, thus used, is a lineal descendant from those early times, the fashion never having changed since the Anglo-Saxon days.

As to fancies in rings, there is no end to them. Tastes in this respect differ as much as complexions, nationalities, or the color of one's eyes. Some ladies like rings excessively severe in style, others prefer them quite elaborate. A few years ago, it was considered rather vulgar for a gentleman to wear anything but a signet-ring, but now, at least in London, what are called "swells" go about with almost as many rings as the lady in the nursery rhyme. The highest-bred women, however, still prefer a large, solitaire diamond, for a finger ring, to any combination of smaller diamonds, or other jewels. Sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and gems of lesser worth, make beautiful rings, if set with taste. Of course, no goldsmith's work, no matter how valuable, can ever make a mere gold ring rival one adorned with precious stones, or better still with rare intaglios.



Some of the most fascinating rings to look at, though the fascination is one of horror, are the famous poison rings of the middle ages. These rings were in use chiefly at the courts of Italy, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. They were so constructed that the poison they contained could be injected into a wine-cup. Sometimes, however, a secret spring gave the death-blow to the wearer. We engrave, above, two illustrations of these Italian poison-rings.

Most of our readers are familiar with the story of the Devereaux ring, which Queen Elizabeth



is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, telling him, if ever he was in sore strait, to send it to her. The legend says, that, when he was condemned to death, he did send it, but by a traitorous hand, that never delivered it, and so

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he died on the scaffold. This ring is believed to be the one now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, in England. It is of gold, ornamented with blue enamel, and on the face is set a cameo, cut in sardonyx, representing Queen Elizabeth in a high ruff.



Another ring, interesting to the lover of romance, and not less to the historical student, is the gold signet-ring of Mary, Queen of Scots, preserved in the British Museum. On the face is engraved the royal arms and supporters of the kingdom of Scotland, with the motto "In defens," and her own initials. In the inner side of the seal, a crowned monogram is engraved, formed of the letters M. and A. (for Mary and Albany), referring to the title of Lord Darnley as Duke of Albany. Equally curious is the ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, now in the South Kensington Museum. On the bezel it bears the two initials M. and H., united by a lover's knot. In the hoop is the name engraved, "Henri L. Darnley," and the year of the marriage, 1565.

There are two very remarkable rings, one of which is in Paris, and the other in Germany,



which are supposed to be the two wedding rings interchanged between Martin Luther and his wife. We engrave them above.

A ring was found, at Stratford-on-Avon, near



the churchyard, some seventy years ago, which is believed to have belonged to Shakespeare, for it has on it the initials of his name, and it is of the workmanship of his time, and such as a man of his station would wear. This ring is now in the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford.

A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

BY MRS. A. W. PENNEY.

Your arms for me, your heart for mine;
I'll ask no other home through life.
Your love for me, your name for mine;
I'll yield all else to be your wife.

Your arms for me, your heart for mine,
I wish no richer shrine in life.
Your eyes on me, your care for mine,
I ask no higher plane than—wife.

Your voice to me, your hand on mine,
I care not for the praise of worlds.
Your ears for me, your lips to mine,
I care not for the gems of worlds.

With you to live, for you to toil,
I ask no lighter task in life.
My life for yours I'd gladly spoil,
And count it blest, were I your wife.

Your arms for me, your path by mine,
I ask no Paradise' sweet breath.
Your faith undimmed, your love still mine,
Is all the crown I ask at death.

Your arms for me, your heart for mine,
I wish no other place in life.
Your tears for me—e'en Death's sharp wine
Would sweeter be, mourned as your wife.

Your life with me, your grave by mine,
I ask no richer grant from Time.
Your mansion fair to reach round mine,
And I shall know 'tis Heaven's clime.

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OLIVE'S LOVERS.

BY MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

As Olive Mosely slowly paced the broad gravel-walk in the old garden, that June morning, she thought herself one of the most unhappy and ill-treated of young girls. The rose-trees displayed their treasures of crimson, white, and gold, to no purpose. She only saw them through a mist of tears; for aunt Ann had refused to allow her to visit her dearest friend, Amy Russell.

Amy's home was in Surrey. Olive had so enjoyed the visit she made there a year before; and Amy had written such glowing accounts of the pleasant days they would spend together; and Mrs. Russell's note to Miss Mosely, asking for the pleasure of Miss Olive's company for a few weeks, was so cordial, and—oh, dear! how unkind aunt Ann was; and Olive wiped two great tears away from her smooth dark cheeks.

Aunt Ann, otherwise known as Miss Mosely, of Mosely House, Weyford, the cause of all this unhappiness, sat, erect and stately, at one of the upper windows of the old, rambling, red-brick house, and looked (with not the sweetest possible expression,) at the young girl who was indulging in such improper thoughts.

Miss Mosely was an old maid; a tall, thin figure surmounted by a long thin face with high cheek-bones, and deep gray eyes that possessed the faculty of seeing to an almost unlimited extent. The band of glossy flaxen hair above her wrinkled forehead was always nearly covered with caps, that were fearfully and wonderfully made, if not becoming to the same extent.

The girl who called her aunt, was, in reality, no nearer relation than a cousin's daughter. There had been a time—how many years before, is of no consequence—when Miss Mosely had been young and fair, and in those days, "long since gone by," she had loved her cousin, Everard Mosely, as much as it was in her nature to love. But they had quarrelled soon after the engagement was made public; and the marriage had been indefinitely postponed. Each pursued a different path after that; and late in life, Mr. Mosely, while wandering on the Continent, fell in love with, and married, a young German girl. The union had been anything but blissful; but the two children who were born to the unhappy couple were left orphans, when the youngest, little Olive, was only three years of age.

Then Miss Mosely had taken the children to her home, and had tried to do her duty by them. The old lady never much liked Olive. She would not have owned, even to herself, that Olive's resemblance to her mother, had aught to do with this want of affection; but to-day, as she watched the slight figure disappear among the shrubs and trees in the old garden, she could not help thinking how like she was to the beautiful girl, who had once held entire possession of Everard Mosely's heart.

Olive was always a trial to her aunt, and when, at the age of eighteen, she left "Madam Borley's Select School for Young Ladies," of course, she had selected a dearest friend and confidante, and, equally, of course, Miss Mosely did not approve of the selection.

She had gone to Madam Borley herself to inquire as to the antecedents of the young Amy Russell, whom Olive had taken such a fancy to, and Madam Borley had sat very upright, and had looked uncommonly stately, as she informed Miss Mosely, that Miss Russell was a lady, and assured her that none but gentlemen's daughters were ever admitted to her establishment, or ever could be.

Miss Mosely had to be satisfied with this, and Olive had accompanied her friend to Surrey—and what had been the end of it?

The old lady thought wrathfully of the letter she had received, soon after Olive returned home, from a person of whose existence, she had not, till then, been aware, a Mr. Edward Russell. Such an absurd letter too, the old lady considered it—asking to be allowed to correspond with Olive, during his absence in India, telling of his love for the beautiful girl, and his hope that soon he would be in a position to return, and claim her for his bride.

Miss Mosely's reply to this letter had, at least, one merit—it was concise. The language was well and carefully chosen, and left nothing to be hoped for.

That was the last she had heard from Mr. Edward Russell. Of course, he was in India now; in fact, Mrs. Russell mentioned, in her note of invitation, that she and Amy were very lonely, and missed the only son and brother so much.

This did not make any difference, however; Miss Mosely wished the intimacy between Olive

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and Amy entirely broken off. "How do I know what messages he sends the girl through Amy?" she thought, suspiciously.

Finding that Olive did not return to the house, Miss Mosely decided on walking in the gardens. At the foot of the lower garden, she found a very disconsolate figure, curled up on the garden-seat, under the huge elms.

"What are you doing here, Olive?"

The girl looked up with an expression, that, in the days of her childhood, had sometimes been seen, when unusually harsh measures had been taken with her, and answered:

"Nothing."

"Have you practised this morning?"

"No."

"Have you attended to the charitable work, I spoke to you about?"

"No."

"Have you written, declining Amy Russell's invitation?"

"No."

This last, a very pitiful, little "no;" and, after a pause, in a choking voice: "O, aunt Ann, mayn't I go to Mrs. Russell's?"

Miss Mosely adjusted her head-dress solemnly, and replied, severely:

"Olive. We had a conversation on the subject of your visit to Surrey, this morning, if I am not mistaken, and the matter was settled."

Olive knew that it would be useless to say anything more, and so she walked back to the house, and up the stately stone steps, with an intense hatred of the place, and everything connected with it.

She went into the drawing-room quietly enough, however, and practiced for some time; then cut out the four linen blouses, Miss Mosely had provided for four poverty-stricken little urchins in a back street; then sat down to write to Amy Russell. This was no easy task; she could give no reason for her aunt's refusal—she did not know what to say. Finally, she put the letter by till the afternoon, and went down to luncheon.

Miss Mosely did not refer to the events of the morning; but, with a little more than her usual flurry and excitement, when luncheon was over, handed the young girl a letter to read.

Olive took it, wonderingly.

It was addressed to Miss Mosely, a short note, signed Henry Atherton, asking that lady's permission to woo, and, if possible, win her niece, Miss Olive Mosely, to be the writer's wife.

The girl's clear face, flushed to a bright rose color, as she read the letter through, and gave it back to her aunt.

The old lady deposited it in her pocket, adjusted her cap, turned round the heavy rings on her slender hands, so that the light flashed and gleamed from the glowing rubies, and the one great diamond she always wore, and then asked:

"Have you anything to say, Olive?"

"I do not like Mr. Atherton."

"Not like Mr. Atherton?" The old lady sat very erect in the indignation she felt at such an answer to her question "It will be in every respect a very suitable match for you. He is of the proper age—his position is good—he is owner of a beautiful place—what more could you wish for?"

Olive did not speak, so the elder lady continued: "I answered his note, giving him the permission he asks for, and when he comes to see you, I shall expect you to receive him in a becoming manner."

Olive still said nothing, but turned to leave the room.

"Olive."

The girl paused.

"You understand what I have just said, do you not?"

"Yes."

Then Olive went, and Miss Mosely leaned back in her chair, saying to herself: "I suppose she is thinking of that sentimental young Russell, with his fine promises, etc. Gone to India to seek his fortune too; probably, he has got a beggarly clerkship in some government office there. Nice prospect that would be for a girl brought up as Olive has been."

The old lady paused, nodded her head, and added: "She shall marry Henry Atherton."

When Olive reached her own room, she began to cry—not as girls usually do, a mere shower of sparkling teardrops. On the contrary, deep, heavy sobs shook her slight frame, and made every quivering breath she drew, more and more agonizing to her. She was not crying about Henry Atherton; oh! no; but memory brought before her, a fair, blonde-haired man, whose frank, blue eyes had looked fondly into hers, while he told the old, sweet story, that men have told, and maidens listened to, since the days of the creation. The whole scene came back to her—the smooth stretch of lawn, with the flower-beds of quaint design, in which were gleaming lilies, fair clusters of hydrangea, and sweet old-fashioned carnations—the broad belt of shrubbery, under which they stood—and the glorious moonlight, flooding house, lawn, and garden in one brilliant glow of loveliness.

Again, she felt the pressure of the strong arm around her waist; again, she heard the true manly voice telling her that it might be years before he could call her wife, for his mother

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and Amy were dependent upon him; but that life should hold no other hope for him, and no word of love should pass his lips, till they were again pressed to hers.

Then the one letter she had received, after Miss Mosely's kind and gentle epistle had reached the young man, who was so soon to leave home and friends behind him—a letter that explained why he could not write to her, during his absence, reiterated the promises made at parting, and begged her to be true and patient, and not to lightly throw away the strong man's love she had won. The girl's sobs hushed themselves here. True? Yes, she would be true to him in spite of aunt Ann and Mr. Henry Atherton. Patient? Yes, she would try to be patient, but it was very hard. If she could have a letter once in a while, the weary waiting would not seem quite so wearisome.

She was roused from the long reverie that followed the passionate fit of weeping, by a servant knocking at the door. "A gentleman to see Miss Olive Mosely." Olive took the bit of pasteboard, read the name, and flung it contemptuously from her.

Then she twisted afresh the great coil of gold brown hair, and looking in the mirror, saw the face of a sorrowful, nineteen-year-old girl, with low, broad forehead, and smooth, blooming cheeks; the great eyes flashing out defiantly, and the sweet red lips very firmly compressed.

Then she went down to the drawing-room.

Mr. Atherton awaited her there. He was a man, over whose head a good many summers had passed, and this was the third time that "Love had had him in his net," at least, it was the third time he had been compelled to seek a wife, for Providence had removed the first Mrs. Atherton, some years, and the second Mrs. Atherton, some months, before. He was rather below the medium height, a thin spare face, with high, white forehead, and carefully brushed sandy hair. The bushy eye-brows overhung faded blue eyes, that in their day, might have flashed and glowed, as did those of Edward Russell, when he took his last "Good-bye" from Olive Mosely. Of this, however, Olive had grave doubts.

He had a becoming sense of his own importance; and his just and righteous pride in himself and his position, received a severe shock, when Olive, in low but distinct words, thanked him for the honor done her, and declined his proposal.

Did he hear aright? Had not his small, thin ears deceived him? Miss Mosely's dependent niece, or cousin, or whatever she was—this slight dark-eyed girl—refuse *him*! It is no wonder, that, for a few minutes, Mr. Atherton sat, speechless with astonishment.

Then he requested Miss Olive's reasons, and Miss Olive had none to give—no, she did not wish to reconsider the matter—and, at length, the mortified suitor bowed himself out of the young lady's presence and retired.

Miss Mosely was in a state of unwonted excitement that evening. She had dressed in her stiffest silk, and the most wonderful of her wonderful caps had been placed on her flaxen front. A little before six o'clock, she entered the drawing-room, in all the pomp of rustling attire, flowing lace, and fluttering ribbons.

The room was empty.

Could Mr. Atherton and Olive be walking in the garden? She waited a few minutes, then rang the bell to inquire for Miss Olive. The maid returned in a short time.

"Miss Olive was in her own room, but would be down directly."

And directly Olive came, it must be confessed with some inward misgivings, but outwardly, as calm and self-possessed as ever.

"Where is Mr. Atherton?"

"Mr. Atherton left here more than an hour ago," answered Olive, quietly.

Miss Mosely looked at the girl, long and critically.

"Olive Mosely, did you refuse Henry Atherton?"

"I did."

The old lady sat dumb—then:

"You refused him—one of the best matches in Weyford?"

The cap ribbons fluttered vehemently: the hands locked and unlocked themselves, as Olive had seen them do before, when her aunt was under the influence of strong excitement.

Olive said nothing. In the hush that preceded the storm, a servant threw open the door and announced:

"Dinner."

Why repeat the conversation that took place when dinner was over? A conversation that was principally sustained by the elder lady, who heaped upon the orphan girl the benefits done to her, and the ingratitude shown to the giver of those benefits. Certain sarcastic allusions were made also to the lover who was not able to marry her, who, in all probability had, by this time, forgotten her.

Olive bore all as quietly as she could; but from that time, her home at Mosely House was less happy than it had been before.

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Her aunt evinced her displeasure in a thousand little ways, known only to those who have lived under the benign influence of some sweet woman, who has been mortally offended. It seemed, sometimes, as if she could bear it no longer; but she had something to hope for—something to look forward to—that was, Edward Russell's return to England.

Each day, that passed so wearily by, lessened the duration of his absence. She never heard from him; but none the less did she feel sure that he was faithful to her. In the occasional letters she had from Amy, the loved brother's name was usually mentioned, and that was all.

Still another year rolled round, and the great gardens of Mosely House were again lit up with a summer glow of warmth and color.

One afternoon, a letter was brought to Olive, from Amy Russell. The girl opened it with the nervous expectancy she always felt when Amy's letters were received.

After reading a few lines, this is what met her astonished gaze:

"Mamma and I are rejoicing over the news just received from Edward. He has been very successful in business, and is coming home. Not only that, but, would you believe it?—is going to bring a *wife* with him. Just fancy my having a sister! He does not give us a description of the lady, but says he hopes we will be pleased with his choice."

Olive did not faint nor cry out, but sat white and still, with the letter tightly crushed in her small hands.

Edward Russell married! It could not be. Why! the scene in the old garden in Surrey was as fresh and as vivid as if it had only happened yesterday.

She read the letter through again. Then she went to her little writing-desk, and from the innermost compartment, took out the one letter, that had so many times comforted her in her trouble and loneliness, and read that through. As she did so, a great wave of anger swept over her.

What right had he to pen such words? What right to ask her to wait patiently for him? Had she not done it, fully, and willingly? And this was the end. He had found a fairer face and loved it. He was going to bring his wife home. She wondered if they would wander about the paths, and breathe the sweet breath of the lilies and carnations in the quaint old garden.

How could she bear it?

Dry-eyed and tearless, she paced her room with quick, nervous steps, shivering in the warmth of the July day. What had she done more than others that she should suffer so terribly? She looked back upon her unhappy childhood—then, the years of her girlhood, for the most part passed at school—the handsome, careless brother, who was brother to her in name only—the sincere friendship she had felt for Amy Russell—the happy visit at Amy's home—

The dinner-bell interrupted her here, and she went down, after as little delay as possible, to hear her aunt's high-pitched, querulous tones finding fault with her for being so late, and complaining of her brother Everard, because he had not written to her for more than three weeks.

Then the same round of duties went on from day to day. Only, Olive no longer had a letter, which she had been wont to read very often, to refer to now. A few light ashes, borne away on the summer's breeze, was the end of the undying love and faith that the letter typified.

When the mellow August days had come, Miss Mosely went, one afternoon, to see an old friend who was ill; and during her absence, Olive whiled away the quiet hours, playing sad, dreamy melodies in the great, cool drawing-room.

The words of an old song, beginning:

"I once had gold and silver—
I thought them without end;
I once had gold and silver—
I thought I had a friend—"

kept sounding in her ears, and finally she left the piano, and began looking over the great pile of music on the old rack, to try and find the song.

While she was so doing, the door opened, and a gentleman was shown in. Olive rose and faced the stranger, and for a moment they looked at each other.

In spite of the bronzed complexion and the heavy beard, Olive recognized him. And Mr. Russell—he saw the slight figure, the beautiful eyes, the gold brown hair, the sweet red lips. He came forward with outstretched hands.

"Olive?"

It was the same voice that had bidden so sorrowful an adieu to her, only now there was a glad, triumphant ring in it. What did it mean?

She did not speak, but she trembled so excessively, that she was obliged to put out one hand, and rest it on the piano.

"Olive, have you no word for me? Am I forgotten?"

"Why are you here?" she gasped.

Mr. Russell looked surprised.

"Have you forgotten what you promised me before I went away, Olive?"

"I have forgotten nothing, but you—you—where is your wife?"

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"*My wife!* I do not understand you, Olive."

"Amy wrote me that you were married—that you were going to bring a wife home with you, at least, and I—I—" she broke off with a sob.

"There must be some mistake. I wrote that I was coming home, that I was now in a position to marry, and they must prepare a welcome for the young bride, that, God willing, I should soon bring to them. I never dreamed that they would think of my marrying out there. I never thought of marrying any one but you."

Olive looked at him, earnestly; the grave, tender eyes were watching her closely. With a sudden, impulsive movement, she put out her hands. They were quickly clasped, and she was drawn to the shelter of loving arms—poor, weary Olive—and fond kisses were pressed on her pale face.

Who can describe the happiness of such a meeting? All the sorrow, care, and trouble of the past was forgotten: all that the future might have in store was not thought of. They were together.

After a long time, Olive showed her lover his sister's letter.

"I am so sorry, darling," he said. "I intended as soon as I reached England, to come to you, and make arrangements for our marriage; then go home to Surrey for a few days, till you were ready to be my wife—"

"Haven't you been home yet?" asked Olive, shyly.

"Of course not. Who so near and dear to me as my promised wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Russell! aunt Ann has come," cried Olive, at the sound of footsteps, and she started away from her lover's side.

That gentleman drew himself up proudly, and prepared for an introduction to his enemy, Miss Mosely.

Olive never knew how she went through the prescribed form. She heard her aunt's clear, shrill voice enquire:

"Mr. Edward Russell, of Woking?" and she heard her lover acknowledge his indentity, and recall to the lady's mind, the letter he had written to her, more than two years before, asking to be allowed to correspond with Miss Olive Mosely.

Olive left the room at this point, and for an hour afterwards, a resolute woman, and an equally resolute man, discussed the question of Olive Mosely's marriage.

How it was decided, may be inferred from the fact, that, a little later, Mr. Russell and Olive walked down the shaded path of the old garden, and through the tangled shrubbery, till, at length, they stood beside the tiny, rippling river. Then, Mr. Russell quoted from his favorite poem:

"Joy after grief is more complete,"

and as he bent down, and kissed the sweet lips of the girl beside him, he finished the stanza:

"And kisses never fall so sweet
As when long-parted lovers meet."

THE CONFESSION.

BY E. S. HOPKINS.

You came by the ford
That day
To drink from the gourd
That lay on the stone at the spring,
And along with the birds my heart took wing,
As you did come by the way,
And the flush that glows
On the cheek of the rose
When the amorous sun is near,
So red,
On mine with the lily strove,
When scarce you thought I'd hear,
"'Tis as sweet as a draught of love,"
You said.

The bloom of the peach
Was mine,
My blood was the rich
Red wine of an exquisite pain
Love with his dimpled hand amain
Had crushed from a maiden's heart,
And my soul it laughed
In the crystal draught
You took from my hand unawares,
And glad
It leaped as when lovers meet
After the lapse of years,
For, "I never have known so sweet,"
You said.

I, was but a girl
Till then,
My brain was a whirl
Of vain desires and vague unrest,
But the wheel of the Fates at Love's behest
Spun round with a sudden twirl,
And the maid at morn,
Ere noon, was born
To the kingdom of womanhood,
And blest
And fretted by love's delay,
I sigh as Sappho would
"Oh, day of days! oh, wedding day!
Make haste."

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THE LOST TALISMAN OF MONTEZUMA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.

CHAPTER IV.

"Look," I said, suddenly. "Isn't that a fog coming up? There—by the water-course. You can see it, like a thin smoke, low down, among the trees. If it should drift this way, it may save us. Screened by it, we may dodge the devils, after all."

Every person, familiar with mountain regions, knows how suddenly a fog will sometimes make its appearance, especially after a sultry day, when a cold breeze sets in towards sunset. Such a mist now began to rise from the low, wet grounds, by the river, and from the river itself, and to creep rapidly across the plain, in our direction. It did not rise more than fifteen, or twenty feet above the ground: but it was quite impervious; and looked like a vast, snow-white fleece. Very soon, it had hidden the band of Camanches nearest to the river. A few moments more, and it enveloped us. Its cool, moist touch was inconceivably grateful, after the heat of the day and the passion of the late combat.

"Now is our time," said Jack. "You have a pocket-compass, captain. Take our bearings, and let us be off."

"Shall we head directly for the river?"

"By no means. The Camanches will think that we'll seek the timber there, and will make for it, so as to intercept us. Better for us to go straight ahead, for the next three miles, trusting that the fog will hold."

"It will hold," I said, confidently. "This cold wind will keep on condensing the moisture, in the atmosphere, more and more, so that the fog will grow thicker and spread wider. If we were on the mountains yonder, we should see, before half an hour, the whole plain submerged in it as in a sea."

"In that case, we are safe," replied Jack. "I know nothing about the science of the thing, but I never saw a fog come up, in this way, that didn't hold on. Now."

With the word, we were off. Our horses seemed to catch new vigor from the fog, which acted on them like a plunge into a cool river; they stretched out their necks, and with wide-distended nostrils, rushed forward, the thud, thud of their hoofs keeping time like a maestro's baton, and the miles slipping away behind us like water running through a mill-race.

"I have been counting the strides," I said, after awhile. "I know, almost to an inch, what Whirlwind's is, when he goes at this gait; and you have kept pace with him. We have gone about four miles since we started, and the Camanches, nearest the river, must be behind us, considerably."

"You are right," said Jack, as he thundered on, at my side.

"The river," I continued, "makes a great curve across the plain, in front: we are now on the arc of the circle, and by sticking to our bee-line, will gain many miles; we shall strike it, in fact, comparatively close to the mountains."

"And the red-skins will be sure to follow the water-course," said Jack. "They can generally go as straight as an arrow; but not in a fog: that bewilders them, and they have no compass. We shall gain a dozen miles on them, even if they should turn back on their steps."

So we kept straight on. The miles came and went: and more than two hours passed. Now and then, the fog, for a little space, would break away, and we could see stars shining overhead; but it never lifted sufficiently to betray us. At last, close ahead, rising like ghosts out of the white mist, we saw the dark, dank foliage of the low trees that skirted the river.

"Safe," cried Jack, as drawing rein, for a moment, he listened intently. "Our way, now, lies clear. It will be a tough job for the horses though; two day's work in one. But when once we reach the mountains, we'll find ravines, in which we can hide, even if a foe comes within ten yards of us."

"And perhaps passes that we could hold," I added, "against hundreds, even if tracked there."

It was long after midnight, when we drew rein, finally, however. For the last hour, we had been ascending the hills; the fog was far below us; the stars were twinkling in thousands overhead.

One of us kept watch, while the other slept. Jack insisted on my seeking repose the first. At the end of two hours, he roused me.

"All's well," he said, "There's not a sound,

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but the sigh of the night-breeze. To think," with a touch of sentiment I had hardly expected of him, "that everything should be so calm and still here, while down yonder, only a few hours ago, it was as if hell itself had been let loose."

All that day, and the night following, we kept quiet, to rest ourselves, but especially our tired horses. Jack disappeared, twice, on a scouting expedition, going on foot. He reported all safe, on both occasions, when he returned.

"The Camanches are still on the plains," he said, after the last one. "I got a sight at them, far away, from one of the higher peaks; they were moving eastward, as if they had given up the chase."

The next morning, we came out from our hiding-place, and pursued our journey. On the third day, we found ourselves on a high table-land, with lofty mountains on either side.

"It is here," said Jack, "that we must look for the ruins you seek. And, by the Lord, there they are."

He pointed to a cluster of what have since been called *pueblos*, about five miles distant. There were, in all, eleven edifices, as we found on approaching nearer. The principal one was apparently almost six hundred feet long, and proportionally wide. It was built around three sides of a rectangle, with an open court, on the fourth side, facing south, directly towards us. It hung about half-way up the cliff, and seemed to be quite inaccessible.

Suddenly, I saw a thin thread of smoke ascending from it.

"Great heavens," I cried, "it is inhabited."

"Yes, that is smoke, sure," said Jack. "What will you do now?"

I had expected, as the reader knows, to find the *pueblos* empty, in which case, my task would have been comparatively easy. But though the danger was now increased tenfold, I did not hesitate, for I could but fail, at the very worst.

"I shall go on with the venture, all the same," I replied. "But I shall go alone. Your active share in the enterprise stops now."

I then told him, not what I was seeking, but something of the manner in which it was to be sought. I described the platform on the face of the cliff, and the concealed shaft which I hoped to discover. I had a field-glass, and I bade him look through it.

"I have already recognized the platform," I said. "It is just this side of the larger of the ruins. Day after to-morrow, I shall go there, and begin my search. Fortunately, the third hour is that, when everybody, in this climate, takes his, or her siesta. I shall only identify the spot, in the day-time, and return at night, and by that means be able to work undetected. Of course, I run a great chance of losing my life. But if I am successful, I will return here by the third day. Should I not re-appear, at that time, count me for dead."

"All right," answered Jack, but he looked at me curiously; then added, hesitatingly: "Your secret is your own, captain, and I don't want to force it from you; but sometimes two heads are better than one, as the saying is, even if one is a block-head's."

"This enterprise, Jack," I answered, "is, from most points of view, so absurd, that I could not, conscientiously, allow any one to risk life in but myself. If I tell you what it is, I know you will insist on accompanying me: so I shall keep my secret; and you mustn't think hard of me."

He grasped my hand with emotion, for, by this time, community of danger had made old friends of us, and answered:

"Then, I'll keep faith, and stay here till the third day. There's my hand on it."

No more was said, and that afternoon I left the camp, and set out alone on my hazardous undertaking.

CHAPTER V.

The dawn had not yet appeared, when I reached the foot of the precipice, half-way up which was the rocky platform that I sought. All was still around. The inhabitants, whoever they were, evidently were not yet awake.

I soon found a place where I thought ascent was possible, at least to one accustomed to mountain climbing, as fortunately I was. After some sharp work, I stood on the rocky platform.

This shelf, for it was little more, was about five hundred feet long, and twenty feet wide. At one end, it came to a point, the cliff rising above, and falling off below, sheer and sharp, so that there was no escape in that direction. At the other end, it was flanked by the singular edifice of which I have spoken, the solid walls of which, itself, blocked up all passage in that direction. About twenty feet up, there was a window in this wall, just large enough to admit the egress, or ingress, of a man's body. There was no other opening visible anywhere.

The platform, itself, was nearly bare. But it was far from level. Its inequality of surface was farther increased by numerous boulders, some of great size, that lay scattered about. "Under one of these," I said to myself, "is, doubtless, the opening into the shaft."

Near the end of the platform, furthest from the house, was a fissure in the precipice, overgrown

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with vines, so that a person, hiding in the cleft, would be completely screened from observation. When I saw this, I resolved to remain on the platform, concealing myself there, till night.

The morning passed, without any incident. As the third hour approached, my heart rose into my throat, and I watched, eagerly, for the shadows to touch. They crept nearer and nearer; my breath came shorter; at last they over-lapped. The spot was where a gray boulder, worn with the storms of centuries, lay as if accidentally. "Nobody," I said to myself, "would ever think that it was placed there, purposely."

After that, the hours seemed interminable. Would twilight never come? At last the sun went down; the night-air grew more chill; the gloom and the silence became profound. Hour after hour dragged on. I had a repeater; and I struck the hour twenty times at least. Finally, it sounded ten o'clock. This was the hour, when I had determined to begin work. "Now, or never," I exclaimed.

I had come, provided with a short, but stout, crow-bar, which I had carried all the way from the city of Mexico. In scaling the precipice, this crow-bar had been suspended from my neck, behind, so as not to impede my movements. I also had carried a lariat, wound around my waist, to facilitate my descent into the shaft, and my ascent from it afterwards.

I looked warily around before I began operations. But not a soul stirred. Not a sound was heard. I pried and pried for some time, in vain, at the boulder. Probably the stone had not been moved for ages: possibly not since it had been first rolled there. The perspiration stood out on my forehead in great drops. "Another effort," I said, as I felt the stone give a little, "and I have it. There!"

As I spoke, the end of the boulder rose, several inches. Stooping to peep under it, I saw, with what delight the reader may conceive, the opening of a shaft.

In a few moments, I had lifted the stone away from the opening, had descended the shaft, and had lit the pocket-lantern, which I had brought with me. A tunnel, wide enough for two men, opened from the shaft, just as the picture-writing had described. I entered it, with beating heart. A sudden turn, a rapidly ascending path, and a door directly in front, that yielded to the touch, and I was in a vast chamber, one much larger, indeed, than the one I had expected to see.

This chamber was circular in shape, and about fifty feet in diameter. At one end, on the wall, was a curiously-wrought face, surrounded by a rayed halo; an upright bar reached from this nearly to the floor, and was supported by a cross-bar; in the left, upper corner of the cross, thus made, was a coiled serpent; beneath this was a triangle, another serpent, a lizard, and a tapir, all carved in stone. Several characters, whose meaning was unknown to me, were graven on the wall, though one of them, I thought, looked like a fish's head. I counted fourteen figures.

Beneath this cross and face, with its singular symbols, and standing about three feet in front of the wall, was a rough block of stone. Stooping, with vague wonder, to examine it more closely, I saw that it was stained with what appeared to be blood. The meaning of the whole flashed on me.

"This is the secret chamber," I said, in an awed whisper, "where the inhabitants of these *pueblos* formerly practiced their religious rites, and this is the stone where they made human sacrifices."

With a shudder of loathing, I turned from the hideous thing, and threw the light of my lantern on the other parts of the room.

"Perhaps it has been generations," I said, aloud, "since any human being has been sacrificed here, however. Those bloody rites must, long ago, have died out."

At that moment, a door, skilfully concealed, and which I had not observed, was flung open, as if by invisible hands, and a moment after, a dozen, or more persons, in flowing robes, as if priests, thronged into the room.

My appearance seemed to take them by surprise. The foremost threw up his hands, with an exclamation of horror, and started back, as if he had seen an apparition. But he recovered himself immediately, and turning to his followers, pointed, with a gesture of rage, towards me. Before I could put myself on my defence, for I was not less startled than the intruders, I was seized, thrown down, and held fast, while the principal personage, the high-priest himself, I supposed, proceeded to bind my hands securely with a girdle taken from one of his subordinates.

I knew, then, that my last hour had come. It was only necessary to see the features of my captors, in which astonishment, rage, and fanaticism struggled together, to understand that.

I was dragged towards the great stone of sacrifice, and one of the priests, whom I had observed to leave the room hastily, now returned, with a stone axe, and approached me. The high-priest spoke a word or two of sharp command, and in spite of my struggles, I was thrown down on the stone, my head resting on its highest part.

The executioner pushed back the flowing sleeve from his arm, and advanced with his blood-stained weapon uplifted.

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All my past life rushed before me. I was a child at my mother's knee; I was a boy at play in the old orchard. And I was to die, and so young: to die, unknown; to die in this awful manner! A hurried prayer rose to my lips.

But at that instant, just as the axe was about to descend, there was a sudden rush as of a woman's garments, a cry of horror; and a hand arrested the executioner's arm.

The intruder was a young girl about nineteen years of age, apparently. She was tall, and slim, with a figure just rounding into womanhood. Her complexion was a brilliant brunette. Even the priests, I may remark, were not darker-hued than Spaniards; but she was as fair as the bluest-blooded of Aragonese. Her every movement, even in that moment of excitement, was grace itself. I saw all this, as in a flash.

She spoke, rapidly, but in tones sweet as music, though, at first, in a tongue I did not understand.

"What means this?" she said, breaking at last into the purest Castilian. "How dare you? And to a stranger? What has he done? Señor," and she turned to me, with a gesture of majesty, "fear nothing; you are safe; I rule here."

The executioner shrank back, abashed. The men, holding me down, released me. Only the high-priest seemed to be unmoved.

"Princess," he said, boldly facing the young girl, "he has been guilty of sacrilege; and by the laws of your ancestors, which I am sure you will be the first to respect, he must die. Do not seem to hesitate. Our followers must not even suspect that you do. It is because of this, that I address you in Spanish, a language only you and I understand."

"If the stranger intended sacrilege, by coming here," the girl answered, after a pause, "he ought, perhaps, to die. But what proof is there of that? How did he get here?"

"How he came here, I know not," said the high-priest. "The powers of evil must have helped him by some art of magic. But he is evidently one of those vile Americanos. We will proceed to interrogate him."

"Not now. The trial shall take place, to-morrow, after due rites have been performed, but not before," interposed the princess, authoritatively. "I am the head of our religion, remember, as well as the last of my royal race; and I will be obeyed. Not a word more!"

Her attitude and air was that of one born to command. Even the sacerdotal old man obeyed her, though he gave her one, quick glance of rage and hate, which, however, she did not see. He bowed, silently; signed to his men; and I was led away.

CHAPTER VI.

My jailors conducted me up a flight of steps, made of solid stone; a door was opened; and I was thrust into a small room; the door was shut and bolted; and I was left alone, and in darkness.

I did not care to grope about in the gloom, on the chance of finding a bed, or couch, but flung myself down on the stones, at once, and began to review my desperate position.

I saw no hope anywhere. "Of course, I will be condemned," I said. "Even the princess will see I have committed what they call sacrilege."

Every one has read that Argyle, on the eve of his execution, lay down and slept soundly. It is not so much courage, however, that enables one to do this, as exhaustion of mind and body. Like Argyle, after awhile, I fell sound asleep.

My last thoughts were of that courageous, beautiful girl, nevertheless. They continued, in my dreams, to hover about her. I fancied I was on a desert island, famished and desolate, when, like an angel from the skies, she suddenly appeared, held out her hand, and led me back to home and happiness. I was alone, on a raft, on a pathless ocean, devoured by thirst and hunger, when, all at once, I heard the rustle as of celestial garments, and, with shining countenance, she descended, and conducted me to land. Half-waking, I stirred, and opened my eyes. Then I rose on my elbow; for, strange to say, the illusion continued. My cell was no longer dark. I was no longer alone. That same celestial countenance was bending over me. The princess stood there, holding a lamp high up, the rays of which lit her head as with a halo.

"Hush," she whispered, in Spanish. "The least noise may be fatal. I have come to keep my word—to give you freedom?"

"To give me freedom?" I was still half-dazed.

"Yes! But not a minute is to be lost. I mistrust the high-priest. He dares not disobey me openly, but he may thwart my counsels indirectly. He thinks I am asleep. I know I have been watched, and I feigned slumber; and not till then was the spy taken away."

I had risen to my feet. I could hardly comprehend it even yet.

She moved towards the door.

"But you run a risk yourself," I said, at last understanding all. "Your agency, in my escape, will be discovered—"

"They dare not touch my life," she answered, drawing herself proudly up, "and anything else—"

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"I cannot accept life on such terms," I replied. "What! Shall I—I, a man—let a woman suffer for me?"

She looked at me in a way I shall never forget. There was astonishment, at first; then a deeper feeling surged up; her great, luminous eyes were ablaze.

"But if she chooses to suffer?" As she said this, her whole face was dyed in crimson. "If she is not to be out-done in generosity?"

"But I could make no return," I replied. "No, I can die. To let you suffer for me would be dishonor."

She turned deadly pale.

"In one way you can save me," I cried. "Fly with me. Be my wife. My life shall be yours. I swear, by all the angels—"

"Hush," she said, putting her slender, warm little hand to my lips, with the innocence of a child, as it were. "Swear not at all, we are told." And she crossed herself, reverently.

My look of amazement reminded her that her words and gesture required explanation.

"You will be surprised," she said, hurriedly; "but I am a Christian. My mother was a Spanish lady of rank. Oh! how I abhor the heathen worship, at which I am forced, nevertheless, to be present."

"Then," I cried, eagerly, "go with me, where you can worship as your conscience dictates. To stay here, now, is death."

She hesitated for a moment.

"I will trust you," she said, at last. "But we lose time. Come."

She turned, as she spoke, and still holding the lamp above her head, and a little in advance, glided silently before me, through the door, while I followed as noiselessly.

We passed through a lofty, but deserted corridor, traversed one or two empty rooms, and swiftly descending a few steps, came out on a landing on which two doors opened. Here she paused, for a moment, with a hand on one of the doors.

"But you have not told me," she said, with a little hesitation, "what strange chance brought you here. I—I am sure I may trust you—but your coming is so extraordinary—that—that—"

I interrupted her at once, and in a few, rapid words, told my story, finishing, by saying: "Do not look on me as a common robber. I am ashamed of myself, now, when I think why it was that I came. But, believe me, it was not sordid thirst of gain that induced me. It was the love of adventure. You, as a woman, may not, and can hardly, understand."

"Oh! yes," she said, "I can, and do, understand. I should do injustice to the courage and daring of a long line of royal ancestors, if I did not understand." There was no vain self-assertion in this, but the simplicity of a child affirming a simple truth. "You were like the old knights that Father Pedro used to tell me about, those, I mean, who went forth in search of the Holy Grail," and she crossed herself devoutly, again. "Only this was nothing so sacred; but a mere mass of jewels. And since you mention it," she added, "I remember that the talisman is mine, and alas! the only inheritance I can carry away with me. It will take but a minute to secure it."

She opened a door, as she spoke, and led the way into the hall where I had been captured. Here she touched a secret spring, disclosing a little recess under the great cross. In a moment more the talisman was flashing in the lamp light.

It was even more magnificent than I had been led to expect. I am afraid to say how large it was, or how pure was its water, lest I should be accused of exaggerating. It was set in the rudest fashion, showing its extreme antiquity, and was surrounded by three several circles of gems, each gem quite large, while a fringe of other gems, scores, as it were, strung together, dropped from beneath, as she held it up to the light. Out of the centre of this glittering mass, the great jewel itself, the talisman proper, blazed and flashed, with overpowering lustre, like some mighty star.

"See," she said. "It *is* beautiful, isn't it?"

She held it up for a moment, then hurriedly deposited it in her bosom, and closing the recess carefully, motioned for me to follow. She passed through a different door from that by which we had entered, and having carefully shut it behind her, said:

"We shall soon, now, be in the open air. This corridor leads to a stair, hollowed in the rock, that will conduct us to the *canyon* below. Our absence will not be discovered for some time, perhaps not before day-break, and we shall be far away by that hour. You have told me why you came here, and now I must tell you how I, the daughter of the race of Montezuma, came to be a Christian."

The corridor, of which she spoke, was about nine feet high, and just broad enough for two persons to walk abreast: it was apparently some two hundred feet long. By the faint light of our lamp, I could see the door at the further end.

As she finished speaking, I thought I heard sounds, as of bolts rapidly shot home, coming from the direction of that very door. I looked, quickly, at her. She had turned to me, at the same moment, and was pale as death.

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"I fear we have been detected, and that the door is fastened," she whispered. "Yes," she added, as we both hurried to the end of the passage, "I hear receding steps without."

I tried the door. It was as immovable as a rock.

"There is one chance," I said, quickly. "The way back to the chamber of worship is still open, and thence, through the tunnel, to the shaft by which I descended. No one but you knows how I came, unless, indeed, it has been just suspected. But that's the risk we take. The lariat is still hanging down the shaft. Once there, I can climb to the top by it, and draw you up after me, when you have fastened the rope around your waist. Quick!"

I took her hand, and hurried her back, breathlessly. But when we reached the door, by which we had entered, we found that also fastened. I shook and shook it, with desperate strength, but in vain. At last, as if in answer to my frantic efforts, I heard a low laugh of derision, a laugh like that of a Mephistopheles.

"I know that laugh," said my companion, clutching my arm, as if for protection; "it is the high-priest's. It must have been his spy, and assistant, who closed the other door. I have been watched better than I thought. I was lulled into a false security, I see, and when I left my room, the traitor hurried off to betray me. The road I would take was of course known: there is no other; and we are hopelessly lost."

Driven wild by her look of agony, I rushed at the door again, with the strength of a dozen men. But in vain. The only result was to wake that derisive laugh once more.

"Yes, it is the high-priest," said my companion, with a shudder, under her breath. "No one else would dare to do this. I have had reason to think, for some time, that he suspected my change of faith; and now he has got his revenge. He would not have ventured to act openly, for I could have appealed to the loyalty of my people, and they would have stood by me, I believe, even though they knew I had abjured the old religion. Now, however, no one, except he and his familiar, will be aware of how we disappeared."

"Cannot we make ourselves heard by others? Are not persons constantly passing along the corridor without?"

"No! He will take care that the rites shall be celebrated in some other hall of worship, for every *pueblo* has one; and he will assign some plausible reason for the change. No one ever passes this door, unless to attend the ceremonies; it lies in a disused part of the palace. He will also find an excuse for my disappearance. He will probably say I have gone to Zumi, a larger settlement of our people, some three days journey to the south-west. Meantime," with a shudder again, "we are left here to starve—to starve—"

There was a little recess, with a stone seat, just inside the door-way. She was so visibly tottering, as she spoke, that I took the lamp, which hitherto she had declined all my offers to carry, set it hastily on the floor, and then drew her to the bench, and placed her on it.

"We will die together," I said. "Would I could die for you."

She glanced up quickly, started to her feet, grasped my arm, looked me wildly in the face, and said, "Can you ever forgive me? But for my stopping to secure the talisman, you, at least, could have got off safely. Oh! I have brought death on you, whom I meant to save."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A PRAYER.

BY MISS LAURA H. FISHER.

O, winds, give me back,
To-night!
Vain winds if ye might,
If ye might!

Rare sweets from the flowers
Are blown?
But I want my own,
My own!

And the skies of the South
Are divine?
But they are not mine,
Not mine!

And the song of the bird
Is afire?
Too full of desire,
Wild desire!

And the nights breathe love,
And gain?
I dare say—and pain,
Such pain!

O, winds, turn to white
All this black!
Give me back, to-night,
Give me back!

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MR. CATTERMOLE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

GOSSET, JUNE, 187–.—I do not dislike my own name, George Cattermole. It is not pretty, but it is peculiar, and it suits me; and best of all, I am not often annoyed by meeting strangers, who have the impertinence to call themselves by my family cognomen. I should have to write George Henry Augustus before it, if I chose to set down all my baptismal appellations; but I do not choose. Because one's parents, or sponsors, were guilty of a folly, is no reason why their victim should help, wilfully, to perpetuate it.

Henry Augustus, my uncle, from whom I got the Henry Augustus, only departed this life a few years back; and all I got from him, besides the name, was a chancery suit, which had dragged on so long that if it ever were decided, it would have to be in my favor, or that of the widow of one of the former claimants, for everybody else connected with the case was dead and gone.

I felt inclined to let the whole business go to the dogs, or the lawyers, (which is much the same,) but when I learned that it was a widow, who presumed to keep up this unjust battle, (for my rights are plain as a pike-staff to any person with a grain of reason,) I determined to persevere. For the truth is, I hate widows; have done so all my life; and I do not mean to change at this late date. If I have a virtue it is consistency! My step-mother was somebody's widow, before she became my father's, and I have no doubt, that, if death had not called for her, within six months after my parent's decease, she would have been somebody else's widow before the year was out. Once let a woman get the habit of being a widow, and she can no more relinquish it, than a cannibal could his taste for human flesh.

I am a middle-aged man, a plain man, a commonplace man, in so much that I have slight opinion of poetry and romance. I am exceedingly shrewd, and far-sighted; a little irritable, when people will stupidly cling to erroneous views, after my pointing out their errors; but otherwise amiable, and easy to live with; though I am neither to be cajoled nor driven.

I note these facts, because I like to see how they look, in black and white, though this little volume, in which I have a habit occasionally of jotting down my opinions and feelings, is not intended for the perusal of any other person; but it pleases me to perceive how calmly and impartially I can contemplate my good qualities, and such slight failing as I may possess.

I am in possession of what may be considered ample means, if a man remains a bachelor, as I am happy to say I have been wise enough to do; and whenever that chancery suit is decided in my favor, (as it must be sooner or later,) I shall be very wealthy. I do not crave riches, but I know that, in my hands, that fortune will be properly administered, and put to good uses, which could never be the case, if it fell into the control of any widow, who ever wore bombazine and deluded the weaker members of my sex, by an artful melancholy.

Last winter, the business occupied me a great deal, and involved so much worry of all sorts, that my health really suffered, so when summer came, I established myself in this quiet neighborhood, which struck my fancy, while making a little tour through New England.

I found a roomy, well-built cottage, to let furnished, on reasonable terms; and I took it. The woman, left in charge of the house, is an excellent cook: her husband cultivates the garden, which supplies me with fresh vegetables; he also milks the cow, that affords me good cream and butter. All other essential details are managed by my faithful old servant, Ferguson, who has been in my employment for many years. With most people, Ferguson would be presuming, for he is very fond of having his own way, but he knows that with me this is impossible, and so he submits accordingly.

The village of Gosset, a quaint, sleepy place, is only a quarter of a mile distant, so that I get my letters, in the morning, in good season; and New York is not so far off, but what I can receive my daily paper, comparatively early. My study is a bright, pleasant room; and the view from my verandah is really very pretty: a landscape of meadows and rolling hills, and a river in the middle distance; quiet, cultivated scenery of the kind a well-regulated mind enjoys. I do not like overgrown mountains, and preposterous cataracts, such as many foolish, excitable people rush to see: for even Nature can be exaggerated.

I have led a very retired life here, but it suits

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me. Ferguson and I agreed that I needed complete repose. In many ways, Ferguson is a man of judgment, unusually so when under good guidance. I have even adopted the country habit of dining early; I was a little doubtful about trying this, but Ferguson once had an uncle who lived to ninety, just from having chosen this plan along in middle life. As a rule, I sit up late; but here I have fallen into the habit of retiring to rest rather early. Ferguson always likes to put all the lights out before he goes to bed, and he gets so amazingly sleepy by ten o'clock, that it seems a shame to keep him up.

During the first weeks of my stay, I had occasionally visitors from the village. The doctor used to come up, now and then, and play a game of chess; but though he played tolerably, he never could lose, without losing his temper at the same time; and when he went so far as to hint that it was I, not himself, who appeared infirm in that way, I felt it was due to my dignity to end that recreation.

The lawyer used to come too. He was a rather agreeable fellow, but frothy. That man, even after my laboriously going over the details of my chancery suit, could never be brought to see that my claim was certain to succeed! A creature so obtuse naturally soon became insupportable to a calm, well poised mind, capable of regarding both sides of a subject.

I had to give up the clergyman, for I discovered that his views were far from orthodox, and though I am a liberal man, I cannot support any approach to heresy, and I am sorry to say that Mr. Cummings' opinion in regard to many theological points, were far from being as sound as they ought to have been, in one of his cloth.

Two or three other persons, whose society I consented to cultivate, proved equally unsatisfactory: long years, spent in a retired place, are apt to make men opinionated and stubborn. So, gradually, it came about, that my visitors dropped off, one after one; and I miss them the less, because Ferguson plays a really good game of chess, though he has never but once succeeded in defeating me, and then the thing happened as he very justly observed, from my having my head occupied that evening with letters I had received.

AUGUST 15.—I find that more than six weeks have elapsed since I have jotted down any records, or impressions, in this little book; but as it was never intended for a regular diary, I am not obliged to feel that I have neglected to carry out a fixed purpose—which would be a most unheard of failing on my part, either in a large or small matter.

I was absent for ten days, and only returned about a week since. Some business connected with the suit took me to town. I was not very comfortable, because I left Ferguson behind; I disliked, especially, being forced to do this; for Ferguson had opposed my journey, and even gone so far as to hint that it was unnecessary. I reproved him sharply, and after that he made our preparations in silence, but the very night before we were to start, Ferguson developed rheumatism in his right foot, and limped terribly. He was so penitent, over having presumed to set his opinions up in opposition to mine, that he wanted to accompany me, in spite of his lameness; but this, of course, I could not permit: his presumption had been his fault, the rheumatism was his misfortune. So I went without him, and oddly enough his foot had got well, just as I had sent him word, that I should be back on a certain day. He had written to ask permission to join me, and opened his letter to say that he had received my communication, after sealing his epistle; but he would send it, in order that I might see what his intentions had been.

I was very much annoyed, by a piece of news, which Ferguson gave me. The cottage, that stands next to mine, and which had been empty all summer was let: worst of all, to a widow.

"She's named Mrs. Jefferson," said Ferguson, "and she have with her a—"

I interrupted him.

"Let me hear no more," I said, "and let it be distinctly understood, that, between my house and that, no communication must take place."

"There wouldn't, through me," said Ferguson, "for they're all women, and I'd ruthir go into a hornet's nest."

I knew he spoke the truth, for Ferguson carried his dislike to, and his suspicions of, the sex, far beyond what is reasonable; and I have pointed out to him frequently, that all women are not widows. But he entrenches himself in the assertion, "that they will be, sometimes, if they can manage it, by hook or by crook;" and the horrible possibilities involved in this sweeping condemnation, always fill me with such painful food for thought, that I invariably quit the subject.

The next day, as I was standing at the gate, I saw a stout, motherly-looking, elderly woman pass. She did not wear weeds, was not even in mourning, so I felt somewhat surprised, when Ferguson, who had just come from the post office, whispered to me:

"That is our new neighbor, sir."

"What's that to us?" returned I, sternly.

Ferguson felt the reproof, bowed, and went his way.

All the same, I was glad that she bore no

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outward signs of widowhood; we must meet in the road, now and then; and it was a satisfaction not to be wearied by the sight of weepers, and crape, and other deceitful ornaments, to mark her state and kind.

But only the morning after, I heard the frantic barking of a small dog, close under my study window, and as I was occupied in mental effort, the noise annoyed me terribly. It proved to be the widow's poodle that barked. In the afternoon, there rose a great commotion in the kitchen; a cat had got into the pantry, and stolen the cold meat; and it was the widow's cat!

Within the next three days, I had twice more been worried by the poodle. Thrice had my food been purloined by the cat. As a crowning wrong, a little pig broke through two loose palings of the fence, that separated my grounds from my neighbors, desecrated my flower-beds, ran riot over the lawn, and completed his enormities by dashing between the gardener's legs, and tripping him up, as he rushed about in pursuit of the miserable animal.

I had borne enough! I called for my hat; buttoned my coat tightly over my breast; assumed my severest expression of countenance; and set forth. I opened the gate of the next house. I walked quickly and determinedly up the path. I reached the verandah. I perceived a female, seated thereon, with her back towards me.

"Ahem!" said I, in order to attract her attention. She turned. I saw it was not the owner of those abandoned quadrupeds I had come to complain of, but a servant; from her dress evidently belonging to the lady's maid class: a pert, not to say rakish looking person; exactly the sort of creature I should have expected a widow to choose for a domestic. "Young woman," I said, "I desire to see your mistress. I am Mr. Cattermole. I live next door. I have endured, long enough, the enormities of those disgraceful animals, kept here for the express purpose of annoying me. I am a mild man, a patient man, but—"

I could get no further. The woman had risen, and was dropping curtsies, and I think struggling with a laugh—odious wretch! But at that instant, a voice called from the parlor:

"Julia, has the expressman come?"

And through the open French window, stepped a young lady. She might have been twenty-six, and was dressed in white. She was as pretty and graceful a lady, as it had ever been my lot to look at. I lifted my hat, in a little confusion. She bowed, and glanced at me, with an inquiring expression.

"Ma'am," said the pert lady's maid, "It's the gentleman, from next door."

The lady hurried forward, with a charming smile, and held out her hand, saying:

"Oh, Mr. Cattermole, how good of you to come! I am really ashamed to look you in the face! I only just heard of the annoyance we have already proved to you. I am so very sorry! I have had Muff tied up, and the cat whipped; and we are going to kill the little pig. Do forgive us! Say you do, else I shall be quite wretched."

I am no misogynist; I never professed to be; and this pretty little creature was bewitching.

"Madam," I said, "you are very good! I have the honor to present you my respects, and to beg you to excuse this abrupt intrusion."

"Intrusion?" she cried. "What a word! It is so kind of you to call. I hoped you would; for we are such near neighbors! And it was so good of you to come, after the shocking way you have been treated. Almost any other man would have refused ever to know us."

After this, how could I speak of the errand which had brought me? I decided to let her suppose that I had come merely to make a visit. I took the chair she offered; she sat down opposite me. The rakish-looking maid, meantime, had disappeared. In five minutes, we were conversing, in the most friendly fashion. As a rule, I do not make acquaintance easily; it is against my principles; but all rules have their exceptions. This was a case in point. No man, worthy the name, could have been cold or stiff in the presence of that lady.

She told me that she, and her cousin, had come thither for quiet. She had not been well. She had had business worries. They did not want much society, but a neighbor or so was very welcome. "Thank heaven," I said to myself, "that this isn't the widow; it must be some young relative, under her charge."

Well, we had a delightful conversation of twenty minutes. It was astonishing how quickly she discovered my tastes, and how many of them happened to be her own.

Then the lady, whom I had met, a few days before, made her appearance, and I was presented.

"My cousin, Mrs. Jefferson," said this graceful creature, in such a pretty, childish way. "Cousin, Mr. Cattermole has been good enough to come and see us, in spite of the awful conduct of all your little beasts. Isn't it good of him? Thank him, do thank him."

"It is for me to offer thanks, for this hospitable reception," I said.

Then Mrs. Jefferson spoke some pleasant words, and after a few moment's chat, excused herself. "The proprietor of the house was waiting to see her," she said. I rose to go.

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"Why should you be in such haste?" asked the young lady.

"I must not trespass too far upon your courtesy, Miss—"

Then I stopped, feeling a little awkward.

"Good gracious!" she said. "What a featherhead I am. Here, I've forgot to tell you my name," she laughed, yet looked somewhat alarmed. "I am afraid to tell you!" she cried. "Promise you won't hate me—do promise? Oh, Mr. Cattermole, I am Mrs. Smith! I am the contestant, in that dreadful chancery suit! But we need'nt be enemies: we can leave the battle to the lawyers. Say we can. Ah, promise!"

Refusal was out of the question! I felt, instinctively, that, though a widow, she had been forced into this odious position, in regard to the attempt to defraud me of my rights. I said what I could. I fear that I spoke with an incoherency unusual with me; but the situation was so unexpected, so confusing, that I hold myself excusable. I wanted to take my leave; Mrs. Smith would not permit it.

"If you go, I shall think you are angry," she said. "Sit down, and let me tell you all about it—it will be a great relief! Oh, when I heard your name, and found that we were neighbors, I was in such a fright. But you don't hate me quite. Now, do you?

To insist on leaving would have been at once undignified and rude; I trust that in no circumstance am I ever the one or the other. I did sit down. We talked for a long time. When I went away, it seemed to me I had known her for years.

She had married Mr. Smith, while very young; she was twenty-eight now; "but," as I told her, "did not look her age." Smith was many years older than herself. "He had been goodness and kindness itself," she declared. "When he died, she felt as solitary as a poor child, lost in a wood."

"I knew so little of the world," she added, piteously; "I shall never, never be fit to take care of myself: I'm a poor creature! Well, could I refuse the dying request of the man who had adored me, for he had? I could not—you feel that—ah, you need not speak—I see it in your eyes! Oh, you are good and kind; your intuitions are so quick that you can read a character at a glance—I thank you, oh, I thank you!"

Then she told me that he had exacted a solemn promise from her, to go on with the suit: it had always been a painful duty: it would be still more difficult now.

"So dreadful to be fighting a friend," she sighed. "For we mean to be friends, don't we, Mr. Cattermole?"

"I trust that we are so already," said I, fervently.

Words are never lightly spoken, by a man like myself. Though, to an ordinary thinker, this sudden going against my general principles of action might have appeared an inconsistency, it was not so. She had said rightly; I can, without vanity, assert that I am a profound judge of character; and I read hers so quickly, that I knew her as thoroughly as if our acquaintance had dated years back. I knew that in spite of her being a widow, in spite of the false position in which her husband's dying commands had placed her, she was sweet and innocent as a child.

I told her so. I told her, too, that as a few weeks more would certainly see the case settled in my favor, it was not for me to cherish prejudice against her: and she thanked me with tears in her eyes.

"Then we need not think about it," she said. "We will never speak of it! When the matter is decided, I shall be the first to congratulate you. Ah, you believe that, do you not?"

I did, and I said so, and we were friends. I had no idea the time passed so quickly; I was late for dinner; and Ferguson was rather cross in consequence; but he saw, by my face, that I was in no mood for airs on his part, and he subdued his ill-humor.

From that day, my intimacy with my neighbors grew rapidly. I invited them often; Mrs. Smith and I took walks and drives; each interview increased my respect for her mental gifts; and the artless creature's admiration of my intellect and judgment was pretty to see.

That she had some secret worry, I perceived. At last Mrs. Jefferson told me what it was. A distant cousin was in love with her; she did not want to marry him. But she had such a dread of giving pain, that, though her good sense told her she ought to convince him there was no hope, her tender heart could not bear to deal the blow.

When Mrs. Jefferson mentioned his name, Arthur Gerald, I recognized it. I knew the young man for a handsome, reckless fellow, from whom this lovely, pure-souled woman ought to be saved. I stated this fact, and Mrs. Jefferson implored me to aid her efforts: "Annie had such confidence in my judgment," she said; "no one could influence her so much as I."

When Mrs. Smith discovered that I knew her secret, she was a little troubled at first; but after awhile, she owned herself glad.

"You will help me," she said. "You will be my guide!"

She told me the whole story. She had never

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loved him. The man, who won her heart, must be far different! Arthur was too young. If she ever married again, which was a most improbable thing, her husband must be older than herself; a man of firm will, yet good and gentle, upon whom she could rely implicitly. She did not approve of second marriages, as a rule. If she were ever led to contract one, her helplessness, her ignorance of the world, her need of a friend and guide, would be her principal inducement.

From the day that Ferguson learned of my acquaintance with my neighbors, there was a great change in him. He developed evil traits of character, which even I, with my ability to penetrate people down to the very core, had never suspected in him. Or rather, as Mrs. Smith said, when my annoyance chanced to become known to her, it was more probable that I had allowed my kind feelings to overpower my judgment; and as I reviewed the past, I could perceive that this had often been the case.

At first Ferguson ventured upon insinuations and sneers. I put those down with a steady hand. Then he took refuge, sometimes in crossness, sometimes in melancholy: in either phase he was unendurable. He became so insanely wrong-headed, and wrong-hearted, that he constituted himself a spy upon the next house, and was always hoping to find out some mystery. He learned that Mrs. Smith received many letters, and wrote a good many in return. He got hold of Mr. Gerald's name from the post-mistress, and when I condescended to explain the matter to him, he presumed to express unbelief, at least, by looks and manner, for he did not venture to open his lips.

One night, when I invited the ladies to come and have tea with me, he pretended to be ill, and went to bed. Indeed, there was no end to what I endured. Finally, I became convinced, that Mrs. Smith was right in her opinion, that to keep a servant too long was a mistake.

SEPTEMBER 10.—The weeks have gone very quickly; to employ Annie Smith's pretty phrase, "they have fled like a dream."

I have discharged Ferguson, and have got a new man, whom Mrs. Jefferson could recommend highly. He pleases me, and is eager to do so.

Ferguson's conduct, at the last, was abominable. About two weeks since, he came into my study, one morning, and poured out a wonderful discovery he had made. He talked so fast that I could not interrupt him for some time, and when I did, ordering him to be silent, he stood before me, in open rebellion, and insisted on finishing his slanderous tale.

The woman Julia had just left him; she had quarrelled with her mistress, and was going away. Of course I learned, afterwards, that she had been discharged, having been found to be untruthful and dishonest. But she declared that she was leaving of her own accord; she vowed that her mistress had flown into a passion, because a new gown did not fit, and had boxed her ears. Julia said that she had listened often, and heard the two cousins discuss their plans. If Mrs. Smith won the suit, she meant to marry Arthur Gerald. If I won the suit, she intended to marry me, because Gerald was poor. She had come to the cottage to live, knowing that I would be her neighbor, meaning to wheedle and deceive me.

All this, as I said, was poured out, with a fiendish eagerness and haste, which my commands did not stop.

"I expect it'll lose me my place," cried Ferguson, pretending to sob, crocodile that he was! "But I've told! I wasn't going to stand by, and say nothing, and see you bamboozled by a widow—and bamboozle it is—and you that innocent always, that a body may wind you round their finger, twenty times a day, and you not know it!"

I set the words down, as a record of the extent, to which human ingratitude can go, as a proof too of the invincible stupidity of an ignorant man. That miserable traitor, after all these years of daily opportunity of studying my character, after the numberless proofs he had had of my perspicacity, my unerring judgment, my unalterable firmness, could remain so utterly blind!

He was an idiot, not worth even anger. I said, calmly:

"Ferguson, you are discharged."

"I expected it, sir," he cried, with more crocodile sobs. "But I've done my duty! Sir, you're a-goin' to destruction—no, destruction has come to you, in the shape of a widder!"

After that, of course, I was obliged to say that, if he did not leave the house, in ten minutes, I should send to the village, and have him placed within the iron grip of the law.

Ah, the meanness, the baseness of human nature in general, among high and low, is indeed a melancholy spectacle! As gentle Annie Smith observed; it is well that, "here and there, a man stands up above his fellows, a monument of wisdom, a lighthouse of justice and moderation, to cast his beneficient gleams across the waste of darkness!"

Those were her very words—I write them, because they are worthy of preservation.

SEPTEMBER 27.—This date is so important,

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that I desire to record it, though it is not likely ever to fade from my mind. I wish also to note some of the events of this day, while they have the beautiful gloss of freshness upon them, what Annie sweetly termed, "the golden radiance of fruition—the heavenly halo of fulfilment."

We have known, for a week past, that any hour might bring news of the closing of our case. I had thought of going to town, but Mrs. Smith (it seems strange now to write that name), persuaded me to remain, as a favor to her. She should feel restless and anxious. "She had a presentiment," she said, "that the decision would be given in her favor; and if it should, and I not there to assure her of my forgiveness, she should die outright."

I knew that she had no grounds to presage disappointment for me. But it would have been bad taste to say so, at this juncture, so I held my peace, and consented to give up my journey.

I had settled, in my own mind, that the case would be decided to-morrow, Friday, which is always my lucky day; and I freely confess that I am not too stubborn to hold faith in presentiments. As Annie justly says, "We are surrounded by mystery: the wise man recognizes this and bows his head."

I went out to walk, earlier than usual. I met my servant, in the hall, and as he told me he had not yet been to the post, I decided to stroll in that direction. Just at the turn of the road, beyond Annie Smith's house, I met Annie herself.

"I am earlier even than you," she said. "I have been to the village, to mail some letters. I found all this heap of papers and magazines. There are two or three for you. I thought I would act postman for your benefit."

She tried to speak lightly, to smile; but she was pale and agitated; and I saw that she had been crying.

"You are troubled," I said. "Ah, you cannot deceive me! What, what has happened?"

"You see everything," she cried. "Well, I will tell you. Come to the house with me."

We entered her gate. But instead of going to the house, we sat down in an arbor, in the garden.

"Tell me," I said, "what it is. Your trouble is mine!"

Impulsively she put her hand in mine. I would not let her withdraw it, though she tried, blushing beautifully.

"I will tell you," she said, after a little entreaty on my part. "I have followed your advice. I have written to Arthur Gerald, that I will never see him again, until he promises to regard me as a friend."

But satisfactory as was this news, it troubled me to think that doing so wise a thing could make her suffer.

"Annie," I said; I have for a good while called her by her Christian name; she sweetly declared that Mrs. sounded so cold on the lips of a friend; "Annie, it is not possible that you have mistaken your own feelings—that you did care for this young man—"

"You know I did not," she interrupted. "It is not that. I am not thinking of him! I—I—the truth is I have made up my mind to go away."

"Go away?" I repeated.

She stifled a sob, and replied in a voice, which she tried vainly to render composed:

"I must. It will be better! Do not ask my reasons. Do not!"

"I have no right," I said, wounded by her words.

"No right!" she exclaimed. "Oh! every right. Ah, what am I saying? Let me go. I am not myself this morning. Later, we will talk! Yes, I must leave this heavenly place of rest—leave you!"

She hid her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. I read her secret—she loved me! She did not know that her affection was returned, and she feared to linger! I did love her. And now the moment had arrived, when, in justice to both, I must tell her so.

"Not leave me, Annie," I said, stealing my arm about her waist, and drawing her head down upon my shoulder. "Will you accept my heart, and share my name? Dear girl, will you be Mrs. Cattermole?"

Her frame shook convulsively. She laughed, she wept, she was hysterical. Under the circumstances such weakness could be excused.

"It's—it's only that I am so happy," she murmured, and then wept herself quiet in my embrace.

We had a long, blissful hour together, then we went to find Mrs. Jefferson, and told her what had happened. She rejoiced with us, you may be sure.

Towards dinner time, I took my leave. I had got to the gate, when Annie came running after me, holding up some newspapers.

"We had forgotten these!" she said. As I took them, a letter fell out, from under the band of one of the journals. "Why, I hadn't seen that!" she cried. "I might have lost it. How careless of the old postmistress not to say it was there!"

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As I picked up the epistle, I saw that it bore, at the top of the envelope, the printed address of my solicitors.

"Something about the suit," I said; "I trust it is not to drag on, longer!"

She begged me to open it. I did so. The decision had been given in my favor. I was fairly a millionaire!

I suppose I grew pale. She cried out in terror. I put the letter in her hand, and leaned against the gate; it was due to my dignity not to be overpowered; I struggled, and I succeeded.

"Oh, you have won!" she exclaimed. "Joy! joy! You have won."

I put my arm about her again.

"*We* have won, you mean!" I said.

Again she sheltered her face on my breast. Presently, she looked up, and said, half-laughing, half-crying:

"How glad I am we knew nothing about the letter, until—until you had made me so happy! I should have been ashamed then to accept you! Now I'll tell you a secret! If I had won, I meant, unless you would share the fortune with me, to run away and hide where you could never find me, and make you accept the money."

Dear, artless child!

"But now," I said, "we shall run away together."

She began to tremble, and to sob; but she said:

"It's—it's only I was thinking—I had been so afraid you did not love me—and—and I'm so happy." She ran away as she spoke. She needed, she said, to compose herself a little.

When I got home, Thomas, my man, met me in great confusion. A telegram had come for me, the night before, and he was suffering so terribly with toothache, that he forgot to give it to me. It was the first news my lawyers had sent; but I did not reprove Thomas for his neglect. It was pleasant that everything had happened, as it did; Annie will always like to remember that she promised to be my wife; before we knew whether she, or I, would bring the fortune; and to her delicate, sensitive nature the pleasure will be great.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Three weeks later, the widow married Mr. Cattermole. Nine months after, she buried him.

The doctor had declared, that, unless Mr. Cattermole renounced turtle soup and port, the gout would attack his heart, and carry him off within a year. Mr. Cattermole was not a man to relinquish his opinions. He knew his own constitution, and he knew that turtle soup agreed with him, and that, among wines, port was exactly what he required; and his wife was certain, as she always was, that her husband must be right. She approved of his resolve to eat turtle daily, and drink a bottle of port daily, for three months, just to prove to the physicians that he understood his own constitution, as they could not. He carried out his resolution, and his name, inscribed in gold letters on a marble tombstone, was the result.

Within a twelvemonth, after her irreparable loss, the inconsolable widow married Arthur Gerald.

LAID AWAY.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

So you noticed that chain of chestnut hair,
Linked together with yellow gold,
That I have so tenderly cherished there
In my Indian cabinet old?

That drawer has been fastened for many years,
And now as I turn the key again,
My eyes are blinded with sudden tears,
And my heart has a throb of pain.

But I want you to see a curious case
Of sandal-wood with a quaint design—
There's nothing inside but a pictured face,
Shall I show it you, friend of mine?

The fastening here is gold and pearl,
You see, at my touch it open lies,
And shows the face of a lovely girl
With wistful, Eastern eyes.

The warm, dark cheek on one slender hand
Is resting in sweet, unconscious grace,
And the chestnut hair with its wavy strand
Half-shadows the girlish face.

The faint sad smile has a hint of woe—
Oh, the patient look wrings my heart again!—
For my beautiful darling loved me so,
And waited so long in vain.

We were both deceived through malice and hate,
There were stolen letters and false things said;
When I found the truth it was all too late,
For my only love was dead.

She had left a package addressed with care—
You may close the case, for my tale is told—
Inside was that chain of chestnut hair
With its yellow links of gold.

Forgive me, old friend, I have made you sad,
I will turn the key on the past once more;
Let us talk of something pleasant and glad,
As we were talking before.

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AT CASTLE-PAIX.

BY ELLA WHEELER

I was lying on my chair-couch, which had been wheeled into the bay window to give me the benefit of the sun and the flowers, when Rose came to me with an open letter in her hand. Her cheeks were flushed, and her fair face aglow with delight.

"Oh, Twistie," she cried, "what do you think? Here is a letter to mamma, from Dolores, and such a sweet, kind letter it is; and Dolores wants all the hard feelings of the old trouble put away, and forgotten; and she is coming to see us; and asks us to try and love her a little, because she is so lonely. And, oh, Twistie, I know I shall love her, for just see what a sweet picture she has sent me, her own precious sister, as she calls me."

The dear child knelt by my side and put one arm under my poor twisted back—the back that had caused me to nickname myself, in a way that had now became universal in the household—and with her free hand, she held the handsome bit of porcelain and gold before my eyes.

From it smiled sadly the strangely incomprehensible face of Dolores Angel, the unknown, half-sister of my little neice, Rose.

I looked upon it long and earnestly. It drew me, against my will; it held my gaze, fascinated with its mystic bronze beauty. I could not say that I liked the face. I felt an overwhelming repugnance to the idea of her coming among us, and disturbing the almost heavenly peace of Castle-Paix; and yet, as I gazed upon the rounded outlines of that face, I yielded to an unaccountable impulse, and suddenly pressed my lips to the indescribably sweet mouth.

"Oh, you love her already, Twistie, just as I do; don't you, dear? How glad I am that she is coming; that she is willing to forgive and forget, as the good book bids us. I have grieved over it, in secret, for years, Twistie, to think my only sister was an alien, and an exile from her people. Yet, of course, while poor papa lived, it had to be. Ah! there comes Ronald, and I must run and tell him the good news."

After she had gone, I lay back on my couch, with a strangely heavy feeling at my heart. We were all so happy at Castle-Paix; our household was so complete; the atmosphere so peaceful; and our relations so tender and close, why need this foreign element come among us to create disturbance? For disturbance I was certain must ensue. What is perfect can change only for the worse. Her name alone signified sorrow. "Dolores, our Lady of Pain," I repeated, and then laughed at myself for an ill-tempered invalid.

"After all, she *is* half-sister to Rose," I said, "and it is but natural the child should feel some desire to see her. Yet, she was well enough off in Germany, among her own people; and why not stay there?"

Yes, she was half-sister to Rose. Adrian Angel married Marguiretta Von-Weimer, the only daughter and heiress of a German philosopher, who claimed to be descended from the nobility, while a student at Heidlebergh. He had brought her to America, and had taken her to the home of his lady mother and sister. But this German princess, as she called herself, was not content; and so, upon the shores of sweet Lake Linden, he had built Castle-Paix, under her direction, and some said with her money, and furnished it in sumptuous fashion. Here, after six months of married life, her father came; and bore back to Germany his princess daughter. She had written him to come for her. "She hated America, and Americans," she had said, "her husband not excepted. And she wanted to go back to Germany, where she never need look upon an American face again." And back she went. Six months of married life, with his German princess, had quite reconciled Adrian to this proceeding. He made no attempt to detain her. He shut up Castle-Paix, and went into lodgings in New York, where he busily pursued his profession—the law—and to all appearances was as happy as men ordinarily are.

After a few months, some tourist brought word that a daughter had been born to Adrian's wife, over in her German home. But Adrian did not exhibit the slightest interest in this event. He set about procuring a legal separation, on the grounds of desertion; and in time was a free man once more. After a few years, he married again. This second venture proved more successful. I had every reason to love his memory, for he was invariably kind to me, the poor invalid sister, and dependent of this new wife. Our mother had died when I was but eight years old, and Mercy but fifteen. From that day to the day of her meeting with Adrian, she took care of me

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as tenderly as if she were my mother, supporting us both by teaching school. Then Adrian saw her, and loved her for her sweet face, and white soul, and made her his wife, and bore her off to Castle-Paix, and me with her. There we dwelt in such peace and happiness as few mortals know, for twelve beautiful years. Then Adrian died, leaving Mercy, and me, and Rose, his eleven-year old daughter, the very counterpart of her mother, to mourn for him.

Seven years had gone by since then. The keenness of our loss was tempered into the sacredness of a remembered sorrow, and life again smiled upon us, and happiness reigned supreme in Castle-Paix. Rose was a beautiful creature of eighteen, betrothed to the very prince of men, young Ronald Vaughn; and Mercy, like all young, and beautiful, and wealthy widows, had more suitors than she could smile upon. And while she was gentle, and womanly, and reserved with all, I had grown to think of late that her cheek flushed a trifle when Col. Argyle's step sounded in the hall, or when his name was announced. And of all the people who came and went on social terms at Castle-Paix, none had so bright a smile, or so kind a word for poor Twistie, as brave Col. Argyle, who had left his strong right arm at Gettysburg. A rarely handsome man he was; of goodly height, and strong of limb, and broad of chest and shoulder: and the blue of his eye was like the sky of an autumn day; and the chiseled beauty of his face reminded you of some marble statue of the olden gods. Forty years had not taken the music from his laughter, or the warm light from his bonny eyes. I could not help thinking what a handsome couple he and Mercy would make. Mercy was thirty-six; and her beauty seemed just at its height. When she and Rose stood, side by side, it was like looking upon a beautiful bud, and a full-blown blush-rose. They were alike in form, and feature, and coloring, and speech—only that Mercy was ripened and matured. A beautiful enough woman to make any man's heart stir, to say nothing of her wealth. And Col. Argyle was no fortune-hunter. He had princely domains of his own. What with his splendid beauty of person, and his polished manners, and his record of honor, he could have chosen any lady in the land. If he sought my sister in marriage, it was, therefore, for herself alone.

You can understand now how happy and bright life was for us at Castle-Paix; and how I well might dread the intrusion of an element as yet unknown, and to me unwelcome.

While I lay there, upon my couch, thinking it over, Mercy glided across the carpet, and came and knelt beside me. I fancied there was a slight shadow upon her white brow, and a troubled look in her soft hazel eyes.

"Have you seen Rose?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, "and I am not at all pleased with the information she brings. We are so happy here, Mercy, why need that foreign girl come to disturb us?"

I think it was a relief to Mercy to hear some one put into words the feeling she was striving to subdue. The shadow left her brow, and she laughed a little, but quickly sobered down.

"Hush, Twistie," she said, reproachfully. "We ought to be willing to receive the poor girl. Her grandfather and her mother are both dead, and it is but natural she should wish to see the only near blood-relation she has. Rose *is* her sister, you know."

"Yes, but she had better wait, and invite Rose and Ronald to Germany, on their wedding-tour. I am sure we do not need her at Castle-Paix."

"I know it, dear," my sister answered, very gravely. "But you must remember that Castle-Paix, according to general belief, was built by her mother's money, and that really, in equity, it belongs to Dolores, and not to us. Perhaps she is aware of this fact, and does not deem herself an intruder."

I was silent, for a time, and I fear a little sullen, as people, non-plussed, are apt to be.

"Oh, well!" I said, at length, "we will try and make it pleasant for her, if she comes. But I hope she will change her mind, and stay at home."

Mercy rose, laughing lightly. Now that she knew another dreaded the coming of this unknown girl, she could better mask her own nameless fears, and make light of the matter.

"You are a spoiled child," she said, "and I fear you are growing selfish, with too much comfort. I don't know but it will be a good thing for you, if this girl *does* form a disturbing element."

Then she kissed me, and went out, humming the strain of an opera air.

It was just two weeks later, that I was sitting on the east veranda, watching the shadows lengthen over the water and the land, when Rose sprang up, with a little gasp.

"Oh, Twistie, she has come," she cried.

Sure enough, a carriage had paused at the north gate, a lady descended, and came slowly up the winding walk. Rose ran to meet her, and the stranger threw back her veil, and from my chair I caught a glimpse of a bronze face, lighted by lustrous eyes, and then the two vanished

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through the north door. But even to where I sat, a strange, subtle odor floated, that half-intoxicated me, as I closed my eyes and drank it in.

Two hours later, as I lay half-asleep in my nook, just off the drawing-room, a corner which I had chosen for my couch, because there I could enjoy the music and conversation of the social evening at Castle-Paix, yet not be seen by everyone, that subtle odor stole over me again, and stirred me with that curious sense of delirious pleasure. I am passionately fond of perfumes, and they exert a powerful influence upon me. I associate people with perfumes, and never forget where, when, and upon whom I have detected a certain odor; and so long as I shall live, a waft of that peculiar fragrance, which hung about Dolores, will bring back to me all the tragic events of those strange days, as fresh as if they had occurred but yesterday. Bring with it too, that almost passionate longing for a sight of her face, and touch of her hand, which, despite myself, I cannot conquer.

"Twistie," said Rose, gently, "are you awake? Dolores has come."

I opened my eyes, and looked up, into the wonderful face that bent above me. Wonderful, not so much from its rich beauty, as from its peculiar coloring. Hair, eyes, and skin were of a beautiful brown hue, varying only in degree, the eyes darker than the hair, the hair darker than the face, and the cheeks and lips burning with a vivid red, like the color on ripe fruit. A strange, rare, warm, wondrous face it was; and as it bent above me, I felt the same indescribable impulse I had felt toward the picture; and reaching up my arms, I drew Dolores down, and kissed the perfect mouth.

Her warm lips clung to mine lovingly.

"Thank you, Twistie," said the sweet, strong voice. "I think you are all so good to me—an alien and a stranger."

She sat down by my couch, and talked to me of her journey; and I closed my eyes, and listened, and drank in the subtle perfume, that breathed from her presence. When she rose, and went into the drawing-room to join Mercy and Col. Argyle and Ronald, I felt a loneliness and loss, as if something very dear had gone from me. But so long as I could hear her voice, or breathe the perfume that was a part of her presence, I was content.

Rose came to me, after the family had dispersed to their rooms, that night, and the guests had gone, and poured forth her rhapsodies in my willing ear.

"Isn't she lovely, Twistie," she said; "and aren't you glad she has come? Oh, I love her already, with my whole heart—love her as if I had always known her. Mamma says she thinks she is beautiful; and Ronald, even Ronald, who hardly ever says anyone is pretty but me, declares she is very fascinating. I was so afraid Ronald wouldn't like her, for he was prejudiced, you know, and he hardly ever likes brunettes. But I think they will get on famously. I hope she will never go away, but stay at Castle-Paix, forever!"

Truth to tell, I was already beginning to dread the thought of her departure. And she had been at Castle-Paix scarely five hours.

Before a fortnight had passed, she was as much a favorite with the whole household, as with me. "Dolores, the Lady of Pain," had become "Dolores, our Lady of Joy." Rose adored her; Ronald made her a sort of confidant and adviser, and looked upon her as some goddess of wisdom and goodness; and Col. Argyle, while he rarely spoke with her, often followed her with his eyes, and once confessed to me (after I questioned him) that he thought Miss Dolores "a rare type of a peculiar style of beauty."

Mercy, who, I fancied, harbored the old prejudice a little longer than the rest of us, yielded at last to the fascinations of the new comer, and the two became fast friends.

"I don't know how it is," Mercy said to me, one day, "I feel an actual intensity of love for Dolores, when I am with her; and yet when I am out of her presence, I often find myself wishing she had not come. But I think it is only my selfishness that prompts the wish. Of course, she has interfered somewhat with our old, cosy relations; but she gives us so much pleasure, I ought to be willing to give up some few things."

I thought I understood what Mercy referred to. She missed the cosy, morning chat, and evening ride with Col. Argyle. His calls were quite general now, for, of course, during the first weeks of the stranger's presence in the house, she was asked to take part in all the rides and calls and pleasures of the household.

Someway, as the weeks wore into a month, matters did not resume their old position. Col. Argyle and Mercy rarely saw each other alone, though his calls were perhaps more frequent than ever.

One day, I was lying in my nook, and Dolores was sitting beside me, engaged on some bright wools, that she was weaving into a rich mat. Col. Argyle had dropped in for an informal call, and had found Mercy in the front drawing-room. We could hear their voices, but could not see them. Quite by accident, Dolores let fall a large ball of her rich wools, and it rolled out of sight, into

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the front drawing-room. A moment later, it was brought back by Col. Argyle, and laid in her lap.

"I knew it was yours," he said, as he bent his blue eyes upon her. "Everything you touch is redolent with a peculiar perfume, that I should recognize anywhere. It almost intoxicates me."

Then he, too, felt the influence of that perfume. I looked up at Mercy, who had joined us, but she was picking a dead leaf from a plant by the window, and I could not see her face.

From that hour, however, I knew of the pain in store for her. There was no mistaking the expression I had seen in Col. Argyle's eyes, as he looked at Dolores. There was a fire in the glance that Mercy had never aroused. He was in the power of Dolores. From my own feelings, I knew how mighty that power was. In all my poor twisted life, I had never known such an all-absorbing emotion, as Dolores had awoke in my heart. Her touch, glance, tone, or a waft of the perfume she used, stirred me with the most exquisite delight. I pitied Mercy, from the bottom of my heart, and yet, I could not blame Col. Argyle for his infatuation. Nor could I see that Dolores had made any effort to win him from my sister. It had simply followed as the natural consequence of her presence in the house.

She had been with us just three months, when, one night, an unexpected revelation was made to me. We had enjoyed an unusually merry evening. Col. Argyle, Ronald Vaughn, Mercy, Rose, and Dolores, with one or two other casual callers from the neighborhood, had all gathered in the drawing-room, and made the hours gay with song, anecdote, and laughter. I had never seen Dolores more bewitching. I noticed that she sat by Rose, or Mercy, nearly all the evening, and I thought how brilliant the contrast made her. She glowed like a ruby beside a milk-white pearl, and Mercy seemed faded beside her. Col. Argyle had been more open in his admiration than ever before. He scarcely took his eyes from Dolores, and when he told an anecdote, it was for her he told it, and after one slow, upward glance of her bronze eyes, he seemed content.

At ten, the circle broke up, and Dolores herself gave me my crutches, and helped me to my room above. I disrobed, and tried to sleep, but the sultry, August night was so oppressive, I could not rest. At last, I slipped on a loose gown, and taking my crutch, crept slowly down to my couch, off the drawing-room, for I fancied the long room might afford a freer ventilation, and sleep be more possible.

I soon fell into a light slumber, from which I was woke by hearing voices near me. It was the peculiarly high-keyed voice of Ronald Vaughn that was speaking.

"It was perfectly maddening to me all the evening," he said. "If you had not granted me this interview, I believe I should have gone home and blown my brains out."

I heard a low laugh, and a murmur of words that sounded like "Poor, jealous boy."

What did it mean? Had Ronald and Rose been having a lover's quarrel, and if so, of whom was he jealous?

"Jealous," repeated the man's voice again, "and what did you think I would be, to sit and see that old idiot, smiling and beaming upon you all the evening, and never receive a glance from you myself. I felt like strangling him, and shooting myself."

Again that low, half-mocking laugh, and this time the words were quite indistinct. I heard the name of "Col. Argyle" and my own spoken once or twice. Then there was the sound of rising, of kisses, and Ronald said, quite distinctly, "good-night, my darling—bless you for granting me this interview—I can live now, till I see you again."

Then there was the cautious closing of a door, and then a woman's dress brushed by my couch; and as the figure glided away, up the long, winding stairway, over me swept a wave of that intoxicating fragrance, which I knew so well.

It was Dolores whom Ronald had called his darling, and he was jealous of Col. Argyle.

My heart fairly seemed to die in my breast, as I lay there through the long night, and thought matters over. Poor Mercy, poor Rose, poor Ronald, poor colonel! I pitied them all, and myself with them. Yet I could not bring myself to censure Dolores, as I knew she deserved to be censured. I was so completely fascinated by her, that I seemed to be deprived of my own strength of will. But before morning I regained control of myself, and had resolved upon a course of action. I did not have an opportunity to follow it, however, until the next evening. Dolores and Rose had gone off, on some picnic excursion, when I awakened, and did not return until nightfall. As soon as I had an opportunity, I whispered to Dolores to remain with me, after the family dispersed. Neither the colonel nor Ronald made their appearance, and Rose and Mercy went to their rooms before the lamps were lighted. Then with Dolores' hand in mine, I began to speak.

"I overheard you and Ronald, last night, Dolores," I said. "I came down here to sleep, and heard your parting. He kissed you, and called you his darling. Do you think you are acting honorably toward Rose?"

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I felt her hand tremble. For a moment she was dumb with astonishment. But only for a moment. She was collected and calm enough, when she made answer:

"If Rose cannot keep her lover," she said, "is it my fault? How can I help his loving me, if he will?"

"You could very easily hinder it, if you tried," I answered, with considerable warmth. "He is your sister's betrothed lover, and so should be sacred to you. I have not blamed you, in regard to Col. Argyle. Though you must have seen he was more than a friend to my sister, when you came, I could understand how he might be fascinated by you, without your aid. But Ronald was so attached to Rose, and she loves him so—and loves you; and I think you are unwomanly, and cruel to repay her devotion, in this way. Rose is your sister, Dolores: you must remember that."

I saw her eyes burn like two coals of fire through the gloaming. Her breath came hard.

"Yes," she said, "I *do* remember that she is my sister, Twistie. I also remember that she is the child of the man, who utterly ignored my existence. He was responsible for my being—yet he never was known to speak of me, or in any way seemed to know I lived. Whatever the wrong-doing of my mother, my father had no right to abandon his own child, as he did. From my earliest childhood, I harbored a desire for revenge. I knew that, in America, was Castle-Paix, built by my mother's money, and that there dwelt my father's wife and his child, the woman who had robbed me of my father's heart. If he had never married again, I believe his heart would have called for me in time, and I could have more than recompensed him for my mother's failure. But he died without speaking my name. Then I resolved I would wait, until his daughter was grown, and I would go to America. Meantime, my mother died. I had money, but I was homeless and desolate. I was born into this world with a craving for love, and, fortunately, a faculty of winning it. I never tried to win the heart of man, woman, or child, that I did not succeed. I came to America, determined to win the love of my sister, my father's wife, and of all that belonged to them. If my father's wife had married, I meant to make her wildly jealous of her husband, even as I had been jealous of my father's love for her. If my sister had a lover, I meant to win him from her, even as she took my father's heart from me. Fate has been kind, and made the play more pleasing than I anticipated. Col. Argyle is a grand man, and it has been more honorable, and quite as interesting, to win my father's wife's *lover*, than if he had been her husband. Yet the play was a little dangerous; for when he pleaded for my heart and hand, yesterday, I found myself trembling with a strange pleasure. It would be easy to love Col. Argyle."

She paused, and I broke in, excitedly. "Then why not allow yourself to love him," I cried, "and become his wife? He is noble, handsome, wealthy. I think Mercy has conquered herself, now, and knows that he is lost to her. Be his wife, Dolores, and cease trifling with hearts."

She laughed her low, mocking laugh, and said:

"But what will I do with Ronald? He loves me quite as well, in his way, as the colonel does."

Before I could answer, there was a step near us, and a form darkened the starlight, that streamed in through the long window.

"Ronald will withdraw from the play," said a strangely broken voice, which we knew to belong to Ronald himself. "Thank God I have heard the story from your own lips, Dolores," he continued, coming forward; "for I would have shot down any other, who dared tell me what you have told. You are quite right—I *have*, I *do* love you quite as well as Col. Argyle can. But I have a will, and manhood enough to exert it. I am going away for a little while. Tell Rose, Twistie, that I called in, after she had retired, to say I was obliged to be absent, on business, for a few weeks. For God's sake, don't let her know what a villain I am. When I come back, I will be braver, and she shall name the day, if she will, for our marriage. Heaven forgive you, Dolores. Good-bye."

His shadow vanished from the starlit space, and he was gone.

Dolores rose, and sighed wearily.

"I am so tired, Twistie darling," she said, kneeling beside me, for a moment, and burying her beautiful head upon my shoulder. "I am so tired of life, of love, of everybody. Why was I ever born, Twistie? I am good for nothing, only to make people love me; and then trouble is sure to follow. But you will always love me, dear, won't you?"

"Always, come what may," I cried; and I knew that I could keep my promise.

She glided away, and I lay thinking, until almost dawn. I was so glad Rose was to be spared a great sorrow: I could not bear that she should suffer. But I was anxious, nay, eager, that Dolores should accept Col. Argyle. It would keep her near us, and prevent the possibility of her returning to Germany. Mercy, I believed, had fought her battle.

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Rose was full of wonder and sorrow at Ronald's sudden departure, but not a doubt of his honor shadowed her sky. I was thankful for her trust, and for the chance that had spared her a bitter knowledge.

Ronald had been gone just a week, and Col. Argyle's suit seemed to gain favor daily, when, one evening, there was a ring at the bell, and upon us, as we sat, Mercy, Rose, Dolores, and I, a stranger was ushered in. A very distinguished looking stranger, with a wonderful mustache, and immense blue eyes, and the blondest of blonde faces. Dolores rose, with a little startled cry, and the stanger came forward, and lifted her hand to his lips, with the utmost ceremony, and greeted her in German.

Then Dolores turned, and presented her friend with the unpronounceable name, and he bowed elaborately, and addressed us, in German again.

"My friend is a fine English scholar," Dolores explained, in an undertone, "but unable to speak a sentence of the language, which he *reads* with ease. It will make it awkward for us, but I will act as interpreter. He will understand you, if you speak slowly and distinctly, but he will only be able to reply through me."

A very delightful state of matters indeed, for Col. Argyle, when he called an hour later. The mustached foreigner could understand every word he uttered to Dolores, while not one word of their conversation was the colonel able to comprehend. The colonel made his adieux early, in consequence, with a shadow in his eyes.

"Be of good heart," I said, as he came to my nook, to say good-night. "I believe your chances are bright."

He pressed my hand, and gave me one of his rare smiles, as he turned away. All his great heart seemed to shine in his eyes, as he gave one last glance toward Dolores.

Imagine my dumb consternation, when Mercy came to me, the next afternoon, with the intelligence that there was to be a quiet wedding, at Castle-Paix, the following morning.

"Dolores is going to marry that German fellow," she said, "whom it seems is an old lover, and a member of a very distinguished and old family. He has followed her here, and she has made up her mind to repay his devotion. They will be married early, and go directly to New York, and sail on Saturday. Isn't it a romantic termination of our dear little friend's visit? How we shall miss her."

But Mercy could not conceal the relief she felt at this unlooked-for *dénouement*. As for me, my heart seemed turning to ice. I do not know how long I sat, in a perfect stupor of pain, when Dolores crept up to me. She was very wan, and almost haggard. She twisted her arms about me, and rested her head upon my shoulder.

"I am going to leave you, Twistie dear," she said, softly.

But I cried out sharply, interrupting her:

"Oh, don't! How can you do it—how can you?"

"Because it is best," she answered. "He came over to find me, and I used to love him—I think I do love him now. And he is my own, and I make no other life desolate by keeping him, but glorify his. Without me, he would never be happy, he has loved me so long. And I think everybody, at Castle-Paix, will be more at rest and happier, after I go away—every body but *you*, dear. But then, if I staid, it might be that you would have a lover, and I should make you jealous, because you lived at Castle-Paix. I swore vengeance on all it's inmates, before I came."

The little laugh, that rose to my lips, at her mention of a possible lover, for poor, miserable me, turned to a sob, and I wept out a little of my lonely sorrow in her arms.

Only a little. It lay too deep to be dissipated in tears.

While we sat there, Col. Argyle was shown in. Mercy was in the front drawing-room, and detained him, with her old, sweet, pretty air, that had returned to her, all at once. He sat down, beside her, for a moment, and I heard the murmur of their voices. The colonel had seen us, and smiled and bowed brightly, before he sat down by Mercy. His face was sparkling, and his eyes full of light. But half-an-hour later, when Mercy was called out and left him, and he rose and came forward to where we sat, he looked old and haggard, and like a man who had passed through some terrible ordeal.

"I wish you all prosperity," he said, giving his hand, mechanically, to Dolores. "Mrs. Angel has just informed me of the happy event, to take place, to-morrow. I trust you may be happy."

"Thank you," Dolores answered, quietly; but she did not look at him.

"I hope you may favor us with your presence," she continued. "There are no other guests invited; but we shall expect you."

I thought she was terribly cruel, and felt sure he would decline. But he accepted, and came. He came, and stood by my couch, and held my hand, while the solemn service was performed, that divided him forever from Dolores. I think he read the admiration and wonder in my face, as I watched him standing there, so handsome

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and brave; for he leaned down, and whispered:

"Young recruits, like Ronald, run away from battle; but old veterans, like me, face the cannon."

"I understand," I said; and we never spoke of it again."

Dolores did look at him once. I think she did not dare to trust herself. In an hour, she had gone forever, and we were alone.

Ronald came back, after a few weeks, and before the winter holidays, Castle-Paix was gay with the wedding festivities of our darling Rose. She made a bonny bride, and has been a happy wife. She and Ronald remain at Castle-Paix; and the patter of their children's feet sound through the halls.

Col. Argyle comes and goes, as of old, but only as the friend, not as the lover of Mercy. I think Mercy knows, and understands, the truth; but the knowledge, that he will never marry any other, contents her with her own lot. She has the good taste never to mention Dolores in his presence, and I think he is grateful.

Ronald proves a model husband, and Rose thinks herself the most favored of wives. Not long ago, he sat by my couch, with his youngest child upon his knee. Suddenly, his little boy came running to us, with a bright anti-macassar in his hand.

"See, auntie, what I found, in your room—in a box; why don't you put it down in mamma's parlor.

It was woven out of bright wools, and had been a gift from Dolores. With everything else that reminded me of her, I had put it away, in my room, where no one else could see it.

Ronald had never seen it, therefore. But I saw him start, and turn deathly pale, as through the room flouted that remembered perfume.

"For God's sake," he said, in a low, trembling voice, "send that boy away, Twistie, with that accursed thing."

I hurried the child off, and followed him, slowly, on my crutches. Poor Ronald, he is brave to hide so well the old wound, that is not even healed. How could I dream that he had forgotten her. Once having loved her, it were impossible to forget that rare creature, Dolores. As for me, she is, with all her faults, the one perfect memory of my poor thwarted life.

Sometimes, I lie awake at night, and weep tears of longing for her, and dream of a day when I may perhaps see her again.

And so the years go by at CASTLE-PAIX.

I CANNOT MAKE HIM DEAD.

BY JENNIE JOY.

There is crape on the door at Maud Conner's,
And they say little Joey is dead—
That he lies in a satin-lined coffin,
With beautiful flowers at his head;
That his hands are as pale as the lilies,
They clasp in their icy embrace;
That the smile from his lips has departed,
And the roses from off his cold face.
But I cannot make him dead!
Nor have I one tear to shed;
And his words are with me still
That he whispered 'neath the hill:
"I love thee, little Katie—I love thee."

Yet they say there's a narrow grave opened,
Just under the beeches for him—
That the grass will grow green there in summer,
And the winds chant their low requiem,
And that dear little Maudie will plant
The sweetest of blooms where he lies,
And water their roots with the showers,
That fall from the heaven of her eyes.
But I cannot make him dead,
Nor have I one tear to shed;
And his words are with me still
Which he whispered 'neath the hill:
"I love thee, little Katie—I love thee."

There's a carriage with plumes moving slowly,
Away from the crape-darkened door—
And they say little Joey will leave it,
To ride in a carriage no more;
But that close to a pearly white portal,
He'll wait for dear Maudie to come,
Where Christ has a beautiful mansion,
For them near His own golden home.
But I cannot make him dead:
Nor have I one tear to shed;
And his words are with me still,
Which he whispered 'neath the hill:
"I love thee, little Katie—I love thee."

I shall watch for his face at the window—
Shall look for his smile at the gate;
I shall count every hour of his absence,
Nor mind if the night should grow late.
He will weary betimes of the angels,
Then Jesus will tell him to come,
And fetch back his sad, little Katie,
To share in his beautiful home.
But I cannot make him dead:
Nor have I one tear to shed;
And his words are with me still,
Which he whispered 'neath the hill:
"I love thee, little Katie—I love thee."

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.

CHAPTER XXI.

I HAVE said that the young heiress of Aldensgate was left alone, half-buried in the ruins of her little chariot, while those who had witnessed the heroism of her rescue hurried to the spot where the intrepid stranger had been hurled, across the road, and lay with her face turned upward, and her limbs huddled together, so motionless, that even strong men held their breath as they approached her.

The men from the drag, servants from the inn, stable-boys and shop-keepers, all gathered around the prostrate woman, save one man, the first who had leaped from the drag. He rushed, at once, toward the carriage, fell down upon his knees beside it, and searched the face, half-buried in the purple of those torn cushions, for some sign of the hurt he dreaded to find.

The excitement of a sudden shock was on that blanched face, nothing more; but it threatened to merge into hysterics, when he lifted her up, and seeing her eyes closed, implored her to speak to him—to say that she was not hurt, and that those terrible little beasts had not beaten the life out of her.

She opened her eyes, with a sob, and struggled among the ruins. Then the man, evidently wild with delight, lifted her in his arms, and kissed her on the forehead, with a desperation that seemed like madness.

The girl was by no means unconscious; for she struggled and beat her two hands against his breast, crying out, in passionate anger:

"How dare you, man—how dare you! It is Miss Vance, of Aldensgate, you have the audacity to touch."

"Child, child—my dear young lady. Do not say that. It is Prime, who has saved you a second time," said the man, drawing back that she might look on his face, wet with tears; for he was crying over her, as women sometimes greet lost children when they are found.

She did look at him till her large eyes filled with the wonder of recognition.

"Prime—oh! I ought to have known: always near when I need help. It was you that stopped the horses?"

"Who else should it be, my pretty one? A crazy woman from the inn threw herself in my way; but I saved you, in spite of her antics. A thousand such women could not have kept me back."

"Ah, no one else could have had the courage to stop those mad beasts. I know that. It is like being saved from an awful death by ones own father."

Here the man covered his face with both hands, and began to sob. There was no pretence in this, for his chest heaved, and tears trinkled through his fingers. That moment, four men, who had lifted that strange woman from the dust of the road, went by, carrying her form reverently toward the inn. A crowd followed.

"Who is this?" said Dora, following the group with her eyes. "Who is it?"

Prime dropped his hands, and saw the woman's face. His own changed to a remarkable degree. The eyes, so full of tears a moment before, kindled with sharp anxiety.

"It is the woman," he said, faltering in his speech; "she would throw herself in the way."

"She must be hurt; perhaps she was trying to help me," answered Dora, with some show of anxiety. "How white her poor face is!"

"She was, no doubt, trying to save herself, and got under the horses' feet," answered Prime. "I could only think of the dear young lady who was at one time like a child of my own."

"At one time," replied the girl. "Ah! that time will never cease. I should be an ungrateful creature, if it could."

Prime half-reached out his arms; but drew them back, as if restraining himself with difficulty. Looking toward the inn, he said:

"My friends are coming out. They are looking for me."

Dora instantly forgot the mournful procession that had just passed by her, and became fearfully conscious of the disaster that had befallen her garments. She lifted both hands to her head, blushing scarlet when they became entangled in the rich disorder of her hair, and she thus discovered the loss of her hat.

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Prime looked down upon her admiringly, thinking that under no circumstances could she have been more beautiful.

"Do not allow yourself to be disturbed," he said. "My friends will understand."

But Dora was disturbed. Tears of vexation filled her dark eyes, as she cast them on the dust and disarray of her dress.

"Your friends, whoever they are, will hardly expect to find Lady Holden's daughter in this plight," she said. "Pray help me to escape; I really cannot meet them."

"When did I ever refuse you anything?" answered Prime, and putting on his grandest air, he drew her hand over his arm, and led her toward the inn, gravely bowing to his friends as he passed them.

Spite of her agitation and the sting of wounded vanity, Dora could not forbear a side glance at the group of gentlemen, who moved aside and raised their hats, as she passed. Among them she saw a face that had been down, with something like insolent curiosity, from the drag as it passed the house by the park wall, while she was standing in the low window, with the woman who had always been called her nurse. It was a wonderfully handsome face, dark, spirited and with finely cut features, such as ancient artists loved to carve on their gems, when poets and heroes were to be handed down to us as a type. This man did not seem to be looking at Dora, yet she knew that her quick admiring glance was answered.

Prime saw this, and a smile crept over his lips. When Dora Vance entered the chamber to which the strange woman had been carried, she shrunk back appalled; for there, upon the bed, with torn and dusty garments dragging from her limbs to the floor, she saw the slender form of a woman from whom all semblance of life had been suddenly crushed out. Heavy masses of coal-black hair lay scattered upon the pillows. Out of them, deathly and pallid, gleamed a face that might have been cut from marble, and cast down from the sculptor's hands against that dusky background.

A young girl was leaning over the bed, pale almost as the form upon it, and so absorbed, that she seemed unconscious of any other person, though several persons were in the room.

Dora drew close to this girl, holding her breath.

"Is she dead—is the poor woman dead?" she inquired, speaking in a whisper.

The girl thus addressed turned, and the two stood for a whole minute, face to face, gazing at each other dumbly.

"Did you speak?" said the stranger, at last, in a bewildered way.

"I asked if this poor soul was dead," answered Dora, frightened by the look in that other face.

"Dead—dead!" repeated the stranger, hoarsely.

"She is so still. She looks so white," answered Dora, still speaking under her breath, and in faint snatches.

"But she breathes—I tell you she breathes," answered the other; and now her voice came out with a sharp thrill of pain, as if the word "death" had wounded her. "There was blood upon her lips, but I wiped it all away, and no more came. Why then should anyone talk of death?"

Dora shrunk back. There was so much of suffering in the beautiful face turned upon her, that she could hardly command her voice.

"Forgive me, if I am anxious," she said, after awhile, "It was perhaps for me, that she threw herself in the way of the horses."

"For you. Oh!"

"If you are her friend, you will permit me to help her. People will think me ungrateful, if I fail to insist on that."

The two girls faced each other now, and their glances met, not in friendliness; for one had been disturbed in her grief, and the other, wounded in her pride. In that neighborhood, Dora Vance was not accustomed to contradiction, even in a look, and the stranger's manner offended her.

"Her friend," said the strange girl, turning her eyes on the white face, half-buried in the dusk of those tangled tresses. "She was my sister—was—was? She *is* my sister! Did I not tell you that she breathes! Yet I said was?"

Here the girl threw herself on her knees by the bed, took the limp hand that fell over its side, and kissed it wildly, again and again, pressing down her lips, in long, breathless waitings, as if she dreaded to search for a pulse in any more positive way.

"Has no doctor been sent for?" asked Dora Vance.

"Yes," answered the landlady, glad to be noticed. "Everything has been done that could be thought of. A messenger has gone for the doctor, and another is riding post haste to the Hall."

"To the Hall? Ah, I forgot that. Mamma might hear of my unhappy shipwreck, and—"

"Hush!" said the strange girl, lifting her head and listening, "some one is coming."

It was the doctor, a spare, undersized little man who entered the room briskly, cast a smiling

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glance around, and took in the whole scene at a glance.

"Windows wide open, plenty of air, that is a good thing, Mrs. Hunt, just what one might have expected of you. Now, young lady, if you will just step one side, and let me have a fair look at the patient, perhaps something may be done. There, there, don't look at me so pitifully. Things may not be so dismal as you think."

As he spoke, the little man spread his hands out wide, as if he meant to hush those who lingered about the bed out of his presence, and drew close to the unconscious woman on the bed.

"A bad case," he muttered, taking the limp hand which the strange girl had dropped despairingly, for there seemed no vitality in it.

"But she is alive."

"Just! Ha! what is this?"

A perceptible quiver ran along the arm he held by the wrist, and a swift spasm of pain shot across the white face.

"The arm is broken!" the little doctor said, with great cheerfulness. "It looked like death, but she has fainted. The pain will soon sting her back to life."

"Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed the girl, with a great burst of gratitude, and she would have fallen on her knees, but the doctor looked up sharply.

"Keep your strength, young lady. It will be wanted," he said.

But the girl had no strength. Her limbs had given way, and she knelt upon the floor with both hands lifted to her face, shaking under a sudden rush of thankfulness.

"You seem more fit for work," said the little doctor, addressing Dora, without really looking at her. "Take off your gloves. I shall want help."

Dora Vance drew back, and a haughty color rushed to her forehead. Never in her life had an inhabitant of Mosley addressed her with so little regard for her position.

"The young lady is greatly flustered herself," interposed the landlady, greatly shocked.

"Ah! then what is she doing here?"

"Oh, doctor. It is Miss Vance!"

"Miss Vance—bless my soul, I had no idea of it," cried the little man, turning around, and regarding the young lady with a half-comic, half-disturbed severity;" but this seemed to be a case of life and death. It may be so yet. Miss Vance has delicate hands. They can save this poor creature much pain."

Dora drew off her gloves, and flung them from her.

"I am ready to help, doctor. It is not strange that you failed to recognize me. I scarcely recognize myself here. Hardly know whether this poor woman helped to save my life or not; but I will do my best to help her."

This girl was young, and capable of generous impulses that were, however, as evanescent as the perfume of a water-lily. One of these impulses were upon her now, and, for the moment, she felt like the heroine of a romance.

"Tell me how to begin?" she said, bending over the patient.

That moment, another sharp spasm swept, not only the face, but the whole figure of the wounded woman. The hand that the doctor held, clenched itself, her lips parted, her eyes opened, and were fixed upon the girlish face that bent over her, with a wide, astonished gaze.

"Are you better?" said Dora, troubled by that earnest look, and really touched by the pathos which slowly took the place of surprise in it. "I hope you are not very much hurt."

The woman made a sudden movement, and tried to take her hand from the doctor; but her lips grew pale again, and a cry of agony broke through them, for she had given a fearful wrench to the broken arm. Faint and sick with pain, she closed her eyes, but every nerve in her face was quivering, and Dora saw that great tears were forcing their way through the closed lids.

The girl kneeling on the floor, heard the cry, and started up. Dora had drawn closer to the bed, and was leaning forward, anxious to offer help; but the grasp of a hand on her shoulder, made her wince and draw back.

"It was me that she missed, and that made her cry out. No one else must touch her in her pain. She is a stranger. Why should anyone interfere?"

These words may have seemed ungracious, but the pleading expressions of that lovely face, made them almost pathetic. A flush of angry pride had arisen to Dora's face, as she felt the hand clench upon her shoulder; but a single glance at the soft, mournful eyes turned pleadingly upon her, drove the flush away.

"Suffered? Do you know what the suffering must be, that wrings a cry like that from her? Oh, sir, you are a physician, and ought to know. Can nothing be done for her? Must she stay here and die?"

The doctor was about to answer, when a rush of wheels suddenly stopped, and the sound of hurried voices came up from the street, indicating a new arrival.

Dora glided swiftly to the window, and, looking out, turned to leave the room; but as she neared the door, it was flung open, and Lady Holden came in, pale, wild, and trembling with intense

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excitement. Seeing her daughter, she reached out her arms, and tears leaped to her eyes.

"Dora, Dora—tell me that you are unharmed. They told me so, but I could not believe them."

"But I am quite safe. The poor little carriage is torn to pieces, and the ponies lamed, I daresay; but you need have no anxiety about me!"

"Is this true, Dr. Sampson?" enquired the lady, anxiously turning to the little man. "Have you made sure that she is not hurt?"

"You need have no trouble about Miss Vance," answered the surgeon, drily; "but the poor woman who saved her, may be dying while we stand talking here."

Lady Holden left her daughter, and went up to the bed. When she saw the agony of pain, and the face lying there among the pillows, and met those great, piteous eyes turned upon her, with the imploring intensity we sometimes see in the pictures of a penitent, imploring mercy of God, the heart in that gentle bosom swelled with such sympathy as it had never felt for a human being before. Was it gratitude for a life saved? Could thankfulness verge so closely on pain? How could the lady know? Already she had deemed herself a bankrupt in gratitude for the return of that fair young creature to her bosom, and the very magnitude of her obligation was a pleasure; but this was a different feeling. Something unaccountable and strange that held her with a sort of chilling fascination.

Such feelings seize upon the soul instantaneously, and in defiance of both will and judgment. For one moment, they held the lady dumb and apparently ungrateful. Incapable of speech, she lifted her eyes, and they fell upon the strange girl, who was looking at her earnestly. Then the hand of some angel seemed to have swept across her heart. The face, so locked and strained a moment before, was illuminated like a pearl under the sunshine, her lips parted, not in a smile; but with an expression far more beautiful, and into her eyes, leaped a soft beaming light, that no human being had ever seen in them since the day on which her only child had been stolen from her on the beach at Ventnor.

People about Aldensgate, said that their lady had never been really happy since that day. The strain upon her nerves, had been too great for perfect reaction, and that even the presence of her daughter, brought back from the Indian hunting grounds of America, in all the bloom of her beautiful childhood, had failed to restore spirit and vigor to what seemed to them all, a broken life.

Sometimes—the good people said, in whispered confidence to each other—the lady would sit silently in her room for hours together, looking out toward the sea, as if waiting for something—and, if spoken to, would not hear, as if her mind was afar off—then arouse herself, and make smiling amends.

The landlady was thinking of these things, as she looked on the lady now, with all that beautiful glow of light in her face, that seemed to reflect itself in the countenance of that strange girl. The eyes of the wounded woman also followed that look, and seemed to ache under it; for she closed the lids, and shuddered down among her pillows, seized with fresh spasms.

"Ladies," said the surgeon, showing himself up with more authority than seemed natural to his size and character. "This is trifling with a human life. I beseech you, one and all, to leave the room."

"All?" said Lady Holden. "You forget that I am indebted to this—"

"I forget nothing, my lady, and remember nothing, except that this poor woman must be attended to at once. Pray withdraw. There will be plenty of time for thanks, when she is out of danger. Forgive me, dear madam, but I must be peremptory."

"You are right; it is I that should ask forgiveness," answered the lady, walking toward the door. Dora followed her reluctantly. The others hesitated.

"Can no one remain to help?" said the landlady.

"Yes, stay—you have strength, and good, sound nerves."

The strange girl looked around.

"There is no need of that. I, too, am strong, and have good nerves. Try me!"

There was a tone of resolution in the girl's voice, gentle but exceedingly firm, that the little surgeon had no power to resist. He made a despairing gesture, that the landlady should leave the room, and with great reluctance she obeyed him.

Then the doctor turned almost angrily on the fair young creature who had insisted on staying. He saw that she was very pale, but had nerved herself for an effort of endurance that might tax her strength, but could not conquer the resolution that shone in her eyes, and gave her beautiful mouth the firmness that we see about the lips of pictured martyrs.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Lady Holden entered the inn parlor, she began to pace up and down the room, in a state of excitement that seemed like delirium: for she was a woman so gentle and loving in her

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nature, that few people had ever seen her lose the gracious deportment that inheritance had made second nature to her.

Was it the dangerous strait to which the poor woman upstairs had been driven that disturbed her so? or had the shock that followed the announcement of her daughter's great peril shaken her nerves to an extent that made rest impossible? She did not seem to heed the presence of Dora, when she came into the room; but walked up and down, up and down, sometimes slowly, sometimes with rapid step, until the door opened, and her husband presented himself. Then she came forward eagerly, held out her arms, and threw herself upon his bosom.

Vance folded her in his arms, and laid his cheek to hers, smoothing her hair tenderly with one hand.

"I know, I know," he said, "all this has been too much for you. The very joy of Dora's safety makes you tremble."

"The joy. Ah, yes, it must be that! never but once have I had cause for so much happiness—but it is so strange, so like pain. Does gratitude ever amount to that, Asher? Can it ever take the form of a yearning want?"

"You have often heard, my love, that great happiness sometimes verges on pain. Just yet, perhaps, you cannot realize that our daughter is safe. The bloom has hardly been driven from her face, I see."

Lady Holden, still leaning upon Vance, looked toward Dora, who had placed herself by the open window, and was so interested in something that was going on outside, that even the presence of her father was lost upon her. It did indeed seem as if the fright and shock that had unnerved her for a time was entirely forgotten; for a flush of rich color had come back to her cheeks, and a smile curved the red lips that had been so white a little time before. The father and mother gazed on her earnestly, and neither spoke. The sunlight fell on the abundance of her dark hair, touching it with soft lustre. They could see the flash of her eyes, through the drooping lashes; for, though she saw everything that was transpiring outside, it was with stealthy glance, as well-trained animals act out their nature, under the protest of education.

Something in her easy position, and in the face itself, struck both the parents with a feeling which was inexplicable. The exquisite delicacy, which early sorrow had intensified almost into a disease, shrunk a little in the mother's bosom, and the father sighed unconsciously, as he led his wife to a sofa at the other end of the room, with the gentle persuasion that always influenced her to rest. He knew that a painful operation was being performed in the stranger's room, and was anxious to spare her the pain which acute sympathy in suffering is sure to bring upon the possessor, if left to itself.

Still, Dora was unconscious of her father's presence, or did not care to notice it. Barnham of Backwell was preparing to mount his drag again, but seemed in no great haste; for, though some of his guests had taken their seats, he stood apart, talking to Prime, with more earnestness than seemed natural to the intercourse of two such men. Once Prime seemed to yield to some request or argument the other had urged, and took a step or two toward the window, where the girl was sitting; but Prime checked himself, said a few hasty words, and came forward, alone.

Instead of coming up to the window, he entered the inn, and walked, with a careless air, into the parlor.

"Ha, Vance! I have just time to say, 'how do you do,' before we are off," he said, crossing the room, with his usual lordly stride, and holding out his hand.

Vance arose, his face clouded, and the welcome he strove to give faltering on his lips.

"Astonished to see me, I daresay. Rather taken by surprise myself; but Barnham would have me down, and a fortunate thing it was—not that I wish to claim any credit for saving the life that is so dear to us all. But, excuse me, you scarcely seem so happy as I expected."

"I do not understand," said Vance, with a degree of coldness that would have disturbed another man.

Here Dora came forward, flushed with grateful animation.

"Oh! papa, dear mamma, it was Mr. Prime who leaped from the drag, and stopped those terrible little animals, just as they were trampling me down. If it hadn't been for him, I might—oh! I might have been dead and gone."

"There, there, my young lady, do not magnify my poor little efforts; if I hadn't stopped the animals, some one else would. We must not claim too much; though it does seem providential that, twice in a lifetime, I have been permitted to—"

Before Prime could complete his speech, a scream came from the chamber overhead, so sharp and shrill, that it brought an answering cry from Lady Holden.

"Ah!" said Prime, snatching at the thread of his discourse, after a deep breath, "that poor foolish woman is paying for her rash attempt to cross the street, while I was struggling with the horses. It is a wonder we were not all trampled down together. I wonder if she is much hurt?"

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A shout from the drag broke in upon Mr. Prime's anxious solicitude, and, with a sweeping bow, he backed out of the room, swung his hat to the top of his head, and the next minute was on the highest seat of the drag, kissing his hand toward the open window, as he was whirled away.

Dora, who had watched these proceedings through the window, turned to her father.

"Oh! papa, you do not seem to be at all grateful to Mr. Prime for saving my life," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"But did he save your life? The messenger told me that a strange lady, whose cry we just heard, flung herself before the horses, and stopped them."

"Oh! but, papa, how could a slender little woman do that? Of course, she could only be in the way of braver and stronger people, and get herself into trouble, without helping any one else. I'm very sorry for her, if she is much hurt, and mean to be grateful; but it seems to me impossible that we can ever half-repay Mr. Prime for all that he has done for us."

"Mr. Prime has never found us ungrateful, I hope," was the quiet reply that this burst of gratitude received; "but just now the poor lady upstairs seems to require our first attention. Whatever may be due to Mr. Prime, she must not be neglected."

Before Dora could answer, and she seemed disposed to argue the point, there came a faint, tremulous knock at the door, and the young person entered who had been left with the surgeon upstairs. She was pale as a ghost, and her lips quivered as she attempted to speak; approaching Lady Holden, she said, with a sort of shiver in her voice:

"Esther is conscious now, and it frets her that you were not permitted to remain. She wishes to thank you and the young lady for so kindly desiring to help her."

"Has she suffered much?" inquired the lady, in a voice that trembled also; "tell me, has she suffered?"

The girl covered her beautiful eyes, now dusky with troubled recollection, with one hand, as she answered:

"Terribly, it seems to me."

"But there is no danger?" continued the lady, who seemed to find something like fascination in the tearful sweetness of that young voice.

"Ah! me, I hope not," was the faint reply.

"And you think our presence will not disturb her."

"No, lady—no—she desires it."

As Lady Holden was going out, Vance stopped her with a gentle touch on the arm.

"This is no place for a suffering person. The Hall would be far better. There must be no lack of attention here."

The lady answered with a faint, sweet smile.

"I am glad you suggested it, Asher," she said, taking Dora's arm, and leaning rather heavily upon it.

"I—I would rather stay with papa," said that young person, disengaging her arm. "Of course, so many of us can do no good."

Lady Holden looked at the wayward girl a moment, in sorrowful surprise, and was perhaps about to speak; but a soft hand touched her arm, and a pair of brown eyes, full of pleading tenderness, looked into hers.

"Pray rest on me!"

A strange sensation thrilled through every nerve in Lady Holden's form, as that little hand touched her arm. It shone in her eyes, and a faint sigh rose to her lips—a sweet, tremulous breath like that of a flower. Why the lady should have felt this gleam of happiness, amid the terrible tumult and pain of that day, was a mystery to herself and a wonder to those about her. Even when she entered the sick-room, a smile lingered on her face, and seemed to have given sweetness to her voice.

Esther was lying on the bed, pale and exhausted, but inspired by some spirit that seemed to have outlived the suffering she had endured. The eyes, bright with feverish anxiety, were turned upon the door, as Lady Holden entered. She grasped the bed-clothes with the only hand that could obey her will, and the expression of her face, for one moment, was that of a creature at bay.

"I am glad that you are better," said the lady, casting a compassionate glance on the bandaged arm. "It must have been terrible."

Esther met her glance, and tried to smile.

"The doctor has been very gentle," she said, with a grateful look at the little man, "and there has been less pain, for that reason."

"She has borne it like a soldier," said the surgeon, triumphantly; "better by half; for men never do bear suffering like women. Still it is a compound fracture, and a bad one."

"But there is no danger?" questioned the lady, with much solicitude.

"There is always danger from shock, and fever may set in."

The young girl, who had drawn close to the bed, heard this, and uttered a little cry of dismay.

Esther turned her large eyes, under which black shadows were gathering fast, upon the beloved face, and made another faint effort to smile.

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"Do not be frightened, Jane. Touch my pulse, and you will find no evidence of a shock, and I shall have no fever. So keep up your courage."

The girl turned to the doctor.

"Oh, tell me, sir. Is there danger? Will it be a long sickness?"

Before the doctor could reply, Lady Holden had taken the girl's hand with such gentle kindness, that the very touch of her fingers was a caress.

"There is no danger," she said. "I can see that, in the good surgeon's face, and, if there must be delay, it will be strange if we cannot make that endurable. The moment she can be moved, your sister shall be taken to the Hall, where we will try to compensate somewhat for all that she has suffered for us. You and Dora will be pleasant nurses for her, and I can do something when my heart is in a thing."

Jane Bronson stood with her soft brown eyes lifted to the lady's face. As she spoke, a smile stole into them, and, with an impulse that made the act an unconscious homage, she bowed her head, and kissed the hand that still clasped hers.

"Ah, lady, we cannot be very wretched while you are near," she said.

While the girl's head was bent, Lady Holden passed her disengaged hand over the waves of her brown hair, touching it lightly as a summer wind would have done.

"I am glad you think so," she answered, "for we must be some time together, and your sister will require all our cheerfulness, though she does bear up so bravely."

Esther did not seem very brave just then; for every line of her face was quivering with emotion, and tears were gathering heavily in her black eyes.

"Ah, me, how she suffers!" exclaimed the sister. "What can I do—what can I do for her?"

She would have kissed that troubled face, in her helplessness to assuage her pain in any other way, but Esther turned her head away.

"It is not that—it is not that," she said, passionately. "This is an old pain, and it must burn forever. Oh, God help me—God help me! I thought it was over."

The two women looked at each other in blank terror. Had Esther become suddenly delirious?

"I will call the doctor," said Jane; "he has not left the house yet. Indeed, I scarcely know when he left the room."

"No—no," pleaded Esther, from the bed. "I tell you he can do no good! You are frightened at nothing. See, my hand is steady."

Lady Holden took the hand she held out, and her finger fell upon the pulse. It fluttered like the wing of a dying bird; but there was something in the great, black eyes, lifted so earnestly to hers, that disturbed her more than the pulse, a sort of dread—a pleading wistfulness that went to the lady's gentle heart.

"If I should die, what will become of her? In the wide world, she has no other friend."

Lady Holden drew the girl toward her, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"As you have saved my child, I will be a mother to your sister in all that love and care can do; but we must not talk of dying. There will be no danger—there must be no danger! Let me assure you that what may seem like a misfortune, shall prove a blessing, if the power of making it so rests with us."

"For her—for her, alone, that may be possible," murmured the sick woman; "as for me, it seems as if the world had come to an end—"

"No—no! In a few weeks, you will find it brighter than ever. Believe me, it is something to have made new friends by your own brave act; but you are growing faint."

Esther did not answer, for her eyes closed, and she seemed to float into insensibility.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE was wild carousal at a hunting-lodge, some ten miles from Mosley, that night, for there Barnham of Backwell entertained the party that had come down from London on his drag—a long ride that had taken them forty miles or more into the country. It was Barnham's caprice that his house should always be kept in order for guests that might be expected any hour and in very uncertain numbers. Thus it chanced that a sumptuous entertainment was ready, soon after the party drove up to the long stone building, that the addition of a few balconies and bay-windows, had changed from a farm-house of the better sort, to a rather imposing gentleman's residence. True, the stables occupied as much room as the house, and employed about as many attendants, and the grounds had less space and ornamentation than might have been desired; but then, it was a bachelor's residence, and one of many that Barnham of Backwell claimed as his own, so long as the Jews would permit of such ownership, and under all the circumstances, offered pleasant housing for his guests.

There had been high conviviality at the late dinner, at which there was no lady to preside, and when the host led his guests from the table, it was one wild confusion of fruit and flowers thrown into blooming disorder. Among them, little encampments of half-empty glass—red, green, amber-hued, and crystal-white, blazed up

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through the fragrant ruin, like great jewels set on fire by a constellation of lights overhead; and little streams of wine were dripping down the snow of the table-cloth, where some of them had been recklessly upset.

In the drawing-room, a long and somewhat gloomy apartment, with low ceiling and darkly panelled walls, sat the young person who had occupied a seat by Barnham on the drag. She had not appeared at the dinner, but her gray travelling-dress had been changed, and she now appeared in the subdued light of the drawing-room, in a robe of old gold satin, contrasted with blood-red roses, that gathered up the lace on her bosom, and gave a rich glow of color to her hair. Though her tresses were golden-brown, and her lips red as the roses that glowed in them, she was past the season of extreme youth.

At last, a volume of incoherent voices, the heavy closing of a door, and uneven stamp of feet, added a glow of color to that which already bloomed on her cheek.

"They are coming this way," she thought. "He would not let me preside at the table: at least he must recognize me here."

She was mistaken, Barnham, who was in front of his guests, stepped to the door, saw her sitting there in state, uttered something that seemed like a smothered oath, and turned from the threshold.

"To the billiard-room," she heard him say.

"He dares—he dares!" she exclaimed, starting up. "This is the brother's part he promised to perform."

As she spoke these words, angrily, the woman began to walk up and down the long drawing-room.

A step near the door. She stood still. Barnham entered, and then she came slowly into the light, confronting him.

"Is this the way you keep your word?" she said.

"Yes, Louisa, if this is the way you baffle my plans. Have I not told you, again and again, that your impatient Bohemianism will ruin everything?"

"After what fashion, may I ask, do I offend my brother?"

"The fashion of a strolling actress, if you must have the plain truth, though there is not many of that set who would have insisted on riding down from London on the drag, as you did."

"Was there any great harm in riding by the side of my own brother, in any carriage he might care to drive?" asked the lady, scornfully enough: and then you saw, by the proud uplifting of her person, and steel-like glitter in her gray eyes, that she was indeed the sister of the handsome man who was rebuking her.

"No harm, but great imprudence. I tell you this, Loo: our American is fastidious as a prince, and far richer than any that comes among us. Do not destroy your chances by a false move in any direction; for once, my dear girl, be guided by the experience of a man who knows something of his sex. This young American is impressed—nay, charmed, with you now. Do not disenchant him in the first stage of what may prove a grand passion."

"Disenchant him," said the lady, glancing at a mirror, in which her beauty was framed in all its glowing perfection.

"I understand," answered her brother, with an impatient gesture. "It is the self-sufficiency that destroys half the charm of a beautiful woman. Do, for heaven's sake, if you can, forget your own loveliness. The woman, who so grossly admires herself, cannot expect the spontaneous homage which men feel for unconscious attractions. This American comes from a country where something more than grace of person or features are expected of a lady."

"He comes from a country where men deem it an honor to slave for women, who reign over them like queens," answered the lady, with a regal lift of the head.

"But wise women do not begin to rivet their chains, till they are well in hand. Let me tell you—but let this subject drop. Our affairs are quite too serious to admit of trifling. I came back to say that the fellows in yonder seem bent on high play, to-night, and that might shock our American friend. As you are here, and in grand toilet, perhaps it will be as well to bring him in. Only do remember the hints I have given you."

The lady cast a second glance at the mirror, settled the red roses a little higher up in her bosom, and gave her brother a sidelong glance from her mischievous eyes, that seemed to challenge even his admiration.

"Will that do? Your friend shall wear the rose that lies nearest to my heart, when he returns, I promise you."

"Ah, Loo, Loo! It is no wonder that you think yourself irresistible."

The lady laughed.

"There, there, don't lecture me. I like your compliments better, though coming from ones own brother, they do seem a little stale. Just leave me to my own devices now. What is the use of one marriage, pray tell me, if the experience does not teach one to secure another? You forget the advantages of being a widow, and a titled one."

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"I forget that our friend is in youder, a deer among stag-hounds, and, for your sake, must be kept from their fangs. He must lose no money in this house, and see no high play."

"Trust that to me," answered the lady, now wholly appeased; and seating herself again, just within the light of the chandelier, she took up a book, and pretended to read.

Barnham had scarcely been missed, when he entered the billiard-room, where two of his guests, Prime being one, were already contesting a game at the table, in an indolent way.

Barnham crossed the room to a window, by which a young man had placed himself, and was looking out into the night, for the radiance of a full moon was lying on the green sward, and silvering all the trees, while a soft summer wind was swaying to and fro with breezy freshness.

"One gets tired of this sort of thing; but some of my guests like it," said Barnham, glancing at the billiard players, with a scarcely perceptible lift of the shoulders. "I have just had a little chat with my sister in the drawing-room. I think she rather expected us after dinner."

"Is Lady Alton down?" answered the young man, with prompt interest. "I feared—I thought that she might be too much fatigued. With your permission, I will ask to be excused here. Indeed, I was tempted to go out; the night is so beautiful."

Barnham smiled, graciously, and followed George Roxburg with a pleased expression in his eyes, as the young man left the room.

The moment he was gone, Prime flung down his cue, and came up to the window, which opened on to a stone balcony, on which the moonlight was shining one minute, while some tree bough dashed it with shadows the next.

"Well, have I kept up this fooling—as we call it in America—long enough?" he said, with a cautious laugh; "are we to have no real play, to-night?"

"As much as you like; but remember, my New York friend isn't to be included. Where he plays, the game must be nominal."

"Ah, I understand. But about the other thing? Step this way, I am a little anxious."

Barnham opened the window, and the two men went out upon the balcony.

"You saw her. You heard her speak. It was at a disadvantage; but what have you to say?"

"Say," answered Barnham, "what can one say, except—"

"That she is an angel," Prime broke in. "Just that, and nothing less."

"An angel," said Barnham, thoughtfully, perhaps. "At anyrate, a deucedly handsome girl. By Jove, Prime, I am in love with her already."

"Then, by Jove! you shall marry her. Money wouldn't have me to give her to anyone who did not love her to adoration—adoration I say—but how could you or any other man help it?"

"How, indeed? If that person exists, I am not the man. But the young lady? You speak as if your will settled the whole thing."

"And so it shall. Have I not told you the story—told you of a time when I was like a father to her?"

"Yes, you have told me that story often enough."

"But this, I have not told you. She is as much under my influence as ever. When my will is spoken, that of her father will go for nothing."

"But the mother?"

"The mother? Ah, that will be taken care of—besides, the property is all entailed, the title sure. What can the mother do, if the girl chooses to have a fancy of her own? If you love the child—everything rests in that—if you love her, she, and all that she has shall be yours, always, providing that you keep to our contract. But you must love the girl."

"Love her? I do—I do! By Jove! I am in dead earnest, now that I have seen her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALBUM VERSES.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

So slight a favor 'tis you crave,
That I can scarce refuse compliance;
Nor shall I use the page you gave
To set your champions at defiance.
Dear lady, vainly awed, I praise
That dimpled hand I pressed at parting;
Or those dark eyes beneath whose gaze,
A Cupid lurks equipped for darting.

Nor can I hope to lightly touch,
On charms so oft the theme of lovers;
To add another while so much,
That's beautiful about thee hovers.
I can but add one little pearl,
To all the gems about thee scattered;
And say again, sweet, artless girl,
That all thy poets have not flattered.

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THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. H. DEMERITT.

One sultry July day, as I returned from a short, sketching expedition, I found my old classmate, Howard Van Dyke, sitting on the porch of the farm-house, where I was boarding, up among the mountains of New England.

"This is a surprise," I cried, shaking his hand, enthusiastically. "You are almost the last person I expected to see."

"The fact is," he said, "I'm tired of Saratoga and society. I took my mother, and grandmother, to Congress Hall, as usual; and did my best, for a week, to be dutiful; but I couldn't stand it; and here I am."

Howard and I had been at Harvard together, where we had become close friends; and the intimacy, thus begun, had been kept up, ever since, in spite of my being only a poor artist, and he the heir to very great expectations. His father had left a queer will, however, giving to my friend only fifteen thousand dollars, and leaving the bulk of the property to Howard's mother, unless she married again, in which case the fortune reverted to Howard. The grandmother was also very wealthy. But both mother and grandmother were possessed with the notion that Howard ought to make a "wealthy alliance," as they called it: and it was quite evident, that, if he did not, his chance of inheriting their wealth was small, indeed.

"I envy you, old fellow," he used to say. "You can marry who you please; but if I marry, unless to suit others, woe unto me!"

Nor was this all. There were certain family diamonds, of uncounted value, which were to go to Howard's bride, if he married to please his mother and grandmother. Once, during a visit, I had been indulged with a view of them.

"It isn't often one sees such fine heir-looms in America, Mr. Davis," said the grandmother, complacently, to me. "But then ours is an exceptionally old and aristocratic family."

I remembered all this, when I saw Howard sitting on the porch, and reflected how he had run away from a possible bride at Saratoga. After a little while, I could not help asking, maliciously:

"Has a candidate for the family diamonds appeared yet?"

"Hang the family diamonds," he retorted, crossly. "When I told grandma I was coming here, she said she supposed she might as well sell the family diamonds, for she heard there was nobody but school-marms to be met, up in the mountains, and that of course I would marry one of them, out of sheer malice. She added that she heard the 'school-marms' went out, in summer, as waitresses at the hotels. By the bye, have you any here?"

"Not at this farm-house. But there are plenty at the hotel, a quarter of a mile off. I have made some pleasant acquaintances at it, though no 'school-marms' as yet. If you want gayety, you'll find enough of it there; if you want quiet, you'll find enough of it here."

"I have made some acquaintances there already," he answered. "They came in the stage, with me, and are from Baltimore. There's an aunt, elderly and prim, but lady-like and intelligent; her neice, a great heiress, I believe, with golden hair, blue eyes, and just such a baby face as all you artists rave about; and then a companion, a dependant, and a sort of poor relation, a teacher, I believe."

"The school-marm herself," I cried.

Howard flushed up, and looked annoyed.

"School-marm, or not," he retorted, petulantly, "she's worth a dozen of the other. Bright, interesting, stately as Cleopatra, proud as an empress."

I gave a long whistle. "And how did you et acquainted with this paragon?" I asked.

"Well, she dropped her parasol, and I jumped down for it. If it had been the parasol of the heiress," he added, contemptuously, "it might have lain there till Doom's-day."

"Very well-bred," I said, "sarcastical," as Artemus Ward has it. "It's hard, that, because a girl is rich, she should be treated rudely."

As I foresaw from this conversation, we soon became intimate with the Baltimoreans. At the end of a fortnight, a succession of pic-nics, walking and driving parties, and rides on horseback, had brought us into such frequent contact with the aunt, and with her two nieces, Miss Blanche Terry and Miss Lucy Rodney, that our chance acquaintance had ripened into a friendship, which was still further promoted by the knowledge that the Terrys and Van Dykes had many mutual friends. After that important discovery, Howard and I were welcome guests in the Terry's cosy little private parlor at the

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hotel. From friendship, we were gradually drifting—drifting, I did not stop to ask myself whither. To marry a poor girl, dependent on a cousin's bounty, would be to destroy all his brilliant prospects. For me, to offer myself to a rich woman, would be to expose myself both to the suspicion of mercenary motives and the mortification of a scoraful refusal.

Meantime, I had filled my portfolio with studies, not of cloud or mountain effects, not of lofty peaks or ferny dells, but with innumerable sketches of Blanche Terry's sweet face, profile, three-quarter, full view. There were pictures of her in her trailing ball-robes, in her simple morning-dress, or in her plain mountain-suit. Howard joked me, unmercifully, on my change from landscape to figure studies. The lovely, pure Madonna face haunted alike my waking and my sleeping hours. One day my friend came into my room greatly excited.

"I have done it," he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair.

"Done what?" I gasped. "Murdered any one? Shot Miss Rodney accidentally? Run over any old woman in your reckless driving?"

"I have freed myself from leading strings. I have signed the death-warrant to my 'great expectations.' I'm a free man now, and will be as poor—as poor—as a church mouse—"

"What do you mean?"

"I offered my hand to Lucy Rodney, and told her frankly that there wasn't a thing in it but my heart, not a red cent, nor a sixpence."

"But you have what your father left."

"Oh, that's a mere bagatelle. Besides, I wanted to see how much she really did love me; and, my dear boy, the glorious creature actually said if *I* was satisfied, *she* was. Did you ever hear of such devotion?"

"And you don't regret your inheritance?"

"Not a whit! I've written home, and made a clean breast of the whole thing. I dreaded it of course, not the losing the money, though I didn't like to let that go; but I knew it would really trouble poor mamma."

"And the family diamonds?"

"May go to the dogs, for all I care. Lucy will look just as well to me without them. Besides, she is a diamond herself—a regular Koh-i-noor."

With that, he left me, and I gave myself up to sorrowful meditation. If things had only been reversed! If Blanche Terry had only been in Lucy Rodney's place, and Lucy in Blanche's! Then, the path would have been clear and straight before me. But now. Ah, well! I must bear my disappointment as bravely as possible!

Two or three days after this, Howard had joined the Terrys in some mountain expedition, and I had excused myself by pleading indisposition; but to tell the truth, I think the sight of Howard's happiness annoyed me, and I preferred moping by myself at home. I sauntered up to the hotel, just as the stage came in, and to my horror I saw, among the passengers, Mrs. Van Dyke and the madame, looking more grim and unbending than ever.

They greeted me kindly, and after I had secured some rooms for them, they requested me to follow them upstairs. After the waiter had closed the door, Mrs. Van Dyke approached me, and said in a stage whisper:

"Howard?"

"He is well; but off on some pic-nic."

"Isn't there any hope of inducing him to change his mind?"

"None whatever."

Madame Van Dyke held up both hands, and exclaimed, "Oh!"

"She is a poor girl, without any prospects whatever?" asked the mother.

"Yes."

"A teacher?"

"Yes."

The old lady sank back in her chair, while from her pursed-up lips came a faint:

"O—o—h!"

"I feared it all the while," said Mrs. Van Dyke. "I had my suspicions! Mother, we might as well prepare ourselves for the worst. A teacher! One of those young women, doubtless, who wait on tables in hotels during vacation. Perhaps she will serve us."

The old lady sat bolt upright, and the feather on her bonnet trembled, ominously.

"*Never*, shall the family diamonds ornament the plebeian neck of a waitress at an inn," she said, savagely.

I was so amused that I could not correct their mistake.

"We have talked the matter over," exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyke, "and mother and I have decided that it is just about as well—"

"There's no *well* about it," fretted the madame; "the whole thing is shockingly ill."

"We have your warm sympathy, in our crushing affliction. Of that we are sure, Mr. Davis," and Howard's mother raised her handkerchief to hereyes. "We have concluded that it is best *not* to oppose Howard. He is, you know, our son after all; and, and even this cannot destroy our affection for him. We shall treat his wife civilly, always; but we cannot be expected to give her the privileges, nor—"

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"Nor the family diamonds," snapped the old lady.

"We shall provide for them as befits Howard's position," continued Mrs. Van Dyke, serenely; "and never let the world know our bitter—bitter, heartrending disappointment The Van Dyke blood is very proud—very proud, Mr. Davis."

Then I had a chance to mend matters, considerably, by telling them that the girl was not a waitress, a fact which mollified them greatly.

The next day, Howard told me that there had been a meeting, and a half-reconciliation, although I saw that he expected to lose his inheritance.

"They were very polite to Lucy," he said; "freezingly polite."

That afternoon, we were all invited to tea, in the Terry's private parlor. The conversation turned on the diamonds of a wealthy Cuban lady, then stopping at the hotel, and I said to Madame Van Dyke, "Do show them your fine diamonds, Madame. The old-fashioned, silver setting suits them so well."

"But I have had them reset," returned the old lady. "I did not care for it, but my daughter persuaded me, and they only came home the night before we left town. I have hardly taken them out of the case, since," and then, very much gratified by my request, she sent Howard for them.

When he came back, we all drew near the jewel-case, in eager expectancy. Madame opened the box, slowly, with a triumphant air; but, somehow, we all looked rather blank, and the exclamation of admiration was very feeble.

"What is the matter with them?" asked Howard; "they look so dull."

I handed one of the bracelets to Miss Rodney, and the old lady addressed her, maliciously:

"What do you think of those, Miss Rodney? Are they not beautiful? Old family heirlooms, you know. Ours was a very aristocratic family."

"They look to me like paste," said Miss Rodney, in a low tone to Howard.

"Paste!" shrieked the Van Dyke ladies. "Howard, do you hear *that?* The Van Dyke family diamonds, paste!"

"By Jove, I think she is right," said Howard. "Who set these diamonds, mother?"

"The work was done at Goldplate's. The chief workman there is a man of great taste."

"I judge so," replied Howard, quietly, "since he has evidently taken the family diamonds, and replaced them with this worthless paste."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Madame Van Dyke said, glancing at Lucy,

"Well, there is *one* consolation. *She* will never wear them!"

"I don't think she cares for them. She has enough of her own," returned Lucy, rising, with a haughty gesture. "My friends, there has been a little deception here. When my cousin and I started on this journey, we agreed to change names and places—just for the fun of the thing. It seems to me that it is now time to assume our real characters. I am Lucy Terry, and Blanche Rodney there is my well-beloved, teacher, cousin—"

Here Blanche abruptly left the room, and I followed, for I was free now to seek and win her. As the door closed behind me, I heard Lucy say: "I trust, my dear ladies, that the gain of a rich daughter-in-law will compensate you for the loss of the family diamonds."

From that day to this, the Van Dyke's have never seen the "family diamonds." On telegraphing to New York for the foreman of the Goldplate establishment, they found that he had been missing ever since the night on which the diamonds were sent home, in their new setting.

Four years after the loss of the jewels, I brought my bride, Blanche Davis, to visit the Van Dykes. At the same time, I promised Howard that I would paint Lucy's portrait.

"What a pity, that you never found the family diamonds," I said to the old lady.

"These are my jewels," answered the madame, softly, pointing to Howard's handsome twin boys.

"NO CROSS, NO CROWN."

BY MRS. A. D. DAILEY.

We toil along the rough and weary way,
Panting beneath the burden which we bear,
Thirsting and fainting, crying out in pain,
Wearied and worn by loads of sin and care.

But though the cross be heavy, at its head,
Gleaming through clouds that hide it from our view,
We see a crown in splendid radiance shine,
'Tis ours if we but bear the journey through.

And He who placed it there bore heaviest loads
Of shame and sorrow and such anguish keen,
As drew from that blest forehead drops of blood,
Burdens of which no mortal eye hath seen.

But on His brow, all glorious, shines a crown
Brightest of all in those bright courts above,
Dazzling with jewels, priceless in their worth,
Among them that most precious one, His love.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume of pongee, of which we give the front and back view. The trimmings are of a contrasting color, and may be of either self-colored silk or chintz patterned foulard. It is made with skirt and polonaise. The skirt is faced on the outside with a wide band of the trimming nine to ten inches deep. The edge of the skirt has then three narrow knife-plaited ruffles of the pongee, the third one put on with a heading. The polonaise is



No. 1.

gathered on the front seam into a bunch, and ornamented with loops of ribbon to match the trimmings. At the back, as may be seen, the fulness is all put into a double box-plait, and fastened on the side-back seam, also ornamented by loops of ribbon. The turn-over collar, and pointed trimming for the front of the waist, is arranged as seen by illustration. Small cuffs on the very tight sleeves. Twenty yards of pongee, or ten yards of double-width goods, will be required

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for this costume. Two and a-half of silk or foulard for trimming. Three and a-half yards one and a-half inch ribbon.

No. 2—Is an evening-costume of plain gauze and silk or satin. The train and bodice are of ruby-colored silk or satin, trimmed with pale yellow gauze and roses. The tablier is of the gauze, closely puffed, and thickly studded down the front with roses. The full train is bordered with a plaiting, and the quilles at the sides are likewise plaited. The low-pointed bodice has berthe and sleeves of gauze. This would be a



No. 2. No. 3.

very pretty model for either fine white mull over a silk, or selisia slip of violet, pink or blue. Sixteen yards silk, and five to six yards of gauze will be required.

No. 3—Is a short princess dress of baby blue albatross cloth, sea-side zephyr, lace bunting, or any light summer goods. The skirt is bordered with a deep plaiting, ornamented with three satin bands of the same or darker shade. The tunic, which is folded in front, is edged with a deep crimped fringe. The front from the neck down, is further ornamented with loops of narrow blue satin ribbon. The back forms two pouffs. Small coat sleeve trimmed to match. Eighteen to

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twenty yards of single-width goods. Fifteen to sixteen yards of double-fold goods will be required.



No. 4.

No. 4—Is a striped flannel frock suitable for the sea-side, for a girl of three to five years. It is trimmed with two plaitings, which are more effective if of two different shades. The cuff-bands and collars are vandyked, and lace of Hamburg edging laid under the points.



No. 5.

No. 5.—For a child of two years, either girl or boy, is a high blouse frock of flannel trimmed with Hamburg. The blouse is pleated, and the skirt is kilted on to a petticoat-body.

No. 6.—For a boy of three years, we have a plaid gingham or woolen frock with embroidered collar and cuffs. It is cut in a loose paletot fashion, and has a plaited flounce on the edge. The sash is of ribbon, or of the material of the dress.



No 6.

No. 7—Is a tablier blouse, princess form, for a little girl. It is made of linen, and edged with embroidery.



No. 7.

No. 8.—A paletot of blue or pink cashmere, trimmed with insertion and edging, either of Hamburg or coarse Russian lace.

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No. 8.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

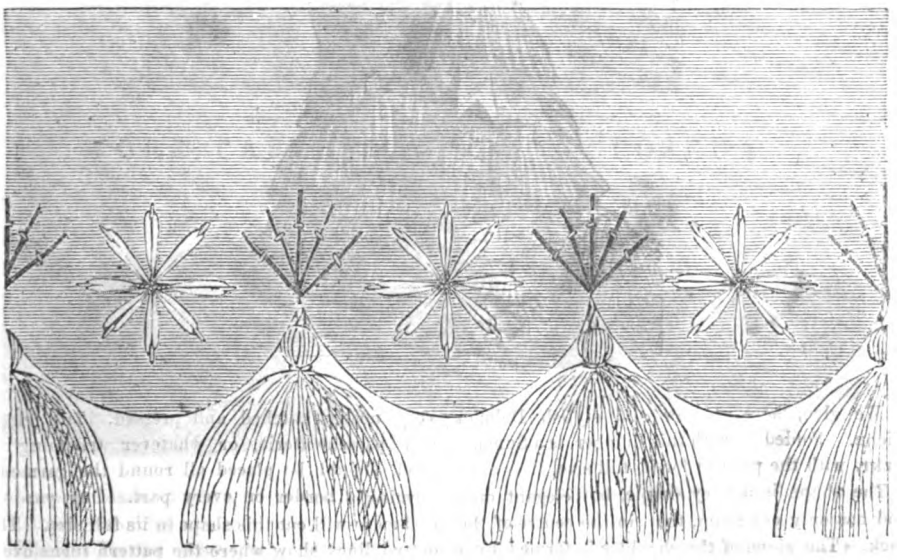
BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

PETIT LAMBREQUIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This simple model for a lambrequin trimming is useful for trimming waste-baskets, small tables, etc. It is worked on cloth, velvet or felt, in silks, and the tassels are made of crewels, and then combed out to give them a fluffy appearance. It is the latest pattern out.

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DOLMAN FICHU: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY,



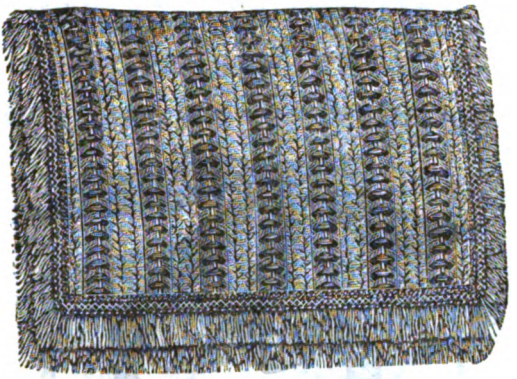
We give, here, a new and stylish Dolman Fichu. Folded in with this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, with the pattern for it, full size.

The shape is a very simple, but elegant one, and has only one seam, that, in the centre of the back. The slope of the shoulder is formed by a small gore being cut out. This seam must be very neatly stitched and pressed. The fringe and passementerie, or whatever trimming is used, should be placed all round the garment, forming a border on every part. One yard of cashmere will cut this shape in its full size. The dotted lines show where the pattern turns over, it being a trifle too large for our paper.

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ANTIMACASSAR: DRAWN WORK AND FANCY STITCH.

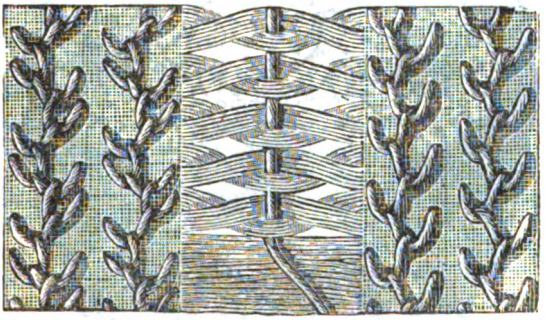
MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Coarse linen or Java canvas and thick purse twist of bright colors are the materials used. The design consists of stripes of fancy stitches and drawn threads.

The stitches are alternate rows of single and double coral. The sides and ends are fringed out, and a row of stitches heads the fringe. This is very new.

DETAIL OF ANTIMACASSAR.



WORK CASE. (OPEN AND CLOSED.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





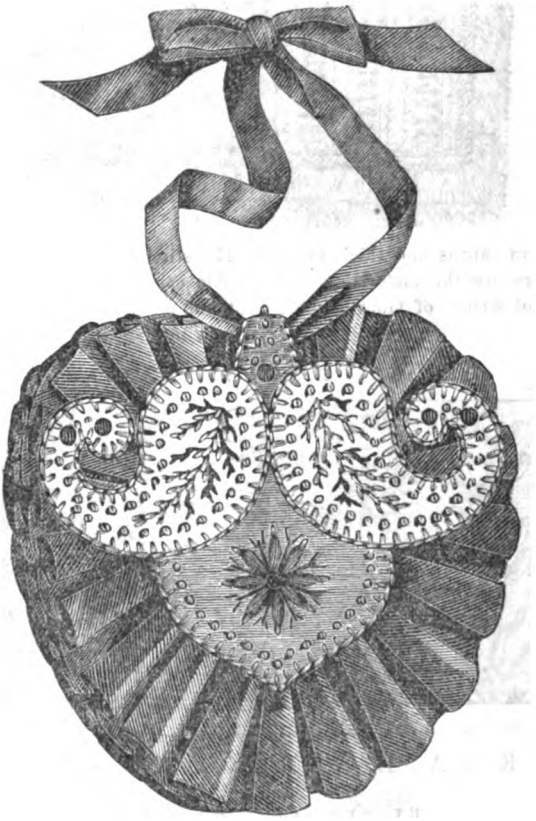
The case is made of cloth or worsted Java canvas, lined with blue silk or cashmere. The bottom is cut in one piece, measuring twelve inches in length, and seven in width. Two pockets, ornamented with embroidery, are sewn to the bottom, and a strap of ribbon stitched at intervals, to hold scissors, thimbles, etc. The sides and ends are cut separately; they measure

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three inches in depth, and are bound with blue ribbon, and then seamed neatly to the ribbon which binds the bottom. Two bands of blue cashmere, ornamented with a design in cross-stitch, are fixed to the back; a buttonhole is worked at the corner. The case closed is shown; it is fastened by means of buttons. The buttonholes are worked in the embroidered bands.

PEN WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: white, red and black cloth; purse silks of various colors. The palms are of white cloth, and the designs upon them are done in many colored silks, producing quite an Oriental effect; the centre-piece is in red cloth, likewise ornamented. These three pieces are interlined with stiff crinoline to keep them in shape. The black cloth is cut in strips, and notched on one edge; then quilled as seen in the design. A ribbon, forming loop to hang by, is adjusted as may be seen. With a different interior arrangement, it will serve equally well for a needle-case.

DESIGN FOR PILLOW-CASE, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

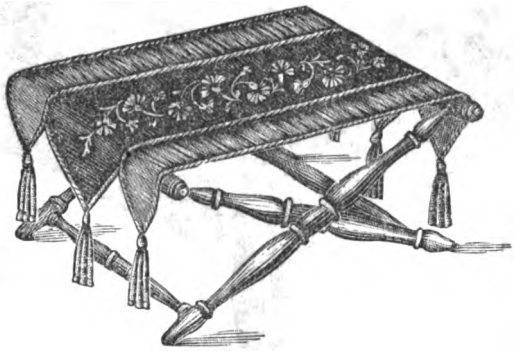
On our SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give, in addition to the full-size pattern for a *Dolman Fichu*, a beautiful design for a Pillow-Case, furnished by the Philadelphia School of Art Needle-work. Another design, different in detail, but similar in character, was

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given, on the Supplement, that went out with our April number. The two would make a pretty pair for a pair of pillows. These poppies are to be worked in stem-stitch, or outline stitch as it is sometimes called: the buds, and flowers in red, and the leaves and stems in dark blue, or black; these three colors being the only ones, in which you can get working cotton that will wash. We also give, on the Supplement, several patterns in ordinary embroidery, viz.: a bunch of grapes, a head of wheat, and a neck-tie: all being new, pretty, and useful patterns.

OTTOMAN, OR FOLDING STOOL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

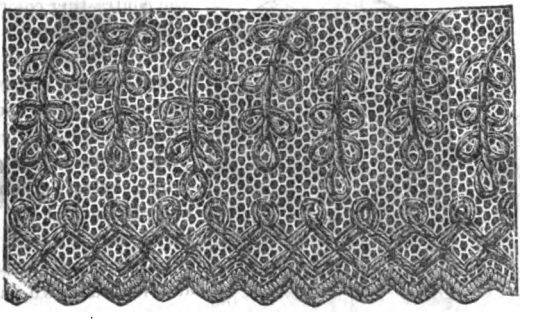


We give, here, an engraving of an ottoman, or folding stool, a piece of furniture that has come very much into fashion, lately, from its convenience, because it is light, and can be folded up, and so carried in the hand, from one part of a room to another, or out on a porch.

In the front of the number we give a design for a stripe to be worked for it. This pattern may be done in shades of blue and green in *point au passé*, on rich black satin; the side stripes are in blue velvet, with cord and tassels of the same. We may add that the design would be very suitable for a child's dress or lady's jacket, or apron. Or it could be used for a sofa-cushion, or chair. It is, in short, not only one of the prettiest patterns we have ever given, but it is one that can be employed for an unusual variety of purposes.

BORDER: EMBROIDERED NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design, when carried out in colored floss silks, either on a black or white net foundation, is very effective. The model is black net and gold-colored floss silk; the edge is buttonholed, and slightly vandyked; the design is darned in. A good model, also, for darning in linen floss.

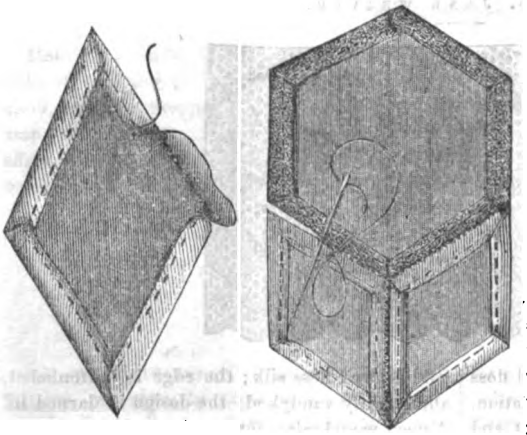
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FOOTSTOOL: IN PATCH-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new and pretty design, in patch-work, for a footstool, or ottoman. The pattern is of silk, six-pointed stars, on a ground of black velvet hexagons; and the details (given below,) supply the full size of the patches, and the mode of sewing them together. Any scraps of black velvet or silk may be utilized. The patches may be larger or smaller, according to taste and the materials employed; but the side of the diamond must always be equal to that of the hexagon, and each must be carefully cut of exactly the same size, as even a slight error will make the whole wrong. The stars should be as bright and of as many colors as possible; each star, or every other one, may have three points of one color and three of another, the contrasting colors alternating, but one odd point in a star, or one odd star, should be avoided. Plain silks, and those in which a flower comes in the centre of each diamond, may be used alternately, or the design would look exceedingly handsome with yellow or old-gold-color stars on a brown velvet ground. The foundation must be cut out in thin cardboard or stiff paper, and covered with the velvet and silk, the edges of which are turned over and tacked down, and afterwards sewn together on the wrong side, as shown in the detail. When the work is finished the paper must be removed, and the stool is made up with fringe.



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This design would also be suitable for a summer window-blind, to hang outside the linen one, facing the room; or a dwarf blind, to keep out an ugly view, the light falling through the colored patches giving them almost the effect of stained glass. Our design is an especially good one for this purpose, but the hexagons had better be of black silk than velvet, as the latter would be too heavy. The small conventional flowers now often seen in stained glass, octagonal patches with diamonds between of a different color, or any pattern of lattice work, would also be suitable. All the turnings-in should be very even, and their thickness will give almost the effect of leading. Black braid may be also laid over the joints, so as quite to cover the turnings, with the same or even better result. Patchwork used for blinds should always have a lining at the back of light neutral-colored cotton sateen, or window-blind material itself

DESIGN FOR CREWELS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Material: crash, three shades of green for the leaves, three shades of blue for the ragged robins, maize color for the wheat, dark brown for the feather-like sprays.

Trace only the outline of the design on coarse crash; then begin with the lightest shade of blue, for the flowers, and work from the outer edge always; put the threaded needle up from the under side, then follow the design, and make a stitch by putting it through in the place indicated. Work the calyx green, and cross it with the maize color. For the leaves begin at the points with the lightest shade, following the lines. Shade down to the darkest shade. Stems are green, centre of the flowers maize color, and the feather sprays are done in brown. To shade a flower or leaf nicely, requires care and taste. With a little observation and practice, it can easily be done, and the work, now so fashionable, is both beautiful and inexpensive. For table-covers, chair-seats, screens, etc., it is taking the place of all other kinds of embroidery.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

DESIGNS IN "ART NEEDLE-WORK."—As this is a month, when many ladies go to the sea-shore, or the lake-side, or take some other form of a yearly "outing," we have selected for the Work-Table such patterns as are especially convenient for their leisure hours at those places. The designs are mostly from the "Philadelphia Art School of Needle-work," to which we have been indebted, more than once, for new and artistic patterns. On account of this speciality, and for other reasons, we name this "Our Midsummer Number."

We would call attention, first, to the COLORED PATTERN, which is that of a "Lunch or Tea cloth." In our July number, we gave an engraving of the most fashionable style for a tea-tray, and accompanied it with a pattern for a tea-table cloth in cross-stitch We now give a design for one, in colors, in a different style. Or it may be used for a cover for a small table. If for a tea-table, select Barnsley sheeting of the proper width; trace the design, which we give of the full size; and then work in black and red crewels The swans, and all the lines, are done in chain-stitch; first in black, and then a row of red quite close. The other parts are done in embroidery stitch. A narrow worsted braid is used for defining the lower border, and a still narrower one for the upper. If you wish a table-cover, work the design on a light drab cloth, Java canvas, or unbleached sheeting. Black silk and Turkey red cotton may be used for the chain-stitched parts, if preferred.

We also give, but on the SUPPLEMENT, a design for a "Pillow Case," full size. The fellow to this was in our April number, and was so popular, that we have been frequently asked for a match to it. Accordingly we insert it now. The work is to be done in stem-stitch, otherwise called outline-stitch, with fine silk, or with fine red, black, or dark-blue marking cotton: the flowers in the red of course. These colors, red, black and dark-blue are the only ones, in marking cotton, that will wash. We also give in the Supplement, several other useful and pretty designs, in braiding, embroidery, etc., etc.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a "Travelling Bag," appropriate for the season. The materials are broad-cloth, or leather. The design is done in satin stitch, with a denser shade of brown silk. There is a small outside pocket, as may be seen in the design. After working the pocket, take it to a manufactory of bags, satchels, etc., and have it made up with steel clasp, leather strap and buckle. Or, if when inconvenient to have it made up in this way, it may be done at home, with stout whalebone, across the top, adding a clasp from the under side to cover it.

We also give, in the front of the number, a design for a "Coverlet for a Cradle," for the description of which see next page. This, with a "Stripe for an Ottoman," and numerous other patterns in "Art Needle-work," are especially suitable for August work, and give a distinctive character to "OUR MIDSUMMER NUMBER."

HINTS IN COOKING.—To make potatoes mealy boil them in salt and water; drain them; cover them with a thick towel; and then leave them in the back of the range for five minutes. Meats should never be washed, but wiped with a towel to preserve their juices and quality. Always under-season rather than over-season food.

SEA-WEEDS ARE VERY PRETTY, when arranged in ornamental baskets, or vases. You will have the best chance to get good specimens, after a heavy sea; and the sooner they are "floated out," when collected, the wiser. Place the sea-weeds in a basin of fresh water, into which a small quantity of salt has been put; cut pieces of writing paper of the size required, and blotting paper rather larger, allowing, say, eight pieces of blotting paper to every one of writing paper. Have ready a soup-plate partly filled with fresh water; take one specimen at a time from the heap of sea-weeds, and immerse it in this water; then take a piece of the writing paper and slide it under the specimen, while with a camel-hair pencil you float the weed out, and arrange it so as to show nearly every portion, then gently raise the paper out of the water, gradually slanting it so as to allow all the water to run off. As each specimen is finished, place the paper containing it on five or six pieces of blotting paper, cover the specimen with a piece of old muslin, put four or five more pieces of blotting paper on this, and on the top of all place a heavy weight. In about twenty-four hours the muslin and blotting paper should be removed and dried, and then replaced. In three or four days the sea-weeds will be quite dry.

COOL HOUSES IN SUMMER may be had, at least comparatively cool ones, by a very simple process. Take a large basin, fill it with water, and place it on a table in the fore-part of the day. The effect on the atmosphere is something like that of a fountain. The hot air takes up the water in the form of vapor, and so diffuses the greater coolness of the water throughout the room, until both air and water are at the same point; when this is reached, if the heat of the day be not spent, the water needs renewing. Of course the effect does not depend upon any specific form of vessel. This may be plain or it may be ornamental; it may take the form of a table decoration. There is only one condition imperative, namely, that free contact of air and water, over the whole surface of the latter, shall not be obstructed.

SURROUNDING PHOTOGRAPHS, in albums, with small wreaths of flowers, or sea-weed, is very pretty, especially if the flowers, or sea-weed, are tastefully arranged, and small specimens are selected. The grouping of them forms an interesting amusement for idle, summer days. Photographs should be dipped in cold water, and mounted while wet; this does away with the creases so often observable in amateur mounting; unless the photograph is allowed to soak, the water does not injure it in the least. Filling scrap books is a good occupation, these hot August afternoons. If the leaves of these books are made in brown holland, neatly bound with colored ribbon, they are nearly indestructible.

A PRETTY SUMMER QUILT may be made of white linen, fringed and embroidered in cross-stitch, with a broad bordering of red and blue cotton, or thinner calico, quilted (double, not wadded), but stitched all over in diamonds; a red flower embroidered in every section. Squares of guipure d'art and red twill; white muslin lined with red twill, and bordered with lace; red cotton-backed satin, bordered with lace; rows of insertion and red ribbon edged with lace, all make up into quilts.

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A NEW VOLUME began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. During the coming six months, we shall have a succession of stories, the best we have ever published; while the steel engravings, colored patterns, etc., etc., will be quite unrivalled. Old subscribers cannot do better than to speak of this to their friends, and induce them to take "Peterson," as the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books. Our prices to clubs, for the present, remain the same, though if paper continues to advance, we shall have to raise them. We advise everybody, therefore, to subscribe at once, so as to avail themselves of these low prices. Remember, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our premium engravings; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy of the magazine as a premium, all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of either of our engravings as a premium; all postage free. If you wish to begin with January, instead of July, back numbers can be supplied. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those really wishing to make up clubs.

AVOID SEA-BATHING, or indeed any bathing, until two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration; and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous or strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser. Even sea-bathing is often indulged in, injudiciously, by those ignorant of its effects.

COVERLET FOR CRADLE.—In the front of the number, we give a very elegant design for a coverlet for a cradle. This cover is embroidered with single Berlin wool in separate strips of Tunisian crochet, embroidered with different colored filoselle, edged with a knotted fringe. The narrow strips are crocheted with pink, and the broad ones with white wool. The narrow strips are crocheted on a chain of six stitches, the broad on a chain of twenty-seven stitches, and both are finished off with a row of double crochet. The separate stripes are then sewn together on the wrong side with overcast stitches of pink wool. The fringe is knotted with pink and white wool. The embroidery is then worked with grey, pink, white, and yellow filoselle in knotted, cross, and Smyrna stitch, and in point russe.

TO TELL GOOD TEA, turn out the infused leaves, and if they are found a good brown color, with fair substance, the tea will be wholesome; but if the leaves are black and of a rotten texture, with an oily appearance, the tea will not be fit to drink. The purer the tea, the more the distinctively brown color of the leaf strikes the attention. The mixing that is frequently adopted to reduce prices results in the two kinds of leaves being supplied together. It is important to see that the leaves have the serrated or saw-like edges, without which no tea is genuine.

"AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE" is what our subscribers will say, we suppose, when they see the cover of "Peterson," this month. The change, however, is only for the present number. In September we shall return to the cover, by which we have been known for more than a generation, and by which we hope to continue to be known, in general, for generations to come. We introduce this novelty, as part of "A Midsummer Number." In these sultry days, the suggestion of breezy headlands, deep-shadowed pines, and cool airs blowing from the sea, which the engraving gives, will be welcome to all, and especially to those who belong to what has been called, humorously, "the can't get away club."

TO PRESERVE A BOUQUET a good way is to sprinkle it with fresh water, and then put it into a vessel containing soapsuds. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and put it in fresh water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in soapsuds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when gathered. The soapsuds need to be changed every third day.

"OUR MIDSUMMER NUMBER," it will be seen, is full, not only of suitable patterns for Summer Work, but also of hints of every kind adapted to the season.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lucie Rodey. A Novel. By Henry Gréville. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have so often praised the fictions of this author, that we can now only repeat what we have said before. If all French novelists had written as Henry Gréville writes, there would have been no foundation for the charge of impropriety so often brought against them. In point of fact, however, it is only a small minority, who devote themselves to Parisian scenes, that are open to this unfavorable criticism. The home-life of France, as all intelligent travelers know, is as pure as that of any other nation. This is one of Gréville's best works.

A New Race. From the German of Golo Raimund. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Very properly has the accomplished translator called this a romance, for there is all the difference in the world between the romance proper and the novel. The former looks at life more from the imaginative than the realistic side. The author is not tied down to actual life, as he, or she, would have been, if writing a novel. The two kinds of fiction must, therefore, be judged of from different stand-points. Viewed as a romance, this is one of the best we have read for years. It is an old-fashioned love-story, pure and simple, charmingly told.

Tilton's Needle-work Series. No. I. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—This series, devoted to Art Needle-work, has been so popular, that the publishers are issuing a new and enlarged edition. The present number treats of the new stitches, patterns, etc., principally used for Decorative Embroidery.

Designs In Art Needle-work. Package, No. 2. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.—Under this title, the Tiltons are publishing a series of designs in Art Needle-work, executed in colors, and which are sold in packages in envelopes. The second number is now before us. All the designs are good.

The Mystery of Allanwold. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—By the author of "A Heart Twice Won." A novel of stirring incidents and powerfully exciting plot.

First Twenty Hours In Music. 1 *vol.*, 4*to. Cincinnati: Geo. D. Newhall & Co.*—A most excellent little treatise for beginners on the piano-forte or cabinet organ.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"MORE ATTRACTIONS THAN ALL." The Jackson (Iowa) Sentinel says: "We have just received the current number of 'Peterson's Magazine,' and do not hesitate to say that it has more attractions than all the other magazines combined. No magazine in America has such fine steel engravings, and such wood cuts. The ladies at home tell us that 'Peterson's' fashions are in better taste, and more reliable than any other magazine published. *'Peterson's' illustrated articles are a new feature this year, which makes the Magazine more attractive than ever.* A friend of ours who was in Philadelphia last week, called at 'Peterson's' office, and tells us that they pack 5000 magazines every afternoon to their subscribers. He speaks of the great popularity of the book." We may add that he was right. "Peterson" is more popular, this year, than ever.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a delicious drink. Dr. M. H. Henry, the widely-known and eminent family physician, of New York, says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate possesses claims as a beverage beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine, and in nervous diseases I know of no preparation to equal it."

CHILDREN CRY for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like Castoria because it gives health to the child and rest to themselves, and Physicians use Castoria because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII.—BLOOD-ROOT.

Blood-root, Red-Root, Turmeric, Puccoon, Indian Paint are synonyms of the plant known to medical men and botanists as the *Sanguinaria Canadensis*—Latin, *Sanguis*, blood, in reference to the color of the juice of the root, and hence its most popular name.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERS.—A stemless perennial; scape four to six or eight inches high, one flowered, white, rather large; sepals two, petals eight to twelve, spatulate, oblong. Leaf mostly solitary, about three inches long, and wider than long, cordate-reniform, sinuate-lobed on a long petiole. Root thickish, reddish brown, about two inches long. The leaf and root are marked characteristics of this interesting little plant and flower, which appears in nearly all rich woodlands in the early spring. From each bud of the root-stalk there springs a single leaf, as above described, and a *scape* with a single white flower, scentless and of short duration.

The marked color of the juice of the root led to the belief, in "ye olden time," that it must be a capital remedy for discharges of blood from any part. The *doctrine of signatures* has happily passed away, but the valuable injunction of Plato still holds good: "The office of the physician extends equally to the purification of mind and body; to neglect the one is evidently to expose the other to peril."

There are some convenient uses to which mothers in the country can put the root of this little plant—one of the earliest to blossom in the spring: strong cider vinegar saturated with the finely cut or crushed root will often succeed in curing certain forms of tetter, ringworm and scald-head of children, by keeping the parts well wet with this cider tincture. Attention to diet and the bowels is needed, however. A drachm of the *powdered* root thoroughly rubbed up with an ounce of lard or simple cerate makes a *healing salve* much prized by mothers who are wont to use it. A drachm of the active principal—*sanguinarin*—triturated with half a pint of syrup of vinegar, has been extensively used, and as highly lauded, by the Eclectics, as a remedy in pseudo-membranous croup, diphtheria, etc., given in doses of one-half to one teaspoonful very frequently, but not to produce either nausea or vomiting.

Dr. Herring (Homœopath) claims the tincture of blood-root to be a remedy, in *infinitesimal* doses, for "recurring sick-headache," but the writer fears that this, like other remedies for this troublesome affection, will fail, unless great attention is paid to diet, the avoidance of excitement, late hours and a thousand other causes which tend to reproduce the suffering. The slight stimulant action, however, of appreciable, though very small, doses, on stomach, liver and bowels, in cases of constipation, might possibly avert these repeated attacks of sick-headache.

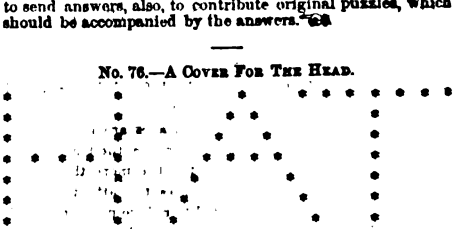
The strong or saturated tincture of blood-root is unquestionably highly useful in diseases of the respiratory organs—better when combined with a like tincture of black cohosh (cimicifuga,) in chronic cases, compounded with syrup of acacia, morphia, etc. In obstinate cases of jaundice, the profession will often succeed with the *sanguinarin*, in one-quarter to one-half grain doses made into pill with extract of leptandra, podophyllum, etc., when the mercurial treatment has failed. One ounce of the tincture of the root, with an equal quantity of the compound tincture of aloes, (elixir proprietatis,) will be found most useful in torpor of the bowels with hepatic derangements, in doses of one-half to one teaspoonful two or three times daily. It improves the digestive organs, and accelerates peristaltic action of the bowels. It is especially suited to a great many men and women of sedentary habits.

The writer has long and favorably used the tincture in cough mixtures; in combination with other agents as a stimulant to the liver and bowels; the powder in chronic ulcers, and as a salve; with a saturated solution of chloride of zinc in the form of paste to destroy fungus, morbid growths, cancerous affections; and to change the character—to set up new and healthy action—in long-standing chronic ulcers that would not heal—in all these he has used the blood-root with general success.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 76.—A COVER FOR THE HEAD.



H.—*Left perpendicular*, a sea bird. *Right perpendicular*, rectitude. *Connecting word*, pursuit.

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A.—*Left diagonal*, an excuse. *Right diagonal*, to allay. *Connecting word*, fondness.

T.—*Top line*, a prater. *Upright*, to sully.

Marblehead, Mass. PHINAULTÉ

No. 77.—HALF-SQUARE.

1. A twig. 2. To entreat. 3. A fish. 4. Yes. 5. In July.

Queen Peak, Tex. GARÇON.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

No. 72.

B
LOT
BOSOM
TOP
M

No. 73.

Maracan.

No. 74.

Levi, vill, live, veil.

No. 75.

Legerdemain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Puzzles whose answers are the author's name and address, are unsuitable for this magazine. As the authors' names are unfamiliar to most readers, the solutions could not be guessed.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS, ETC.

Meat Rissoles.—Chop any kind of cold meat quite fine; crumb the same quantity of stale bread as you have meat; put a little of the fat of the meat in; season with salt and pepper and summer savory to taste; beat up one or two eggs, according as you need, and form your meat and bread into a thick paste with the eggs, then mould it into balls, and fry a light brown color.

Buttered Eggs.—Butter a dish well, sprinkle it with salt, then break the eggs very carefully, so as not to disturb the yolk; add a little more salt and some white pepper; melt a small quantity of butter, pour it gently over, with one or two spoonfuls of cream. Put the dish over a slow fire, and finish the eggs by covering them with a red-hot shovel.

Savory Dish.—Melt one-quarter pound good cheese in the oven; add half-a-pint of broth or stock, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of ham or bacon, minced small, a little Worcester sauce, a sprig of thyme, and one of parsley. Let it boil five minutes, put it by till wanted, and strain it before serving.

VEGETABLES.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Dip some tomatoes in hot water, peel them, cut them in half, and remove the pips. Rub a baking sheet with shallot, butter it well, and lay the tomatoes in it, filling each half with the following composition: Two parts bread crumbs, one part ham finely minced, and, according to taste, parsley and sweet herbs also finely minced, and pepper and salt. Put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them a quarter of an hour. Have ready some round pieces of buttered toast; on each of these put a half tomato, and serve.

Baked Tomatoes.—Cut half-a-dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the pips, and fill the inside with a mixture of bread crumbs, pepper and salt, in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and lay them close together in a well-buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half-an-hour, and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold.

Cabbage, Summer (Plain Boiled).—Trim off all outer leaves, cut the cabbage in half, and steep it in salted water for an hour, then throw it into fresh boiling water, and when it has boiled twenty minutes change the water for fresh water, salted to taste. Let it boil till quite done. Put it on a sieve in the screen to drain all the water from it, and serve.

Broad Beans and Bacon.—Gather them young, boil them in water with a goodly piece of bacon, a sprig or two of savory. When they are done put the pieces of bacon on a dish, drain the beans toss them for a minute in a saucepan with plenty of minced parsley and some butter, and then put them round the bacon.

DESSERTS.

Chocolate Cream.—Put into a small stew-pan a pint of milk, and six ounces pounded loaf-sugar, make it very hot, and then stir into it half a pint of made chocolate, and the beaten yolks of seven eggs. Put it into a jug, stand it in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir it one way until it becomes rather thick, but do not let it boil; then strain it through muslin, and stir into it a large cupful of cream. Pour it into a mould, previously dipped into cold water, and place the mould on ice to set.

Apple Jelly.—Pare, core, and cut up the apples quickly; put them into a stone vessel with a little cold water; put the vessel into a panful of water, and boil until the fruit is quite soft. Pass it through a jelly-bag, weigh it, and add one pound sugar to a pint of juice; boil for twenty minutes, carefully removing the scum. The juice of a lemon to every two pounds jelly may be added. Pour into round shallow jars, from which the jelly ought to turn out quite firm for dessert.

Vienna Cream.—The whites of two eggs, two ounces red currant jelly, two ounces raspberry jelly, one ounce sifted loaf sugar. Put all into a bowl, and beat until it rises into a stiff froth. Serve in a glass dish, or in custard cups. Though of quite dark shade of red when beginning to whip it, it becomes paler and paler as the froth rises, and when finished, is a very pale shade of pink. Apricot jelly can be used also, but requires some drops of cochineal to give it a proper tint of color.

Queen Pudding.—Soak one pint of bread crumbs in one pint of milk, beat the yolks of eight eggs and whites of four with one cupful of sugar, flavor with lemon, add one tablespoonful of butter, and bake. Beat the four whites of eggs that were left out with a cupful of sugar, put it over the pudding as soon as baked, and cook it until the meringue is a light brown.

Rice Pudding Without Eggs.—Put into a well-buttered dish quarter-pound Carolina rice simply washed, pour on it a pint and half of cold milk, sweeten and flavor to taste, put a little butter and nutmeg on the top to brown, bake two hours and a-half in a slow oven, on which much of the success of the pudding depends.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Rhubarb and Apple Jelly. Wipe, peel, and cut up a bundle of rhubarb; peel, core, and quarter three pounds of apples;

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take the thin rind of half-a-dozen lemons, and put them into a preserving pan with one and a-half pints of or two quarts of filtered water and the juice of the lemons. Boil until reduced to a pulp. Strain the juice through a napkin pressing the fruit well. Weigh the juice, and allow one pound of loaf-sugar to every pound of juice. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, boil, skin well, and when it jellies on the skimmer pour into pots, and tie down when cold. Having just made some jelly from the above receipt, I can answer for its being a satisfactory one. The jelly makes excellent sauce for puddings, and, when liked, can be colored with some cochineal if it is wanted of redder color. The pulp, stewed down with loaf-sugar, can be used for children's or servant's jam puddings, or is very nice put into a glass dish, covered with a custard, and garnished with pastry, or with sponge cake cut in slices and fried lightly in butter.

Scotch Marmalade.—To every pound of Seville oranges put one lemon and two quarts of water, and boil them for two hours; then change the water, and boil them until quite soft; cut them in half, take out the pulp carefully, and remove the seeds; cut the peel into very thin slices, and return it to the pulp. To every pound of fruit allow two pounds sugar; put a pint of the water the oranges were first boiled in to the sugar, mix the whole together, and boil twenty minutes, or until the marmalade is clear.

Quince Cakes.—Boil quinces till soft enough to pass a knife through, drain the fruit on a sieve, peel them, scrape, and extract the core; pass the pulp through a sieve, boil with an equal quantity of powdered sugar till the mass easily separates from the saucepan. Put into moulds, and keep for some days in a warm place.

CAKES.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Put one pound oatmeal into a bowl, take one pint of boiling water, with one-half ounce salt butter or lard melted in, to make the cakes crisp; pour this boiling over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough; turn it out upon a baking-board, roll it until it is as thin as it can be to hold together; stamp it into small, round cakes; place them on a girdle, to make them crisp, and afterward before the fire. They must be toasted, first on one side and then on the other, to dry them.

Iced Cake.—Mix thoroughly one-half pound flour, one-half pound ground rice, one-half pound currants, one-quarter pound sugar, one-quarter ounce mace and cloves, some mixed peel, a few bitter almonds, pounded, some sweet almonds, split, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Melt one-half pound fresh butter in three-quarters of a pint of warm milk; add the yolks and whites of four eggs, beaten separately; pour this by degrees on the dry ingredients; add a glass of brandy; beat it well; put it into a buttered mould, and bake.

Rusks.—Make a light paste of seven eggs, well beaten with half-a-pint of new milk, a quarter pound melted butter, three ounces sugar, a quarter of a pint of yeast, with as much flour as the whole together, or about one and a-half pound; let it rise before the fire for half an hour, then add a little more flour, form into small loaves or cakes, bake moderately, and when cold cut them into slices the size of rusks, and put them into the oven to brown a little.

Yorkshire Cakes.—Take two pounds flour, and mix with it four ounces butter melted in a pint of good milk, three spoonfuls of yeast, and two eggs; beat all well together, and let it rise, then knead it and make it into cakes. Let them rise on tins before you bake them, which do in a slow oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Apple Trifle (A Supper Dish).—Ten good-sized apples, the rind of half a lemon, six ounces pounded sugar, half-a-pint of milk, half-a-pint of cream, two eggs, whipped cream. Peel, core, and cut the apples into thin slices, and put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of water, the sugar, and minced lemon-rind. Boil all together until quite tender, and pulp the apples through a sieve; if they should not be quite sweet enough, add a little more sugar, and put them at the bottom of the dish to form a thick layer. Stir together the milk, cream, and eggs, with a little sugar, over the fire, and let the mixture thicken, but do not allow it to reach the boiling point. When thick, take it off the fire; let it cool a little, then pour it over the apples. Whip some cream with sugar, lemon-peel, etc., the same as for other trifles; heap it high over the custard, and the dish is ready for table. It may be garnished as fancy dictates, with strips of bright apple jelly, slices of citron, etc.

Swedish Jelly.—Cover a knuckle of veal with water, add a small onion and a carrot, and let it boil until the meat is ready to fall off the bone. Take the meat and hash it fine, and return it to the liquor after it is strained, and give it another boil until it jellies. Add salt, pepper, the juice and rind of a lemon cut fine; then pour it into a form. Put it in a cold place. It makes a nice dish for lunch or tea. If the knuckle of veal is large, use three quarts of water; if small, two quarts; and let it boil slowly three or four hours.

Chicken Salad.—Boil a chicken; do not chop very fine; cut up one bunch of celery in small pieces. To make the dressing, smooth the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, one full teaspoonful of salt, one or two tablespoonfuls of made mustard; stir in slowly four tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, then two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; pour over the chicken and celery.

HOW TO FURNISH—No. I.

THE PARLOR, OR DRAWING-ROOM.—The drawing-room should be the most comfortable room in the house, bright cheerful, homely-looking, really a living-room, bearing tokens that it is inhabited by the ladies of the house by its tasteful and artistic appearance and appointments.

The furniture should be thoroughly comfortable; chairs built to sit and lounge in; sofas easy to lie on in case of indisposition; convenient tables, not one huge, massive table trotted out into the centre of the room, but three or four small ones, and easily moved from place to place. Each table will most likely be kept for its own particular service, one devoted to papers, a revolving book-table on purpose for new and library books, a worktable, workbasket of wicker-work, lined with colored muslin the prevailing color of the furniture and hangings. Happily now the fashion of having one large round table in the centre of the room is a thing of the past, the table no longer occupying the place of honor, with books ranged on it, as some writer says, "like the spokes of a wheel," but being pushed to one side, or banished entirely, its place being supplied by smaller ones of different shapes, plain black and gold, or velvet or plush covered with fringe or lace as fancy dictates.

The walls are the first things to be considered, if they should be papered or painted, whether they have dados or remain without. To our mind a dado is hardly required in a drawing-room, the furniture being generally varied, consisting of cabinets, whatnots, book-cases, often of quite different shapes and unequal heights. These are usually placed against the walls, and so partially hide the dado line, which entirely does away with its effect.

At the top of the paper, underneath the moulding of the ceiling—if you incline to finish off your paper—you might have a broad band of a different shade; or a deeper shade of the same tint as your paper, with a painted design: or a pattern agreeing with it: but avoid any stiff, set pattern, which would give too formal a look.

Just above this band would be placed your picture-rods—that is, if you indulge in rods, otherwise you must hang

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pictures with cord or invisible wire. If with cord, hang from two nails, as is advised by Mr. Eastlake, not from one; the square lines given by the cords so hung agree much better with the lines of a room than when the cords end in a point.

Papers of really good designs can now be had at reasonable rates, and recently our better artists having turned their ideas in the direction of paper-designing, the results have been really artistic papers. We may mention the "pomegranate," "vine," "rose," "ivy," "jessamine," and other flowers, besides geometrical designs, not the old patterns which make the eyes ache and are beyond expression hideous, but small all-over patterns.

"There should be one dominant tint in the room, to which all others introduced are subordinate," is a good rule, but it does not follow that the tint should be of precisely the same shade—that curtains, chairs, sofas, carpet, walls, should be all one color. This would give a sameness in look which would very soon pall; but yet it should strike you at a glance that such a room is a blue room, a green room, a brown room, as the case may be. Take blue for example.

The walls, we will say, have a French gray paper, with a decidedly blue shade; your curtains shaded blues in stripes from the palest tint to the deepest blue, with some sort of flowery pattern between the stripes of shaded brown and red leaves, all blending and harmonizing well together; your carpet will be a sort of "Joseph's coat of many colors," but all toned down, and the pattern a small unobjectionable geometrical one. If you have the floor of your drawing-room polished and stained, then you would choose either one large or two small square carpets, with borders. Very pretty designs are now met with in squares, the plan of staining outside boards being now so generally adopted. We lately saw some very pretty velvet pile square carpets in peacock green, which were very fresh-looking and the tints beautifully blended. Velvet pile is rather expensive even in small squares, though pile is a good-wearing carpet, if the extra price entailed at first can be met. Persian, Turkish and Indian rugs are now frequently used, and in default of these you can fall back on the old-fashioned but always useful and long-suffering Brussels, with a border. Provide plenty of armchairs; have some black satin; that is, basketwork with satin cushions, or low lounging chairs upholstered in satin, and some covered with a dimity or cretonne matching your curtains in tone. Wicker chairs are very reasonable, and with a little ingenuity you can make cushions for these yourself. Cane chairs (folding) are now frequently seen, and canvas chairs, with, of course, wooden supports. These worked in crewels on some black stuff, or else strips of woolwork, are comfortable to sit on, and afford opportunity for the exercise of your skill in needle-work. If you cover with chintz or cretonne let the chairs have flounces touching the ground; it gives a much more cosy appearance to your room. You can make them at home, but unless you can trust yourself to really fit the chairs you had better have some one to perform that operation for you.

HORTICULTURE.

HABITS OF FERNS.—Ferns delight in warmth, moisture, and shade. Though they love the warmth, they avoid the sun; and when accidentally exposed to its full influence, their delicate fronds become shrivelled and discolored. Yet these beautiful plants do occasionally coquet with the tiny sunbeam which perchance finds its way through some crevice in their cool rocky home, or through the thick foliage of the hedgerow under whose shade they love to grow. But even the ferns are changeable in their moods, and fickle in their attachments; differing from one another in their habits and modes of growth. Some members of the lovely family will boldly grow in situations where, perched on rocky corners, away from the cool shelter of overhanging shrubs, they are exposed to the full blaze of the sun, and rough blown upon by the wild force of the wind. Others only seek to bathe the tips of their delicate fronds in sunshine, hiding all beside under damp masses of foliage. Others, again, will bear the sunlight, if they can just find a refuge for their roots in the damp hedgebank, in the moist crevices of walls and ruins, or amidst the interlaced branches of trees. There are others, still, that hide where not even the tiniest ray of sunlight can pierce the dark retreat which they choose, and where they can revel in soft and limpid warmth. But all ferns—even the sunniest of the modest family—love moisture and shade the best; and, though they will sometimes grow in the full sunlight, become developed into their most mature forms in cool and shady situations.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF YELLOW GAUZE, over yellow silk. The front of the skirt is trimmed with many narrow flounces, the five lower ones separated from the others by a scarf of the gauze, caught together by long loops of yellow satin ribbon. The *panier* of gauze extends from the front of the dress, and is continued in a train at the back, caught up in puffs, and fastened by large clusters of white field daisies. The coat-basque is low and square in the neck, and trimmed with long loops of ribbon. Daisies in the hair.

FIG. II.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED FOULARD. The petticoat is of plain foulard, trimmed with Languedoc lace; at the bottom there are many rows put on plain, and studded with pearl-colored satin bows; above are three rows of lace festooned, and above this again are three rows of lace put on plain, at the edge of the jacket-shaped front. This jacket is slightly embroidered in a darker shade of pearl. The over-dress is striped pearl-colored foulard, made in the *Directoria* style in front, and with the short skirt falling straight from under the coat-basque. The open neck and short sleeves are trimmed with lace like the skirt. White chip hat, trimmed with plume.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK GRENADINE. The skirt is short, and at the back the bottom is trimmed with a plaited ruffle; in front it is cut in vandykes, and in each opening a fan-shaped plaiting of pink and cream-colored, like the coat-bodice, is put. The front has a drapery of the grenadine, edged with a knife-plaiting of the same, at the back, the plain breadth is irregularly draped. The coat-bodice is of pink and cream-colored foulard in broken stripes, and is ornamented with cream-colored satin ribbon, faced with pink. A pointed bias trimming of foulard falls from beneath the basque.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE AND SALMON-PINK STRIPED PERCALE. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with knife-plaitings of the material, so that all the pink stripe shows on the outside, the blue appearing only as the wearer moves. A band of the blue stripe heads each pink ruffle. The ruffle part of the dress is princess shape, gathered about the middle of the front, and draped just below the hips at the back. The sides are cut in points, and fall over the ruffles which extend all around the skirt. The over-dress is edged with the pink ruffles, and the sleeves correspond. Hat of white straw, trimmed with pink ribbon and a white feather, and lined with pink.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF CHOCOLATE-BROWN AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE. The brown stripe is of velvet, and the white gauze stripe is figured in brown. The under-dress is of yellow silk, with a narrow knife-plaiting of the same, headed by a row of white duchess lace. The silk skirt is gathered across the front, and is ornamented by a trail of very dark red roses. The gauze over-dress is made

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high in the neck, and opens diagonally on the right side; it is trimmed with duchess lace, and is draped much lower on the left side than on the right.

FIG. VI.—GARDEN-DRESS OF ORGANDY MUSLIN; white ground, sprinkled with bouquets of various colors. The front of the skirt is richly trimmed with a wide and a narrow plaited ruffle of the figured organdy, and with several ruffles of plain white organdy, also knife-plaited. The figured organdy is carelessly draped in the back. The deep basque is cut in turrets, from beneath which the plaiting of the white organdy is seen. A shirring of the material and a ruffle of the white ornament the front of the basque and the sleeves. Bows of black velvet at the neck and at the bottom of the basque. Hat of white chip, trimmed with a long white feather and cluster of flowers.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF FLEUR DE THÉ, (a superior kind of cotton goods, very fine, soft and rich,) of a peach-colored ground, with light blue and brown flowers sprinkled over it. The front of the dress is made of light blue *mommie* cloth, (also a cotton material,) laid in kilt-plaits. The sides of the figured dress are fastened down with large buttons, and buttons and straps ornament the front of the bodice. The drapery at the back is trimmed with a bias band of the *mommie* cloth, as well as the sleeves. The square neck and sleeves have ruffles of *crêpe lisse*.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS (Handkerchief pattern,) ALMOND-COLORED SUMMER BUNTING. The figured borders of the handkerchiefs are of dark blue and dark red, and must be adjusted to suit the fancy of the wearer. The plain parts of the costume are made of the large centres of the handkerchiefs.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS (Handkerchief pattern,) OF DARK BROWN, for the principal part of the costume with dark blue, old gold-color and dark red for the border or trimming.

FIG. X.—CARRIAGE OR WALKING-DRESS OF DE BÉGE. The plaited under-skirt is of de bége-colored silk, trimmed with bows of ribbon. The over-dress is of de bége, with a mantle of the same material, trimmed with fringe. Black bonnet and feathers.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK BLUE ALBATROSS CLOTH. The skirt is laid in deep kilt-plaitings, the upper part is very gracefully draped, and long loops and ends of ribbon fall from beneath the drapery. Deep coat-basque. Leghorn hat, trimmed with Leghorn-colored feather and dark blue ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The bonnet is of Tuscan straw, trimmed with yellow roses and brown rose leaves. There is a cording of brown velvet. Strings of cream-colored tulle, edged with Languedoc lace. The style of head-dress on the same page is adapted to evening wear. Large bunches of cherries are placed on the top of the head.

The second bonnet is of white straw, faced with black velvet, and has under the brim a large pink rose and leaves. The trimming on the outside is of black velvet ribbon and pink feathers. Strings of black velvet.

The head-dress on this page is also for evening wear, but is less complicated than the first one. A gilt band is worn across the front of the head, Greek fashion.

At this season, there is nothing new to record in the way of fashion, but such license is now given to individual fancy, that the eye is constantly pleased by the great variety of costume. Some persons having become tired already of the combination dresses, have gone back to the old style of making the costume of all one color, and frequently of only one material. Though the "combination" dress is yet the most popular. Foulard silks and other light printed silks, are used in the place of the heavy brocades employed for the combination dresses last year.

The round, short skirts are the most popular at present, and are worn very much in the house, except for full dress. Many of these skirts are trimmed with three deep scant ruffles, or a series of narrow ones, cover the skirt to where it meets the basque or jacket.

Red is very much employed to brighten up dark dresses for the summer; but it should be only sparingly used, as for cordings, facings, bows, etc. It is also frequently put on at the bottom of dresses as a narrow plaiting, but is not becoming, giving the dress a short, cut look. The newest combination in Paris, is dark red with heliotrope color, which is very rich in effect with the heliotrope. Though one of the new colors is exceedingly unbecoming to all persons, it is a very faded lilac color, a kind of sickly grayish purple.

The small Henry III. round capes, of which we gave an illustration last month, are exceedingly popular. When made of lace or thin net edged with lace, they are sometimes lined with old gold, red, or some other colored silk; but in that case, they should be worn only with a dress or bonnet that harmonizes with the lining of the cape. When made of jet fringe, they are very handsome, and yet are not very heavy.

The smaller bonnets seem to rather gain in favor, and for young people, are worn far back on the head. Some of the Tuscan bonnets are not lined at all, showing the hair through the open work of the straw. These bonnets are trimmed with flowers rather than ribbon.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS OF WHITE PIQUÉ. The bottom is laid in knife-plaits; above this is a row of embroidered edging. The collar and pockets are also trimmed with the embroidery. White straw hat, trimmed with a long feather and white satin ribbon.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF WHITE LINEN DUCK, made sailor fashion. The sash is of blue silk, but the collar and tie are of dark blue linen. The collar is trimmed with white braid. Sailor hat bound and trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUMMER ULSTER OF LIGHT DRAB CLOTH, suitable for sea-side or mountain wear, or for early autumn. Scotch cap of dark blue cloth with a gay plaid band.

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BURNING THE LETTERS.

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AT SORRENTO.

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BURNING THE LETTERS. [*See the Story, "For Tom's Sake."*]

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CHILDREN'S FOR SEPTEMBER. SLEEVE.

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WALKING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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ULSTER FOR RAINY DAY. WALKING DRESS.

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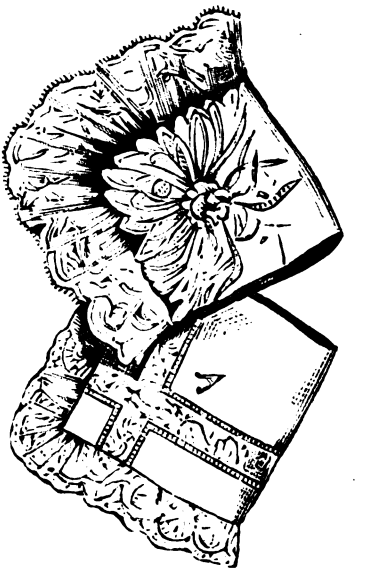


BLACK CASHMERE JACKET. COLLARET. FICHU.

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CABRICK BODICE. FICHU COLLAR. HANDKERCHIEFS.

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NEW STYLE MATINEE. HATS.

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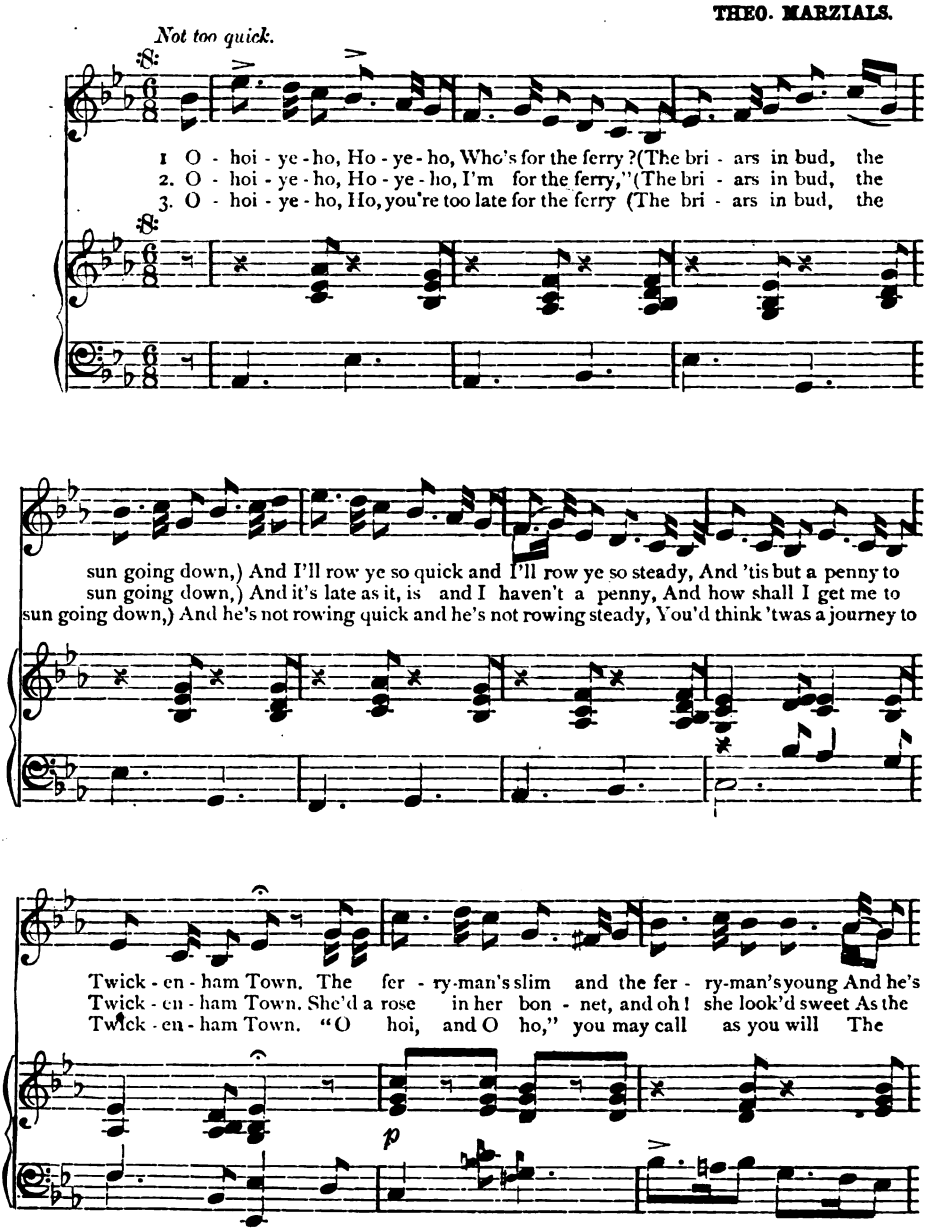








COLLAR AND CUFFS. BLACK LACE FICHU. BONNETS.

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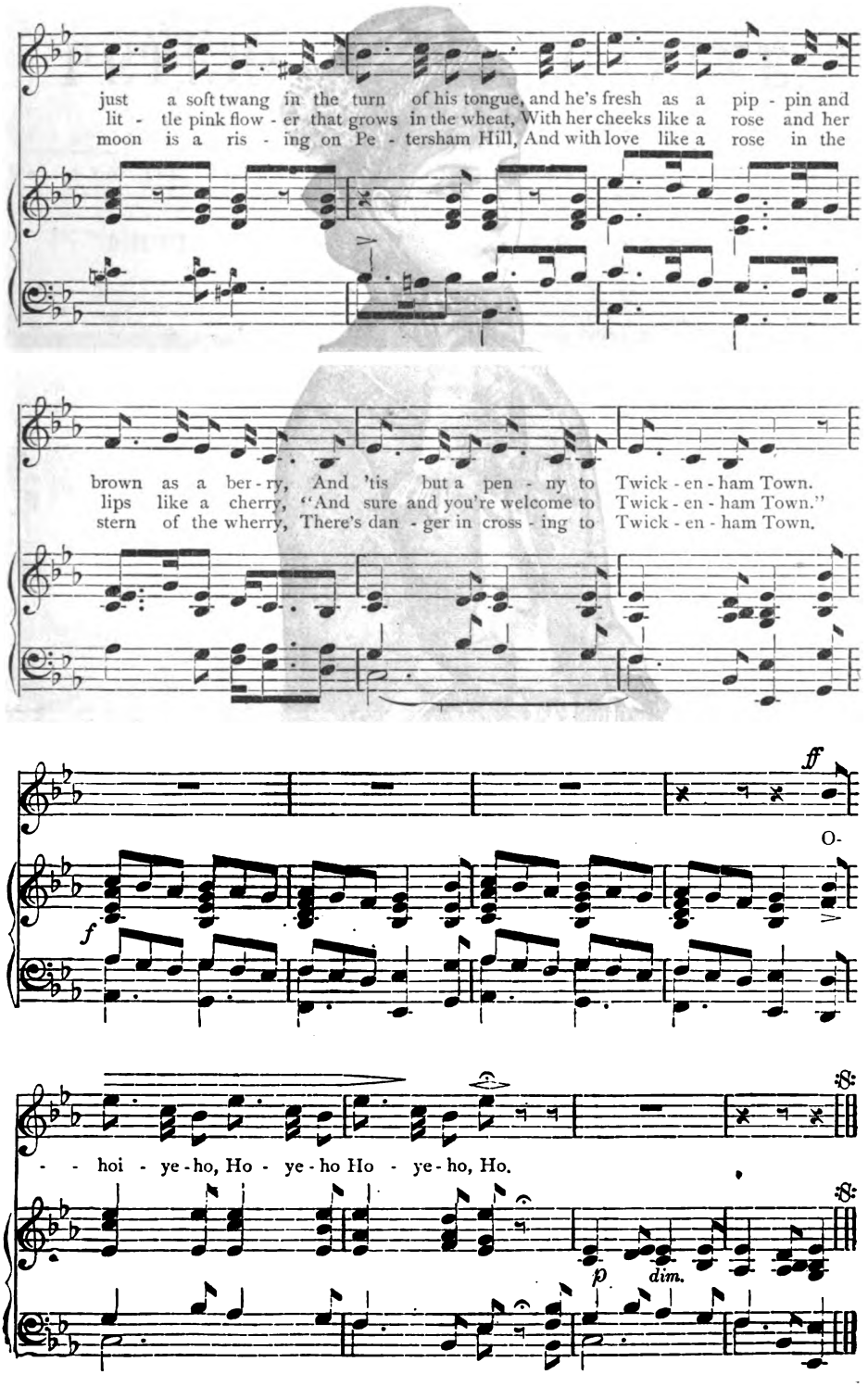
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MANTILLA FOR FALL WEAR.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILIP GRANGER'S LOVE-LETTERS.

BY ANNA MORRIS.



THE widow Daly, postmistress in the town of Camden, New York, laid down the package of letters she was sorting, and turned to her daughter, with a troubled expression on her face.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked pretty Mary Daly, who acted as assistant to her mother, and was busily stamping letters for the next mail.

"Why, here is another of those pretty letters, for Philip Granger. They have kept coming for the last six months, and no one ever calls for them."

Mrs. Daly had once been much better off. Her husband had been a lawyer in excellent practice, when the war broke out; but he had joined the army; had risen to the rank of colonel; and then had been killed in battle, leaving her and his only child penniless. Her friends had interested themselves for her, and procured her the position of postmistress; and the rather scanty emoluments of this office, added to her still scantier pension, was all she had to live on. But she put a brave face on things, as did her daughter, and though sometimes, she sighed when she thought of the past, she never repined.

"I cannot find," continued the mother, "that there is any such person in town. The writing is so clear and good, and the envelope is so white and neat—and always sealed with wax, with the initial H on the seal—that somehow, to my mind, they are the prettiest letters that come into the office. Yet, I have to send them, one after another, to the Dead-letter office; and it just makes me sad to think of how disappointed he must be at not getting them, and she at not getting any answer; for they are plainly love-letters."

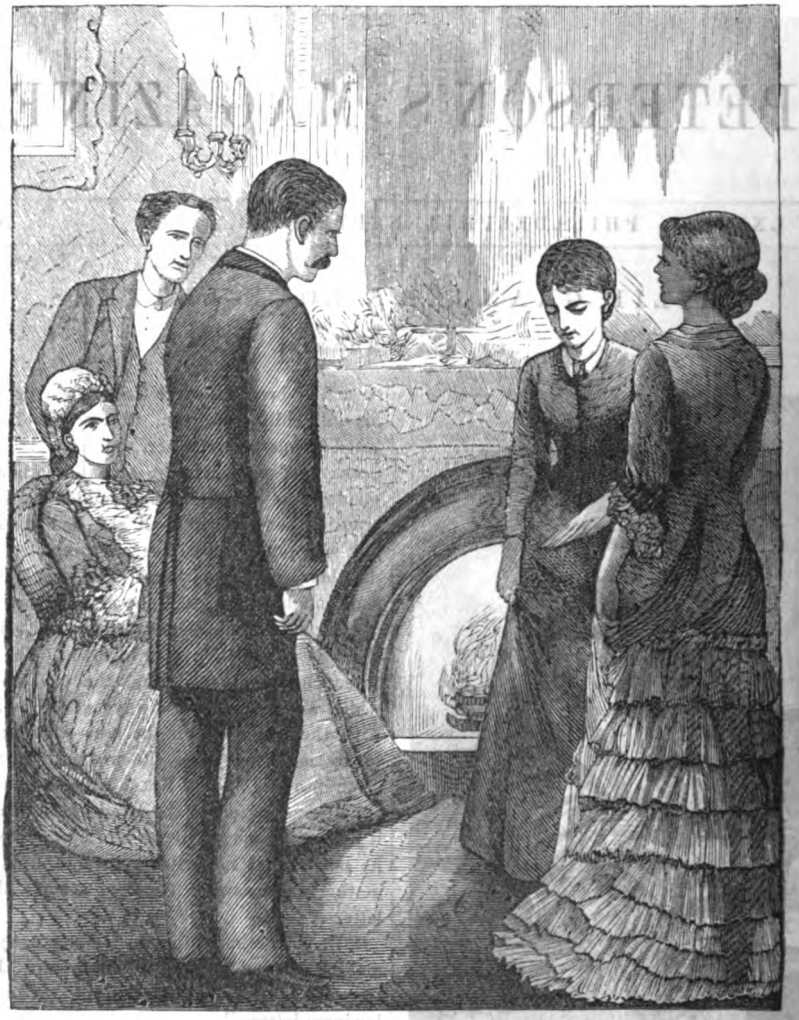
"Why, mother," laughed Mary, "you are making quite a romance of the affair. Perhaps they are not love-letters after all, but only mere business letters."

"Don't tell me," returned Mrs. Daly. "I am just as certain these are love-letters, as that I am standing in the post-office this blessed minute. Care! *She* cares anyway, or she wouldn't write so regularly; and if *he* don't, he ought to be ashamed of himself—that's all."

"Is there no way in which you could notify her that her letters are not delivered?" suggested Mary. "Couldn't you tell the postmaster of whatever town they come from, that they are never called for? It is just possible he might ascertain the writer."

"I thought of that," answered her mother; "but she is evidently moving from place to place; scarce two of the letters bear the same post-mark! No, I don't see any way to help them, poor souls; but I am very sorry," and with this return to her

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original statement, Mrs. Daly went back to her task, and the conversation dropped.

But the subject was not forgotten by her, or her daughter; and often, as week after week passed, and the little white dainty missives continued to arrive, the two women would lay them sadly away, until the appointed time came to forward them to the Dead-letter office.

Even when Mary, that autumn, accepted the invitation of a former school friend to make her a long visit, the letters were not forgotten, one of her parting injunctions to her mother being to be sure and write to her whether they were called for.

Mary's journey was a long one, and she was weary of the incessant whirr and rattle of the cars, long before she reached her destination. The book, with which she had provided herself, was less interesting than she had anticipated, and she laid it aside, and tried to amuse herself by observing her fellow-travellers.

There was the inevitable fretting baby, and nervous mother; and half-a-dozen giggling girls doing their best to attract the attention of some rather flashy individuals, who from their manners and conversation probably belonged to the *genus* "drummer." Several staid old travelers, occupied with their newspapers, completed the assortment, with the exception of a pleasant-looking lady, who sat directly opposite Mary, and who glanced up quickly, whenever conductor or brakeman opened the door. Mary had observed a gentleman, apparently her husband, with her, a short time before, and was idly wondering what had become of him, when he entered the car, accompanied by one whom Mary mentally pro-

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nounced the finest-looking man she had ever seen.

"Was I gone too long?" he said to his wife; "the fact is, I met my old friend, Philip Granger, in the smoking-car, and have brought him to make your acquaintance."

Mary's thoughts were in a whirl. Had she misunderstood the name? But no, for quite clearly, in a momentary lull of the noise of the train, she heard the lady's response to her husband's introduction:

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Granger." Could it indeed be that she thus accidentally discovered the owner of the letters? But it was hardly likely, for they were all addressed to Camden, New York, and this man had never, as



far as her mother could discover, been in the town. Perhaps, however, he did not wish to claim the letters. Or he might have been there under an assumed name. Mary finally decided that this could not be the case; the frank, manly face before her, the pleasant, genial voice, were utterly at variance with such a supposition. It must be some other Philip Granger, and endeavoring to satisfy herself with this idea, she turned to her book.

But after awhile, the lady's voice was again audible.

"Where are you residing now, Mr. Granger?" she said. The answer was distinct. "I have been in Camden, New Jersey, for several months past."

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Like a flash, the whole truth burst on Mary's mind. This *was* the identical Philip Granger, and his fair correspondent had addressed her letters to Camden, New York, instead of Camden, New Jersey! Without stopping a moment to consider how strange her conduct would appear, Mary sprang from her seat, and crossing the aisle of the car, addressed the gentleman.

"Excuse me, but is not your name Philip Granger?" she said, eagerly.

The stranger rose, and answered politely, though evidently surprised, "Yes, that is my name. Pardon me, that I do not recollect yours."

"Oh, you never knew it," Mary replied, simply. "I am the daughter of the postmistress in Camden, New York, and letters have come there, for several months past, addressed to Philip Granger; and we never could find him. I overheard your name, and your remark that you lived in Camden, New Jersey, and thought I ought to tell you about the letters, for perhaps they might be for you."

"Indeed, I am exceedingly obliged to you," answered the young man, earnestly, and with an admiring glance at the blushing face before him. "The letters are doubtless from my sister, who is travelling with her husband, through the Southern States. I imagined that she never received my letters, as she and her husband do not remain long in one place; but I never thought of the possibility of hers being mis-directed."

Mary was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction, on hearing that the letters were only from a sister. Yet what difference could it make to her? But Mr. Granger was again speaking.

"If you would kindly favor me with your name," he said, "and allow me to introduce my friend and his wife, perhaps your journey would be less tedious and lonely."

Mary gave her name, with some confusion, for she now, for the first, noticed the enquiring glances of Mr. and Mrs. Layton. But Mr. Granger's introduction and explanation met with a most cordial response, and Mary soon found



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herself chatting confidentially with Mrs. Layton, and telling all the particulars of how she and her mother had pitied the unknown writer of the letters; particulars to which Mrs. Layton laughingly called Mr. Granger's attention.

Then they discovered that Bessie Grey, whom Mary was going to visit, was quite well known to them, Bessie's mother being a dear friend of Mrs. Layton. Both lived in the same town. Presently, Mr. Layton announced that he had prevailed on Mr. Granger to relinquish his plan of going further, and to make them, instead, a long-promised visit. Mrs. Layton smiled quietly to herself, as she remembered how, a few minutes before, Mr. Granger had declared it impossible to change his arrangements, even sufficiently to remain over night.

That very evening, Mary had removed her travelling-dress, and substituted a simple gown of merino, and was sitting with her friend, and her friend's mother, and a young gentleman who had called to see Bessie, and whom Bessie had introduced, with blushes, when Mr. Granger was announced. The evening passed delightfully; indeed, Mary thought no evening had ever been half so delightful. There was music, instrumental as well as vocal; for Mr. Granger proved to have a noble baritone. It was quite ten o'clock, when the two gentlemen rose to go. Mary found that she had been making plans, and promising excursions; and Mr. Granger, on leaving, promised himself the pleasure of calling soon, again.

"Very soon, I hope," Mrs. Grey had said, "to-morrow, in fact; for we want you, and Mr. Taylor here, to dine with us. Quietly, you know. Only you, and Mr. Taylor, and the girls, and Mr. Grey and myself."

So, at six, the next evening, Mr. Granger made his appearance. In his impatience, he was the first arrival, and, it must be confessed, a little in advance of the time; for Bessie had not yet come down to the drawing-room; but Mary and Mrs. Grey were there, fortunately, sitting, waiting on the broad divan, on the opposite side of the room from the fire-place. If Mary had thought Mr. Granger handsome, in his travelling suit, he seemed infinitely more so in his evening costume, which became him as it becomes few men. On his part, he could hardly realize that the elegantly-attired young lady, who looked up with such entire ease and unconscious grace, was the simply-dressed, rather shy girl, whom he had met, the day before, in the cars, and afterwards called on.

It would be useless to try to chronicle the days and evenings that succeeded. There were visits to places of interest, excursions to the neighboring metropolis, dinners at the Greys or Laytons, concerts, musical parties, receptions, balls. How swiftly the days passed! How happy these days were! Then there were walks in the country, outside of the little town, for the vicinity was beautiful with varied hill and dale; and in these walks, somehow, Bessie and Mr. Taylor fell behind, and Mary and Mr. Granger were left alone ahead.

It was in one of these excursions, when the other pair were almost out of sight, so far had they lingered in the rear, that the words were spoken, that bound Mary to become her companion's wife, before the year was out. Never, Mary thought, had any lover ever spoken so eloquently; never could lover, she still believes, speak as eloquently.

When Mary returned home, the day after, she was escorted by Mr. Granger, who went, as he assured the delighted Mrs. Daly, not only to claim such of the letters, as had not been sent to the Dead-letter office, but to ask for a far greater treasure, her daughter's hand. "Her heart, I hope," he said, "I have already."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Daly, often afterward, "I always knew there was some reason why I took such an uncommon interest in those letters. I used to think them love-letters. And so, perhaps, in one sense, they were," she would add, with a smile of triumph, "since they led to Mary's marriage with Philip, the happiest that ever was."

IN AN ALBUM.

BY SARA L. NEWGATE.

Mary, life is all before you,
Stretched out in its misty sheen;
And the future, tho' now hidden,
Holds much joy for thee, I ween.
Why then seek to know what's coming?
It is forming day by day:
But your heart, in blind out-reaching,
Makes to-morrow of to-day.

"Life is real, life is earnest,"
And the her'ine in the strife
Is the one who leaves the future,
Living but the present life;—
Lives it truly, nobly, grandly;
Thus prepares for coming fate;
Strives to make her living perfect;—
Learns to "labor and to wait."

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FOR TOM'S SAKE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Miss Susan Everton heaved a sigh. Miss Julia Everton glanced up at her, from the other side of the table.

The sisters were rich, they were handsome, and really looked a decade younger than they were. Miss Susan was gentleness and sweetness itself. Miss Julia had a heart quite as soft; but was sharper and shrewder, or thought herself so. They lived in the old house where they had been born, a fine, imposing place, built before the War of Independence, one of those spacious and stately mansions of which a few still remain in the Middle States, and especially near Philadelphia. They were noted for their charities and good deeds generally, and their dwelling was the favorite resort of all the young people in the county, at least a quarter of whom, on a moderate computation, were the god-children of one sister or the other.

The affection and entire sympathy, reigning between the pair, was good and wholesome to behold. Miss Susan's health had been delicate for some years. Partly owing to that, partly to the energy of her character, Miss Julia invariably took the lead, and was usually considered the ruling spirit of the household. Probably she did not herself realize how much she was influenced by the sweet, gentle lady at her side.

They were seated in a pretty morning-room, at the front of the house. Suddenly the quiet was disturbed by the clatter of a horse's feet, dashing up the gravelled-road, as if the horse's rider was bound upon an errand of life and death.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Miss Susan.

"That must be Tom Atherton," pronounced Miss Julia. "There's nobody else would approach a house in that crazy fashion! Just the way his father used to ride—do you remember?"

She hurried to a window, without waiting for an answer, so Miss Susan was enabled to breathe a little sigh in peace—only her guardian-angel knew how many such she had breathed, in secret, over handsome Jack Atherton's memory.

Miss Julia opened the French window, and stepped out on the verandah.

"Tom Atherton!" she cried. "What in the name of goodness do you mean, by assaulting my house as if you were a battering-ram? You'll break your neck, some day, riding at that fool's pace—but after all, that may save the hangman trouble."

"I wish it might," exclaimed Tom, extending his hand, to take the one she had offered.

Miss Julia's keen eyes saw trouble in the handsome face. She put both hands on his shoulders, and said:

"Tom, you are in a scrape!"

"I am," he replied, ruefully. "At least I am in great trouble."

"Come in, and tell us all about it. Or if you don't want Susan to hear, we'll go into the garden—if it is anything that would excite her, I mean."

"Susan does hear," said that lady's mild voice. She had crossed the room, and was close to them. "I hope Tom knows he can trust me not to think of myself, if anything is wrong."

"Of course I do," said the young man, trying to move forward and take her hand, but Miss Julia held him fast. "I meant to tell you both. I knew you would be sorry for me, aunt Sue, and I knew that aunt Ju would—"

"Well, sir, well, sir, what will aunt Ju do?" interrupted that lady, giving him a violent shake.

"Why, be able to show me a way out—if there was any—but there isn't!" cried Tom.

"Come in, and tell what it is, this instant: you know I hate mysteries!" exclaimed Miss Julia, and she pushed him through the doorway.

"What has happened is this," said Tom; then he paused, and added through his shut teeth: "My mother has turned Ellen Vincent out of doors, and threatened—well, no matter! She says she will leave me without a penny—I don't care for that—"

Here he broke down, between grief and passion. Aunt Sue sympathetically pressed his arm.

"I'm only muddling it!" he resumed, after a moment. "Don't you see? I—I—"

"You—you—love Ellen Vincent," Miss Susan said, hesitatingly, in her old-maid delicacy.

"Of course I do!" roared Tom.

"And she—she loves you, Tom?" pursued Miss Susan, and blushed a rose-pink, that a girl of sixteen might have envied.

"Yes! you might have both known—only you never know what happens in our house, for you never come there."

"Well, well, we love you all the same," exclaimed Miss Julia. "But come, now, to facts.

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You love Ellen Vincent—is that why your mother has turned her out of doors? Bless my soul, isn't she your father's own cousin; so, if it comes to blood, Cora need not—"

"I've loved her since I was a boy, preparing for college under her father's charge," cried Tom. "I never dreamed but what my mother knew it. Could she look for anything else? And now she says Ellen is a designing—I almost feel as if I hated her!" He broke off, angrily.

"Tom, Tom!" said Miss Susan.

"Of course I don't mean it. She's my mother, and I've always worshipped her. But it's very hard—"

"Tom," said Miss Julia, "do you mean to tell me, that your mother has actually turned Ellen Vincent out of her house?"

"Yes," said Tom, and said no more: he could not trust himself to speak just yet. He rose, and walked up and down the room; Miss Julia rose, too.

"Then Cora Dickson shall give *me* an explanation!" cried the impetuous lady, in her excitement calling Tom's mother by her long-unused maiden name, a name which could waken no pleasant memories in the mind of either sister.

Cora Dickson had been a distant relation of their mother's. When the girl had been left a penniless orphan, at fourteen, their father had taken her into his house, and from the day she entered it, until she left, she had done nothing but torment her cousins and cause them trouble. She had been as crafty as a fox, as false as an Indian rajah, as cruel as a panther. But she hid all those attributes, under an exterior so fair, so child-like, so winning, that it was difficult for any *man* really to fathom her character, even after he had suffered at her hands. She had, for a time, alienated the father from his daughter; she had brought clouds between the sisters and their friends; and she had ended by marrying Jack Atherton, Mr. Everton's ward, who, a week before the ceremony took place, had never even dreamed of such a thing!

That marriage! Upon this subject, there had never been any confidence between the sisters; but Julia knew that Susan had loved Jack, and had been loved in return. Yet, Cora separated the pair, and Jack Atherton eloped with Cora; and in spite of everything, almost up to the day of his death, which happened three years after, he believed she meant to be good and true, and reproached himself for his inability to love her.

Ah! how it all came back to the principal sufferer, as in a flash. The room was the same it had been, a moment before—her sister and Tom were still there—but she was far away. She saw herself as she was, on that fatal morning, when she first heard of the elopement—young, beautiful, admired, her life apparently without a cloud. Then, like a thunder-bolt, had fallen the crushing blow! She remembered how she had stood up against it, determined that no one, not even Julia, should suspect her agony. She recalled the night that followed, when, safe, at last, in the seclusion of her own chamber, she had double-locked the door, and burned, one after another, the letters she had received from her lover, and which, until that day, she had held so precious. She saw now, as distinctly as then, the very pattern of the tiles inside of the old-fashioned fire-place. She heard the sound of the distant brook, the wind soughing outside, and the leaves of the trumpet-vine whipping against the window-panes. She felt, too, her heart beat, as it did then for the first time, and as it had so often beat since: a quick, throbbing beat, that took her breath away, and made her strangely faint; and which her physician had told her, secretly, might bring her to death itself, some day. Then it all passed. The dizzy sensation, the old memories, fled together. She drew a long sigh, and looked up, to hear Julia repeating:

"Cora Dickson shall give *me* an explanation. Tom, ring the bell, and order the carriage. You needn't say a word, Susan—I am going. Cora, and I will have it out at last."

"But you don't even understand the matter yet," Miss Susan observed, too wise really to expostulate. "At least, let Tom tell us the whole story, before you go."

Tom paused, with his hand upon the bell-pull; Miss Julia paused, on her way towards the door.

"I don't know that there's much to tell," the young man said, trying to speak quietly. "My mother vows that she will expose what she calls Ellen's treachery, everywhere—oh, I can't go over that—I could hardly believe it was *my* mother." Tom paused, and put his arm before his face. The sisters understood that the unfortunate young fellow had seen Cora without her mask. "Unless I promise never to see Ellen again," he went on, in a slow, choked voice, "she says she will not speak to me—admit me under her roof—or give me a penny—as if money would make me perjure myself, and break my heart!" And now his excitement burst out anew. "She is determined I shall marry that long-nosed heiress, Charlotte Payne."

"But Tom," Miss Susan said, "your mother had no reason to think you had deceived her—you or Ellen? You did not, I am sure—"

"Of course, I did not!" he broke in, indig-

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nantly. "I thought my mother must know—I thought everybody must! And I had never said a word to Ellen, till I came back from Europe, last month. She was visiting a friend, and I went there. Well, she only returned to us since we got out here in the country. I had been meaning to tell my mother; but there was no opportunity; the house was full of people. And after the Ingersolls went away, this morning, there was such a scene. The waiting-maid had seen Ellen and I talking, and had told her suspicions. And, oh! aunt Sue, mother had got Ellen's letters and her journal—oh! it was too wicked. Well, that's all! But what is Nelly to do—where is she to go—"

"Ring that bell, I tell you!" broke in Miss Julia, and this time her sister attempted no hint even. "Tom, do you stop here, till I come back."

She left the room, and presently, from the window, they saw her get into the carriage, and drive off. Mrs. Atherton's country-seat was some four miles distant, up-hill all the way, so Miss Julia had time to grow impatient as well as angry.

As her landeau drew up before Mrs. Atherton's door, Miss Julia noticed a railway-station omnibus waiting, and some luggage being piled on the top. The hall-doors stood open. Miss Julia went in, without stopping to ring. A young lady, just descending the stairs, and evidently dressed for a journey, met her, and uttered a little cry of astonishment. Such a lovely girl, with such a sweet, pure face, almost lovelier than ever, in its pallor and trouble!

"Where are you going, Ellen Vincent?" demanded Miss Julia.

"To—to New York," she answered.

"I want to speak to you," said Miss Julia, seizing her arm, and drawing her into the nearest room. Then she shut the door, and asked, in her peremptory manner: "What are you going for?"

"Mrs. Atherton does not wish my services longer as companion," replied the other.

"Nonsense! There, I know all about it—Tom has told me. My dear, you have not seen much of my sister and myself—not our fault or yours—never mind whose! But we don't mean to let Jack Atherton's cousin be turned out in this fashion—you will just come home with me."

The girl began to cry, but very quietly.

"You are only too good," she said "but I can't! I have promised Mrs. Atherton to go entirely away. On these terms she consents not to—to ruin my character—"

"What!" broke in Miss Julia, with wrath indescribable.

"She says—oh, Miss Julia, it seems as if I should go mad! I must tell you—but you'll never let *him* know?"

"I'll tell nobody—except Susan! What has she done?" cried Miss Julia, holding the trembling girl in her arms—the poor creature was past tears now.

"She accused me of—of—Oh, you know that Mr. Maynard who comes here?"

"And a disgrace to Cora to receive him! Well?"

"That—that I flirted with him—a married man!—That her woman Winters will swear she saw—"

She stopped and hid her face on Miss Julia's shoulders. Between rage and sympathy, the spinster was dumb.

"I have promised not to see Tom again," Ellen went on. "Now I am going to town. My old school-mistress, Mrs. Lovatt, will get me a place as teacher out West—"

"No such thing. You will come to us!"

"No—I cannot. I promised her I would not! Indeed, I shall be better off, with work to do! Oh, I must go. I said I would be out of the house in ten minutes. Tom is not to know where I have gone. Good-bye, dear Miss Julia."

"Well, if you are to go," said Miss Julia, seeing the girl was immovable, "you shall take my carriage to the station. I have to be in town, to-morrow, and I shall come to Mrs. Lovatt's."

Miss Julia kissed her, led her out through the hall, put her in the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to the station. The footman was to attend to Miss Vincent's ticket and baggage, and put her into the train.

Back into the house swept Miss Julia, this time pausing to give the door-bell a pull, which made noise enough to have roused Rip Van Winkle from his nap.

"I wish to see Mrs. Atherton," she said. Before the servant could speak, a coquettishly-dressed, sly-faced woman, belonging to the waiting-maid species, fluttered down the corridor.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "Mrs. Atherton is quite poorly! She told me to say to any visitor—"

"Go and say that Miss Julia Everton is here," interrupted the spinster.

"Oh—I beg pardon—to be sure! It's so long since I've had the pleasure of—"

The simpering creature could get no further.

"Where is your mistress?" demanded Miss Julia, imperiously.

"Up in her dressing-room—"

"Then I will go there," and Miss Julia swept towards the stairs.

Winters made a last effort to stop her.

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"Indeed, Mrs. Atherton is quite upset, ma'am," she said. "Such a dreadful thing has happened. Oh, you'd never believe what that selfish, dreadful girl—"

Miss Julia stopped short, and pointed her finger down the hall. Winters would as soon have faced a tornado, as that look and gesture—she fled!

Miss Julia passed up the stairs, along the gallery, knocked at a door near the end, and entered without waiting to receive permission.

"I know, without looking, that you must be dear Julia Everton—nobody but she, or a high wind, would come into a room like that," cried the laziest, softest voice, that ever expressed deceit to acute ears, as Mrs. Atherton rose to receive her unwelcome guest.

"You know because Winters told you I was here," retorted Miss Julia.

"Oh, you darling—you are in one of your moods—I shall quite enjoy you! Only I can hardly hold my head up—I am nearly dead."

"It would have been better for everybody, that ever knew you, if you had been quite dead, years ago," observed Miss Julia. "So you have turned your husband's cousin out of doors!"

"I have discharged my companion, Miss Ellen Vincent. You discharge your servants, when you please, don't you?"

"The daughter of a man, who was like a father to your husband," pursued Miss Julia.

"Was he?" asked Cora, with a yawn. "But you haven't told me how Susan is. Weakly, as usual, I suppose! Old maids are always ailing, like she is, else as strong as grenadiers, like you." Nothing could exceed the well-bred insolence of her tone and words. "Do you think poor Sue has anything the matter with her spine? I'm going to tell you a secret. I think you ought to know! Dr. Wilson says she has heart-disease, and may drop dead any minute. It is a great deal better you should be prepared."

Miss Julia sank into a chair as if she had been shot. Her face grew livid. Cora watched her, with a placid smile.

"I wouldn't have told you, so suddenly, if I had supposed it would agitate you," said she, mockingly; "but I never dreamed anything could affect *your* nerves!"

"It is a falsehood!" exclaimed Miss Julia. "What a fool I am, to let you frighten me."

"My dear, first and last, I've frightened you a good many times, though you are so strong-minded and clear-headed; and I, a poor little thing, whom you always tried to trample on."

"I came here to tell you this," said Miss Julia. "I don't appeal to your feelings, for you have none—only to your craft. The world already censures your treating Ellen as a dependant. Your present persecution will do much to show people what you really are; for, if you do not let her alone, I shall tell the whole story."

"Quite willing to let her alone, my dear," said Cora; "but I shan't sit still, and permit her to entrap my silly boy into marrying her."

"As you entrapped his father," cried Julia. "You think I don't know!"

"It was as hard on you, Ju, as it was on Susan," returned Cora, "you loved him, too!"

"He never wanted to marry you—you went deliberately to his place—then you said you were compromised—and he took you out of pity!"

"That's your story, and it's about as true as that I wanted to marry your father—poor old goose, how he used to beg me to do so. I think I should have liked to be your step-mother, Ju."

"Good Lord, I wonder why I came here!" exclaimed Miss Julia.

"So do I," said Cora. "Of course I am delighted to see you—but I wonder! Now, Ju, dear, *did* you really expect to frighten *me?* You can encourage my silly boy, if you choose; but I warn you that you will do him harm! My husband loved and trusted me—"

"He found you out!"

"The proof of his love and trust lies in the fact, that he left me mistress of his fortune—"

"Because he died before he could change his will, which was made when he thought you loved him. As for Tom, at bottom, he has a good deal of your obstinacy, and he will never give in. I believe you do love your boy, in your way, but you will lose him. Think, before it is too late. Before many years, you will be an old woman—think of the loneliness—think of dying without your son near you—think—"

"My son shall never marry John Vincent's daughter. That old man insulted and outraged me—his daughter shall pay for it! Not only will I leave Tom without a shilling, until he promises to give her up; but if he goes near her, I will ruin her character utterly. If you don't like—why you can go home, and tell Tom—I suppose he is at your house. Shall I send his baggage over? Under my roof, he does not come, till he promises never to see, or hold communication, with Ellen Vincent again."

Miss Julia rose.

"God may forgive you—but it doesn't seem possible," she ejaculated.

The anger had died out of her voice. There was only horror in it now.

Cora began to laugh.

"Good-bye," she said, "you'd better try to

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bring my boy back to his senses. Take great care of dear Susan—don't let her agitate herself over this business! There's no doubt about her having heart-disease. Poor Susan, I think it began when Jack *would* marry me, instead of her. You're tougher. Not getting him, only ruined your temper! Good-day, Ju—good-day!"

Miss Julia returned home—hopeless—and, like most energetic persons, when she did give way, she was very despairing.

Poor Tom, meantime, had received a letter from Ellen, in which she begged him not to follow her. She would not see him, she wrote; she had promised his mother never to do so without Mrs. Atherton's consent. Miss Julia dared not even tell him what means had been employed to force Ellen to this resolve.

And Tom had not only the grief of separation from the girl he loved, but this sudden destroying of the illusions he had kept up in regard to his mother, was a terrible shock. He had always been blinded by her beauty and her caressing ways; had resolutely shut his eyes to her faults; called himself a wretch for discovering any; made excuses for her conduct; believed her word often against the evidence of his own senses; and now she had rendered this impossible.

"I will never give Ellen up—I swear, by all—" he said.

"Tom, Tom!" broke in Miss Susan. "Stop—don't finish!"

"You are right, aunt Sue," said Tom. "Well, I must get some work to do. My mother would never let me learn a profession. What am I fit for?"

"And I shall be glad to see you work," cried Miss Julia. "There, I don't pity you. The dawdling life you have led was enough to ruin any man."

Her words were cut short, for, without any warning, Miss Susan fainted quietly away, and lay with her head resting on the arm of her chair, looking so death-like, that Miss Julia and Tom cried out in terror.

All the rest of the afternoon and evening, the household was in sore distress. The palpitations, to which Miss Susan was subject, had come on, with a violence such as they had not shown for years; and during several hours the physician himself was greatly alarmed.

It seemed to be a comfort to Miss Susan to have Tom by her bed. She could not speak, but when he stirred out of her sight, she showed uneasiness: so he sat beside her, helpless as most of his sex in the presence of physical suffering.

Towards dusk, Miss Julia, crossing the hall, heard the footman in parley with one of the servants from Tom's home.

Mrs. Atherton sent her compliments to the ladies, the servant was saying; a portmanteau for Master Tom since he wished to stop a few days; and she was so sorry to hear of Miss Susan's illness!

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Miss Susan, who had that morning resumed her usual place and occupations, appeared in the room where Miss Julia was sitting, arrayed, to that lady's surprise, in an out-of-door costume.

"What on earth, Susan!" she exclaimed.

"Where's Tom?"

"He's in the library, asleep. The poor fellow is quite worn out."

"Don't let him leave the house, till I come back," said Miss Susan, for he had talked of going down to New York before evening.

"Where, in the name of goodness, are you going?" demanded Miss Julia.

"To see Cora," replied Susan.

"You!" exclaimed Miss Julia. "You'll do no such thing. You'll only make yourself ill again. You might as well try to move an iceberg. Haven't *I* tried?"

"I must go and see Cora," repeated Miss Susan, wearily. "This must end—it has gone far enough."

"Oh, you've got a secret," cried Miss Julia. Then, meeting her sister's eyes, she added: "I beg your pardon, Sue, dear. There, I'll not say a word. Are you well wrapped up?—Oh, I forgot, it's summer—I've been frozen for three days!"

Miss Susan kissed her.

"Keep Tom," she said, and went away.

So, in her turn, Miss Susan drove up to the old mansion, where the bewitching siren, Cora Atherton, reigned. Mrs. Winters, always on the watch, always everywhere at once, hurried forward, and took the duty of receiving the lady out of the man-servant's direction.

"Miss Susan!" she said. "Poor, dear mistress will be so pleased. She's been so wretched about your illness. She wanted to go over. But you know how delicate she is. 'I'm so afraid my dearest cousin will die,' she said, over and over to me," and Winters put her apron to her eyes. "I'm sure we've all been as miserable as if we'd been at a funeral, Miss!"

"Thanks, Winters," Miss Susan said, quietly. "Will you ask Mrs. Atherton if she can receive me?"

"Oh, my goodness—she'll be so happy! This way, Miss—luckily, she's in her boudoir, so you won't have to mount them dreadful stairs, which,

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I often says, are enough to give a well person heart-disease!"

Miss Susan smiled. Winters, watching from behind the covert of her miniature apron, caught that sweet, slow, contented smile, and marvelled what it meant. Somehow, there was a solemnity in it, which awed her, though that was a sensation she knew little about.

Silently she conducted Miss Susan through various stately apartments, into the room, a miracle of richness and color, where her mistress was seated.

"My dearest, darling, angelic Susan!" cried Cora, springing up from her chair, and skipping forward, as lightly and gracefully as a bird. "I *am* so glad to see you. Sit down. Would you like to lie on the sofa? How good of you to come! Are you sure it won't be too much exertion? And how is that poor heart, dear Susan?"

"Better, to-day," Susan said, gently, as she rested herself.

"I'm afraid I frightened Julia, by speaking—it come out before I knew," said Cora.

"Ah, I thought you must have told her," Miss Susan answered. "Well, perhaps it was better she should know. I never had the courage to tell her. I'm rather a coward; it makes me put off things; and I must not any longer—that is why I came here, to-day, Cora."

"Poor, dear Susan!" said Mrs. Atherton, with a certain comfortable, contemptuous pity in voice and face. She knew the old maid had come to plead for the youthful lovers, and it amused her, this idea of Susan's supposing that she, Cora, could be influenced, or touched, by any of her romantic pleadings.

"I am sorry you have behaved so ill, Cora," said Miss Susan. Cora laughed, outright.

"Is Master Tom already tired of banishment?" she asked. "When Ju came, I knew she bore hostile messages, raven-like. But you are a dove, so I suppose you bring an olive-branch. My dear, you will have to bring a penitent, and a submissive one, too. That silly Tom must obey me to the letter, or he must suffer the consequences."

"Listen a little, Cora!"

"Oh, you dear, old Susan! To suppose any of your fanciful ideas could move me. You believe them arguments: they are only poetry!"

"If Jack were alive," said Susan, "you know this is the very marriage that would please him for his son. He was under great obligations to old Mr. Vincent, and loved him dearly."

"And I was under obligations to that venerable person, and I hated him, as he deserved," replied Cora, emphatically. "As for Jack—I take your propositions in an inverse order—each year I am more thankful that he is not alive! As sure as fate, he would have been bald before forty, and I cannot endure a bald-headed man! But you've come to tell me that Tom is ready to do his duty?"

"He is ready to do his duty, and I have come to tell you that you must do yours," said Miss Susan, gently, but very firmly.

Cora stared: then exclaimed:

"That is worthy of Julia. I didn't think you were such a goose, Sue!"

"I admit," continued Miss Susan, "that an immediate marriage would be a folly. They are both very young. The idle life Tom has led is bad. He must study a profession. Ellen, meantime, will come to us. If, at the end of two years, they are both of the same mind, they shall marry."

"Upon my word, Sue, I should think it was your brain, instead of your heart, that was diseased," cried Mrs. Atherton, laughing, in a shrill, excited voice, while her eyes studied Miss Susan's face, with a certain look of apprehension, for her visitor's singular calmness began to trouble her. "Really, Sue, you ought to be home, and in bed!"

"I told you I could not venture to put off things, though I have written it all, in case I should go suddenly," said Miss Susan. "Do you remember the terms of Jack's will?"

"I should think so. Everything belongs to me, for my life. I am hopelessly healthy, delicate as I look. My dear, there's no chance for Tom, except entire submission. The fortune is mine."

"Yours for life, if you did not marry."

Cora raised her handkerchief to her lips,

"I shall not be silly enough to do that," she observed. "Of course, I could, to-morrow, and well—twenty times—a widow is not like an old maid. But I love freedom and power. So there is no hope there for Tom."

"Everything *is* Tom's already, you know."

Mrs. Atherton turned white, even through her rouge, but she tried to laugh: it was a hollow laugh, however.

"Fourteen years ago, we were in England," pursued Miss Susan. "You came there, you remember, left Tom with us, and went on to Paris and Italy."

"What an accurate memory," sneered Cora.

"In Paris, you secretly married Toroni, the singer, who was the rage just then. He was mean enough to promise silence, that you and he might profit by Jack's money."

"You're mad!" cried Cora. But her shaking voice betrayed her; and in spite of her attempt to be firm, she visibly trembled.

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"You went to Italy, where you made him so jealous, that, within three months, he fought a duel on your account, and only lived a week after," continued Miss Susan.

"It's a lie; a base lie!"

"He hated you then, and he was determined to have revenge. He sent me the proofs of your marriage. Look, this is a copy of one of them."

She took a paper from her pocket, and held it before Cora's eyes. The woman read, seized it, tore it with nails and teeth, like a wild animal worrying its prey, her face scarcely human in its passion.

"If I could kill you, and not be found out, you'd never leave this room alive," she hissed, through her clenched teeth. "Oh, you devil—"

Miss Susan turned her head to avoid the sight of the countenance, so demoniac in its rage.

"I kept your secret!" she said, calmly. "I did not think it well, that, as a boy, or very young man, Tom should have the control of a fortune so immense. But now everything is changed, and this is what you must do!"

Cora put her hands over her ears, started from her chair, and ran up and down the room. Then she flung herself on a sofa, tore at her own dress, her hair, uttering shrieks and awful maledictions.

Miss Susan remained unmoved.

At last, Cora sat erect.

"Have I got to give it up?" she asked, sullenly.

"You must restore Tom to his place," said Miss Susan; "consent to his engagement, and when he marries, make over to him one-half the income."

It was a full hour before she gave in.

"Go away, and let me dress!" she snarled to Miss Susan, at the end of the hour.

In less than another hour, she joined that lady, radiant with beauty and a heavenly toilette.

"You'll let me do it my own way?" was all she said, as they stepped into the carriage.

"Of course," Miss Susan replied.

She only spoke once again. It was as they were driving up the avenue to the Everton mansion. Then she said:

"Even yet, if I only dared, I'd kill you."

In a few seconds more, the door of the room, where Miss Julia and Tom were sitting, opened suddenly, and Miss Susan led her cousin in.

"Where's my bad, ungrateful boy?" cried Cora. "Oh, Tom, Tom, you wouldn't come to me, so I came to you. I couldn't keep up the play, you made it a tragedy? Did you suppose your mother would really try to break your heart? I only wanted, to be sure that you loved her enough to hold firm—Susan knows!"

And Tom threw his arms about his mother, crying out for pardon, and actually believed what she said. Then he hugged Miss Susan and Miss Julia; then he wanted to rush off to find a train to go to New York; and was as deliriously happy as befitted his age.

As for Miss Julia, she came out of her stupefaction, at last; went up to her sister; stared at her; turned her round; stared again; and said:

"You are the most wonderful woman in the world, Susan; and I am such a dolt, that I've had to live to be nearly forty-three years old, before I discovered that the brains of the family were in your head, instead of mine."

For neither before, nor after, did she ever know the secret of the second marriage. That secret Miss Susan kept, sacredly, to the day of her death.

A LEGEND.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

In England of old,
A story is told
Of a monk who held to the holy notion,
That prayers for the dead,
Were oft to be said—
And so he prayed, and with great devotion.

He was often found,
On the cold, bare ground,
When the first faint light of morning started;
He the requiem sung,
For the old and young,
And prayed for grace to the souls departed.

They say he sighed,
On the night he died,
A prayer that some soul might be forgiven,
And the brothers felt,
As they wondering knelt,
That a saint indeed had passed into heaven.

By the altar dim,
When the matin hymn
Was sung, lo! the pavement graves unclosing,
A white-robed throng,
Came and joined the song,
And chanted prayer for the soul's reposing

And it seems clear,
That the lesson here
Is to pray with patience and zeal for others,
And the prayers we say,
Will return one day,
For ourselves from the hearts of our grateful brothers.

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THE LOST TALISMAN OF MONTEZUMA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 189.

CHAPTER VII.

For several minutes she was silent. Then she said:

"But I have not told you how I became a Christian, and you ought to know."

I begged her to proceed.

"None of us," she began, "had ever visited the City of Mexico, from the death of Gautemozin, until my father's time. My great ancestress, whose escape your picture-writing narrates, married, a few years after her flight here, one of the same princely line as herself; and their descendants have been obeyed, among those who followed them to these mountains, as the true heirs of Montezuma, ever since. Our chief seat, however, was not here, but at the city of Zuni, of which I have already spoken, where, in spite of fatal diseases, and a decline, therefore, in the population, there still remain some six thousand souls, who support themselves principally by weaving and selling fine stuffs to the neighboring tribes. Our people are peaceable and thrifty, avoiding hostilities, if possible. The palace in which we now are, and which was built immediately after the fall of our empire, has always been the seat of our family, and has been considered, in some sort, sacred, just as Chapultapec was at Mexico itself. Here, surrounded by the chief officers of the court, my father, and his forefathers have lived.

"My father, however, came to be, by the decree of fate, the last of his line. No immediate blood-relations were left; no royal maid whom he could marry; he had no near family ties, and there was no prospect of his being able to form any. In this condition of affairs, he became possessed, and not unnaturally, with a desire to travel. The thirst for a change of scene, for a life more adventurous, grew upon him, until, finally, he announced his intention of going, in disguise, to Mexico itself. The high-priest, the one that you have seen, then about the same age as my father, but already domineering and self-willed, opposed the project, bringing to his aid, finally, the authority of his religious office, when he found that other considerations were of no avail. But my father had a will as strong as that of the high-priest, and persisted in his undertaking. He spoke the pure Castilian, as do most of our upper classes, and had a complexion even lighter than many born Spaniards, much less than those you call of Creole blood. All of our people are lighter in color than the other races of this continent; the nobles remarkably so: our tradition is, in fact, that we are of Asiatic origin, and of the bluest of blue blood there.

"Thus it was, that, when my father arrived in Mexico, he had no difficulty in passing for a Spaniard of the purest race. His emotions, as he has often told me, when he found himself in the great capital of his ancestors, were such as can hardly be conceived. He was there as an unknown outcast, when he should have been there as emperor. He was comparatively poor, while others, who but recently were nobodies, now rolled in wealth. Even the Spanish grandees, who boasted of their long descent, were people of but yesterday compared to him. When the men of Arragon and Castile, known then as unlettered Goths and Visigoths, poured down from the forests of northern Europe, our forefathers had been, for centuries, ruling over a civilized people, skillful in various arts, familiar with astronomy, altogether more refined than even Cortez and his followers, when the latter, so unhappily for us, conquered our fair territory. My father, as he has often said, could not help thinking of all this. He remained in the city for several months, and made many acquaintances, some friends even, maintaining, however, his *incognito* to the last. It was there he met his fate."

She paused for a moment, as if moved by uncontrollable emotions, and then resumed.

"I never knew my mother, or only as a vague dream. I recall her, an invalid, enveloped always in delicate, white textures, lying on a couch, and speaking feebly. She died when I was four years old. To me, in memory, she has always seemed some celestial being, rather than a creature of flesh and blood. But I have been told she was rarely beautiful. To the day of his death, my father worshipped her very memory. She was an orphan, but descended from one of the noblest houses of Castile. When the yoke of the Spanish king was thrown off, some forty years ago, the vast estates of her family were confiscated; her father fell in battle, and her mother died, heart-broken, soon after: she had no near relations left. In this strait, a few ancient

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women, almost as impoverished as herself, undertook to bring her up. Her lonely condition, so like my father's, was, perhaps, the first link between them. Gradually, I need not dwell on it, they learned to love. But my father knew well, that, prince though he was, his union with my mother would never be sanctioned by her protectors. The moment his true lineage was known, their doors would be closed to him.

"He resolved, therefore, to confide only in my mother; to tell her all; to beseech her to fly with him. Her love proved more potent than her prejudices of race and religion. She gave up all for him. They were married, after the rites of her Church; and then they fled together.

"But alas! their happiness, which my father has often dwelt on as something divine, was but of short duration. My mother early showed signs of failing health. My poor father was almost distracted. We have physicians that we think as skilled as any, and the best of them tended her faithfully; but it was in vain; she died in my father's arms, in less than six years after the marriage."

She heaved a great sigh, and was silent for several minutes. I saw tears in her eyes.

"I was their only child," she said, resuming, "and after my mother's death, I was almost constantly with my father. It seemed, indeed, as if he could not live, unless in my presence. My only other companion was Father Pedro, who had been sent for, from one of the Catholic monasteries, to administer the consolations of her religion to my mother, in her last illness. The high-priest had opposed this, but my father was imperious. I can now just recall, in a dim way, a scene that took place, a little while before my mother's death, and which must have been my baptism, by Father Pedro. The name chosen for me was Ysabel. The good priest remained, for several weeks, after my mother's funeral; but finally went back to his convent; and I saw no more of him, until about a year ago.

"My father has been dead more than four years," she said, speaking slow and sad, "and I thought, when he first died, that I could not survive him. Oh! what would I not have given, in that terrible time, for the ministrations of Father Pedro. But I was quite a child; the high-priest was to be regent till I was eighteen; and though I requested the good monk to be sent for, no attention was paid to my commands. I have always had a suspicion that the high-priest secretly hated me, from that hour. When, rather more than twelve moons ago, I became eighteen, and had to be acknowledged as the head of our race, the first thing I did was to send for Father Pedro; and I know, for I no longer suspect, that, from that day, the high-priest has been my enemy. The holy father came; told me of my baptism; taught me the creeds of the Church; and secretly permitted me to be a witness of its sacred ceremonies. He knew, however, the perils that surrounded me, and it was by his advice that I still attended the rites of my ancestral family. 'The time will come, my daughter,' he said, 'in which you can openly avow your conversion; but to do so now would only destroy your usefulness, and achieve no compensating good. Be patient. To the Lord God Almighty, thousands of years are but a day. In His wisdom he will give you deliverance, as He delivered the three Hebrews from the fiery furnace.' And in that faith," with a great sigh, as of relief, "I have trusted."

"Did Father Pedro leave you?"

"He left me for a kingdom not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. He left me to join the great army of martyrs."

"What? Do you mean that he was murdered?"

She nodded. "Yes! He was found dead, one day, in a distant corridor of the palace. He had been struck down, by a blow from behind," she shuddered, as she spoke, "inflicted by a blunt instrument, I have no doubt one of the sacrificial axes, which our priests still preserve."

"Great heaven! Could nothing be done to punish the assassins? Were they never found out?"

"No. I never have doubted that the deed was perpetrated at the instigation of the high-priest. Yet, he was the very foremost to demand an investigation, and to cry out against what he called this breach of the rights of hospitality. He deceived others, in this way; but he did not deceive me; and, of course, nothing was ever discovered."

"What a life of terror you must have led, with such a treacherous foe in your household."

"Yes! Sometimes it has been almost more than I could endure. Open opposition I might have encountered, by appealing to my subjects; but from this secret undermining there was no escape. Now that I am out of his way, he will practically become chief ruler, as there is no one of the royal line left to dispute the office with him. This has long been his ambition, I suspect."

"I should have thought you would have tried to escape," I said.

"Alas! a woman, alone, can do so little. How was I to find a guide? There was no one I could have trusted."

CHAPTER VIII.

"GREAT GOD!" I cried, suddenly, starting up. "What have I been thinking of? The precious moments we have lost."

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"What is it?" she answered, eagerly.

"Thank heaven, our light isn't out yet," I replied. "Was the talisman always kept in the Hall of Worship?"

She evidently thought my mind was wandering, but she answered:

"Always. At least in my time, and my father's."

"But quite a different place, was prepared for it, originally, of that I am sure," I cried. "See, I have it all here, copied from the roll of picture-writing. I brought it with me as my guide."

I took out of my pocket a small roll of paper.

"Before I read this," I said, "let me say, that, when I first saw the Hall of Worship, I suspected it was not the room described, in the roll, as the hiding-place of the talisman. In no sense did it answer to the description. But the momentous events which ensued immediately, and the rapidity with which one has followed another, drove all this from my mind. True, I thought of it, again, in a sort of puzzled way, when I was lying in my prison cell—"

"Puzzled way?"

"Yes! I recalled the fact, that the Hall of Worship was not only much larger than the chamber that I had expected to find, but that it was built of masonry, while the other was described as excavated out of the solid rock."

"It is built of masonry, certainly; and is above ground: that is, it is on the platform, halfway up the cliff; for it is a part of the palace."

"I now remember, too, that there was quite an ascent, before I reached the Hall. I came to a spot, where the tunnel branched into two; but that on the left seemed only a blind alley, so I took the broader one to the right. I see, now, that I made a mistake. If I had followed the left-hand opening, I should have come to the chamber that I sought. That chamber is certainly below the level of the palace, for it is excavated in the solid rock; it is almost directly beneath us, in fact; for the opening into it, from the palace, is from this very corridor."

"This corridor! It cannot be possible."

"But listen." And I began to read from the writing in my hand. "'In order that the talisman may be rescued, in case of a sudden surprise, an opening will be made, from the palace itself, into the secret chamber, or treasury. This opening will be in the corridor, next to the Hall of Worship, which corridor shall be called, for further identification, the corridor of the Sun—'"

"That is certainly the name of this corridor. In my father's time, and always before, as I have been told, it was called that."

I nodded, and continued:

"'This corridor will be seventy-seven paces long, and shall be built of alternate blocks of stone, the lowest about a foot wide, the next about three feet wide, and each block shall be about four feet long.'" I substitute English for Aztec measures. "'They shall be dressed, and fitted exactly at the edges, so as to be laid without mortar.'

"You see," I interposed, "that is apparently the length of this corridor, and it is in that manner that the blocks are laid. Seventy-and-seven paces are about two hundred feet, which," glancing down the corridor, "is apparently the distance from here to the other end."

"And the description of the masonry is exact," said Ysabel, breathlessly.

"But listen still further. 'At a distance of three-and-thirty paces from the right-hand entrance, the opening shall be constructed, but in such a way that only those, possessed of its secret, can ever discover it. In the second course of masonry, at that distance, there will be inserted a block of stone, precisely like the others, but made to revolve. By pressing this stone, on the lower corner to the right, at two hands' breadths from the end, it will be found to give way; and through the entrance, thus effected in the wall, a passage will be had to a stone staircase leading to the treasury.'"

"But which is the right-hand side? From which of the two entrances, did they begin to count?"

"We will soon test that. Let me step off the three-and-thirty paces at once. Magical numbers, you see, both these and the seventy-and-seven; and, therefore, confirming the idea that the corridor was laid out under sacerdotal influences, as the picture-writing asserts."

I walked down the corridor, measuring my paces carefully, and stopped just short of halfway. But the block of stone, that I found there, refused altogether to yield to pressure.

"It must be on the other side," I said; and I paced on to the end. "Yes! the corridor is, as I thought, exactly seventy-seven paces long. Now for the three-and-thirty. Ah! here it is. A stone precisely like the others; but see, it begins to yield!"

Perhaps the huge block had not turned on its axis for centuries. It shows the skill with which the old Aztecs worked, a skill equal to that of the Pelasgic races of Greece and Italy, whose workmanship they imitated in this, as in their jewelry, that, after so long a period, the stone could be moved at all. But it had been so nicely adjusted, that, when I put my shoulder seriously to it, it opened the way as if a common turn-stile.

Ysabel had been holding the lamp for me. I

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took it from her hands, and peered into the dark aperture.

"There are certainly steps there, and they go down out of sight. I will see if they are safe."

In a moment I returned.

"All is right," I whispered. "I can see a door at the bottom of the stair-case. Let us lose no time."

In a moment more, I had helped her through the opening, and pushed the huge stone back into its place.

"There, if the high-priest, months hence, comes to look for his victims," I said, "he will neither find them, nor any trace of how they escaped, unless, indeed, he knows of this exit."

"I do not believe he does. The tradition of it must have long been forgotten, otherwise my father and I would have been informed of it. The knowledge ceased to be of use, when the talisman was moved, and so, I suppose, the tradition died out gradually."

"Be careful," I whispered. "The steps are slippery with damp. No one has used them for ages. Ah! here is the door, and, thank God! it is not locked."

As I spoke, I pushed the door open, and we found ourselves in a small chamber, hewn out of the solid rock, from the ceiling of which long stalactites depended: a proof that, for generations, nothing had interfered with the drip of water from above, and the deposit of the earthy matter that formed these stone icicles. At another time, I would have read from my record again, and indentified the exact spot where the talisman had been deposited; but I only glanced at the low altar, near the foot of which, as I remembered, was the place, and hurried my companion across the room, and out at the opposite door; for the minutes were too precious. Before we had gone a hundred yards, the narrow tunnel, which opened from the treasury, fell into a wider one, at a point where the latter turned off to the right.

"Here we are," I cried, triumphantly, "at the spot I spoke of, and where I took the wrong turning. Unless the mode of my entrance has been suspected, and the mouth of the shaft closed in consequence, we shall soon make good our escape."

"I don't believe," answered Ysabel, "that it has. Your appearance has been attributed to magic, for our people are superstitious beyond words, including even the high-priest. But dear Father Pedro taught me better."

"Thank heaven," I cried, a moment after, "there's the star-light shining down through the shaft; and here's the rope, still hanging where I left it."

"By to-morrow," said Ysabel, with a deep sigh of relief. "By to-morrow, the opening would have been discovered."

I was already ascending, hand over hand, and her last words were lost in the tunnel below. A quick glance around, as I stepped out on the solid earth, assured me that the coast was clear.

"All's well," I said to Isabel, looking down the shaft. "Quick!"

She was already fastening the rope around her waist. "I am ready," she replied. "I hope I am not so very heavy."

The next moment, we stood, side by side, on the platform, with the stars twinkling in the cool, clear sky, and the night-wind blowing about us, all the more refreshing, from the contrast to the half mephitic atmosphere we had left.

I drew a long breath. As for the dear girl at my side, the tension of her nerves gave way, for one moment, and she burst into tears.

"It is nothing," she said, instantly, however, dashing them away, "I am ashamed of myself. And now," smiling through the tears, "I can take your place as guide, for I know a path, by which we can descend to the bottom of the *canyon*, that no one would ever suspect."

She tripped, gaily, towards the end of the platform; pushed aside some wild vines; and disclosed a rude path, that descended, with many sinuosities, made necessary by the character of the ground, till it was lost to sight. Looking back, she nodded, and darted downwards; I followed.

We struck out, when we reached the bottom, without further words. As she flitted on beside me, I could not but admire the ease and grace of every motion. It was like some dryad in old Arcadia.

At last, the dawn approached. Before us was the deep glen, where I had left Jack encamped.

Ysabel fell behind, with sudden shyness, when I told her this.

The noise of our footsteps, slight as they were, made Jack start to his feet. He peered out, pistol in hand, from behind the bushes that concealed him.

"Ah! it is you, captain," he cried. "Welcome, welcome. But I never expected to see you alive."

He stopped short, for he had caught sight of Ysabel, and looked from me to her, in wide-eyed astonishment.

CHAPTER IX.

We took Jack into our confidence of course. While we were eating a hasty meal, I told, as rapidly as possible, the whole story. By the time I had finished, our breakfast was despatched.

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"We can't go back to Mexico," said Jack. "We must make for the States."

"And the sooner the better," I replied, promptly. "We are not yet quite safe, I fear. Your people are, doubtless, fleet runners." I looked enquiringly at Ysabel.

"Yes! They are trained to it, from youth. We have couriers, who go between the *pueblos* and Zuni, with news, every few days; and you would scarcely believe how swift they are. All the others are fleet, too, only less so. Should my flight be discovered, and the trail found, they would be upon us immediately. Perhaps, even now," and she rose to her feet, as a sough of the wind, for one moment, suggested the sound of foot-steps, "the pursuers may be upon us."

"No," said Jack, listening, with his more experienced ear, "that is only the breeze, coming down the gorge. But we had better to horse, at once."

I led forth Whirlwind, who whinnied at recognizing me.

"Now is the time," I said, "to test the staying powers of my steed. Ah! you know me, do you, old fellow?"

I indulged myself, for one instant, by taking his head in my arms, and patting him, and then I showed Ysabel where she was to sit. I had removed the Mexican saddle, and replaced it with the thick horse-rug, leaving only the stirrups, which I had strapped across the horse's back

"This brave old *bon comarade*," I replied, as I lifted her to the saddle, "will have to carry two, to-day. Perhaps, it was an ancestress of his, of whom I told Jack once, that carried a couple of Bedouins, for twelve whole hours, in chain-armor. What she did, he can do."

I was in my seat, by this time, and the arms of the dear girl, as she rode, pillion-wise, were around me. Whirlwind stepped out proudly, as if he knew the precious burden he carried. Jack led the way, at first in a walk, for the narrow glen was too rough for greater speed; but the moment we reached the open, we broke into a trot, which, in places, we changed to a gallop.

We halted, towards the middle of the day, to rest and feed our horses, and to eat our luncheon, which consisted principally of the jerked beef of the Mexicans. Ysabel bit into this, with her pretty little teeth, laughingly; saying she had often tasted it before, and that "there might be worse food." I would have had her rest, all day, fearing that to go on would be too fatiguing; but this she declined, and appealed to Jack to know, "if she didn't look as fresh as either of us."

"Fresh and bonnie as a rose," said Jack, with honest Scotch admiration. And he whispered in my ear. "I think, captain, you've found a more valuable jewel than the talisman even."

When night came, we made a bower for Ysabel of branches of trees, and kept guard outside till morning.

We did not push forward so rapidly on the second day. "I think we are safe, now, from pursuit," said Jack "We have still before us the peril of wandering bands of Indians, however." But, fortunately, we met none.

The first "settlement" we reached, if such it can be called, was a *hacienda*, belonging to an old Spanish missionary establishment. There was a little church attached to it, however, and a gray-headed old priest, and here Ysabel and I were married, Jack being "best man." The ceremony, I may as well add, was repeated, after the forms of my own Church, when we arrived at St. Louis, which was the first city in our route eastward; for at that period the country, between Santa Fe and the capital of Missouri, was almost wholly a wilderness.

At the *hacienda* we remained for more than a week, so that our horses might have time to recover from the extraordinary strain put upon them. Here I procured a pretty little mare, with Andalusian blood in her, for Ysabel.

Thoroughly refreshed, by the long rest and the good cheer of our hospitable entertainers, we set forth again, one bright morning, and took the great trail that led, north-eastward, to the States. In due time, as I have already said, we reached St. Louis, where we rested for another week, pursuing our journey, from that point, by steamer to Cincinnati, then to Pittsburg, and onwards, by land to Philadelphia and New York.

It was curious to observe the effect of these great cities upon Ysabel. Notwithstanding what her father had told her of the capital of Mexico, notwithstanding all she had read, Philadelphia and New York, nay! even St. Louis and Cincinnati, so far surpassed what she expected, that it was sometime before she could realize it all. She was dazed with wonder at the crowded streets, the brilliant equipages, the handsome fronts of the houses, and especially the elegant dresses of the ladies, and the freedom with which they walked about.

Some months after we reached the States, we sailed for Europe. My first business, on arriving in the East, was to send in my resignation to the army, so that I was thus at my liberty to go where we wished. Ysabel had, meantime, learned to speak English with considerable facility; and she applied herself to French. The quickness, with which she acquired languages, was partly a natural gift; but partly, also, the consequence of

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her desire to gratify me. We spent several years in the Old World.

Everywhere, may I say it? she was admired. In Spain, they told me she had the melting eyes of the Andalusian; in Italy, the sculptors spoke of the classic outlines of her face; in France, I was complimented on her taste in dress, "as if she was a born Parisian," they said.

Once I took her to the City of Mexico. We remained there for more than two months. I carried with me the best introductions. The Mexican ladies never tired of praising the purity, with which the "beautiful American," as they called my wife, spoke Spanish, or of dilating on the smallness of her foot, and the height of its instep, or of eulogizing the graceful walk, "so like one of us," as the dark-eyed belles declared.

"I am glad we came here," Ysabel said, the day we were leaving, "but it has been sad, nevertheless; and I shall never care to come again." And the tears were in her eyes as she spoke.

But about the talisman? We detached from it, the priceless jewels, with which, as I have said, it was surrounded, and sold them, from time to time, in the markets of the Old World. The dealers often asked where we had come across gems of such size and water, declaring that the stones were genuine Oriental ones, and such as could no longer be bought in Europe.

The great central jewel, the talisman itself, however, we still keep. No price would induce Ysabel to part with it. Her own life is hardly dearer to her. It represents to her a thousand associations, and all her ancestral past.

I share her desire, I must confess, that this strange jewel shall remain a possession of our children, although, I suppose, it would bring a Rajah's ransom, if ever offered for sale. The mystic character, engraved on it, I have never been able to decipher, notwithstanding my success elsewhere. I am not superstitious, but there is something weird about this talisman, and I have come to think it, as Montezuma did, bound up with the fortunes of my family.

Most of these events happened thirty years ago. In less than a twelve-month after we had left the *canyon*, an exploring party visited it, and found the *pueblos* entirely deserted. Since that time, others have gone there, and report that the houses are fast falling into decay, though it will be many generations, before the solid walls will entirely give way.

"I have little doubt," said Ysabel, long ago, "that the high-priest, when he discovered our mysterious disappearance, which he must have found out sooner or later, fled to Zuni, taking with him all the priests and others who dwelt with us. He probably missed the talisman soon, for he was required to inspect it twice every moon, and when he missed it, suspicion would fall on me, and he would open the corridor, for he would know that we had been starved to death, long before. Finding us flown, and unable to account for it, he would attribute it to the malign influences of the talisman in my hands. The place would, after that, seem to him to be haunted. His ambition, too, would take him to Zuni, for there he would hope, by virtue of his office, to reign a sort of king."

That singular city still exists, but is also fast decaying. A recent traveller says that its population has fallen within a generation, from six thousand to four thousand. It will not be long, before the advancing waves of civilization will engulf it entirely, and then the last remnant of a once powerful race will have disappeared forever from this continent.

That the Aztec blood, in its purity, should have survived to this nineteenth century, even I should have been skeptical about, if it had not been for the picture-writing I deciphered, and for my subsequent quest after the LOST TALISMAN OF MONTEZUMA.

LESSONS.

BY MRS. M. R. SMITH.

Many and many are the lessons I've learned,
And many the prayers I have said—
Prayers for the heart-sick and hungry, that yearned
To be free, with the loved ones—dead.

Lessons—oft bitter, yet glorious and grand—
And over and over again,
Their meaning, heart-rending, so lonely, I've scanned,
Till soul has grown wild with the pain.

And then I have wondered if God could know
How torn with the task was my heart,
And still bid me onward and onward go,
In the weary and thankless mart.

Then, back came the answer, "Yes, God doth know,
And strengthens thy heart for the task,"
As sure as the tempest, to-night, doth blow,
The oak will grow strong in the blast.

The heart will grow nobler, and grand and pure—
The soul will grow nearer to God—
The spirit will learn in its need to endure,
And meekly, "pass under the rod."

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SOUTHDOWN'S CASE.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

WOULD it ever succeed? For ten long years things had gone from indifferent to bad, from bad to worse. Yet, seeing all the misery his persistence created, one might have said that it was man's innate cruelty to himself that prompted Matthew Southdown to court obstacle after obstacle, recognizing the bitterness of each new difficulty, yet making little effort in the way of freeing himself by going away—by throwing aside as futile, the endeavors which had so long proved fruitless, and which now budded no greater promise than they had ten years since.

But he was one of those men who believe in themselves, because they believe in the rights of individuals as opposed to the wrongs of sects. As you watched him now, bending over the loom, perplexed, and lost to all extraneous objects, in deep thought; as you marked the lines on the too patient face, and the gray hairs that had come earlier than their season into the black mop upon his head—as you watched his careful, educated fingers poising over a little screw or a crank, you, too, felt a sort of enthusiasm borne in upon you, begot of the very stillness and profundity of the man.

The room was bare and poor; the few articles of furniture were meagre in the extreme. Over there in the corner by the window, his wife, rocking the cradle with her foot, mended a rag of clothing miraculously with a proud woman's deft needle, a woman who though she might grieve to the utmost in private, and be pinched by the many pangs of want, yet maintained that look of carelessness before the world, and particularly before her own sex, that made her seem scornful and out of the reach of pity. Once or twice, to-day, as she sat there and sewed and quieted her baby, she looked up at her husband's bowed form leaning over the loom. The thought came to her that the silence she had so long imposed upon herself was ridiculous, was unwomanly: she did not care for herself, but her baby—what were its prospects? She turned from her husband with a little shiver, to look at the child. She had often to turn from her husband thus, and to look at the little face at her feet, to keep back the words of complaint and reproof that rose to her lips.

Still, Matthew ought to know that Mr. Brown had called, to-day, for the rent, and had gone away in ill-humor because he had not got it—that the grocer refused to speak to her this morning when she had met him, because his bill remained unpaid. No money in the house, Matthew out of work! How could things go on? She had put up with it for ten years; had buried the two little children, that had come in that time, with a sad-spirited feeling of something like relief that they had escaped a world of sorrow and pain, and that their tender little hands and feet would never know suffering again. Yet, in all that time, Matthew had worked—in a desultory way, to be sure, but it had been work: and although his fellow-workmen had called him a star-gazer, and their wives had laughed at him openly, yet it had not been quite as black as now it was. Before this, he had toiled at his scheme of perfecting his loom—a loom by which the work of ten might be done by one man; and of nights when the mill was closed, he had worked and plotted and planned, until midnight found him still engrossed in his labors. And, although neglect necessarily became his wife's share, she had not demurred, because she knew that all his efforts were directed toward an ultimate, though vague, good for her, and her alone Still, when she found how she was not as other women, that her house was not a pleasant house to visit at, that her husband was esteemed below his desserts, she rebelled in the negative way of women, and had stayed away from all her neighbors and surroundings, and had taken on herself the duty of denying prying eyes the right to see.

But all had not then come! Only last month, when hands were discharged, her husband's employers had come to him and told him he must go. "Am I not a good workman?" he had asked. "Yes," they said. "Do I not do my duty?" "Yes." "Then why should I go with these men who are the refuse of labor?" "You are a communist," had said one of his employers; "you are working at a machine, which you intend shall lower the standard of your fellow-workmen—you, a workman, would take the bread out of their mouths." "Oh," he smiled, and left.

He went home in something like triumph, and told his wife. Triumphant that his labor had raised him enemies. For, he argued, if the thing was worth nothing, nobody would have hated him for attempting it. She could not help a

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blenching as she listened; any more than she could help a sort of admiration for him, as he stood there before her so helpless, yet so confident.

For all that, though, she took to staying hour after hour beside her baby, crooning the little songs she had sung to the two other babies that had so soon gone to glory. This baby, now, she did not wish to die. There was a fever in her, that now her husband had brought her to such dire straits, something must be retained to keep her from going against him. She had gone then from house to house begging work. But the answer had been against her. So she had come back, day after day, spiritless and borne down, yet uttering no complaint, until, at last, she staid at home awaiting—she knew not what. To-day, there was nothing to eat. The landlord had been for the hundredth time for his rent. Could she hold out much longer?

As she sat there, her younger self came to her, and she saw, as all women see under the circumstances, that she did not deserve all this, and that she might have done better. The bare room went away from her; the monotonous drip of the loom was gone; she suffered her mending work to drop into her lap, her foot paused, and after one or two furtive, gasping rocks, the cradle resolved into quietude. She saw gay faces around her. She had been a beautiful girl; now she was a beautiful, happy woman, proud and rich; her guests flattering; not a care was hers. In all her pride and glory of riches, she looked up to her husband, with a sort of shock, and saw that this face bending over her, smiling and loving, was not Matthew's, and she wondered, thus, if Matthew was happy, and if he ever thought of her. She did not care though, for he had always been a visionary man, and she could not help it. Yet, somehow, it seemed that Matthew haunted her, as she rested beside her husband, that richer man, who had wooed her.

With a start, she came out of her reverie, and sighed, and saw Matthew over his loom as usual; and she took up her work again, but only to throw it down with a tired, worn-out feeling. She sat with her head pressed down upon her hands, and did not know he was beside her, until he touched her, and she started up in affright.

"Matthew, how you startled me," she said, peevishly. But he did not notice her tone; his face was white; his eyes burning.

"Lyddy," he said, "I think the end has come. I know what you are hiding from me." She looked at him keenly, bitterly, remembering her reverie. "I know Mr. Brown was here for his rent, to-day," he went on, "and there was no money for him. I know there is nothing in the house to eat. What shall we do?"

"It is rather late to ask that question," she said, in a harsh voice, "you should have thought of it long ago. You know I have never complained all these years—that I have tried all I could to help you—that I did not do what other wives might have done."

"What is that?" he asked, quickly.

"Any other woman in my place would have dashed your models to pieces; and you would have waked to know that labor, and not dreaming, is the duty of a man."

"You would have killed me, Lyddy, had you done so."

"Oh! don't talk of killing," she went on, angry at his not showing any more feeling; angry at the sound of her own angry voice, "if it comes to that, I wonder what you think I am made of. Dear knows, there's been enough to kill me all these years."

"I know it; but I did for the best."

"Don't talk that way," she cried: "I am desperate enough without that, when I think of what I am, and what I once was —"

"Hush!" he said, touching her arm, "I know what you once was."

She burst upon him then, taunting him; telling him he was no man to insult his wife, and the mother of his children; that but for him, she might have been a happy woman all this time. In all ways, she poured upon him the venom of this long hoarded-up wrath. She did not see him—she was blinded by her released energy.

When she had finished, she stood trembling in every limb; and he was leaning on his loom again, his head down among the shuttles. She watched; he was motionless; she was frightened at what she had said.

"Matthew!"

He raised his head, and the change in his face made her cry out in sudden pain, and fly to him.

"I have heard you," he said, and I appreciate your truths. But child, I never meant to insinuate anything that could hurt you, when I said I remembered what you had been. I meant, that in my mind, you were always the pretty, laughing girl I knew, when I was young, and that I had dreary pain enough to know that I had made you what you are. I know that you might have done better."

She might have done better! They were the very words of her reverie. She stood irresolute before him, half-crazed by him and his manner—the manner of a man who intended to make no further effort in the world.

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Then a cry came from the cradle. The baby, in that cry, had made her resolve on something great. She picked up the child, and took it to him.

"Matthew, God forgive me for what I have said. But, wait! Here, hold Muggins, and be free with me." She did not cry—there was a new quality in her voice.

"Free with you," he said.

"Yes. I have been silent too long. A little while ago, I was thinking of myself as a young girl; and that led to all this outbreak. This is our crisis: I have passed it. The story of your loom, and all your thoughts, must be told to me. There is a purpose borne in upon me, and I am your partner now. Don't forgive me, or say that you did not mind what I said in anger, for that would make me weak again. You remember the pearl cross, upstairs?"

"The pearl cross—you have that yet?"

"Yes," she answered, hastily; "I know it should have gone long ago, but I kept it for a foolish feeling, too, and old times—you know my old lover gave it to me. I was thinking of him a little while ago."

She laughed nervously. He looked at her:

"It would have bridged over the pain of to-day, Lyddy," he said.

"I know, I know. But I do not want it bridged over. If it had not been for to-day, the future would have been less. I shall sell the cross. Don't I know of the lawsuit that is worrying you."

He threw the child into her arms. "Curse the man who told you!" he said, in wrath, and struck his hand upon the loom so sharply, that she saw the stain of blood upon the needles.

"I was not told," she said, boldly; "I saw the papers in your pocket, and read them last night, when you were asleep. Why did you keep this from me? You mistake, when you think a husband, who keeps his sorrow from his wife, adds anything to the love he bears her. I am going to sell the cross—I shall leave you, and go with Muggins to your sister in town; for a week or so, until after the lawsuit. Let it decide which way it will: if in your favor, you will be rich—if against you, you cannot be poorer."

"I cannot succeed, Lyddy, for money is required. If I lose—"

"Well?"

"Death," he cried, and she saw the bright light in his eyes again.

She hurried from him, she went out, and got money for her cross of pearls. She brought the money home.

"There is enough for you, until after I come back," she said.

"And you will leave me? It is well, perhaps," he added, bitterly, after a moment.

"Yes," she said, "you must think over everything—you must bear your new trials alone; only holding in view, that no matter how poor you are, or how distressed, you will never see me, as you have to-day, and that henceforth, I am a new woman."

It was evening now, and she sat down beside him, crooning to the child. And freer than ever before, in the freedom of exaggerated feeling, on both sides, he told her all that she knew before, but which she was sensible enough to know was good for him to tell again.

She heard how his patent had been infringed upon: that if he could prove his title to this loom, which had taken so many years to perfect, the mill-owners, of even foreign countries, would recognize its excellence, inasmuch as all the workers, all the learned mechanics, were against him, and to beat them on their own ground, naturally argued his own success. More, more he told her; and she asked question after question, drawing in his answers that fire from his brain, which her angry denunciation had made so dangerous. When all was told, and the darkness lay heavy in the room, he did not see her compressed lips and frowning face, so full of purpose.

"Can I hold you up in any wise, Matthew?" she said.

"No," he answered, kindly, "I am sure of my claim; but I am equally sure I shall fail."

"And yet it is best I should go away to Jane, so that you can be alone. You must not, after that unsuccessful trial, come home expecting to see me here anxious and waiting. I shall be nearer, Matthew; I shall be outside the Court House to meet you."

"Lyddy."

"Yes, I will—yes, I will. And you *shall* succeed—and Muggins shall be a rich man."

Then by those adroit, wifely ways, she absolutely imparted to him some of her own assumed hopes. Be it as it may, when she left him in the morning, he smiled and kissed her and the child.

But when he had gone back again into the cheerless house, the old depression was upon him, and desperation and death were very nigh. And his wife carried with her a like depression and desperation: and she said in the cars: "Oh, my dear dead children, beg of the Saviour, who must love you now very well, seeing you have been with Him so long—beg of him for mother, and father, and little brother."

Now about this time, or, rather, a little later, there came into the law-offices of Adam Abel, the great jurist, a closely veiled lady. She waited in

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an ante-room until the great man was through with a client. She had to sit there a full hour before her turn came.

When she entered the presence of the lawyer, she looked at his well-kept person, and heard his suave tone. She entered upon her case. She was deeply interested in weavers at present, as most of the world was; she was more interested, perhaps, because she had long ago been a weaver herself. She had come for his services in a case which should shortly come up—a case which he doubtless had heard of, as all the place was ringing with it—that of an obscure weaver, one Matthew Southdown, who claimed various improvements and perfections in a loom, and which were denied him. Would Mr. Abel undertake the case?

Emphatically the learned man said no! That although the case promised to be a celebrated one, yet his health was so precarious, that he would not undertake it, he was so bound down by many and pressing duties.

The lady insisted; she offered anything, everything; she had called on him on account of his eminence; and although he recommended other and skillful men, she yet persisted.

At last, he said that he would not, he could not, that the other side, represented by many proprietors of mills, had desired his services, but even to them he had turned a deaf ear.

"Will no money induce you?" she asked.

He smiled, slightly. "Money cannot induce me," he said. She was silent for a little while. "If there is nothing else, madam," he said, "I much regret to tell you that my time is rather precious."

She paid no attention to this. "They say that where money is of no avail, love can do much," she said, tremulously, and threw back her veil.

"Eve—" he cried, going toward her, "Eve Cain!"

"Yes, Eve Cain," she said, "your old sweetheart, Adam. What do you think of her in this new light? Time has dealt leniently with you; can I say as much for myself?"

"It is like a breath of old days to see you, to talk with you. Where are you stopping—let me come to see you."

"Certainly," she laughed, "you may come to see me—but not before you promise me one thing."

"And that is?"

"To defend this man!"

"Eve!"

"Yes, Eve Cain—I know all about the name. Don't I remember the old 'Foundling'—dear old Coram's London Hospital for children? Don't I remember how you and I were brought there by our poor, shamed mothers, whoever they were; and being both brought to the place on one day, we had bestowed upon us the wonderful names we bear? Don't I know that the babies there are named for persons, things animate and inanimate, for flowers, fish, fruit, all the things on the earth, above and below the earth—don't 'Adam Abel' and 'Eve Cain' prove how witty our sponsors were in giving our first—and in our case, only known parents their meed of praise and blame? Don't I know how we grew and throve; how we were always together as much as possible—how, as time passed by, we were both weavers—how, emancipated at last, you, by a good stroke, fell in with a lawyer, who helped to make you what you are—how you came to me then, and was my kind brother—"

"Not your brother, Eve, your lover."

"As you will," she said, falteringly; "only I was truthful to you, you know that."

"Yes. You told me that you could not love me. You sent me away thus, and I never saw you until this day."

"I am better now, Adam, than I was then; and I appreciate you more than then. Hush! not one word—I do not mean to say that I would force my claim upon you—I do not ask if in all this time, you have seen a good girl whom you could love. I am interested in this man, this Matthew Southdown, his wife and child—it is life or death with them. You were a weaver—you know all that this man claims. Be interested in it—do not think that he would harm others—do not think that a loom, run as his, will make labor mean; it will elevate it, it will raise it to a science. Go down to him—see him—and his wife and child—see their poverty, and his earnest, sure heart. Be with him, be with him, Adam, if for no other reason than that you refuse money; but do it for the love you once bore me; for love, I know, is more potent than all the wealth of the world."

In her intensity, she had placed her hands upon his shoulders, and was hungrily looking into his eyes. He was more nervous than he had thought possible, he, the calm, discreet, dispassionate man,"

"I will come to you, to-night," he said. And she put down her veil and went away.

Behold! a week from that time, the great Adam Abel gone from town, to recruit his health for a short sojourn in healthy air. Behold him in Matthew Southdown's meagre home, sitting at the loom, weaving deftly, as in old times, the 'Foundling' boy had woven.

"But your wife and child, Southdown," he said, "when do you expect them? You know I

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told you the party who sent me here, spoke of them—the party who stipulates to be nameless, you know."

"Yes," answered Matthew; "but the fact is, I wrote my wife of your being here—I wrote her that you had come down expressly to understand my claims, knowing so much about looms yourself, and that you worked with me—that you intended to have me make a model of my loom, and when you defended me in the suit, you expect to have the model in court to exemplify. She seems to think her going away was providential, and it is the best for us to be alone together."

"There is something in that, for when I came here first, you were that woe-begone and crazed, it was hard to get a sensible answer from you."

"The change is owing to you. Why, since it has been known you were to be on my side, I've had letters even from mill-owners, all offering me money enough, if I succeed, to make a rich man of me forthwith. And so sure as I get the money, you shall have whatever you please."

"Nothing like that," said the lawyer, stopping the loom. "Remember, I did need relaxation, and my jaunt has benefitted me already. Then, if I gain the cause, my success will be commensurate with your fortune. Besides—do you think that love can do what nothing else can?"

"Yes. For love of my wife, I have done as I have all these years."

"Then don't let us speak of money. Go on with your model."

Suddenly, Matthew began to be looked upon with favor. Mr. Brown, the landlord, mended the fence, and took care of the roof. And it was all because the great lawyer was here. The name of Abel was synonymous with success.

"But suppose I should fail, Southdown," said the lawyer.

"Oh, in that case, I shall not be depressed again, for I shall know I can succeed some other time; but surely you would not take up a hopeless case."

"Surely not. I shall not fail—for love or money."

Another letter came to Matthew from his wife. "I told you so," she wrote; "and I shall wait with Muggins outside the court house."

But the trial! All the village was excited; so was the town. Mill-owners sought lodgings even in Jane's house; and Lyddy thought it a great joke to entertain the enemies of her husband—for she never for one instant dreamed of failure now. She talked to Muggins, and showered untold wealth upon that innocent's head. She spoke, with tears in her eyes, of the two dead babies. "But you, Muggins, shall live and be good on earth, and comfort mother and father—poor father!—here in the world, as Toddy and Billy will comfort us up in God's beautiful house!"

She was nervous; she was frightened as the day of the trial came on. "Oh, Muggins," she said, "that Eve Cain deserves her name, I do believe."

She had a letter from her husband, full of manly trust and love. If he failed now, he would go to work for her and the little one, and wait for better things. He had grown healthier in body and mind both. He was glad she was away, for should he lose, the joy of meeting her once more, would pay for any disappointment he could possibly have.

She thought the letter was nervous, because she wanted it to be so. She was astonished at one thing, though—he never mentioned Mr. Abel in it at all.

Meantime, Eve Cain, that strangely interested woman, received a letter about this time from Adam Abel:

"Be in court, and hear me plead," it said.

And here was the court!—and here was the dreadful crowd—and here was Matthew Southdown, looking splendid and manly. And people fell to saying, "that head," and rather believing there was something in him. For although he was pale, he was calmer than he had ever been in his life before—that was Mr. Abel's fault.

Here was Mr. Brown. He said he always took an interest in his tenants, that was why *he* had come. Here was the grocer, rather lively, in a red tie. He said he had served Mr. Southdown with "groceries" for years. Here were workmen, and mill-hands, and rich proprietors, and even men of science.

But where was Adam Abel? Oh, he was in a back room, waiting for a lady. In came the lady, heavily veiled, carrying a baby.

"Eve, I am glad to see you," he said. "Is this Southdown's child?"

"Yes," she said, all of a tremble.

Then he turned to the pale little woman beside her. "Is this Southdown's wife?" he asked.

"Of course she is—a Southdown, or she wouldn't be here," she said. And the little woman blushed. And when she took Muggins, he almost split his head open on a chair-back.

"She's not used to babies," said Eve, candidly.

"She is not," he said, "and a mother?"

"Of course," snapped she, while the little woman blushed more than ever. Then he left.

Shall anyone ever forget the scene in court that day! There was the model of the loom—there was the learned jurist manipulating it. There were the eager crowds of faces, and the bated breaths.

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"He went all the way down to Southdown's to learn it," said a man. "He expects to get a fortune for his fee," said another.

The trial went on. In the back-room, one little woman held open the door, to catch a buzz from the court room.

"Oh! I can't," she said, and sat down, and buried her face in her hands.

"Neither can I," said Eve Cain, and used Muggins for a handkerchief.

How long it lasted: would it never end? Oh! listen! listen? What is that cry?—is it joy or —what? The audience have clear forgotten where they are—they are shouting, they are hurrahing for somebody. Listen! It is louder and louder! Oh! God be thanked! Muggins, it is for Matthew Southdown; your case is won, your little brothers, up in the streets in the sky, must hear that shout, and be very, very glad. Oh! only listen! Open the door, Eve Cain! No matter—only open the door: the other woman would, but you know she can't. Here is someone coming—the door opens—here is Adam Abel, and he is dragging Matthew Southdown with him.

With a great cry, Eve Cain throws herself into the lawyer's arms, and kisses him. "God bless you!" she says.

"Love won," says he. And then he looks around, "Southdown is here. He wanted to go outside to find his wife, but I told him, she was here. I brought him to thank his benefactress. Man, don't you see your wife and child?"

"Yes," said Matthew, faintly—yet not so faintly, but Eve Cain rushed to him, hugging his great frame to her.

"Oh! Matthew, Matthew," she cried, "oh! my dear, my dear."

"I did not know you knew each other," said Mr. Abel, lost in astonishment.

"Forgive me, Adam," she cried, "forgive me! This is my husband."

"Eve."

"Not Eve; but Lyddy—Matthew called me Lyddy, for his mother, when he married me."

"And this—who is this?"

"Oh! that is Jane, Matthew's sister; and this is Muggins. Oh! Matthew, tell him all, tell him all; for I—"

"I knew it all from the first. Lyddy has told me all her life," said Matthew, "and I was, perforce, silent and grateful. How did I know, Mr. Abel, that you were in the dark, when you refused to tell me who the lady was, who had got you to defend me—when I knew all the time? Your pearl cross did so much before; for it took Lyddy to you, it made her remember you. And then I knew that you were already married."

"Married," cried Lyddy, almost a little disappointed, as was but natural.

"Yes," said Mr. Abel, "and here is my wife, who knows the story from beginning to end."

"Father Adam, you are famous," said the new lady, kissing him, and turned to thank Lyddy for it all; "for he thought the world of you, once on a time," said she.

"Before he met you, madam," said Jane, who had been crying all the time.

"Of course—before he met me," said Mrs. Abel, quickly, and turned to thank Lyddy again, for having prevailed upon her husband to undertake the case—such a celebrated case.

"Oh! Matthew," said Lyddy, "hold me tight —hold Muggins too—and Jane too—for I have found that money is nothing, but love is all."

"You have *both* now," said Adam Abel.

"Oh—h—h—h—" wailed Muggins, which made them all understand things as they ought to be—for a pin was in the dear child.

All the same, it was in this way, that "Southdown's Case," made so many people celebrated, and revolutioned Eve Cain, out of Lyddy and Muggins, although there were people mean enough to say, that Lyddy's deception had done more than anything else.

A CRISIS.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Night-winds were sobbing low,
No other sound was heard.
Tears could no longer flow,
So deep the tide of woe,
That fond hearts stirred.

They thought the end had come,
And held their breath in awe,—
White-eyed, white-lipped, and dumb,
All feeling chilled and numb,
At what they saw.

Morn broke—the sun rays kissed,
With kisses sweet as balm;
The hill-tops pale with mist,—
Still as when angels list—
Divinely calm.

Glad hearts took up their task.
It was no burden now,—
In thankfulness they bask;
What more could mortal ask,
Or God bestow?

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THE MAID OF MÜHLEN.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CHAPTER I.

"A Hebe bearing her flagon up the Olympian heights? Eh, Wyckliffe? Is not The Maid of Mühlen the impersonation of Canova's Statue in the Green Vaults?"

"Rather a flesh and blood Artemis, with her bold, free step, and that great deerhound, trotting at her side."

Leonard Westcott laughed, and said,

"She is that Maid of Mühlen I saw, and heard about, on that chamois hunt of mine, up here, two weeks ago. Neither is this the first glimpse I've had of her to-day. As we passed the bake-room, half-an-hour since, when our diligence first arrived, I saw her in there, her arms bared and flaked to the elbow, with some delicious German compound of flour and milk. She has a model arm, I tell you, smooth and glossy as satin."

"You are an incorrigible Bohemian, Leonard. I cannot appreciate your predilection for bake-rooms, and servant girls."

"That girl," echoed Westcott, indignantly; "that girl is no more a common servant maid, than you are one of the white-gloved, swallow-tailed gentry of the continental *table d'hôte*. She is the Fräulein Von Böeck, a niece of the prior in the monastery we passed, about a mile below this. The old priest has a sort of parsonage connected with the monastery, where she has spent nearly all her life, with him, in abstruse studies."

"Pray, then, what is the prior's niece doing in the bake-room of a hotel?"

"Oh! she's taking a finishing off course, you know, in the culinary mysteries, under our fat hostess. Frau Schnellwind, it seems, is a famous brewer and baker; and the Fräulein is anxious to excel in cookery, as well as in Latin and Greek."

"Athena, Diana and Hebe combined!"

"Don't sneer, Lawrence; you've caught the trick, since you've been crossing swords with Miss Lanier; but the expression is unsuited to the classical cut of your features."

Lawrence Wyckliffe smiled, turning back in his promenade, across the verandah of the Alpine hotel, where he and his friend were stopping, with the other diligence passengers, to take dinner. The two had finished their meal, eating hurriedly, as Americans are prone to do; and had left their fellow passengers still at table, whilst they repaired to the verandah to smoke. Wyckliffe walked restlessly to and fro, a feeling of impatience possessing him; for he was looking for the arrival of a carriage, which their diligence had passed, some miles back, on the road to St. Moritz.

Leonard Westcott, the artist, was lolling over the balustrade, also smoking; and gazing at the amphitheatre of peaks, snow-crowned, and towering into the clouds, that rose around and above him. From these, his gaze had descended to the lower summits, which were yet clad in autumnal mists; and then to the village, with its quaint buildings; the ancient chapel, with its stone, pagoda-like bell-tower; the vicinage folk busy at their rustic tasks; the goats, and other domestic animals, cropping the scanty herbage, from crevices and crannies of the cliffs; and, enveloping all, the prophetic greyness and bleakness of the atmosphere, hanging on the skirts of the heavy rain-fall, that impended over the hills above.

"If you will take a good look," said the artist, "at this Fräulein Von Böeck, you will see, Lawrence, how inappropriate the word 'servant' would be applied to her. Nature has done for her, all that art has accomplished for your New Orleans belle, Louise Lanier."

"You are prejudiced, I see, against Miss Lanier, Leonard, and a trifle bold, moreover, in the expression of your opinion."

"I thought the agreement between us, when we left America, was, to speak out, when either was in danger of yielding to temptation."

"You think, then, that I am in peril from Miss Lanier."

"I am sure, Lawrence, you are, at this moment, on the lookout for the coach-and-four, that our diligence passed at Sylva Plana Lake, this forenoon. Nor do I believe that Madame Lanier will spare her steeds. She is determined to overtake us, I am sure, before our diligence starts. She is an intriguing, old French creole, and knows, as you do, of the landed principality of your father, in old Kentucky."

"That does not prove Louise Lanier an accomplice in her mother's plottings. She seems to me as artless as she is beautiful."

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

"There is such a thing as being artlessly artful. Miss Lanier is, at least, marvellously

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au fait in the ways of the world. My advice to you, anyhow, is not to walk into her snares blindfolded."

"You talk like a greybeard, Leonard; but doubtless, I will not have occasion to apply your advice soon, as Miss Lanier and myself will hardly meet again, before the winter season in Paris; and there one encounters so many temptations, that temptation itself grows ineffectual."

"We shall see. Ha! yonder comes madame's coach now, at full speed. Don't you see the gleam of the canary-colored panels? Put on thine armor, my friend! The pursuer is at hand, and there is no city of refuge near."

Wyckliffe laughed; but colored a little.

"Look to your own safety, Leonard, my boy," he said. "There is possibly less danger for me, in the Lanier wiles, than for yourself, in the country bloom and virgin freshness of your Fräulein Von Böeck. See to it, that she does not have you kneeling at the toes of her clogs, before the diligence is ready to start. Your lady-mother would be loathe to tolerate, even in republican America, a daughter-in-law addicted to *sauer-kraut* and lager beer, combined with Alpine verdancy and independence of action. The Fräulein doubtless graces the bake-room of Mühlen, but not the less *outré* might she and her deer-hound appear, in the drawing-room of *La Belle Rivière*."

Westcott suddenly held up his hand in warning. Wyckliffe, following the direction of his glance, saw that the subject of their conversation had approached within hearing distance. Indeed, the path from the fountain wound around the hill, until it led directly parallel with the verandah; and in this near proximity to the speakers, Else Von Böeck was walking briskly, bearing, lightly poised upon her head, a large pitcher of water, which she was carrying to the Frau Schnellwind.

It was no unusual office she was performing. The good *Frau* had done many deeds of kindness, in behalf of the motherless girl, and the latter was ever eager to requite them. She consequently felt no hesitation at continuing her course, although she had seen, from the path, lower down, the two travellers on the verandah, by which she would have to pass. In truth, she was hurrying back from the fountain, to aid the dame in attending her guests, as her waitress, Lisabet, was off on an errand to the upper milk pastures, and the diligence passengers were usually exacting, because hurried. She would probably have gone on her way, without further noticing the two young men, if she had not been attracted by the sound of her own name.

Westcott looked at her, curiously, as she passed; but it was impossible to discover, from her face, whether she had heard Wyckliffe, or not. Wyckliffe remarked, with a queer flutter of his heart, as he, too, looked at her, that the earnest eyes were turned, not upon his friend, who was nearest her, but upon himself. She had, evidently, heard his words. But had she understood?

He hoped not, as they had been spoken in his own tongue, and this Maid of Mühlen doubtless knew but few dialects, beyond those used in the familiar intercourse of the Alpine villages. Even should she have a smattering of Latin and Greek, as Westcott affirmed, it was hardly likely she should have a familiar acquaintance with English.

Meantime, the travelling-carriage had turned into the court-yard, and he hurried, as in duty bound, to greet the new-comers. But the clear, beaming glance of the Alpine maid haunted him as he went. He saw, still, her erect, and graceful figure; her elastic step; the poise of the throat and head; the blonde fairness of her skin; the peachy bloom of her cheeks; all heightened, by the becoming costume she wore, that was, in material and style, modified but a trifle from the picturesque peasant garb of the Swiss châlets.

"A Hebe she is in truth," he confessed to himself; "and, upon my word, if she does wear clogs in midwinter, her feet and ankles, in those buckskin gaiters, have the symmetry of Cinderella's own. By Jove! Westcott is lost this time, if our diligence is detained at Mühlen; and our driver told me a wheel was out of order, and would have to be bolstered up for the rest of the journey, at Mühlen. It occurs to me, I shall have to give Leonard the word in season, if the fair Lanier and madame will grant me time."

Five minutes later, Madame Lanier and her daughter were greeting the American with marked cordiality: Madame congratulating herself upon the good luck, which brought them to Mühlen, before the diligence left.

"Ah!" she said, warmly. "We have missed you and your charming artist friend so much. We have felt quite forlorn, quite *désolé*."

Wycliffe bowed his thanks. If the truth must be confessed, he was not a little fascinated by the witchery of the younger Creole's willowy grace of movement, and the impressive warmth of her welcome, so different from the languid *insouciance* of her usual manner. Nor could a colder-blooded man than he, even without such a welcome, have failed to acknowledge the spell of the dark, winsome, wondrous beauty of Louise Lanier, the confessed toast of New Orleans, that favored city of the sun, where beauty bourgeons and blooms, naturally, as the flowers open their waxen petals to its light and warmth.

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CHAPTER II.

HALF-AN-HOUR later, Madame Lanier, her daughter, and Wyckliffe, were seated at a little table in the dining-room, madame having ordered her meals, *à la carte*, and insisted on Wyckliffe sitting down with her.

The *table d'hôte* was still crowded, for other travellers had arrived, and as a steady rain had set in, nobody went away. Not only the Frau and her spouse were engaged in waiting, but Else Von Böeck had come to their assistance, and was ministering, impartially, to the wants of all.

Many were the admiring glances, which followed her, while moving quietly from group to group. Yet, there was, in her manner, a reserve, that commanded respect from all; and few would have dared to call on her for service, as free as they called on Frau Schnellwind.

Else did not approach the table, where the Laniers sat, for their own servant, Jacques, was in attendance there. But Wyckliffe had, several times, yielded to the temptation of following her movements. Once, too, he had suffered a momentary confusion, at finding her dark eyes fixed upon him. A half smile, dimpling the corners of the arched lips, had seemed to say, that she had not only heard, but understood, his disparaging remarks to Westcott.

"Has the Maid of Mühlen bewitched you, monsieur?" said Louise Lanier. "I am quite fascinated with her myself. She seems above the average of sewing girls, doesn't she, mamma?" appealing to madame. "You were wishing, a few days since, that you might secure a German girl, for your tire-woman. This one, yonder, is neat and comely. Suppose you propose to her to accompany us. Fidèle, you know, is to be married, as soon as we return to Paris."

Madame raised her eye-glass, and bestowed a comprehensive look on Else Von Böeck.

"The girl seems well enough in appearance," she answered, "but she has too much of the grande air. I fear she would not readily adapt herself to the position."

"She would never adapt herself to a position of servitude, you may rely upon it, madame," interposed Wyckliffe, eagerly. "She has breathed only the air of liberty, in these mountain fastnesses; she is no common servant girl."

Miss Lanier fluttered her handkerchief impatiently. It was the first sign of petulance he had ever detected in her; for nothing usually disturbed her well-bred and graceful composure.

"There is but the difference in name," she replied. "The girl occupies the position here, of a servant. Mamma can, at least, make the proposition. For my part, I think, the girl will jump at the chance."

"Don't be hasty, Louise," repeated her mother. "I would prefer speaking to the girl, before I decide. There is much in the voice and manner of a maid. Fidèle's voice actually soothes those terrible headaches of mine. Her tones are low and musical. This girl, probably, speaks harshly, like her class, and that would kill me."

"The point is easily determined," said Miss Lanier, coolly. "Mr. Wyckliffe, will you ask the girl to bring me a drink of water? Mamma has sent Jacques for those grapes, you know."

Wyckliffe half rose, and then hesitating, said:

"Hadn't you better seek a more private opportunity? The young lady is the Fräulein Von Böeck, not a common servant. She is a niece of the prior in the monastery, below here. As you may remember, a party of chamois hunters, including my friend, Westcott, came from St. Moritz, in this direction, about two weeks ago. They chanced upon this hotel, and Leonard learned all about her, then."

Louise Lanier shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"Monsieur Leonard," she said, "is a regular Bohemian. His tastes are never to be accounted for. But I am convinced that this girl will be gratefully submissive to any destiny, which will release her from the horrible monotony of her present life. However," turning to Wyckliffe, "you need not assume the responsibility of calling her. I will do it myself."

She tapped on the table, with her knife handle, as she spoke. Else, but a short distance away, turned quickly. Her color heightened a little, when she saw Miss Lanier beckoning to her. But she did not hesitate a moment, to obey the summons. Perhaps she carried her stately figure the least bit stiffly, as she came forward, however. Wyckliffe felt himself the more embarrassed of the two. He only restrained his inclination to gnaw his moustache viciously, by punching holes, with the tines of his fork, in Frau Schnellwind's damask napkin.

Under no circumstances would Miss Lanier have permitted herself to appear rude.

"Our waiter has gone on an errand," she said, "will you do me the favor to bring me a glass of water?"

She spoke in a musical voice, and in sweet, broken German. Else Von Böeck unbent at once. For a moment, she was quite deceived. She answered Miss Lanier's bright little smile, with one even more sunshiny, but wholly sincere and hearty.

"Certainly," she answered, cordially, in her own tongue, and went to a distant side-board,

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where the water bottles stood. Every bottle had been emptied. But, rather than keep Miss Lanier waiting, she raised a large pitcher, and started to carry it to her table.

In an instant, Wyckliffe was at her side.

"Let me," he said. "Such a great pitcher is too heavy for you." He spoke in rapid German.

For the briefest moment, she flashed upon him a defiant gaze.

"The heafiness could not hardly be too much for me, Mein Herr," she said. "It iss the same wasser pitcher you saw me bring from the fountain, less than one hour gone by. I haf done it many times, and it iss no fatigue to me."

He stood as if petrified. She had spoken the words, plainly and distinctly, in English, with but a slightly foreign accent, and a quaint way of putting the phrases. Fortunately for him, she had not awaited the result of her home-thrust; but had passed on her way, bearing the pitcher to Miss Lanier. He was determined, however, not to risk another such look from her. He quite turned his back to the table, where she now stood, quietly hearkening to, and, now and then, answering, the questions with which madame and her daughter were plying her.

How marked the contrast, between the dark, sparkling, sensuous beauty of the one, and the blonde, sunshiny presence of the other! He turned his back, as we have said, on the picture they made, and stood at a distant window, staring sullenly down at the torrent, which, fed by glacial streams, rushed past in the gorge below, white, foaming and roaring, its narrow channel choked by huge rocks, borne thither by the force of the current in seasons of freshet, from time immemorial. He noted its turbulence; but did not see what a mountaineer would have perceived, at a glance; that the stream was deepening, where it was hemmed in by the cliffs.

His thoughts were, probably, with the trio at the table, for presently he deserted the windows, and, satisfying himself, by a look, that the interview was over, and the Laniors disengaged, he crossed directly to them.

"What success?" he asked, seeing that Else Von Böeck was beyond ear-shot.

Madame Lanier lifted her shoulders, and opened the palms of her hands outward, with an expressive gesture. The daughter elevated her arched brows, smiling languidly. Somehow Wyckliffe experienced a sensation of relief.

"It cannot be possible," he said, "that the Fräulein rejects the offer of you ladies."

Miss Lanier gave a sarcastic laugh.

"Strange, but true," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

Wyckliffe's eyes followed, for an instant, the stately girl, moving amongst the guests.

Madame here spoke.

"Yes! She refuses. She says her father is an officer of the court, and will, this winter, require her attention over his household. But that's all nonsense. The man is, probably, only a court baker, barber, or boot-black. Surely, a dignitary of the court would scarcely permit his daughter to be a servant here. Pshaw!"

"It is difficult to decide, madame," answered Wyckliffe. "The Germans are a primitive race, at least in the simplicity of their manners and customs; and the German women are singularly exempt from the restrictions that shackle the sex elsewhere. Leonard tells me, this girl has been reared in these mountains, subject only to the training of her uncle, the prior of the monastery, below here. He has doubtless allowed her great latitude, in her choice of occupations, out of study hours."

"The conventionalities of a French education please my taste better," announced madame.

"With the result of such an education and training before me, Madame Lanier cannot wonder that I heartily endorse her sentiment," said Wyckliffe, gallantly, looking openly at the daughter, and bowing low.

Louise met his admiring look, her dusky eyes lighting up, all at once.

"Indeed," he went on, stimulated by that glance, "I have no sort of fancy for a masculine woman. There is always a possibility, in this unconventional country, of a Fräulein Von Böeck, fair, as she undoubtedly is now, being developed into a deep-voiced, large-handed, high-stepping Frau Schnellwind."

Louise Lanier's musical laugh rippled out upon the air merrily. She was recovering from her petulant, and sarcastic mood.

Hence she was the more ready to adopt Wyckliffe's suggestion, made as they arose from the table, that she and her mother should take a look at the torrent.

"The descent is so abrupt, that the stream has almost the velocity and beauty of a waterfall," Wyckliffe said, as they crossed to the window.

Miss Lanier shuddered, as they bent from the casement, to look down at the gorge, near the verge of which their hotel stood.

"What a terrific force it has," she said, watching the whirl of the currents, as if fascinated. "Is it the churning of the waters, which gives them that peculiar, creamy whiteness?"

"Partially. But the stream is made up from the drainings of the glaciers and snow hills above Mühlen, and such waters are always milky."

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"What are those blue and white flowers, peeping from the cliffs, on the opposite side?"

Wyckliffe followed the direction of her finger.

"I am not enough of a botanist to tell you, but they are cheery and bright, are they not—to bloom in a place so inaccessible?

"Are they inaccessible then? Could one not cross the stream on those boulders?"

"Possibly; but it would require the steadiness of nerve and foot of a chamois hunter."

"I am sorry," she said, heaving a sigh of disappointment. "I am quite grieved to know the flowers cannot be reached; for I am inclined to think that that white blossom is the Alpine rose; and it is so rare, that I have not yet secured a single specimen for my herbarium."

"If I had Soliman's carpet, or a flying trunk—" began Wyckliffe, playfully.

"Where would be the fame of Leander, if he had waited for magic, to bear him over the tides of the Hellespont?" said Miss Lanier, flashing on him the bewildering gleam of her eyes.

A sudden determination compressed his lips.

"Leander dared so much for the woman, whom he loved, and who loved him," he half-whispered, bending towards her. "I did not say it was impossible to reach the cliff over there—but—if I bring you one of those Alpine roses, it must be done with the understanding that I am to have whatever guerdon I may demand."

Miss Lanier's rich color deepened.

"I shall promise no reward, until I know the extent of the danger incurred," she said, quickly; and turning around, called to Else Von Böeck, who was passing by.

The girl obeyed the summons.

"Have you ever crossed that torrent," said Miss Lanier, "to the opposite cliffs, on those jutting rocks?"

Else smiled.

"Certainly. Lisabet and I haf crossed it efery day—you understand, during the dry season, when the cattle are in the upper pasture—It iss a fery easy thing to do, to go ofer, when the tides run low. Now you see, it iss quite more difficult."

"Yet, possible to accomplish, still?" asked Miss Lanier, not looking at Wyckliffe.

"Ach, yes, possible—for Lisabet. I, and Lionel, my deerhound, crossed ofer, this fery forenoon. I and my dog returned also; but in the last hour or two, a quite heafy rain has fallen above here, and the rocks iss almost under water."

"You could not then cross there now?"

"The passage I could make, this efening," returned the maid, hesitating. "Yet, there would be a risk. Lisabet iss not to come back, that way, to-night."

Miss Lanier turned to Wyckliffe.

"You hear what she says," she remarked. "I think you had better not risk the attempt."

"What attempt?" said Else Von Böeck.

Miss Lanier toyed with her travelling gauntlets, but did not condescend to explain. Wyckliffe was the one to speak, being possessed by a spirit of bravado.

"I have promised to Miss Lanier one of those Alpine roses," he said, "that spring from the gorge opposite."

The clear eyes, regarding him earnestly, dilated with surprise and fear.

"You would not surely, Mein Herr. It iss such a danger to haf to meet."

Her voice was raised, unconsciously. Madame Lanier, at the next window, heard it, and was now, all at once, aroused to a sudden consciousness of the debate near her.

"What danger are you speaking of?" she asked, joining the group.

Louise told how she had expressed a desire for the flowers, and added that Wyckliffe had gallantly engaged to pluck them for her.

"For the reward she offers for them, madame, I would dare everything," said Wyckliffe, looking at Louise.

The latter disclaimed nothing.

"But you are not to make the attempt, for any reason," said Madame Lanier, decisively. "Louise can do without her Alpine rose."

"But I do not feel like doing without my reward, madame."

The mother glanced from Wyckliffe to her daughter.

"That point I shall leave for you and Louise to settle. Perhaps, the Fräulein would kindly direct you to where this kind of rose blooms, in some more accessible place."

"Thanks," said Miss Lanier, coolly. "We need not trouble the Fräulein. A rose, so easily plucked, would be lightly won, as the reward for it being easily won, would be as lightly prized."

"Don't be foolish, Louise. You act like a child, begging for the moon. Those roses yonder are simply out of reach, and there is no more to be said about it. Besides, it is time for us to be starting. Here is Jacques now to say so."

Piloted by her servant, she sailed off, and Louise was preparing to follow, when Wyckliffe stepped in front of her.

Else Von Böeck, leaning against the casemeat, and unable to pass them without rudeness, could not fail to catch their brief conversation.

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"It is best we should settle this matter, without delay," he urged, in a tone almost peremptory.

His companion played, quite nervously, with the tassels of her gloves a moment, then lifted her eyes shyly to his face. Instead of reading there the eager pleading of an impassioned lover, she doubtless saw in it, as Else Von Böeck did, more of a masterful impatience.

"Are you thinking of the fate of the maiden, who let fall her glove among the lions, that her knight might snatch it from their claws," she asked, timidly. "Nay, do not disclaim. Our cases shall not be parallel, for, while such a deed of valor and devotion might obtain from me any reward the hero would demand, yet I beg you to hear me command you—command you distinctly," she spoke energetically, "not to venture upon this hazardous attempt."

For one instant his moustache brushed her ungloved hand, as he bowed over it.

"I shall remember your wish, and your command. But," and here he rose to his full height, "neither shall I forget the priceless value, in your sight, of an Alpine blossom, that has been culled under difficulties."

He followed her from the apartment, as he finished, neither of them giving even a backward glance at Else Von Böeck, who was left standing by the window alone.

When they were gone, Else looked once through the casement, down at the torrent, then up the escarpment of the cliff, where the fatal flowers waved temptingly in the breeze.

"He intends to risk his life for those flowers, before he leaves Mühlen," she murmured. "Does the lady realize the danger? Is she wholly heartless? She surely challenged him in a way no lover could resist. But I cannot stand, idly by, to see murder done. I must warn him again, though he should deem me bold, and even officious. As a last resort, too, Lionel and I must be there, to aid him in the emergency, which must arise, if he persists in the venture."

CHAPTER III.

MADAME and her daughter had been comfortably settled in the Lanier travelling-coach, which was about to start, when Else Von Böeck stepped into the court-yard, and heard Wyckliffe's adieu:

"To-night, ladies," he said, "when our coach reaches Tiefen Kasten, I hope to greet you, with the fairest of Alpine roses. While the diligence is being mended, I will essay the task laid on me. But let not Hero forget, that the beacon of hope she has lighted, is to guide Leander safely to her side, though storm and flood should seek to prevail against him. He would never have braved the Hellespont, without the expectation of meeting his lady love on the other side.'

Madame Lanier's face wore an expression of horror, and she lifted her hand protestingly. But Miss Lanier, leaning from the coach, only smiled, and but half-deprecatingly. The next instant, Ludwig had cracked his whip; the four horses had dashed ahead; and the coach was whirled beyond the archway of the court.

Wyckliffe stood watching the departure, while a slight smile curved his lips, until the coach had vanished. Then, turning, he came face to face with Else.

"Mein Herr," she said, in her clear, distinct tones, "pardon me that I haf interfered too much with your plans. But I haf divine your determination to pluck those flowers. I knew, quite better than you, Mein Herr, the danger to cross ofer there; and I must urge you efery way not to risk your life so needless."

Wyckliffe raised his hat, courteously, but the half-sarcastic smile, which he had sent after Louise Lanier, deepened about his bearded mouth.

"At least," he said, "the Fräulein will accept the thanks of a stranger, for her charitable interest in his fate. But, surely, a man were a poltroon, to consider his life, even if weighed in the balance, against the lightest wish of his half-promised bride."

The girl appeared puzzled.

"I haf fear, Mein Herr," she said—"I haf fear my knowledge of your English hass led me astray. In Germany, we cannot know what you would express by a half-promised bride. If you would say the Mees is your betrothed, surely she would nefer demand the risk of your life."

Wyckliffe laughed.

"Miss Lanier is much sought after by a train of adorers," he said, in a tone more flippant than Else Von Böeck would have cared to hear used by a lover of hers; "and, consequently, she does not lightly value the gift, which I would demand in payment for the risk I run. There is no alternative left me, you see. The rose I must have, that Miss Lanier may wear it, to-night."

"I can show you other bushes full of roses as fair, Mein Herr."

He shook his head.

"You heard what she said: it must be one of the roses from the cliff, or none."

Else Von Böeck drew back.

"I haf understanding," she said, looking straight at him, with troubled eyes. "I haf appreciation of an impulse, leading one to sacrifice his, or her life, for the rescue of another life beloved; but a true affection, it seems to me, would

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neither demand, nor accept, a sacrificial offering to be made for a result so—so worthless."

"It is all true as you say," said Wyckliffe, now speaking gravely. "You almost tempt me, Fräulein, to give over this foolhardy deed. But I have given my promise."

"Then you will still gif your life for a wind-flower of the mountains?"

"I *must* have the flower, Fräulein. Yet, I thank you, all the same. One favor I make bold to ask. Do not mention this foolish undertaking to anyone, unless it should be to my friend Westcott, who will miss me, if he returns from climbing that peak, before I get back. And really, you can spare yourself any anxiety. I have been trained to all sorts of athletic feats; and it is a mere nothing to step from stone to stone over that torrent."

She shook her head.

"I know the place, Mein Herr, and I know the rain haf swoolen the stream in the past hour, and the water iss rising steadily. By-and-bye, those boulders will be quite under water—perhaps, before you haf had time to cross ofer and return."

"So much the more need then, that I should make the effort without delay."

He lifted his hat, and had gone several steps, when a sudden determination seized him, and he returned.

"There is one aid, you *can* render me."

"What can I do?" eagerly. "I feel, Mein Herr, I haf no power, any more, to avert the calamity I haf fear of for you."

"You can do much to steady my nerves, Fräulein, if you will forgive the impertinence, with which I spoke of you, awhile ago. It was thoughtlessly said: I did not mean it: pray, forgive me."

"Ah, I was, that I was plebeian enough," with a merry smile, "to have a pitcher poised on my head! Was that the mortal offence, Mein Herr?"

"The customs of my country are so different, Fräulein," he stammered. "It was that which misled me."

"I will forgif you seventy times seven," she answered, eagerly, "if you will but relinquish your hazardous attempt."

"Do you know you are tempting me," he said, "to disloyalty to Miss Lanier? If I relinquish those flowers, I relinquish her likewise—"

She drew herself up proudly. "I thank you," she said, "that you haf shown my interference, to me, in its true light. I cannot haf on me the responsibility, to bias your fealty to Mees Lanier. If she must haf the flowers, I suppose you will dare eferything for to pluck them."

"If then, I bring one of the blossoms, to lay at your feet, will you not grant me absolution, for my unfortunate speech to Westcott?"

"Mees Lanier," she answered, more haughtily still, "would haf no enjoyment of a gift so priceless, did she hear it was shared with another. You haf my forgiveness freely, Mein Herr, for efery small pang my wounded self-love may haf felt, as you pronounced judgment against me to your friend. But, for a gift purchased at such a price, as your offering to Mees Lanier must be, I haf not any use." She bowed to him gravely, as she spoke, and passed into the hotel.

Wyckliffe left the court-yard himself, without further delay, turning his steps toward the path, that led down to the torrent.

Else Von Böeck's haughty air, however, deserted her, as soon as she was out of his sight. Calling to her dog to follow, she sped swiftly up the narrow staircase, to an upper room, where she knew she could overlook, from the balcony window, herself unseen, every proceeding of Wyckliffe. She soon beheld him descending the cliff, and directly he was standing, within its escarpment, exactly opposite the spot where the Alpine blossoms grew.

"The torrent is fearfully swollen, and does rise more rapidly than usual," she murmured, anxiously. "If he is sure-footed, he may reach that ledge, where the flowers do grow. But it is doubtful if the tops of the stepping-stones will be above water, when he is ready to return; and if that is the case, the ledge itself will be submerged, so that he will nowhere have standing room. I did hope, in spite of all, that he would not risk the passage."

As she looked, Wyckliffe had begun his perilous journey. She held her breath, and watched anxiously, nervously clasping her hands together. But his agility was so perfect, he sprang from stone to stone so lightly, that she soon began to smile at her fears.

"He is as skillful as a chamois hunter," she thought, drawing a long breath of relief, as she saw him land safely, at the foot of the opposite precipice. "Ah! he looks for a foothold, that he may climb to where the rose-bush grows. Heaven give him success!"

Wyckliffe hesitated for sometime. There was evidently no crevice, for hand or foot to avail itself of, above the ledge where he stood. Neither goat, nor chamois, could have found a stepping-place there. The flowers, meantime, waved securely, in their elevated niche, above, as if mocking him.

"What will he do?" she wondered.

Wyckliffe still hesitated, as if completely baffled. Then, all at once, he thought of his knife. Lean-

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ing, with one hand, against the face of the cliff, he drew, with the other, his large travelling knife from his pocket. Then he thrust the broad blade open, between the strata of the rock, where it was possible to find deposits of earth and gravel; and so made slight foot-holds. In this way, by slow degrees, he lifted himself, nearer and nearer, to the flowers.

"Nature guards them," he said, "as jealously as the golden apples of Hesperides were guarded by the dragon."

As he spoke, he glanced over his shoulder, downwards, at the whirl of waters, dashing along the base of the cliff, against which he hung, half-way up. Suddenly he thought that he heard a voice, sounding above the roar of the torrent. The sound reached him again, and despite the shrillness of the Alpine cry, he identified it, at once, as the voice of Else. He could not turn his head; to have done that would have been fatal; but he answered the call, as best he could. But he felt sure that his reply was lost, in the roaring of the waters, that now raged, wilder than ever, between them.

After a pause to recover strength and breath, he essayed, once more, to advance. With infinite difficulty, he cut new resting-places for his feet, until, at last, he found he was almost within reach of the bush. Another moment and his success was complete.

Uttering an exclamation of triumph, he grasped the bush, and, bending down the branches, hastily plucked blossom after blossom; then added, quickly, to the roses, a few of the blue and red Alpine blossoms, that grew near. After this, cautiously, he began the descent.

A single misstep, he knew, would plunge him headlong into the abyss beneath. Glancing downward, he shuddered to see the jutting rocks, sharp, cruel, relentless as Scylla, past which the torrent roared, and chafed, and boiled, insatiate as Charybdis. Carefully feeling, with his toes, for the orifices he had cut in the rock, for he could not see them, he succeeded, at last, in reaching the solid shelf of rocks below; and stood, once more, for a moment, erect on his feet, and, for the instant, safe.

His first glance was cast upward to the cliff, from which he had descended. As he looked, his flesh began to creep. Never, until now, had he realized his peril. A single false step, a failure to find even one of the crevices that he had cut, and he would have been at once precipitated into the boiling vortex below; where he would have been torn into pieces, as in some horrible mill, by the grinding, whirling, insatiable waters.

Thinking of this, he looked below. What a whirlpool the torrent had become! The boulders, by which he had crossed the stream, and by which he had hoped to return, were now almost entirely under water. In fact, the very ledge on which he stood, was covered, even as he paused, with the rising tide. In another moment, the advancing surges had risen to his ankles; a moment more, they were half-way to his knee.

"Must I die, here, like a rat in a trap?" he cried. "What, is there no hope? Better to perish in attempting to cross, than to be washed, ignominiously, off this rock."

He advanced to the edge of the shelf, and was about to make the almost hopeless effort, when, suddenly, he heard, above the roar of the wind and waters, a note of warning. It was, at first, a faint, far-off appeal; but it rose, stronger and nearer; and looking across the gorge, he saw, like an angel from heaven, the form of Else Von Böeck.

She stood there, outlined against the greyish azure of the sky, erect upon the summit of the crag, her blue robe fluttering in the wind, her arms reached out to him in eager gesticulation. At her side, was Lionel, her dog, his head turned towards her, as if he was watching her movements understandingly. Wyckliffe could see that she was calling to him, in words; but their import was lost to him, in the terrific roaring of the whirlpool below.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MY TREASURES.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

A few small books with places marked,
A pressed flower 'mong the leaves,
At sight of which, from life's torn threads
A fabric fancy weaves;

A ring, a brooch, a crumpled glove,
I keep, and hold, and prize,
They bring a half-forgotten face
I loved, before my eyes,

And 'mong all those I prize the most,
Is one poor battered toy,
My tears fall fast, 'twas once his own,
My darling baby boy;

A rattle small, an ivory ring,
With tiny tinkling bells,
Two small pink shoes, which, oh! so plain,
Of baby's soft foot tells.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"Mr. Vance, that person? That gentleman, who was coming here so often at one time, is waiting."

Mr. Vance looked up suddenly, like a man disagreeably aroused.

"That gentleman. What gentleman?"

"He didn't give his card. But his name is in my mind, sir, and it is Prime."

"Tell him to come in," he said, pushing back the paper, on which he had been writing.

The man went out, and directly after, the man Prime approached, with a smile on his bland face, carrying his hat in one hand, while the other was held out cordially, as if he were welcoming Mr. Vance to his own house.

"My dear Vance—made up my mind to give you a pleasant surprise, and not spoil it with ceremonies. Bless me, how well you are looking, after your fright of yesterday; that comes of being young. Upon my soul! It does."

Mr. Vance arose with a scarcely perceptible bend of the head. Mr. Prime went on.

"Don't let me disturb you. Sit down, and make yourself quite comfortable. No need of ceremony with me. Now, my dear fellow, how are you?"

While he was speaking, Prime drew a chair close to that in which Vance was seated, seemingly quite unconscious that his extended hand had been allowed to drop unnoticed, and leaning his elbow on the table, repeated with more hospitable unction:

"How are you, and how is my lady; beautiful as ever, I know, got a glimpse of her yesterday; but was in a hurry to drive on, and escape her thanks, dear grateful soul. After leaping from the top of Barnham's high drag, at the risk of my neck, and battling tooth and nail, with the little maroon-colored fiends that were hurling your daughter on to her death, I was glad to escape both my lady's thanks and yours. There, there, now, don't speak, I understand your feelings. No need of words between you and me, only this, how is the young lady? I declare to you, Vance, I never was so grateful in my life. It seemed like a heaven-born miracle, that I should have been there to save her."

There was some truth in what the man was saying, his face quivered with emotion, in which there was no pretence: tears stood in his eyes.

Vance was touched, and reached out his hand.

"I did not know—I was not fully informed—that the strange person, who was so badly hurt, had any help in saving my daughter. Forgive me, if I have seemed ungrateful," he said.

"That strange person. I cannot understand. Ah! now I remember. The woman who attempted to cross the road while I was battling with the horses, and got knocked down, somehow. Was she really hurt?"

"Very seriously. Her arm is broken."

Prime shook his head deploringly.

"Women always think they are helping when most in the way. Poor thing! that hallucination must have been upon her. She was dazed with terror, and ran in front of the horses when our battle was at its height. That is all the account I can give of her."

"Still, the very attempt to stop those mad animals was brave, and deserves our gratitude. She is a slender woman, too, and it is marvellous that the brutes did not trample her to death."

Vance said this with a degree of earnestness, that convinced his visitor that some share of the glory he was claiming must be given up to the wounded stranger, and no one could veer to the wind, more promptly than Henry Prime, when occasion demanded it.

"Brave! of course the woman was brave to be there at all; and if anything could add to the happiness I feel in being once more the humble instrument of restoring that fair young creature to your arms, it would be the certainty that I also saved this unknown person from a terrible death, when I forced those rearing animals back from her prostrate form. Even now I shudder at the peril she was in."

Prime, being a splendid actor, did shudder, as he spoke, and buttoned his coat higher, as if chilled by the awful peril from which he had rescued a fellow creature.

Mr. Vance saw the act, and a faint smile crossed his lips. He had not been altogether deceived by the efforts Prime was making to

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gain the character of a hero; though his daughter's gratitude was unbounded, and she was certain that Prime had been the first to come to her rescue. Indeed, the poor girl had been so terrified, that she was hardly conscious of the presence of anyone else. She was now eloquent in praises of his heroic daring, and almost looked upon the stranger, who lay suffering in her behalf, as a pretender.

"I am sure," he said, with a great effort at cordiality, "we fully appreciate all that you have done. No one could be more sensible of your heroism than my daughter, and if I give some thanks to others, for her safety, that does not, in the least, detract from those we owe to you."

"Don't," said Prime, lifting both hands, with inimitable deprecation. "Don't speak of obligations. As if I could come here with a thought of the kind! Vance, Vance, it is your overwhelming generosity that suggests the idea, but I repudiate it promptly, utterly!"

Vance had heard language like this before, and quite understood how the vehement protest would end. A faint gleam of amusement shone in his eyes.

"I would not offend you by mentioning anything disagreeable for the world," he said, "but a heroic act, that saves the life of an only child, should meet with some recognition."

Again Prime lifted his two plump, white hands, rather in astonishment than reprobation, now.

"Ah, Vance, you are a friendly fellow. I have always said that—always. No other man would ever have thought of coining his gratitude into gold. It is only a sensitive nature that can turn such ideas into words that never wound. Forgive me, if I received your first advance with a little coolness. I am a proud man, my friend, a very proud man, and that one trait in my character, inherited from a long line of ancestors, will rise uppermost and assert itself, when nothing but respect is intended."

Vance did not look up. An awkward pause followed Prime's last words. Directly, that worthy resumed.

"Some men might have misunderstood, but—I—oh, Vance, it is only great minds that comprehend each other. Why should we hesitate to speak out from the heart? You are overwhelmed with gratitude, that I have again saved your beautiful child from death. This weight of debt oppresses you. My dear fellow, I feel as a proud man should; but am ready to make the sacrifice. Write the check. I see that your hands are trembling to make it out. I contest no longer!"

Vance opened a drawer, and took out his check-book.

"How much shall it be?"

Prime met the glance of those eyes, in which there was a laughing jeer. With a pompous wave of the hand:

"Write, Vance, write. I am the last man on earth to limit the dictates of a grateful heart."

Vance laughed. It really was almost a pleasure to him, just then, to be swindled in this regal fashion.

"Will this meet the occasion?" he said, signing the check, and pushing it toward his visitor, who was studiously looking another way, as if quite unconcerned about the document in question.

"Ah, I beg pardon. Did you speak?" he exclaimed, carelessly drawing the check toward him, and glancing at the amount. "Oh—hem—of course. I shall repay this sum, it must only be considered as a loan, pray understand that. The amount is not so large that I cannot meet it. There is my I. O. U." Here Mr. Prime drew a sheet of paper toward him, wrote these three magical capitals on it, and signed his name.

A fresh gleam of mingled amusement and disgust, came into that gentleman's face, as he took the paper, and dropped it on the table.

"I thank you," said Prime, "for the delicacy that accepts, rather than enforces, the payment of an obligation. By making this purely a business transaction, both are saved from a great sacrifice of manly feeling. With me that is everything!"

Here Prime arose, thrust the check into an inner pocket of his vest, and was preparing to go, when the library door opened, and Miss Vance came in. She did not seem to observe that a visitor was present, but went up to the table, and, pushing a stool close to her father's chair, swept down upon it, and resting her elbows on his knee, lifted her flushed face to his.

"Oh, papa, do come and help me. Mamma is making me so miserable. She wants to bring that black-eyed woman, with the broken arm, up here to the Hall, and expects me to help nurse her. Was anything ever half so ridiculous? It was Mr. Prime who saved me, papa. Wasn't it, Mr. Prime? Not another soul came near me when I lay half-buried under the broken carriage. He took me in his arms, and cried over me. Indeed he did; but for him, I should have been killed. It's cruel to thank other people for what he did, and I wonder mamma can do it."

The girl had started from her seat in great excitement as she spoke, her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes closed, and through this fire, came a swift rush of tears.

Prime seemed really touched by her enthusi-

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asm. He took out his handkerchief, and drew it across his eyes, as if really anxious to hide the drops that gathered there.

"My dear young lady," he said, "why should your sweet life be troubled, because injustice will always be at work in the world? It has been my fate to brave dangers often, that others might grasp the reward, nor do I complain, though a total stranger is to be an honored guest in this mansion, in which I am received but coldly."

"Oh, papa, you have not been so unjust—so cruel as that!" exclaimed the girl, starting up.

When Vance met the look, half-defiance, half-entreaty, that flashed on him from her black eyes, as she spoke, the color rose to his face, and his firm lips closed in anything but a smile.

"I think Mr. Prime will hardly charge me with cruelty or injustice," he said.

Dora was about to speak again, but her father arose quietly, and led her from the room.

"Go to your mother, child, and do not venture to question anything she may please to arrange."

The girl gave a rebellious lift of her shoulders, and made an effort to draw her hand away; but with all his courtly gentleness, Vance was a firm man, and this scene had seriously offended him. She saw this, and allowed herself to be led from the library, without further protest, except that she cast an assuring glance over her shoulder at Prime, as the door closed upon her.

When the master of the house turned toward his guest, he saw a look of fierce anger in his face; and was met by a look that astonished him; for it betrayed more genuine passion than Prime had ever exhibited before.

"You will grant the young lady's request. She seems to have set her heart against having these strange people at the hall," he said, almost with an air of authority.

"The young lady is scarcely more than a child, as yet," said Vance. "Certainly, she will not be allowed to oppose any wish of Lady Holden's."

"She is a brave girl; one in a thousand," answered Prime, in a voice that absolutely shook with emotion.

"It is hardly necessary to tell her father that," answered Vance, coldly.

"How can I help it, when her only offence is excess of gratitude to myself? One does not meet with young creatures like that often."

There was something in Prime's manner, as he said this, that made his high-flown praise offensive to the patrician, with whom circumstances had thrown him into more familiar companionship, than could otherwise have been possible. To the father who feels a sensitive respect for the delicacy of a female child, loud praise is always offensive. In this case, it was peculiarly disagreeable; for it seemed to Vance, as if this man were inly claiming some right over his only child and heiress; because of the service he had rendered years before, in rescuing her from a terrible captivity.

So far as money and patronage could reward such services, Prime had been paid twenty times over. The woman, who had rescued Dora from the sinking vessel, had been given an independent home; but when either of these people presumed to claim superior affection from the child, the proud father revolted at the idea. His fortune was easily shared with them; but in all other things, he held aloof. To have loved either of these persons, would have seemed to him a degradation to his child's nature. This feeling had grown upon him, during the years in which the true character of the man had developed itself; and he was, therefore, hurt and astonished by the familiar terms in which they appeared to stand, regarding each other. Under the close guardianship in which Dora had been kept, how could this have happened? The gratitude of a child could hardly have extended as far as that.

These thoughts haunted the master of Aldensgate, long after Prime had taken his leave. Something in the scene, that had just transpired, disturbed him greatly. Disgust of the man who had served him so well—discontent with his child—a general feeling of dismay, that anything had brought Prime into his neighborhood again, where an unfortunate accident had established new claims upon him. This new obligation was so offensive to the proud man, that it overwhelmed all gratitude. Yet how could his pretensions be avoided? Was it possible to close his doors against a man, who had spent years in bringing his only daughter home from captivity?

Vance reflected that an invitation to the Hall had doubtless been expected of him, and felt that, while he had given money freely, common hospitality had been withheld. Still, he could not force himself to regret the ingratitude, not to say incivility, of his act.

"He is the guest of Barnham, who may be prejudiced against him, and question the reason, if I take no steps toward recognizing the man," he argued with himself. The whole world knows of the sacrifices he has made for me; but will never learn how amply they have been acknowledged. He saved my child from a rude—perhaps savage life. I cannot, without self-condemnation, repudiate him. What is this inward repugnance

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that makes me almost hate the man, and render me, at times, absolutely unjust? Of all men in the world, he is the last that I should have turned from my door. To-morrow, I will drive over to Backwell, and force myself to be kinder."

Having made up his mind on this point, Vance left the library, and ordered his horse. He had been too much disturbed for any attempt to resume his old occupation, and rode away, dissatisfied with himself and all his actions of the morning.

Meantime, his unwelcome visitor was walking, at a quick pace, across the park. He knew the grounds well, and took a direct course toward the cottage where Dora's nurse was living. His face was clouded, his movements restless. He would walk eagerly forward awhile, as if drawn on by some irksome idea, then pause, walk slowly, and even turn back, as if he had forgotten something, or was seized with a desire to rest himself in the cool of the shade.

As he stood under the boughs of a grand old oak, from which his presence had frightened away a group of tame deer, a flash of bright color broke upon him through the cool green of the trees, and he saw a pink parasol lightly waved, as a signal for him to wait—a parasol, and beneath it, the bright face of Dora Vance.

Instantly the gloom left the man's face. He dropped his cane, and held out both hands. Dora ran forward eagerly, panting for breath.

"I am so sorry," she said, casting her parasol on the ground, and accepting his welcome with warm cordiality. "I meant to do my best for you; but papa got into one of his hateful fits, and just turned me out. Did you ever see anything so rude? It made me almost hate him."

"Oh, that is like my girl," said Prime, brightening all over.

"Papa would be savage if he heard you call me that, but I like it. Hark, that is his horse—be quick, and tell me what I must do to keep that horrid woman away from the Hall?"

"Hush, come to the cottage, this evening," answered Prime, and they parted.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE was one room in the house, at Backwell, that the young American guest never entered. It was called the host's private study, and might have been well entitled to the name, if that handsome man had been a midnight student; for there was an air of isolation about it that would have tempted thought in a man given to research or reverie. The walls were entirely covered with soft Eastern draperies of rich deep colors, that shut out all traces of windows or doors, and gave to the whole apartment the air of a grand Oriental tent. Divans, easy chairs, and richly inlaid tables, not exactly adapted to the use of books, stood against the draped walls, or were scattered upon a Persian rug that partially covered the polished oak of the floor. Narghili and pipes, with long jasemine stems, stood or lay upon brackets or tables near the divan, and sometimes the scent of rare Turkish tobacco lingered in the draperies, long after the sweet morning air had filled the rest of the house with its own delicious perfume.

To this room, Barnham had been in the habit of retiring, not for solitude or study; for persons especially selected for the occasion usually went with him, when some of the rare and most innocent-looking tables were unfolded, and it was generally broad daylight when host and guests came forth again.

To this room, Barnham and his friends had retreated, directly after young Roxburg took leave of them, and joined Lady Alton in the drawing-room, and there the daylight found them, on the morning after Prime returned from his visit to Aldensgate.

High play had been going on, all night; of which Prime, at first, made himself scarcely more than a spectator; but the gambling spirit came strong upon him, at last, and, when most of the others were ready to withdraw, the interest of the night settled upon Barnham and this man, whose play had usually been cautious, and for small sums, which he paid in little scraps of paper, upon which three innocent-looking letters from the alphabet were written, such as he had given, with a grand display of independence, to Vance, only the day before.

If Prime had been cautious about the amount of his stakes, his skill had been tested more than once, and some considerable winnings had come to him in gold, while his losses were generally represented by paper.

Thus it happened that the interest of the game settled on these two persons, about the usual hour of breaking up. Both were cool, experienced players, so equally matched in skill, that the others were content to watch the game, and bet upon the result among themselves.

Emboldened by a consciousness of the money he had brought from Aldensgate, the man, hitherto so cautious in his ventures, came out more and more boldly, until he astonished Barnham by twice doubling what had been for him perilously high stakes.

"No, no," said Barnham, leaning back in his chair, when a new game was called, at still

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higher stakes, and playing lightly with the cards before dealing them. "This is a little fortune you are risking. As your host, Prime, I cannot permit it."

This was an unintentional assault upon Prime's weak point. To be recognized as a British landholder, and a man of ample means, was the one glory he aspired to.

"As host and guest, there need be no delicacy between us two. Double it again!" he said, expanding himself in his chair, till the snowy linen on his bosom swelled out like the breast of a white pigeon. "The game has been too near equal!"

Barnham, remembering his guest's method of paying losses, smiled as he leaned over and whispered:

"Then it must be gold for gold."

Prime understood him; an evil gleam, that would have sprung from shame in another man, came into his eyes, and was gone. Then he drew himself up with a magnificent smile, and pointed toward the cards.

"I double again, sir!"

"Well, if you are prepared to sell out a principality," answered the host, laughing, as he dealt the cards; "but I warn you, the luck is with me, to-night."

"It has been; but, go on—go on!"

They did go on; and when the wax candles that burned all night in the chandelier overhead, were flickering out, one by one, Prime transferred the check of Asher Vance to Barnham, observing with the careless indifference of a Russian prince:

"I will meet the difference, and the little obligations you hold, early in the week."

Barnham glanced at the check, in the waning wax lights, with a feeling of astonishment. It was not only a large and desirable sum in itself; but convinced him that Prime had spoken the truth, when he boasted of great influence with the master of Aldensgate, and might influence the destiny of its dashing young heiress.

The breakfast hour at Backwell was irregular, as it is often found in English country houses, where the freedom of guests as to their own time is most perfect. The next morning, after that night of high play, in the privacy of the Oriental room, Lady Alton and the young American were the only persons that came down before the trees had lost their dew.

Indeed, the young man had found the breakfast-room empty, when he entered it, after a refreshing sleep, which had kept him unconscious as a child of the gamblers' revel, that had turned night into day for the others. No one of Barnham's neighbors, and few of his household, were informed of the scenes that transpired in that luxurious den; for the persons admitted there, were never of the surrounding gentry; but usually came down from London, as this party had done; or, oftener yet, drifted up from some yachting company, for which a harbor, some four miles away, was a favorite rendezvous in that season. So young Roxburg was not more ignorant of the free life at Backwell, than the old neighbors who had known the place under the decorous rule of Barnham's father, when he came down to that solitary breakfast-room, that morning; but he was well enough acquainted with the habits of the place, to know that this was no extraordinary thing, and sauntered down the hall towards an old-fashioned garden, which, at this hour of the morning, gave out a glorious display of flowers, still heavy with night dew.

If the young man had expected to find some companion of the breakfast-table, loitering in that world of blossoms, he was not mistaken, for there, coming up the stone steps that led down from the house, he met Lady Alton, with her arms full of roses, just open and tremulous with dew, which rained down upon her white dress, bathing it with fragrance.

Roxburg halted on the top steps, and looked down upon the woman. She had drawn back with a start, and, in reaching out to hold by the stone balustrade, dropped some of the roses to her feet. She looked down upon them, and up to him, blushing like a girl, neck, forehead and arms, as if the rose dew had bathed her all over.

The young man, taken by surprise, looked upon her entranced, and holding his breath. The uses of that Oriental room, were not more mysterious to him, than the powers of a woman who can impell the load of her own heart to blushes or pallor, when dominated by a ruling passion. Yet, there are such women.

She stood a moment, with one foot advanced, huddling the roses up to her bosom, and smiling shyly upon him.

"They are so beautiful," she said. "The garden is full of them. These are from the bushes my mother planted, you can see them breaking over the wall." She swept by him like a queen as she spoke, and led the way into the breakfast-room. The late hours of her brother served her well that morning, for the breakfast promised to be a *tête-a-tête*.

They sat down together by a little table, which the lady drew into the recess of a window that overlooked the garden. The roses she had brought in scented the room. Lustrous wreaths of ivy shrouded the window, through which a soft, south wind came up from the garden; hint-

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ing of other flowers and ferns hidden under the old walls.

Apparently absorbed by the fragrant coffee, with which she filled a cup of old Lavre, this woman was calmly reading the thoughts that were crowding each other in her companion's mind. The hope, the dread, the confusion, that denied expression to a passionate impulse. This bewildering chaos would resolve itself into a resolution soon, and the lady knew how to wait and seem unconscious.

"I thought, till now, that a love of country was the strongest and deepest feeling in my heart," said the young man; "but it seems to me, that the very presence of a beloved—"

Lady Alton leaned slightly forward, the breath stood still on her parted lips, then came out in a faint gasp, for the sound of a ponderous knocker, at the great hall door, drowned the words that her very heart was standing pulseless to hear. Roxburg started to his feet, and began to pace the room, irritated and confused. The lady turned pale, and her eyes took a baffled expression, but she reached out her hand quietly, and took some cards from the tray, which a servant brought in.

"Lady Holden and Mr. Vance," she said, smiling on the young man as she passed into the hall. "This is an honor I did not expect."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The woman, who called herself Esther Benson, had been removed from the "Hare and Hounds," and was now a cherished guest at Aldensgate Hall, slowly recovering from her hurt; but in no way relieved from the internal pain, that seemed to lock her features into an expression of trouble, that returning strength only served to make more intense. Lifted on higher ground than the village, the Hall commanded a grand view of the sea, to which her restless eyes were turned, with feverish longing, whenever a vessel passed in sight, or a storm gathered.

During the first days of her sojourn at the Hall, she had spent half her time at the window of her room, looking out upon the distance, and pondering something so deeply, over and over in her mind, that she scarcely spoke to anyone. Even to that fair young sister, who watched her in grieved silence, hour by hour, till her young heart ached with a feeling of desolation, felt that her very presence seemed to be a restraint to Esther—sometimes an absolute torment.

"Why do you feel it needful to be always with me?" the elder woman would say, wearily. "This is a beautiful place—a grand, beautiful place. Make the best of it, while you are permitted to remain here. I have so little need of company. The servants bring me everything, as if I were a born lady."

"A born lady, and so you are, sister Esther," answered the girl. "In America, everybody said that of you, always."

"Though I did keep a shop in Broadway, and sold worsted and ribbons for a poor livelihood," answered Esther, with a proud smile. "Well, it is our destiny to go back to it. We must go—we must!"

"What is the matter, Esther, have you hurt your arm?"

"No!"

"Then why is your face so white and cramped?"

"One gets a habit of fear, you know, dear. That is all. Don't look so frightened! You were saying how much you liked—no, loved Lady Holden."

"Yes, Esther; it almost takes away my breath, when I think of it; and she loves me. I am sure of it. Why, when we are alone together, she always wants me close by her. Sometimes, she stoops down, when I am sitting near her sofa, as you love to have me, and kisses me, without seeming to know it. Then she is so fond of my hair, and curls it around her finger, softly, as if every thread were gold. Indeed, Esther, I think she loves me almost as well as she does Miss Vance herself. That is not possible, you know, of course, and it is only gratitude, because I am your sister, and you loved Miss Vance; but it seems like love."

"Such as I feel for you, Jane?"

"Yes, like that, only I feel, all the time, that I have no honest right to it; and Miss Dora thinks that too, I am quite sure; for she don't like it. Indeed, sister Esther, I think she almost hates me."

"What, the young lady?"

"Yes."

Esther did not speak; but her face flushed, angrily, and her lips were pressed close together.

"She is civil enough when Lady Holden is present; but never speaks to me if she can help it, when we chance to be alone; and that makes me feel like an intruder, sometimes.

"An intruder, Jane. No—no. That shall never be."

Esther started up as she said this, and again that strange spasm of distress swept her features.

"You have a right here," she added, passionately. "They have given it to you."

Jane shook her head.

"Only as your own brave act earned it for me. In my ownself, I am nothing but an intruder."

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Esther turned upon the girl almost fiercely.

"An intruder!" she exclaimed. "You! Jane—Jane, do not say these things to me!"

Esther dropped into her chair, leaned her head upon the window-sill, and burst into a stormy passion of tears.

"Don't, please, don't, Esther. I did not mean to complain, only Miss Dora is so different from her mother," pleaded the girl.

"Dora? Oh, Jane, why do you torment me so?"

The girl knelt down by her sister in sweet penitence. "It is because you are ill, that everything I say troubles you. Esther I came in to tell you pleasant news, and have only made you cry. See how unfortunate I am."

Esther bent down and kissed that sweet, loving face.

"I have been cruel—very cruel, to bring you here, my darling. Having once seen all that charms you so in Aldensgate, how can you ever be happy away from it?"

"That is what was in my mind, Esther. Lady Holden wants to repay all that you have done for her, by heaping favors on me. She said something that almost frightened me, this morning. I could not understand it."

"What did she say, dear?"

"That I was never to leave her; but stay here, and be like her own daughter."

"She said that?"

"Yes, Esther; and Mr. Vance wants it, too."

Esther leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes, as if weary with the subject.

"A strange thing for them to think of, wasn't it?" continued the girl, with some anxious hesitation. "It was like asking one into fairy-land. Such a wild idea, as if I could live anywhere away from you."

Esther turned away her head.

"And you never could be happy here.'

"No—no!" cried the tortured woman, passionately. "Never, never; but you. Let me think. I would give my life to make you happy; but in that way—no, no!"

"Of course not," answered Jane, bravely fighting down a vague feeling of disappointment. You have been both mother and sister to me."

"No, no!"

"But you have; and we can never—never live apart. I don't know why it troubles you so to stay here. The place is so grandly beautiful, and everyone, almost, so kind. Every breath one draws is a happiness. I did not know that any place on earth could be so like heaven."

"Then you are happy among these grand people?"

"Very happy. There seems to be joy in every breath I draw. Don't look so troubled, Esther, are not you here with me?"

"I was with you, in that poor little house in New York," said Esther, mournfully, as if filled with regret for the life she had left behind.

"And I was happy there, too; only it sometimes made my heart ache to see you working so like a slave to keep me at school, and make me nicer than the other girls Why, Esther, I do not think Miss Dora is very much better educated than I am, and you did it all, working days in that little store, and studying everything out for me at night, always keeping ahead in the lessons, so as to help me before I went to school, and hiring that dear old pious teacher for me. Oh, how I did enjoy that. Dear me, what are you crying for now?"

"Perhaps, I am looking back to those days, as the happiest I have ever known, Jane."

"Then we must go back to them, and I will learn to work for you. You did not think me very vain when I had the ambition of becoming a teacher, and that is being somebody in New York, though it will seem a little dull after Aldensgate; especially, as I am to make believe that I am a real young lady, when Lady Holden's guests come from the place they call Backwell."

"Lady Holden's guests? Is there to be company at the Hall?"

"Oh, yes, ever so many people. A splendid lady from London, who has been presented to Queen Victoria. Then, there is the young master of Backwell, and some other gentlemen, invited. They will be at Aldensgate some days. Lady Holden says that Miss Vance isn't out yet; but that she is to help entertain the guests, and—but, perhaps, you won't like it, Esther—she wants me to meet them, just as if I were a young lady of the house."

"A young lady of the house, Jane?"

"Don't—don't look so disturbed, Esther. I came in to tell you about it; but not to insist. Lady Holden has sent for some new dresses, that she wants me to wear; but, of course, if you dislike the idea, I won't think of it."

"But you must think of it. What right have I to oppose Lady Holden's wishes? I, who should feel honored, if she deigned to hold me as a slave."

"But, instead of that, she wants to claim you as a friend."

Esther put up both hands.

"Hush, Jane, hush. That can never be!"

"But, you permit me to wear dresses like a born lady—oh, Esther, you cannot imagine how lovely they are?"

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"Yes, I permit you to wear anything that Lady Holden desires."

"How good you are? How good everybody is!"

With a kiss, that seemed to burn Esther's forehead, the happy girl ran out of the room, unconscious of the bitter pain her visit had given.

Long after she had been left alone, Esther lay back in her chair, clasping both hands behind her head, and apparently worn out with agitation, but now and then a tear would force its way through her closed eyelids, and her lips would move, as if some burning thought in her brain must find utterance in speech.

During this time, she heard a sound of carriage wheels, coming and going, and a faint sound of voices from the hall, denoting the arrival of guests; but none of these voices disturbed her. She lay there, hour after hour, like a broken helmed vessel drifting toward a destiny that no human power could prevent. Disabled in her person, baffled in her best resolves, what was there for her to do but endure and wait.

After a time, the woman was aroused from this cruel reverie, by the entrance of some person, who came in like a gust of morning air, fresh, happy and radiant.

Esther opened her great, black eyes wildly, as the girl broke into her presence.

"'Jane!" she said, fixing a bewildered gaze on the fair young creature, who stood blushing under the shy triumph of her own new loveliness, "Jane!"

It was all that she could say; but a glow of tender admiration came into her eyes. With her sound hand she unconsciously clasped the other, forgetting the pain in that sudden thrill of happiness.

"Tell me," questioned the girl, blushing scarlet, as she looked down upon herself, "tell me if I really am as pretty as the dear lady says?"

"Pretty!" exclaimed Esther. "Oh, my darling, you are beautiful!"

Again the girl kissed that irradiated face, blushing deeper than ever.

"She helped dress me with her own hands. Dora was angry about it; but I do not think my lady cared much. Oh, Esther, I am so pleased that you like me."

Esther drew that fair face down to her bosom, and kissed it tenderly, yet with a sort of reverence, as if it were some sacred flower, too delicate for a ruder touch than the night dew gives in falling.

"Doesn't it seem as if I were dressed in snow," said the happy girl, lifting herself up from that soft embrace, "snow and flowers floating together?"

It did indeed seem as if those lovely creations had met and blended in the gauzy fabric of that dress, and the natural flowers that kindled up its folds. Two or three half-opening roses seemed dropping from the waves of her golden-brown hair, and their faint perfume beclouded her with invisible sweetness.

Fully, and with a pang of mingled triumph and pain, Esther recognized the perfect loveliness of the nature she had loved and slaved for. She also felt in the very depths of her heart, that in some way she was drifting out of her own life.

"The guests have arrived—all of them," said Jane, with animation. "There is an American gentleman among them; and I am to sit next him. It frightens me a little; but I am glad of it; for there will be something that I shall know how to talk about, so that he shall not guess that this is my first dinner. Oh! Esther, how I wish you could be there."

"I shall be happy in thinking of you," said Esther, smiling; for the very presence of that happy girl, had made her put away all harassing thoughts for the time. "By-and-bye you shall tell me all about it."

"Of course; there would be little pleasure if I could not do that," answered Jane, leaning against the window-frame, and carelessly looking out. All at once she started, drew back, and said, hurriedly:

"Let me move your chair a little, Esther? Some of my lady's visitors are on the lawn. There is Lady Alton. The American is with her, and that other person who walks so grandly. Miss Vance is there too, and he is talking with her."

Esther arose, languidly, and Jane wheeled her chair a little closer to the window.

"See, that is Lady Alton—the tall lady in crimson, with that black lace shawl thrown over her head. You cannot see her face very clearly, because of the shadow that falls from the lace; but she is very handsome!"

Esther looked out vaguely, and with effort, as people who are ill accept the direction of others, because they have no spirit to resist; but all at once the blood flushed up to her pale cheeks, her eyes widened, and her lips flew apart.

"What is it? What is it that you see?" questioned Jane, alarmed by the staggering movement, with which she fell against the window-frame.

Esther did not answer, but threw out her sound arm, helplessly, seemed to grope her way to the chair, and fell into it, shuddering, as if a flash of lightning had blinded her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE."

BY NANNIE SADLER.

"WHAT is it you have there?" said Mrs. Lyman, to her little niece, who sat absorbed, on a seat in the porch, reading.

"Please, aunt, it's a magazine Mrs. Morton lent to me; do just look at it; how beautiful it is."

"Not I," said the aunt, with a grunt. "Pretty doings, indeed! Your uncle and I ain't going to spend money on sich trash: and I'd thank Mrs. Morton not to be a spilin' you, with it either."

The Lymans were comparatively rich. They were plain, plodding people, but they owned one of the finest farms in the region, and that region was an exceptionally picturesque one. Mr. Lyman, however, never saw its beauty; it was only its productiveness that impressed him: "them hills was the finest pasture land in the country," was his way of praising it. His wife was equally of "the earth, earthy;" she shut her eyes to all that refined, elevated, or ennobled life: "sich things is a waste of money," she said.

Their house was scrupulously clean, and neat from the annually white-washed ceilings, to the great flat stone that formed the door-step; but there was not an engraving, or a book, or a periodical to be found within it: in everything that contributes to taste and beauty it was deficient: a refined mind, eager for intellectual food, would have found there only "dry husks."

And this is what their niece, pretty little Flora Wilde, found. Flora was not absolutely beautiful, but her eyes were large and bright, and her masses of rich, gold-brown hair might have been envied, even by a princess This hair, which took, every day, more or less time to dress properly, was a grievous offence to her practical aunt· "I'm a mind to cut it all off," she often said, "it's of no use to anybody, and it's a deal of trouble to take care of, and will only make the child vain, and the Scriptures says 'vanity of vanities,' you know."

Her aunt had not long left the porch, when Harry Hastings passed by, returning from trout-fishing, and stopped to speak to Flora. Harry was the son of a great Beacon street magnate, in Boston, and came of a family that had been distinguished, in the history of the country, for nearly two centuries. He was some five years older than Flora, and had been a private pupil, for more than a twelvemonth, with the Rev John Mather, the clergyman of the neighborhood. Somehow, little Flora had always had a peculiar charm for him, and seeing her troubled look, he stopped to ask the reason.

She frankly told him her trouble. "Oh!" she said, "if aunt would only let me subscribe for this book. It takes me into a different and more refined life. I wonder," artlessly, "if there really are any ladies as beautiful as those I see in the fashion plates, or as elegantly dressed? Or is life, anywhere, like that described in some of the stories?"

"Yes," Harry said, turning over the leaves of the magazine, "I have seen plenty of ladies like these, and I hope, some day, to see you among them. Why not?" as she started. "You have every natural gift: all you need is cultivation: life, that is the highest life, does not consist in 'adding acre to acre,' and eating only dry husks."

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, as if all this was a dream, and as if it was a dream too impossible to be realized. "That's what Mrs. Morton tells me. Aunt thinks books and magazines are a waste of money; but Mrs. Morton says they are the 'Sunshine of Life.' She says that, after the dry, monotonous days of housekeeping, to have a magazine to read, rests and cheers her so."

"And Mrs. Morton is right," Harry replied. "Look here, Flora, you seem to like the book; let me subscribe to it for you. Your aunt won't mind. It's what it costs, you know, that she objects to: you'll find she'll be as fond of looking at the pictures as anybody; and she's been civil to me, in her fashion; and I'm going away, you know, in a few weeks, to enter Harvard."

Flora's gratitude was too great for words. But who shall tell her grief at hearing of Harry's departure? She had never known anybody she liked so well; he was so gentle, so refined, and yet so manly. he was altogether different from others that she met; and secretly he had long been her hero.

The magazine came monthly, to brighten her life, as Harry had promised But it did more. it educated her For she culled from it many, and hitherto unthought of inspirations, in literature and art. It made her love books, pictures, everything beautiful, everything that elevated and refined the mind. Artistic tastes cannot

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grow and expand in the soul without outward manifestations being the result. Gradually, Flora's appearance altered. Her dresses were modeled after more shapely patterns, and better adapted, in color, and other things, to her face and complexion.

Though Flora's household duties consumed nearly all her time, she managed to find leisure for manufacturing pretty trifles in embroidery, by sitting up at night: and the patterns for these she found in her magazine. At first, the Lymans were inclined to oppose her strivings after knowledge, as well as, what they termed her "starched up" appearance. Mrs. Lyman declared that "there was no use in wearin' a collar every day," and also that "she never hearn tell of anyones turnin' out very well in life, that was so stuck up." But finding that these things never interfered with Flora's regular duties, her aunt and uncle finally concluded to keep silent.

It often happens, that a soul, thirsting for knowledge, will gather together, in his or her mind, a more ample store, with the most limited opportunities, than another would do, with wider opportunities. It was so with Flora. She had the advantage of the little village school, and with this, in connection with the rare books she possessed, she acquired, in three years a fundamental, solid education, which many a boarding-school Miss might have envied.

But she had a deeper gift than mere taste and refinement. Flora was an artist. The engravings in her magazine were to her what a school of art is to others more favored. She copied, and copied them, till she had really acquired facility and power. Next, she began to draw from nature. Once, and only once, she ventured to confide her aspirations to her aunt. Her hope was that Mrs. Lyman might sympathize with her, and place her under instruction. But her aunt only tossed her head indignantly, and declared that "it was a purty occupation for a young gal, to be drawin' pictures of trees and houses, with the smoke curlin' out of 'em."

But Flora did not despair. When God plants a fire in a human breast, it cannot be smothered. At last, her opportunity came. One summer, Miss Mehitable Palmer, a wealthy and middle-aged maiden lady, came to Lyman Grove for quiet and health, and hearing of Flora, became interested in her, and resolved to educate the girl as an artist. Flora, at first, could scarcely believe in the generous offer of this kind benefactress. When she had fully comprehended it, she burst into tears, and for some time, was unable to speak her thanks.

When the summer days had gone, therefore, Flora went back to the city with her new friend. Here she seemed to be transported to that realm of fairy-land, in which she had so long dwelt in imagination. She was placed under the instruction of the best masters in her art, and made such progress, that, in little more than eighteen months, the whole city went wild over one of her pictures, on exhibition in the Academy of Art. The picture represented a gorgeous sunset, in a picturesque, hilly region. In the foreground was a child, and beside it, a young hunter: both brought out vividly against the golden sky and wooded summits. The name of the artist was not given, however: and this stimulated curiosity all the more.

Meantime, she had made her debut in society, under the auspices of Miss Palmer, who was one of its acknowledged leaders. Flora had found, that, ever since the magazine, the "Sunshine of Life," as Mrs. Morton had called it, had been known to her, she had lived, as it were, among these people that she now met. If she lacked anything, her quick perceptions, and ready observations, soon came to her aid. Her intelligent, ever-varying beauty, charmed everybody, and she was soon the centre of an admiring circle.

Not long after her picture had appeared, a grand ball was given, to which she was invited. In her elegant white cashmere; and with her rich, glossy hair, arranged in the most faultless and becoming manner, she was so lovely, that, as she entered the drawing-room, everybody exclaimed: "Who is she?"

"What great luminous eyes?" declared a handsome gentleman, who had just come in, his look following her, as she walked up the room, graceful as a Diana. "Why, Hastings, you're not falling in love already," answered the one addressed. "She's very beautiful, though, isn't she? And of the highest kind of beauty, the intellectual!"

"What is her name?"

"She is a Miss Wilde, *protégé* of the wealthy Miss Palmer, and reputed to be her heir."

Hastings said no more, but thought to himself: "Surely I have seen that face before. But where?"

Later in the evening, when he had been introduced to Miss Wilde, the conversation turned upon pictures, and he asked Flora if she had seen the one at the Academy. Flora admitted that she had.

"Do you know," he said, "that that picture is something of a mystery to me? A few years ago, I was an actor in a scene, precisely like the one represented. And yet, it can't be more than a coincidence."

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She looked up quickly. "It is strange, certainly," she answered; "but such coincidences will happen, sometimes."

"Yes," he replied. "But the very trees and hills are the same. Perhaps the artist had visited the same place."

"That is very possible," she answered, laughing. Then a gentleman came up, and claimed her for the next dance, and they parted.

Just before the party broke up, however, Hastings found Flora disengaged, and asked her to take his arm. They strolled into the conservatory.

"Pardon me, Miss Wilde," he said, "but I have a vague impression, which I cannot shake off, that somewhere, and at some time, I have seen your face before?"

"Perhaps in a prior existence," she said, laughingly. "You know there are many people, who hold to that romantic theory."

Something, in the almost emotional lightness of the tone, struck him.

"Tell me, truly," he said, "do you remember seeing me before?"

"Do you remember," she said, "making a present of some books, and a magazine, to an awkward, uncultured little girl? It was ever so many years ago," she added. "And you told her that, you hoped, some day, to meet her on a level with the ladies in the fashion plate?" She looked, roguishly, at him, as she spoke.

"What?" he cried, the whole thing bursting on him at once. "And you, really, are little Flora? And painted the picture? Great heavens! what a donkey I've been, not to see it before."

Three months after, they were married. The wedding was at Grace Church: a bishop officiated: there were six bridesmaids; and it took a column and a-half, the next day, in the newspapers, to describe the affair, which was declared to be "the event of the season."

It was after the conventional honey-moon, (but the real honey-moon with them will last all their lives) that Flora, sitting on her husband's knee, one evening, said:

"Do you know, Harry, that I owe all my happiness, all the inspiration of my life, to you?"

"How so?" said Harry.

"Well, you sent me, for three whole years, a magazine—don't you remember?"

"Of course I do. But what has that to do with it?"

"Only this. That the magazine taught me, there were other things to live for, besides mere money. It was 'Peterson' that first opened my eyes to the great world of beauty, and culture, and refinement. I would have been, to this day, but the awkward, uninformed girl, you first knew, if it hadn't been for 'Peterson.' It has been to me, really, as Mrs. Morton said, the 'SUNSHINE OF LIFE.'"

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY MINNIE IRVING

The poet sees, as through a vail,
A vision of the moonbeams pale,
That on thy cloisters faint and fail,
Westminster!

The stars have lit their tapers bright,
And shining downward through the night,
Behold the grandeur with delight,
Westminster!

Thy massive walls are dark and old,
Thy lofty arches carven bold,
Thy sculptured inmates still and cold,
Westminster!

Across thine aisles, the shadows play,
And o'er the tablets find a way,
And in the antique chapels stray,
Westminster!

The shadows of the garnered years,
With all their hopes and joys and fears,
Upon thy noble front appears,
Westminster!

A mighty treasure-house thou art,
Wherein the nation sets apart
The gems she wears upon her heart,
Westminster!

Within thine ancient walls, the great,
Alike forgetting love and hate,
Must lie at last in robes of state,
Westminster!

And those who sleep amid the dust,
In sweet simplicity and trust,
May find their names among the just,
Westminster!

But now I see, as through a vail,
The glory of the moonbeams pale,
That on thy cloisters faint and fail,
Westminster!

Though time may rend the mist away,
That hangs before me, and I may
Behold thy splendors by the day,
Westminster!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume for either street or house. The material is plain Surah silk, (which is a soft twilled texture), and polka dotted foulard for the over-dress, and trimmings. It is made with short, round skirt, not more than two and a-quarter yards wide, which has a foundation of Silesia; this is faced on the outside the depth of a hem, with the plain silk; then the trimming is arranged, which consists of first, a knife-plaiting of the plain silk, four inches deep, then a gathered ruffle of foulard, edged with an inch wide lace, above this, another ruffle of foulard, similarly



No. 1.



No. 2.

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trimmed; then another knife-plaiting of the plain silk, which has a-half inch wider lace, arranged to edge the knife-plaited flounce, as may be seen. From the waist, down to this last knife-plaiting, the front and sides of the skirt are frilled lengthwise. The back quite plain. The over-dress is a polonaise, cut with the skirt front, plain and long enough to allow for the shirring up the



No. 3.

front seam, which makes the dress open over the apron of the skirt, as seen in the illustration. The back is full, and a good deal draped in pouffs. The edge of the whole is trimmed with lace, one and a-half inches wide, to match the skirt. The cuffs for the sleeves, and the plaited trimming on the waist, are made of the plain silk, edged with lace, and plaited to a long point to the front, when it is finished with a bow and ends of ribbon. This is a very pretty design to make up the dotted all wool French buntings, combining plain bunting or silk for the underskirt and trimmings, six to eight yards of plain



No. 4.

goods, and the same of the figured material will be required, nine yards of inch wide, and nine yards of inch and a-half wide lace for trimming.

No. 2—Is a toilette of pin-striped black cashmere, trimmed with silk or satin. The plain round skirt has simply one box-plaited flounce, four inches deep, on the bottom of the skirt. The over-skirt is draped high on the left side, pointing

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to the right, handkerchief shaped. This is edged with a double band of either silk or satin, wider at the bottom, and sloping to an inch at the top, where it finishes with a bow and ends. The long coat-shaped basque, has double revers of the trimming, finishing the front of the skirt. The same style of trimming is arranged upon the bodice, fastening in front like a fichu. Cuffs to match. Sixteen to eighteen yards of single width material, or nine to ten of double fold. Two yards of silk or satin for trimming.

No. 3—Is a costume of bèige colored camel's hair. There is a kilted skirt, edged with a tiny knife-plaiting of satin, put on to show only three-



No. 5.

quarters of an inch below the kilts. This is arranged upon the foundation of the skirt, and is generally made about two inches deep. As it wears, it can be rehemmed and replaced. The over-skirt is draped in deep plaits, scarf-shape across the front and sides. The back reaches to the bottom of the skirt, and is straight, and laid in three double box-plaits, which are ironed to make them lay flat. The trimming is a fine knife-plaiting of satin stitched in the centre. The basque-bodice is paniered on the hips. The back is laid in box-plaits, to match the skirt, that is, from the waist. A narrower knife-plaiting trimming the bodice, simulating a vest in front. Standing collar, and small double cuffs complete this costume.

No. 4—Is another walking suit of coachman's drab cloth. It has also a kilted skirt. The over-dress is simply piped on the edge with satin to match; open in front, and one side arranged with three plaits. It is drawn up quite high on



No 6.

the sides, and the back slightly draped in pouffs. The long coat basque has only pockets and buttons as trimming. It is piped with the satin, same as the over-skirt, eight to ten yards of cloth will be required.



No. 7.

No. 5—For a boy of four to five years, we have here a suit with knee pants and jacket, over a loose plaited kilt of the same material. Plain or pin-checked cloths are mostly used for these suits.

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No. 6—Is a costume for a girl of six to eight years. It is made of figured and plain damassè. It has a kilted skirt made of the plain material, edged with the figured goods. The coat is short in front, to show the kilted skirt, and the back has long coat-tails. A scarf of soft twilled silk is



No. 8.

arranged across the front, finished by loops and ends of ribbon, on the right side. A sailor collar, and deep cuffs to correspond, complete this costume. Large bone buttons are mostly used.

No. 7—Is another costume for a little girl of six to eight years. The material is bèige colored flannel or cloth. The skirt is kilted, and the paletot is trimmed with a wide galoon of brocade. The same finishes the revers at the back; the collars and cuffs. Bands of figured silk or satin may be substituted for the galoon in trimming.

No. 8—Paletot for a boy of four to six years. It is made of cloth, and simply bound with silk braid and stitch by machine.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

GARDEN BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag may be made either of Holland crash or gray linen. Whichever material is chosen, it should be mounted on cardboard, and lined with linen. Before stretching on the cardboard, the material should be divided into four parts, and the lines stitched by machine, and each division embroidered or braided in some simple design, and in a contrasting color. The inside is divided in a similar manner, and the bag is intended for holding seeds, gloves, and small garden implements, such as scissors, strings, etc.

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JACKET, WITH HOOD. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, one of the new style JACKETS, WITH A HOOD, now so popular, the prettiest of all the patterns of these jackets that have appeared.

Folded in with the number, is a SUPPLEMENT, containing the patterns, full-size, and by which any lady can cut out the jacket, without having to call in a mantua-maker. There are four pieces, viz:

I. ONE FRONT.
II. HALF OF BACK.
III. UPPER AND UNDER PARTS OF SLEEVE.
IV. HALF OF HOOD.

The letters and notches show how it is put together. The jacket is fastened straight down the front, with large bone buttons.

This jacket may be made of India cashmere or cloth, either beige color or black.

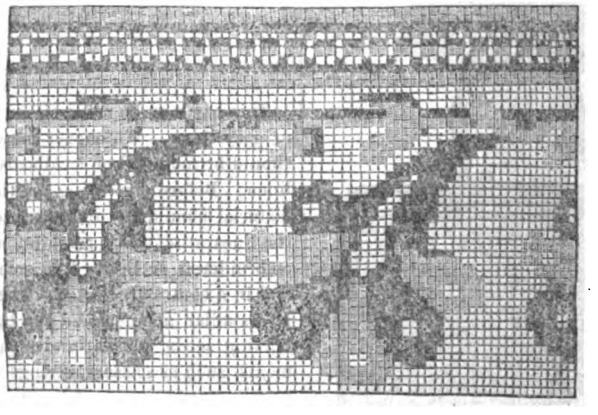
The hood should be lined with either striped or dotted silk, or with some bright colored satin, as there is quite a furore at present for these gaily lined hoods. The toque, or hat, worn with these jackets is generally made of the same material as the lining of the hood.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, some designs in crochet for Tidies, etc., etc.



TAPESTRY DESIGN: IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Work in cross-stitch, in contrasting colors.

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LAMP SHADE

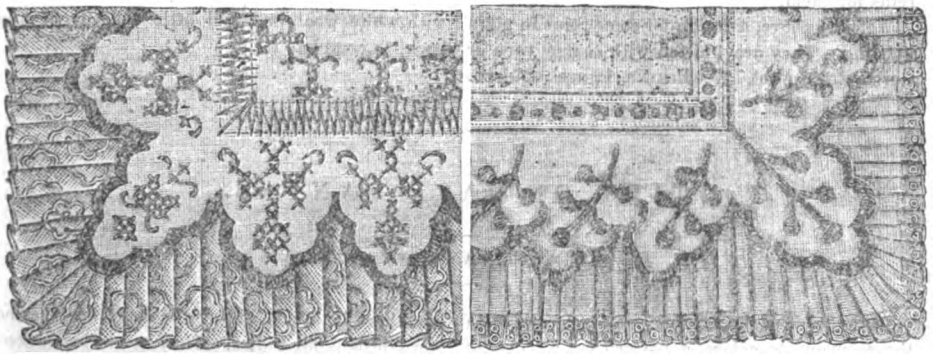
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This lamp-shade is made of black perforated card-board, or canvas. The upper and lower borders are worked over with gold-colored filloselle, in little stars and squares. The design in the centre is formed of silver canvas, cut eight holes in width, five rows of eight holes; between the eighth and ninth rows, a stitch or square is cut away on each side. These pieces are cut in this manner, the right length, then gummed over the black board in the centre, and are sewn down with a double cross-stitch. It is one of the very newest designs.

TWO DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERING HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

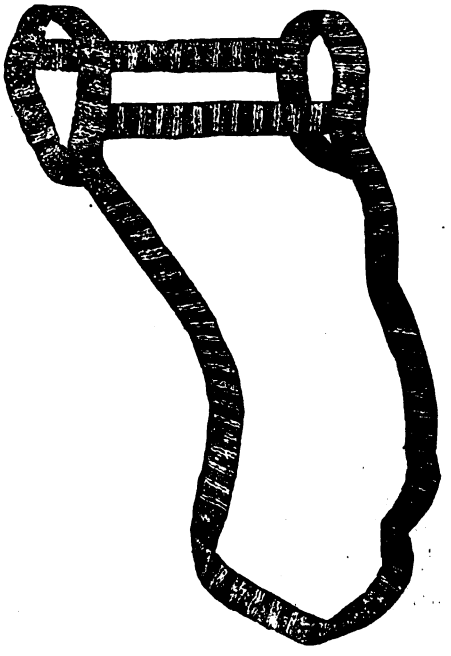


These designs are to be worked in colored cottons. The first one is done in cross-stitch, the second one in satin or over-stitch. Plaited ruffles of lace, or fine linen lawn edged with lace, is sewn under the scalloped edge. Red, or navy-blue cottons, wash better than other colors.

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REINS FOR A CHILD: KNITTED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



There is no amusement that little children are so fond of, as that of "playing horse," as they call it, and for this purpose they are always asking mothers, sisters, etc., etc., to buy or make reins for them.

We give, above, a design for some reins in plain knitting. They are knitted with coarse yarn or Germantown wool. Needles No. 12 are required. Cast on fourteen stitches, and in plain knitting, knit a length of three yards for the reins, four pieces of half-a-yard each, for the arms and cross pieces. Work the name of the child, or of a favorite horse, on the front, in cross-stitches, with white wool, and add little bells, front and back, to complete it.

TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in the appropriate colors, a pattern for a Tidy, to be worked on Java canvas. Or, if preferred, the design, which is an unusually effective one, may be done in crochet.

On the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, there is, in addition to the usual dress, some more designs for Tidies. They are to be worked in crochet, and may be used in combination.

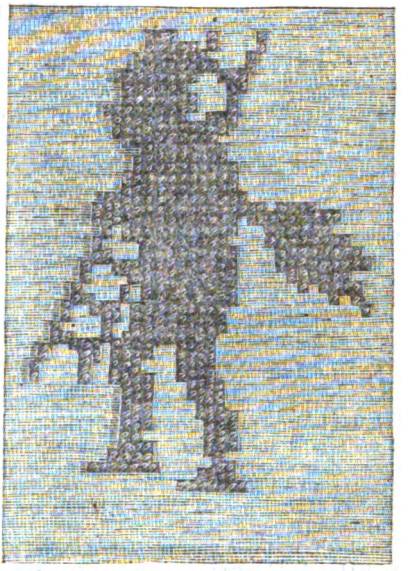
Altogether, we give, in this number alone, as many patterns for Tidies, as would cost, at a retail store, the price of the number.

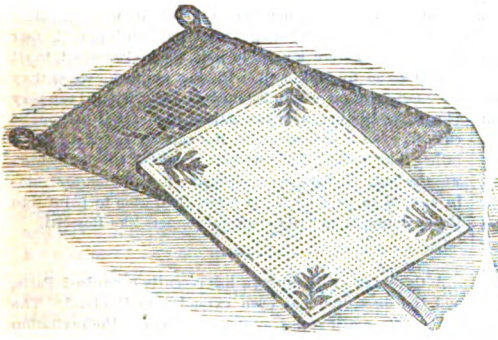
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NEEDLE-CASE.

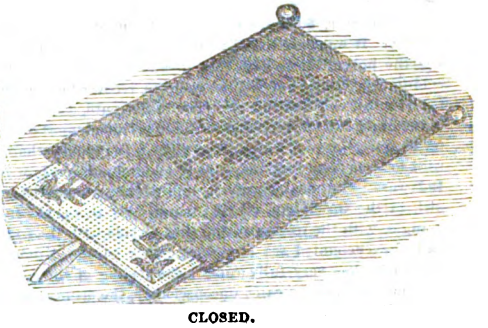
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The inside of this case is made of perforated card-board, either white or cream color. On it, embroider in cross-stitch with silks, either the initials, or else small designs in the corners, or both, as the taste may decide. This is lined with crimson satin, and to this is attached small pieces of flannel—pinked on the edges—to hold the needles. A loop of ribbon is added at the centre, to pull it out of its case. The outside case is of red cloth, on which is worked also in cross-stitch, the chimney-sweep design, done in black silk or wools. First work the design, as given here, and then shape and form the size most convenient; this must be lined with something stiff, and then covered with satine, so that the inside case will slip in and out easily. Finish with cord and loops at the corners.





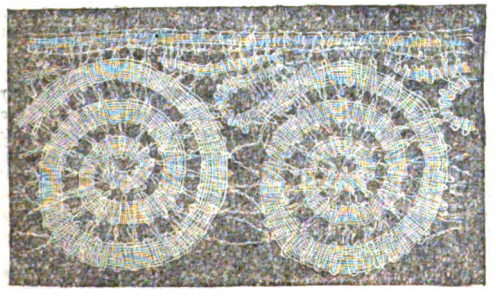
OPEN.



CLOSED.

DESIGN FOR LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Use point lace braid and fine linen thread. Arrange the braid upon colored paper or muslin, after the design given, and then join it with point lace stitches. This is a very simple design, and very easily carried out, by anyone having any experience in making these laces.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"At Sorrento:" Orange-Picking.—Every one is familiar with the phrase, "See Naples and die." Nor is the praise, implied in the saying, unmerited. Certainly, there is nothing so beautiful, of its kind, in all the world, as the Bay of Naples.

From every point, the view is lovely. But it is at its best from the sea-road, that is terraced around the hill of Posilippo, to the south of the city. Naples lies on your left, to the north, rising terrace on terrace from the water, glittering white against the deep blue sky. Following the almost circular sweep of the bay, the eye rests on Vesuvius, to the north-east, with Pompeii, a little to the right of it, and at its foot. Nearly due east is Castellamare. From there, the bay begins to come out towards you again, and you see Sorrento, perched like an eagle's nest, on the perpendicular sea-cliffs, to the south-east; the end of the promontory; and then the island of Capri lying, purple and vague, off the horn of the crescent. Looking south, along the western shore where you stand, you follow the indentations of the bay, till you see Baiæ, and then out at sea, but within an hour's distance, the fair islands of Procida and Ischia, swimming in the magic haze.

The late T. Buchanan Read has made this scene familiar, by one of his best known poems, "Drifting," the very rythm of which, to say nothing of its word pictures, is full of the dreamy sensuousness of the "sunny south." Of all that fair scene, however, Sorrento is ranked foremost, by general acclaim. It was here that Tasso once lived: they still show you the house. It is here that invalids, prostrated by the debilitating climate of Naples, come to recover health and tone, in the exhilarating air. For in Sorrento, you feel as if you could live forever. But Sorrento is famous, most of all, for its orange-groves, which are as plentiful as apple-orchards used to be in New England, or as peach-orchards are now in Delaware. Our steel engraving represents a young Italian girl, in the Greek cap, that so many wear there, picking oranges, with the roses growing side by side with the fruit, and the enchanted sea stretching away in the distance. The artist has very fully caught the feeling of the scene. As one sees it, one recalls, unconsciously, the opening lines of Read's poem:

> "My soul to-day
> Is far away,
> Sailing on the Vesuvian bay."

Some Popular Errors are, to believe that the more hours children are at their studies, the faster they learn. Or, the more a person eats, the stronger and fatter he will become. Or, that if exercise is good for one, it should be taken at all hours and seasons, the more violent, the better the result. Or, to imagine that the smallest room in the house, is large enough to sleep in. Or, to eat without appetite. And especially to eat a hearty supper the last thing at night. The old English saying is, after all, not to be despised. "After dinner, *rest* awhile; after *supper*, walk a mile."

It Is Not Too Early to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about joining in a club for "Peterson" for 1881. If people take only one magazine "Peterson" is the one; if they take more than one, "Peterson" should be taken first; for no other combines so much for so little money.

The Beauty of Italian Women has long been conceded. Yet a late writer, who seems to have lived in Florence for some time, denies that this beauty is to be found, except occasionally, and then only among the peasantry. She says, "among the upper classes, eyes are all that are possessed, in the way of beauty." We think this a mistake. We have frequently seen very beautiful women, belonging to the Italian aristocracy. We name, particularly, the Princess Pallavicini; and any one who has been in Italy, can mention others. Yet the most beautiful woman, to-day, among the Italian upper classes, is of American birth, the niece of a Philadelphia Judge, distinguished in the past generation as an orator and poet likewise. Curious to say, the handsomest Italian man we ever saw, is married to an American lady, and he is a descendant of an ancient house, known the world over, for a terrible tragedy, at the close of the sixteenth century. When we first saw him, he was the ideal of a young Apollo. We saw him a few years after, and alas! he had grown *fat*.

Graceful Walking, according to the London Truth, has almost disappeared in England. The editor, speaking of one of the Queen's Drawing-Rooms, says that there were plenty of beautiful women there present, but very few who walked well. We fear that the criticism might be made, with equal truth, of the generality of American women. How few, especially of our younger ones, walk with grace! Our grandmothers were taught to hold themselves erect, to sit straight, and to walk well, with just as much care as they were taught other accomplishments. Now, if a girl can play Chopin, or Beethoven, or can talk of high art, it is thought enough, even if she stoops in the shoulders, and draggles rather than walks. For our part, we think the old fashion was the best. To hold one's self erect; to walk, not to stride; in a word to be graceful, is better than even to paint like Bruno Jones, or to write medieval sonnets like Rossetti.

A Question of Etiquette has recently convulsed Paris, and the discussion has even extended to England. The King of Greece, it seems, went to the races, at the invitation of President Grevy, and occupied the state-box, with the President's wife and daughter, and other ladies, all of whom stood, out of respect to him, during the entire performance. A leading London journal maintains that this was wrong; in fact, insinuates that it was no better than "flunkeyism." The ladies, in the President's box, were, it says, "officially republicans," and not expected to stand in the presence of royalty, no more than in the presence of any other man. If it had been at Washington, the paper aptly asks, "would American ladies have stood?" We are glad to see that one London journal, at least, has the courage to speak the truth on this subject.

Even Riding Habits are beginning to yield to the growing taste for color in dress. Heretofore, they have been made of dark blue, or dark green cloth, and perfectly plain. Last winter, in England, a few were seen on the hunting-field, with cutaway bodices, showing a scarlet vest beneath. This summer, serge green was very fashionable, and now some serge greens are worn as light in tint as a poplar leaf. One lady appeared in Hyde Park, with a chestnut-colored habit, that matched exactly with her horse and her hair

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for this magazine, and back numbers can be supplied, if desired, either from the July number inclusive, or from the first of the year. *No other two dollar magazine can be compared with this.* On this point, do not take our assertion, but examine for yourselves. Notwithstanding the enormous advance in paper, we keep "Peterson" at old prices. "A small profit on a large edition, rather than a large profit on a small one," is our motto; and is one of the secrets, we are fain to believe, of our unexampled success. Subscribers, beginning with July, get the whole of the three novelets, "The Lost Talisman of Montezuma," "The Maid of Mühlen," and "The Three Acts," besides the powerful story, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "Lost;" and any number of shorter tales, sketches, etc., etc. *Specimens sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs.*

IF YOU WOULD SAVE money, subscribe for "Peterson." So writes a correspondent, who has been taking the magazine, as our books show, for more than twenty years. "I have saved five times the cost, through the full size patterns alone," she writes. "I, and my children, are always dressed in better style than my neighbors, because I have such a variety of costumes to select from, all the latest and best Paris ones, and not those of second-rate New York, or Philadelphia dress-makers, which are what appear in the ordinary fashion books. As for the steel-plates, colored patterns, stories, etc., etc., they make 'Peterson' indispensable to every family of taste." We receive scores of similar letters every month.

GLOVES USED TO BE CONSIDERED indispensable for gentlemen. But of late years, a great change has taken place in this respect. The reform, for we really consider it a reform, began in England, and has extended to the United States. Gloves are now hardly ever worn, except at dancing parties, where, if not worn, the dresses of the ladies might be soiled, in round dances. On the continent of Europe, gloves are still regarded as necessary; a gentleman, who appeared without them, would be considered ignorant of the usages of good society.

A NEAT CARRIAGE RUG may be made of brown holland, bound with colored ribbon or braid, and a wreath of flowers and leaves in the centre, surrounding a monogram. Forget-me-nots and leaves are particularly effective for a design, with a binding of dark green or light blue. An appliqué design of some pretty chintz, worked on with colored silk, always looks well, and the new shaded roses on sateen grounds are beautiful for the purpose.

"THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE."—There is a moral, in the little story, under this name, published in the present number, which is too often overlooked. "Dry husks" are poor eating, and life, without books, periodicals, etc., is, to a refined person, a life of "dry husks." If a little more was spent on cultivating the mind, and improving the taste, and a little less on grosser demands, everybody would be happier, as well as better.

COOKS MAKE THE MISTAKE of boiling things too much. Meats especially, after reaching the boiling point, should simmer; and the toughest meats can be made tender in this way. If you would retain the color of any vegetable, plunge it into cold water after boiling. If anything is made, accidentally, too salt, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and one of sugar will correct it.

IT IS UNIVERSALLY CONCEDED that "Peterson" is, of all the lady's books, that are published in the United States, and in the world, THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

SINGLE NUMBERS of this magazine will be mailed to any address, postage free, on the receipt of twenty cents. We make this announcement, in consequence of the many complaints we receive, saying that back numbers, and sometimes even current ones, cannot be had of the local agents. The fact is, the demand is greater than the local supply.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

No Relations. From the French of Hector Malot. Translated by the author of "Christy Carew." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—It has been a surprise to us that this novel has not been republished before. It won the famous "Monthyon Prize," in Paris, offered for the best fiction, that should be unexceptionable in tone, and yet of first-rate merit. For more than a year, it has had an unbounded popularity in France; and it has fully deserved this success; for merely from an artistic point of view, it is beyond praise. Many of the scenes are as racy as anything in "Gil Blas." But it is not only humorous, it is pathetic also. Yet to no part of it can exception be taken. The chapters, entitled "The Inundation," "A Living Tomb," and "Saved" are as powerful as anything in fiction. The characters, moreover, are well discriminated, and truthfully drawn. So firm is the author's touch, so wide his sympathies, that we even come to love the showman's monkey, and Capi, the inimitable trick-dog, as if they were "flesh of our flesh," and human like ourselves. In a different way, what can be more inimitable than the frying of the pan-cakes, when the hero brings home the prince's cow? We recall nothing so good, in its way, except the banquet in "Vivian Grey," and a description of a dinner in Paris, by Thackeray.

The Duke's Children. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 4*to. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is the best novel, take it altogether, that Trollope has written for several years. We meet several of our old friends again—Palliser, now Duke of Omnium, Phineas Finn, and the rest. In Miss Boncassen, we have the nearest approach to a correct portrait of a cultivated American girl, that any English novelist has yet given us, though even this young lady says and does things that we, at least, never knew a well-bred American girl to say or do.

The Creole Beauty. By the late Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here another novel of Southern life, by the late Mrs. Dorsey. In this line of fiction she excelled, being peculiarly fitted for it, not only by education, and general ability, but by intimate acquaintance with her subject. Her books are full of local color, therefore, and of pictures from real life, two things in which the new school of novelists, whatever other may be its merits, is lamentably deficient.

The Stranglers. By Adolphe Belot. Translated by George D. Cox. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this novel was also the author of the famous play, "Article 47," and is one of those French novelists of the best school, perfect in their art. This new fiction is one of great power, and has already been dramatized, with wonderful success. The plot turns on a mysterious murder. Poe never did anything of the kind better.

Beauty's Daughters. By the author of "Phyllis," etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this fiction is always particularly happy in describing bright, sparkling girls, or women. Sometimes a touch of the coquette adds to their piquancy. Mrs. Charteris, in this novel, is one of this kind. In some of the chapters, there is a good deal of tragic power.

Rules In The Standard Game of Croquet. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—These are the rules, adopted by the "National Croquet Club," and therefore those to which appeal, in the last resort, is made.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST" is the greeting with which the August number was received everywhere. The newspaper press was particularly unanimous on this point. The Edina (Mo.) Sentinel says, "as the publisher claims, it is unquestionably the *cheapest and best*;" and this opinion is echoed by several hundred other notices now before us. The Sandy Hill (N. Y.) Herald says: "The engravings are always the best." The Oneida (N. Y.) Dispatch says, "filled with more than the usual number of attractions." The Chester (Pa.) Times says, "A distinctive and new feature, this year, is the illustrated articles, which add much to the interest." We have not space, however, to quote further. Only remember that, for 1881, as well as for 1880, "Peterson" will be, of all the lady's books, *the cheapest and best*.

INDISPENSABLE TO THE TOILET.—If our lady friends should once try Champlin's "Liquid Pearl," they would award to it the palm for beautifying and preserving the complexion, and for removing all imperfections and blemishes of the skin. Titiens says, "It is excellent;" Charlotte Thompson, "The best;" Lotta, "I shall use no other;" Janauschek, "Superior to the one I brought over from Paris." Such is the testimony of the leading ladies of the stage, and found to be true by the thousands who are constantly using this harmless but incomparable cosmetic.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS DISEASES.—W. A. Hammond, M. D., late Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, said that under the use of arsenic and Horsford's Acid Phosphate a young lady recovered her reason, who had been rendered insane by a dream.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No Sour-Curd or Wind-Colic; no Feverishness or Diarrhœa; no Congestion or Worms, and no Cross Children or Wornout Mothers where Castoria is used.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—BONESET.

Ague Weed, Indian Sage, Thorough Stem:—EUPATORIUM PERFOLIATUM—from Eupator Mithridates, who first brought the plant into notice, is an indigenous herb, found in almost every part of the country; most abundant, however, along streams, and in low, moist meadow lands, and possesses the following botanical characters:

Stem, two to four feet high, corymbosed at summit; heads, five to twenty, flowered, white; scales, eight to fifteen, more or less imbricated; fronds, whitish, and even pubescent; leaves, four to six or eight inches long, oblong lanceolate, connate-perfoliate, rugose-veined, crenate-serrate, very pubescent beneath, as well as minutely resinous-dotted. Heads of flowers (white) clustered in large corymbs.

The whole plant is a valuable medicinal agent, when properly applied. Boiling water extracts all the medicinal properties of the plant, and hence, the hot or cold infusion is generally employed.

The *cold* infusion or *tea*, possesses tonic properties, improving digestion, and invigorating the whole system, while the *hot* infusion, in large draughts, will produce vomiting, with copious perspiration, and subsequently purging, with free action of the kidneys. Hence, mothers can readily see to what important uses they can place this herb. The common people, in many districts of country, cure themselves of ague and fever with boneset. They first take a strong infusion, as hot as can be readily swallowed, and repeat every half-hour, till the stomach is completely evacuated. Copious perspiration attends this action, and the bowels are also acted upon. This breaks up the *cold stage*, and prevents the usual subsequent fever. During the *intermission*, the infusion is taken cold, quite freely, and it acts as a tonic and antiperiodic, similarly to quinine. Many practitioners in the west, esteem the *boneset*, when thus administered, quite as successful in the cure of chills, as bark or quinine.

In sections of country, therefore, mothers should provide themselves with boneset, cutting it when in bloom, and curing it in a dark, dry garret, and use it as before mentioned, in bilious attacks, sick-headache with disordered stomach, or when any one of the family has taken cold, or is threatened with catarrh, pleurisy or pneumonia. A mustard foot-bath, and a mustard poultice or 'leaf' to the painful part, are always useful adjuncts. When the attack is broken, a little of the *tea* taken cold will tone up the system, and prevent a return.

The active principle, *eupatorin*, when triturated with sugar, ten grains to ninety, makes a convenient remedy for mothers to administer, when small doses are an object, and where the taste is consulted. When thus mixed, five to ten grains will be found to increase the secretion of bile, and impart a healthy action to that organ. Hence, it is a remedy of much value in dyspepsia, dependent upon a debilitated state of stomach, with torpid liver—administered with quinine, it will often be attended with the happiest effect in ague. It increases peristaltic action of the bowels. The great use of the *boneset* is in recent colds, hoarseness, debility of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, and in intermittent diseases. Hence, the name "ague weed," given it by the Indians; and the name *boneset* was obtained from its remarkable power it shows in relieving the *bone-pains* of colds, influenza, etc., or *break-bone fever*.

The homœopathic indications for using this plant, are thirst before the chill, bilious vomiting during the paroxysm, and slight perspiration at the close; and if the peculiar bone-pains are present, it is doubly indicated.

The writer has found it very useful in cases of frontal headaches, soreness of the scalp, soreness of the eye-balls, etc., in addition to the above symptoms. Every family should have a good supply of the dried herb in the garret or store-room.

FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

HOW TO TURN AUTUMN RAMBLES TO ACCOUNT.—How many pretty and useful little oddities may be fabricated by those roaming in the country, and possessing natty and busily inclined fingers, willing to turn their health-seeking rambles to the fullest account. To many of us, the proscribed constitutional hangs heavily on hand, and very welcome would be some object to lend it interest; yet easily we may break this monotony, although resulting in perhaps mere trifles, still capable of giving much pleasure as a souvenir, and often many an acceptable and novel article for sale at a bazaar, in aid of some favorite charity. At this time of year, the country is generally very beautiful and rich in its treasures. To begin with; the numberless lichens, mosses, and gaudily tinted leaves—how well may these be utilized. Many of us can sketch a little, and we are pleased to preserve thus some pleasant incidents of our wanderings, but then the framing often becomes a matter for some consideration; however, it may be very effectively and inexpensively managed at home, with the additional recommendation of affording amusement for some of the long, wintry evenings. The pretty pieces of moss, lichen, grass, tiny ferns, and red leaves should be gathered, dried, and pressed

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and then, when the sketch is mounted, these should be gracefully arranged round the mount as a border, about one inch and a-half wide, in lieu of a frame. The French glue will be found the best for fastening to the cardboard. When dry, a piece of glass should be placed on the top, and stout pasteboard, of corresponding size, at the back, the whole being bound together by black ribbon, tape, or velvet, about an inch and a-half wide, and fastened with the glue; but, previously to this, two small rings should be attached to the pasteboard, in order that the sketch may be suspended. Exceedingly tasteful and durable photograph stands may be made from the young shoots of the fir tree, generally known as the Christmas tree. These should be procured about twelve inches long, and then left for two or three days to dry, when the tiny leaves will brush off easily. Eight strong pieces should be selected, and firmly sewn together, or else bound with wire, in the shape of a double Oxford frame; the four inner pieces being about an inch apart from the outer, thereby allowing for the width of the border. Having procured some more fragile pieces of the fir, and which as yet will be found quite flexible, prettily lace them in and out of the framework, being careful to bring the bunchy tops of the shoots prominently to the front. Three more strong pieces will be required to complete the stand, two of them being attached to the top, much resembling the form of St. Andrews cross, and the third intended to become the support of frame, fastened to the middle of the cross, with a handsome, bunchy head left above. In the course of a few days, the whole may be varnished, and, when dry, a piece of black elastic sewn across the back, to keep the photograph in its place. The result will be found to amply compensate for the time and trouble expended.

The large fircones may be transformed into novel match-stands, for hanging on Christmas trees. The pedestal should be formed by rustic twigs—three bound together in the middle, by fine wire, so as to form a double tripod. The cone must be glued in the upper, and then both that and the pedestal neatly touched by Chinese white and vermillion. It should be varnished, and when dry, the cone filled by wax matches, thereby having a resemblance to a porcupine. The large ones can be split, and used to cover boxes to hold ferns and flowers in the summer, in lieu of fenders. A pretty cabinet or bookcase may be manufactured out of an old box, by industrious fingers collecting the small cones, beech nuts, oak apples and acorns. The wood may be stained a dark color, and merely centre groups, and borders of the rustic work attached, or else the entire surface may be covered, with just the centre and border slightly more raised. If a cabinet be intended, a shelf must be fitted in the box, and then the inside lined by crimson cotton velvet, a framework, covered by rustic work made for the doors, and glass fastened in. When this has been varnished, it will have very much the same effect as the leather-work cabinets, at one time so popular. The faded ferns of red and golden tints are very pretty, when pressed and arranged in vases among grass; also in the grate over pale-tinted muslin in the summer.

For selling at autumn bazaars, lavender faggots invariably meet with favor—indeed, as a rule, no one refuses to buy, and they are not only pleasant, but also quick work. Select an uneven number of heads, if the flowers be fairly fine; thirteen will be found sufficient. Tie them strongly together, close to the heads, and then firmly turn over the long stems, thereby covering the flowers. Slip in the end of very narrow bright colored satin ribbon, and lace it alternately over and under the stems, at first tightly, towards the middle, loosely, and again tightly, until the end of the flowers. Some prefer now, to cut off the stems, and finish each end with a bow, and, if intended for a desk or work-basket, it is more convenient, but for selling at a bazaar and all other purposes, it is far better to just wind the ribbon over the long stems, until the end, forming a sort of handle, when a bow at the end lends a charm to the whole. These charming little faggots retain their perfume for a very long time, and are most acceptable amongst linen, paper, etc. Unique Christmas birthday cards may be of home manufacture, by gathering all the silvery tinted leaves and pressing them. When required, on the upper side should be written in colored ink or paint, some appropriate verse or motto, and on the reverse of leaf, the date and name of sender. The stalk can be lightly stitched on to a piece of gay ribbon, fringed at both ends, as though for a book-marker, and, indeed, it may be suitably used as such. In South Africa there is a tree bearing a leaf, very much the shape of our willow, but of quite a silvery texture, most adaptable for such a purpose, still doubtless many of our American plants may be thus utilized.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

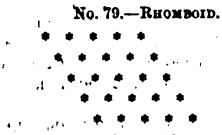
☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 78.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 10, 11, 16, 13, 22 is droll.
My 20, 22, 25, 24, 26 is to muse.
My 5, 12, 18, 23, 14 is not heavy.
My 14, 17, 22, 13, 26 is fatigued.
My 6, 10, 11, 4, 6, 19 is a vegetable.
My 2, 16, 6, 14, 5, 13 is to lie close.
My 6, 11, 6, 1, 15, 3, 9 is a girl's name.
My 8, 11, 22, 17, 7, 11, 6 is fierce.
My 14, 21, 3, 16 is character.
My whole is the title of one of George Macdonald's books.

Marblehead, Mass. MISS H. M. L.

No. 79.—RHOMBOID.



Across:—One who tends a sick person. To aim. The understanding. Splendor. Gentle heat.

Down:—A consonant. Aleft. To plunder. A title of honor. To establish by law. A thin piece of baked clay. A short sleep. A preposition. A consonant.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 76.

H		H			A			T	A	T T L E R
A		O			P	P				A
L		N			O		P			R
C	H	A	S	E		L	O	V	E	N
Y		S			O		A			I
O		T			G			S		S
N		Y			Y				E	H

No. 77.

S P R A Y
P R A Y
R A Y
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HOW TO FURNISH—No. II.

Your Mantelpiece-Board will be covered with velvet, with either fringe, lace, or worked border as fancy dictates; and your mirror I should advise being framed with velvet, with shelves for china. If your husband is fond of carpenter's work you can press him into the service, for the frame need only be of plain deal. If made with shelves for china the work would be rather more complicated; then you could get a carpenter to make the frame, which you could cover, and on the shelves mount your plates, cups, jars, and such odds and ends, but avoid formality; do not pair your articles exactly; you wish to produce a pleasant effect, so bear in mind that stiffness will entirely counteract it. It is far better to mount your china and choicer articles for which you have an affection in this way than have them on little tables, where they are apt to be knocked over and broken; besides, they show to more advantage. Brackets in the corners and recesses are easily made, and when furnished with photographs in stands, flower-vases, *bric-à-brac* generally, look very well.

With regard to the minor decorations of the drawing-room, the art-work, the crewel coverings, the ornaments, much must depend on individual taste; but at all events let an air of refinement and of use pervade the whole room. You cannot well do without flowers—living, growing flowers—or plants. We find deep wicker-baskets the best pot-stands for the windows, placing under them bits of bound china matting to prevent the water, if spilt when the plants are watered, injuring the carpet. Small pots of hanging-plants, such as lobelin and drooping ferns, look very pretty in wicker wall-baskets; tall leaves, palms, lilies, should stand in single china pots on brackets or back table. In towns it is expensive work providing flowers constantly for vases, but growing plants supply to a certain extent their places. In the country it is always possible to have your rooms well decorated with flowers—wild flowers, as well as the more carefully-tended greenhouse and garden productions, violets, harebells, primroses, dog roses, forget-me-nots, bluebells, and all the countless varieties, to say nothing of grasses, ferns, bindweed, and rich-colored leaves. If you have a taste for flowers—and if you have not you had better at once begin to cultivate it—you need never be without some of Nature's beauties to feast your eyes on. Plants in house-decoration are essential.

Corners of rooms can, with a little thought, taste, and attention, be made extremely pretty. Most people like to have in a room their own especial pet place. The mother has her corner for writing and working, with her own table or tables arranged for her especial use; the daughter or daughters, have theirs; the pet photographs, pictures, "knick-knacks" here find a place, the particular chairs affected by the occupiers of the corner, with coverings of their own work, the bracket book-shelves with favorite authors and works of reference; perhaps a pet plant, an old china bowl of flowers, a workbasket, or, at all events, some things which show that the room is a room really lived and worked in, not kept up entirely for company, as too many drawing-rooms are. Too many ornaments interfere with comfort, and give a museum-like look to a room which destroys individuality.

Have three or four good sheepskin rugs about your room in front of the fireplaces and windows; they always look well be they either white or black, the latter the most useful because they do not look dirty. Occasional mirrors, round and oval, with sconces before them, light up a room, and unless very highly gilded and ornamented are not very expensive; they look very well framed in plain velvet to match the chimneypiece-glass. Have brass fender and fire-irons if you can procure old ones, and, if possible, a tiled fireplace.

In the drawing-room water-colors, engravings, and photographs may all find a place; but do not mix oils with them. Frame some of your photographs in velvet.

It is not to be supposed that all your ornamental furnishing can be done at once; the better plan is to pay as you go, and pick up from time to time as you can afford it those extra "pretties" which, though really not absolutely necessary, yet go a long way towards giving your room the little finishing touches which make it the bright, pleasant, cheerful abode you wish it to be.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Dip some tomatoes in hot water, peel them, cut them in half, and remove the pips. Rub a baking sheet with shallot, butter it well, and lay the tomatoes in it, filling each half with the following composition: Two parts bread-crumbs, one part ham, finely minced, and according to taste, parsley and sweet herbs, also finely minced, and pepper and salt. Put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them a-quarter of an hour. Have ready some round pieces of buttered toast; on each of these, put a-half tomato, and serve.

Corn Fritters.—Take rather old corn; cut it down the middle, and scrape all the corn and milk off the cob. Make a batter of two eggs, six light tablespoonfuls of flour, and a-half pint of milk. Mix it all well together, and drop one spoonful at a time in boiling lard, and fry it a light brown; they will cook in five minutes. Six ears of corn to this quantity. If they are very large, it will take three eggs. Beat the eggs very light; add the milk, and then the flour.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel.—Choose smallish potatoes, and as nearly as possible, all of a size; boil them in plenty of salted water, and when quite done, drain off the water, and put them into the vegetable dish, with a good lump of maître d'hôtel butter. Put on the cover, and keep the dish warm, long enough to let the butter melt, then serve.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter.—Put a couple of ounces of fresh butter in a basin, the juice of a lemon, white sugar and salt to taste, and a small quantity of parsley, blanched, freed from moisture, and finely minced; incorporate the whole together effectually and quickly, and put it by in a cool place till wanted.

DESSERTS.

Chancellor's Pudding.—Well butter a mould, cut in thin slices one and a-half ounces mixed peel, place it in fanciful positions at the bottom and sides of the mould; a-quarter pound currants are required, and about two ounces dried raisins. Cover the bottom and sides of the mould with some of these, and fill up the mould with slices of sponge cake, on which pour a little butter, melted, for the remainder of the currants to adhere to. Beat four eggs with a pint of milk, flavored with lemons, almonds, or vanille, a little nutmeg, and three ounces white sugar, powdered. Pour mixture into the mould, and let it stand two hours; the mould must be quite full; cover with a cloth, put into boiling water, and boil an hour. In taking up, let it stand two or three minutes before dishing. Serve with sauce in a tureen.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Warm a quart of new milk, sweetened with a-quarter pound of loaf sugar, flavor it with vanille, rose-water, brandy, lemon peel, or bitter almonds. Mix three ounces of good arrowroot in a little cold milk; beat up two eggs, and put to the arrowroot; strain the milk into a saucepan, and then strain the arrowroot and eggs into

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the milk, and boil. When it threatens to be lumpy, drop in by pieces, two ounces of fresh butter, stirring well all the time. When sufficiently done, pour into a china mould, which has been wetted with cold water. It may be eaten plain, or with a good custard, or cream poured over it.

Apple Custard.—Peel and core eight large juicy apples, and boil them till tender, in clear water. Take them out and pulp them smooth through a sieve; add a-quarter pound sifted sugar, and the grated rind of two lemons. Put the mixture into a deep dish, about half-filling it; beat the yolks of four eggs light, and add half a teacupful of white sugar, and stir into a quart of sweet milk; stir this over the fire, until it is quite thick, and let it cool; when cold, pour it over the apples. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and pour over the top.

Sponge Cake.—Six eggs, with their weight in fine sugar pounded very fine, the weight of five eggs in flour; beat the yolks and whites separately and thoroughly, then by degrees mix them, and then gradually mix in the sugar; beat the eggs and sugar together for twenty minutes. Then by degrees mix in the flour, but do not beat the mixture after the flour is in.

Oatmeal Pudding.—Soak in water for twelve hours, half-pint of fine oatmeal, pour a pint of boiling milk over it, add a little salt, and put it into a buttered basin (just large enough to hold it), with a well-floured cloth tied tightly over it; boil for one and a-half hours; turn it out and serve with cream, or boiled milk, thickened with flour.

Mush Bread.—Make some Indian mush, when cool add a little salt and flour enough to make a thick batter, stir in some yeast. Let it stand all night to rise, in the morning add flour enough to form a dough. Knead it well, set it to rise; when light mould it out in loaves, grease your pans, and when it gets light again bake it.

Windsor Pudding. A pint of bread-crumbs, five apples of middle size, prepared as for sauce, three eggs, the juice and peel of one lemon, and a little nutmeg, if approved; mix well, and put into a quart shape. It is equally good, either boiled or baked, and requires the same time as a batter-puddiug.

Quaking Pudding.—Scald a quart of cream; when almost cold, put to it four eggs, well beaten, one spoonful and a-half of flour, some nutmeg and sugar; tie it close in a buttered cloth, boil an hour, and turn it out with care, lest it should crack. Serve with wine sauce.

Ginger Cakes.—Mix one pound flour and quarter-pound loaf-sugar. Rub into it half-pound butter, two eggs well beaten, and one ounce ginger, ground fine. Beat all well together, roll out the dough to the third of an inch thick; cut out the cakes and bake them.

Dyspeptic Bread.—This bread is made of unbolted flour instead of that in general use. It is made in the same manner as wheat bread, knead it very well and be careful to have it thoroughly baked. Toast made of this bread is very good.

Rye Bread.—This is made in the same manner as wheat, only it must have more rye flour to make a stiffer dough, and requires more kneading. It takes rather longer to bake than wheat bread.

PICKLES, CATSUPS, ETC.

Green Tomato Sauce.—To two gallons of peeled and sliced tomatoes put five tablespoons of mustard, three gills of mustard seed, two and a-half even tablespoons of black pepper, two of allspice, two of cloves, one gill of salt, one quart of chopped onions, two quarts of brown sugar, five pints of vinegar. Beat the spice, and boil all well together to the consistency of marmalade. Be careful not to let it burn or discolor.

Plums In Vinegar.—Take wineseurs, wipe them dry, then pick each plum all over with a needle, place them, as each is done, in a wide necked bottle with three or four sticks of cinnamon; then add about one and a-half pound of white sugar to a quart of vinegar; get it up to boiling point, then let it simmer gently (removing the scum that rises) for about a-quarter of an hour, and pour hot over the plums.

Walnut Catsup.—When your pickled walnuts are soft, mash them through the vinegar which covers them, strain it and boil it to a proper thickness. Bottle it, put a tablespoonful of sweet oil on the top of each bottle, and cork them tightly; seal the corks and it will keep for several years. This catsup is excellent.

German Sweet Pickled Peaches.—To one pint of vinegar, put one pound of brown sugar down weight, vinegar, and cinnamon together, and skim it. Throw in the peaches, and let them scald for five minutes, when they are done. Put them in a jar, and tie them down.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Let the tomatoes remain in salt and water for three days; then take them out, and wipe them dry. Boil the vinegar with horse-radish, mustard seed, cloves, allspice, black pepper, and a little garlic. When quite cold, pour it over the tomatoes.

HORTICULTURE.

BULBOUS AND TUBEROUS-ROOTED FLOWERING PLANTS.—The near approach of Autumn, reminds us, that the time for bulb-planting is at hand. Bulbous plants, and tuberous-rooted plants allied to them, are all very attractive. Many of them are reckoned among the choicest of flowers, combining, as they do, splendor of coloring, elegance of form, and not unfrequently, great sweetness of perfume. Almost all varieties blossom freely, and admit of easy cultivation. They have also this great advantage, they take up very little room, for they can be grown almost anywhere—at the extreme edges of beds or borders, and in the vacant spaces between evergreens or perennial plants. They constitute, on this account, a class of flowers, the cultivation of which, is well adapted to small gardens, for decoration, during the summer months. Without them, no garden can be said to be properly furnished with plants, and why should any garden, however small, be without them? Large gardens, where there are several long walks and shrubberies, may be greatly enriched by their means. All the more common, hardy bulbs are very cheap, and the increase of them so rapid, that from very small beginnings, under proper care and cultivation, large results may be attained in a comparatively short space of time.

The rate of increase from offsets, of course, varies a great deal in bulbs of different sorts, and is always subject to the influence of soil, situation, and mode of treatment. It may serve, perhaps, to give some idea of what may be expected upon this point, to mention that only last summer, was taken up a border of narcissus—Poeticus flore pleno—the lovely double paper white narcissus so sweetly scented—and there were between six and seven thousand bulbs. The bulbs had been planted singly in the border about twelve years previously, and left undisturbed; when taken up they had large masses. It should be remarked that these bulbs were left neglected in a state of nature; there can be no doubt that the increase could have been made greater by transplanting once or twice, and possibly more often, during the twelve years.

As a general rule bulbous plants do best both in flowering and in increase when left in the same situation for several years. Some sorts—and this is especially the case with the

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choice narcissus—will not show their flowers at all if disturbed. It may be safely reckoned that in most cases a removal—by which we mean a division of the roots, and replanting, not necessarily in a new position, but in freshened soil—may be made with advantage every four or five years. There are bulbs, as Leucojum vernum, the beautiful early snowflake, which if left too long have a tendency in certain soils to dwindle and occasionally to form small bulbs along that part of the flower-stalk which is buried by the ground just above the original bulb. These offsets, of course, weaken the parent, and most sadly interfere with the number and size of the flowers. The tendency alluded to is apparently an effort of Nature to replace the plants, which from length of time have become too deeply buried, in a position nearer to the beneficial influence of light and air, and wherever it occurs it is a most convincing indication that transplanting has been too long delayed. No bulbs at first planting should be set deeper in the soil than four inches; this is ample to protect even tender sorts from our severest frosts; and it must not be forgotten that very many are inclined, as we have already observed, to work themselves deeper as they increase in age. The annual top-dressing of the soil also tends to augment the amount of earth upon them. It is impossible, however, upon such a point as this—the proper time for transplanting—highly important though it is, to lay down any hard and fast rule which shall apply to all cases. Experience, the gaining of which constitutes so much of the real pleasure of gardening, must direct each grower to what to do and the proper time to do it. In the bulb-garden this experience is most easily and inexpensively gained by taking up a bunch of roots from time to time in order to ascertain whether offsets are becoming so numerous as to render transplanting desirable. It may be taken for granted wherever foliage is on the increase—and the reverse of this is seen in the size and number of blossoms—that this operation should no longer be delayed.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this peculiarity in bulb culture because the complaint is so general among owners of small gardens that this interesting class of flowers does not succeed well with them, and upon inquiry it is almost certain to be found that their want of success is referable to one or other of these two causes—either the bulbs are disturbed too frequently, or they are allowed to occupy the same ground too long.

The varieties of narcissus are numerous, and almost all are so hardy that they will pass through the severest winter unharmed in the open grounds. By a careful selection flowers of different shapes and sizes, as well as coloring, may be had in blossom from February.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE AND BLACK STRIPED FOULARD. The short skirt, trimmed with three plaited ruffles. The tunic is aproned-shape in front. The deep, round basque-bodice opens in front over a white cashmere vest, is trimmed with plaitings of silk, and edged with white Breton lace.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK CAMEL'S HAIR. The under-skirt is edged with a narrow box-plaited ruffle, faced with poppy-colored silk. The over-dress crosses shawl-wise in front, and is looped at the back, and trimmed with poppy-red bows. The basque is laid in deep plaits on either side of the front, and has a poppy-colored silk vest. The sleeves are also trimmed with poppy-colored silk. Black straw hat, trimmed with a black wing and plume, and lined with gathered poppy-colored silk.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF IVORY-WHITE SILK. The long train is trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the silk, headed by a band of gold lace. The front of the skirt is slightly full and drawn far back. The close-fitting basque-waist has small *pasiers* at the sides, and *Lambrequin* drapery at the back; and the whole is trimmed with bands of embroidery, gold lace, and pink and green satin ribbons.

FIG. IV.—RECEPTION OR EVENING-DRESS OF MULBERRY-COLORED SILK. The bottom of the dress and train is trimmed with narrow knife-plaited ruffles, white lace and Oriental brocaded satin. The coat-basque is also made of the brocaded satin. The front of the basque is open, and trimmed with narrow white lace; and the front of the skirt is also trimmed with white lace, of the same width as that on the bottom of the dress.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK STONE-COLORED SILK, striped with a darker shade of satin. The front is formed of three plain skirts. The back is draped of plain silk of the same color, which also forms a side trimming. The coat-basque is of figured material, of the color of the skirt, composed of silk and cashmere. White straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with dark red ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK CASHMERE. The skirt has two deep side-plaitings of black silk. The tunic is draped upwards in deep folds the entire length of the front, and the back is caught up loosely in one or two places, is made long, and looped over carelessly at the bottom. The cape mantle is of the cashmere, draped at the back as well as on the chest, and is trimmed with a deep silk fringe, loops and long ends of ribbon, and a quilling of black lace around the neck. The round, black straw hat is trimmed with black surah silk and an old gold feather.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED FRENCH BUNTING. The lower part of the skirt is made of many tucks, about an inch and a-half wide, and is finished at the bottom by a narrow knife-plaiting of the bunting. A shirred panel of bunting is also placed up the left side of the skirt. The upper part of the skirt is very much draped at the sides, and has a shawl point in front, and is looped rather high at the back. Small *paniers* pass from under the cuirass waist, and form drapery at the back. The close-fitting waist has a fichu collar, which is trimmed with Lanquedoc lace.

FIG. VIII.—ULSTER OF GRAY CLOTH, with dolman-shaped sleeves. It is double-breasted, and the collar and sleeves are finished by several rows of machine stitching.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN camel's hair and silk. The petticoat is of silk, with a deep side-plaited flounce. The over-dress is of camel's hair, turned up short in front (milk-maid style,) and gracefully draped in the back. The coat is of chestnut-brown silk and wool material, with a small Oriental pattern over it. The collar and under-cuffs are of the silk like the skirt. Yellow straw bonnet, trimmed with one large red rose and red strings.

FIG. X.—CARRICK BODICE OF COAT FORM, which has three small capes: it is cut away below the waist, is bordered with embroidery. The back has three seams, (the one down the centre is closed, the side ones are open at the lower part,) and is finished with steel buttons at the side seams. The front and back of the dress have plain panels, trimmed with embroidery, and the sides are covered with small, scant flounces. This basque may be made of the same, or of different material from the dress.

FIG. XI.—FICHU OF PLAITED CRÊPE LISSE, edged with Mechlin lace, and fastened with a bunch of flowers.

FIG. XII.—GROUP OF TWO HANDKERCHIEFS. The first of which is embroidered in colors, edged with a ruffle also done in colors; and the second is made of very fine linen cambric, with Valenciennes edging and insertion.

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FIG. XIII.—BLACK CASHMERE JACKET. Close-fitting, and trimmed down the front with a band of black and old gold brocade, which forms a vest.

FIG. XIV.—COLLARETTE OF WHITE LINEN, edged with very wide Irish guipure lace, which is something like an imitation of Venetian point.

FIG. XV.—FICHU OF INDIA MUSLIN, trimmed with fine Breton lace, a knot of light blue ribbon, and large, pink roses.

FIG. XVI.—NEW STYLE OF MATINÉE, made of violet-colored foulard, figured with flowers of a deeper purple; it is trimmed with Languedoc lace and purple ribbons. As its name indicates, the garment is intended for morning wear only, and is charming for that purpose, over either a short or long skirt of any suitable purpose; it is close-fitting in the back, and rather loose in front; it has the advantage of being easily put on, of utilizing old skirts, and of being made of a small quantity of material; it is very much like a deep sacque.

FIG. XVII.—THE CHIOLA TOQUE, can be made of any dilapidated straw, covered with a piece of figured silk, a gay handkerchief, or even of percae; our model is covered with old gold and red silk, arranged informally, and two birds' heads meet in front.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT of yellow straw, trimmed with black satin and yellow feathers. The edge of the brim is edged with the satin gathered.

FIG. XIX.—COLLAR AND CUFF of linen, trimmed with embroidery and lace.

FIG. XX.—BONNET of white and brown striped straw, trimmed with brown satin, and old gold feathers, shaded with brown.

FIG. XXI.—BONNET of black net, studded with jet, with a double row of large jet beads on the edge. The trimming is of black satin, and two shades of garnet colored feathers. The strings are trimmed with plaitings of white lace.

FIG. XXII.—MANTILLA OF BLACK CAMEL'S HAIR. The back is of the dolman shape, and the whole is very elaborately trimmed with black lace, fringe, and ribbon. The front is lined with satin, and turned back.

GENERAL REMARKS. Short dresses are more popular than ever, and are in general use, except for full evening dress, or a fashionable dinner dress. All dresses are still quite close, and clinging in front; but many are a little fuller on the hips, and fuller still just at the back.

There is a great variety in plaited skirts, for short walking costumes. Some are box-plaited in single plaits, others are double kiltings, while many are covered with three kilted flounces. Most of the skirts of one plaiting have at the edge a narrow kilted border of dark orange or red, instead of a white balayeuse. This has the effect of shortening the skirt somewhat, but it is easier to keep in order than the lace balayeuses, that soil so easily in walking dresses. There is no doubt, however, that skirts with three flounces will be very fashionably worn; they always return with all-round skirts. These three skirts, however, should be worn only by tall, slender persons. Many of the newest trimmings are gathered, or shirred ruffles in place of knife-plaited ones; in fact, shirring is very popular, not only for ruffles, but for the fronts and sides of dresses, etc. The polonaise, of one material or color, worn over skirts of another color or material, is again popular in Paris; one of the most beautiful that we have seen, is a polonaise of dull silk of heliotrope color, worn over a richly trimmed lilac satin skirt, trimmed with a broad, white lace flounce.

Beads of all colors, jet trimmings, and all glittering things are very fashionable. These, like gold lace, gold braid, or gold embroidery, should be very judiciously used, or the toilette will have a tawdry look. For persons with a limited wardrobe, such glaring trimmings should be avoided, as fashionable as they are.

Some old dresses have been re-modelled for out-of-door wear, by attaching a hood of the material of the dress to the shoulders, and lining it with old gold, dark red, or dark blue silk, or silk serge.

Mantles, Capes and Jackets are of all varieties. Some are quite small, and some are quite large; some tight fitting, and some half-loose fitting. The round capes, coming to the elbows, made of full rows of lace, or of jet, are very popular for early autumn wear, but are not warm enough for the colder weather.

Bonnets are rather small, and frequently round or cottage shape. The other shapes that are considered becoming are also worn. *Hats*, also, are of all styles; but the *very large* hats are not so often seen as formerly.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR. The dress is princess shape, draped in upright folds just below the hips; the draping fastened both back and front with bows of satin ribbon of a deeper shade of brown. The sides and bottom of the dress are finished by a wide hem, piped with the darker brown satin. The cuffs and collar are finished in a like manner. The lower part of the skirt opens over three side-plaited flounces.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF GRAY STRIPED CLOTH. The trousers are moderately loose, and reach below the knee. The jacket is half-tight, cut away in front, and has a large, rolling collar, which opens over a vest of the same material as the rest of the suit. Gray cap.

FIG. III.—SUIT OF A DARK BLUE CASHMERE FOR A SMALL BOY. The trousers, kilted shirt and Louis XV. coat are of dark blue, and the vest, cuffs, pockets and facing of the collar are of a still darker blue shade of cashmere. The vest, which buttons down the front, is only simulated, and the coat, apparently, is only confined by a bow of blue ribbon.

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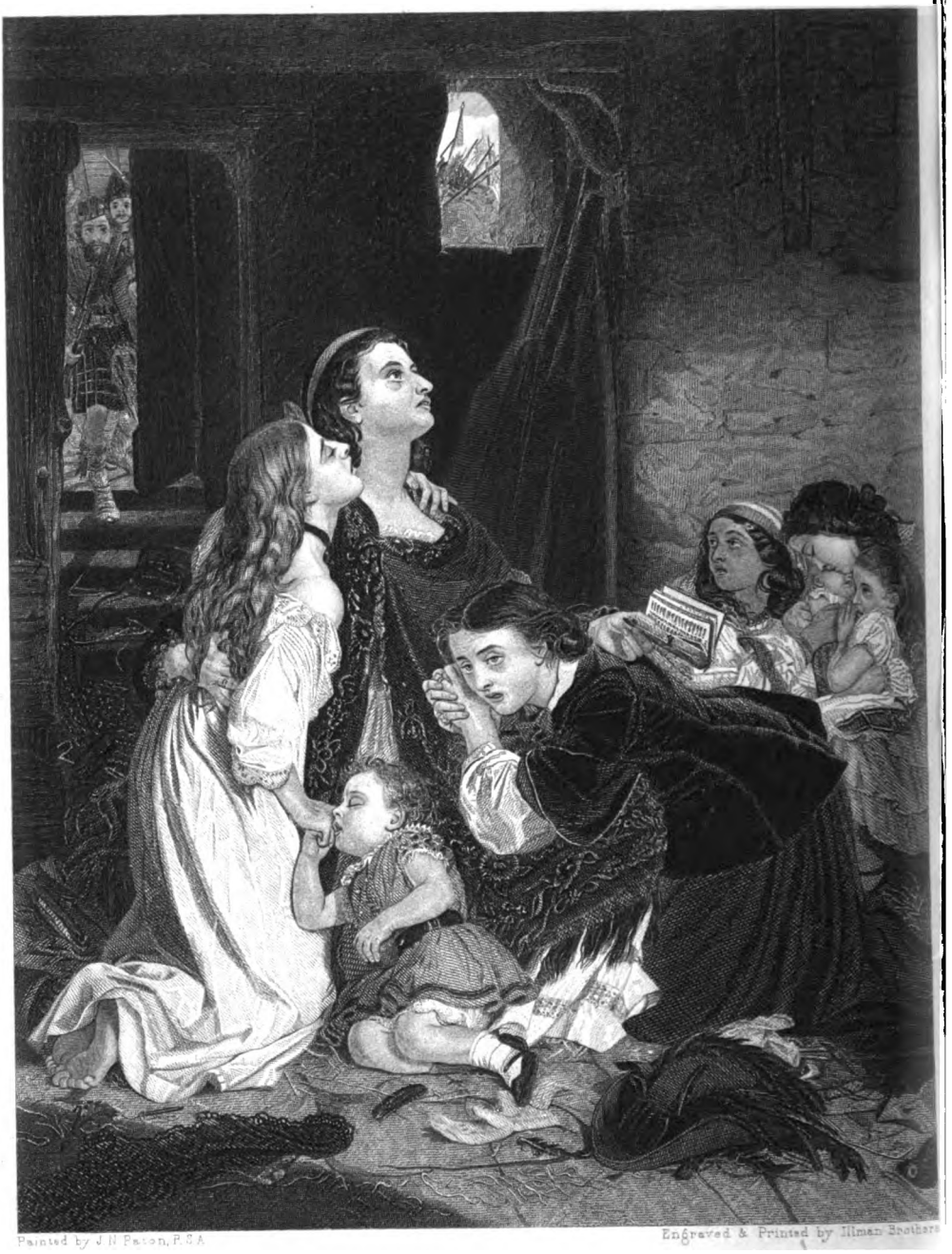
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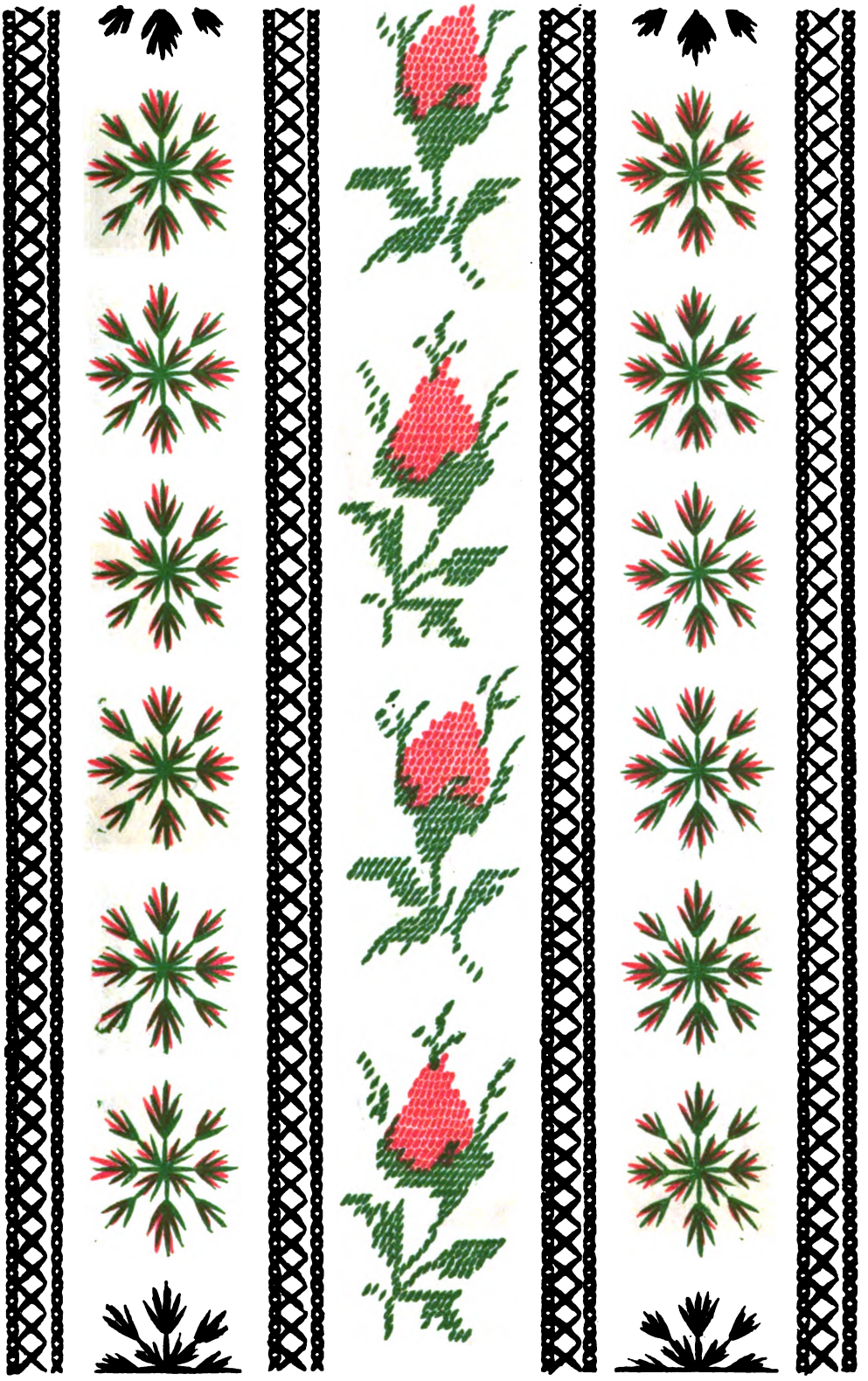


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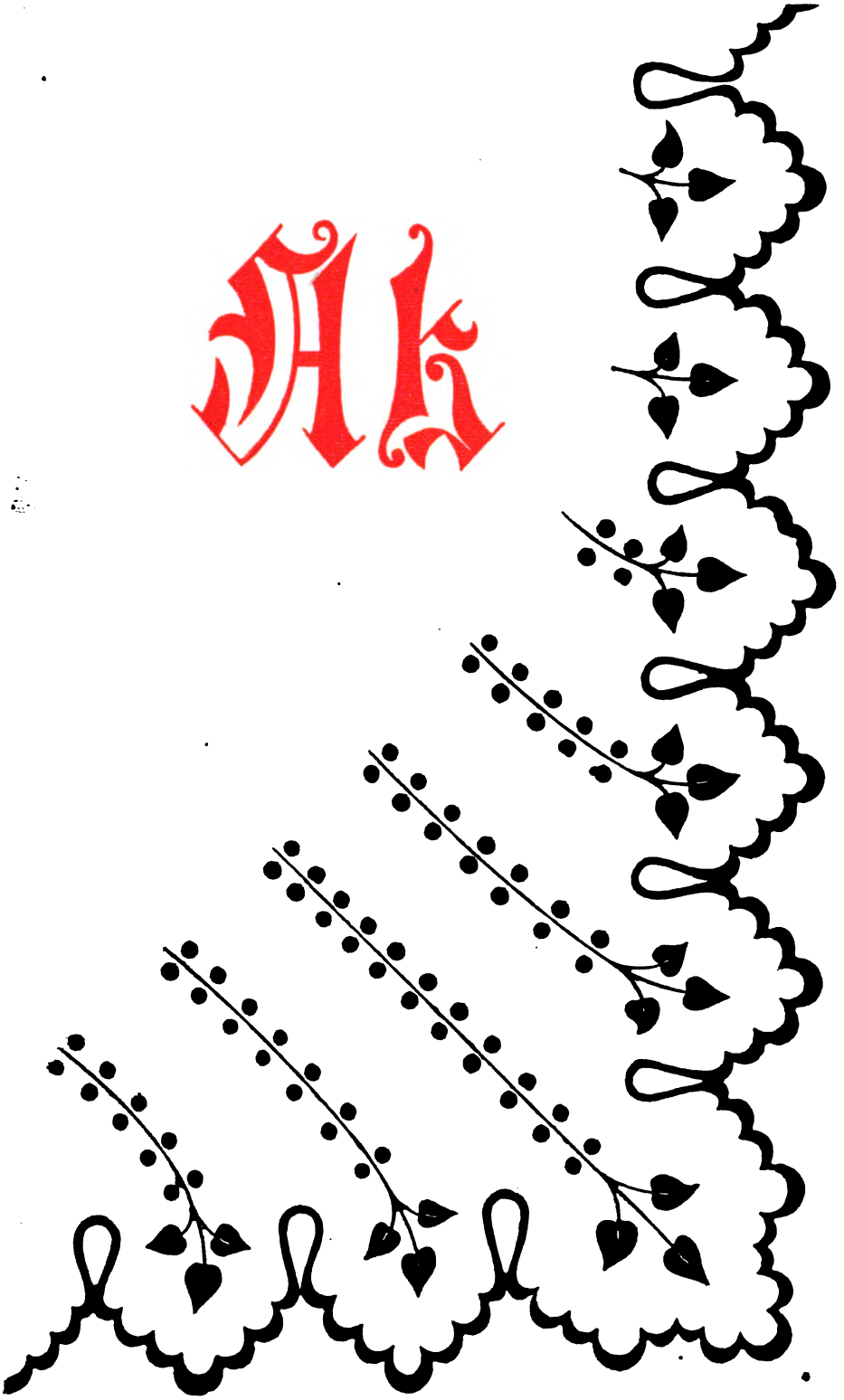
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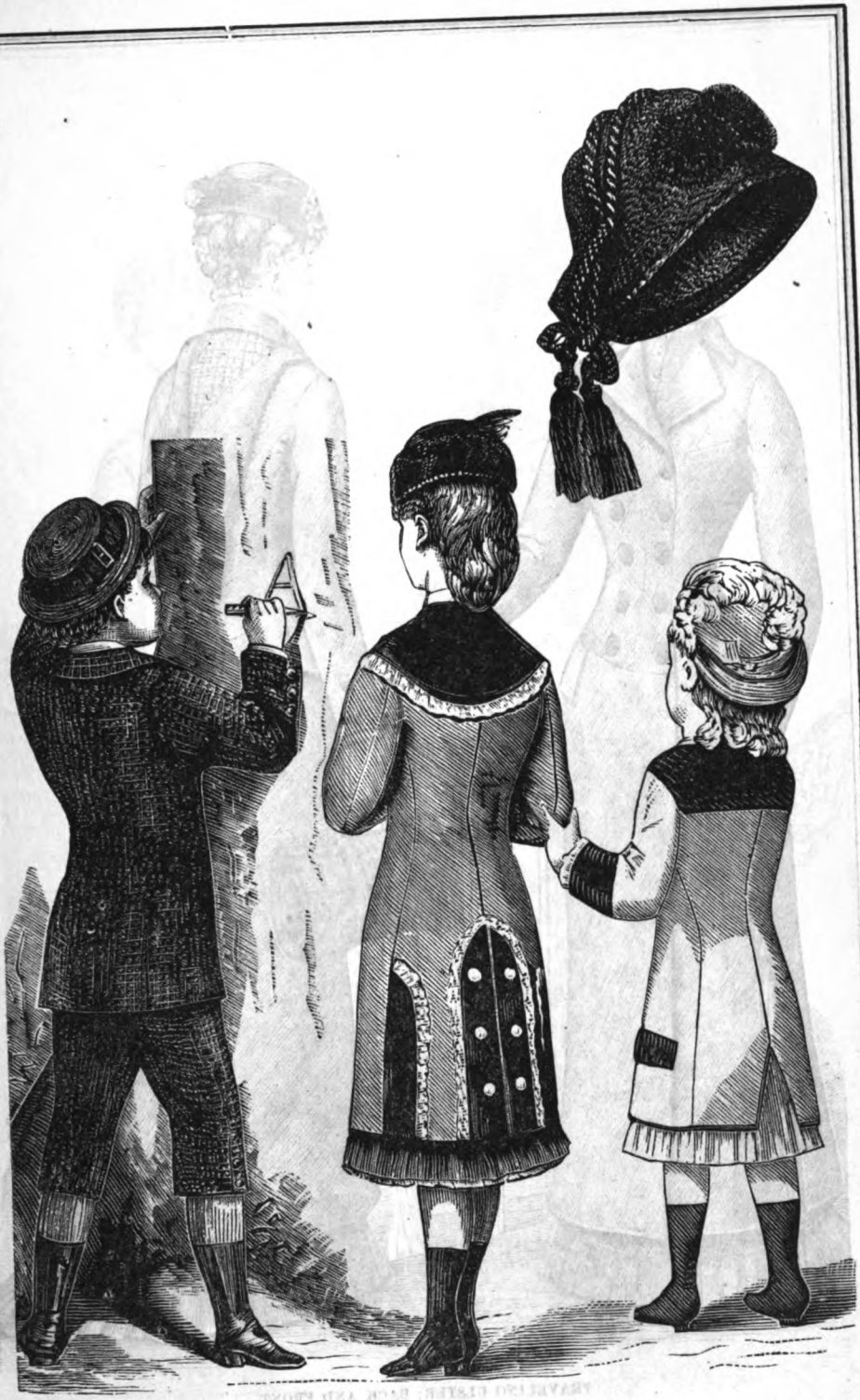
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LOVE'S IDYL. *[See "The Story of a Summer."]*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. CHILD'S BONNET.

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TRAVELING ULSTER: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLES FOR HOUSE DRESSES.

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CROQUET DRESS. WALKING DRESS.

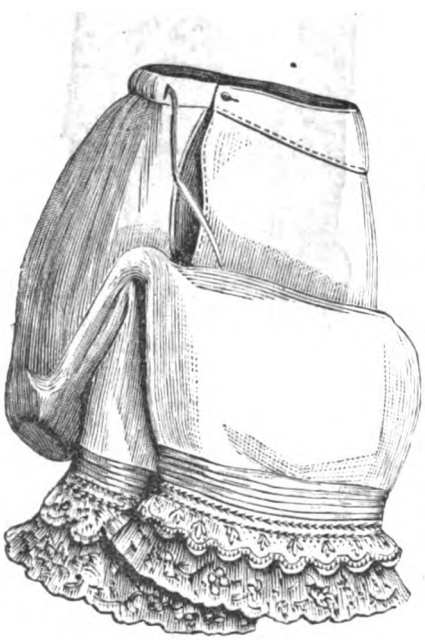
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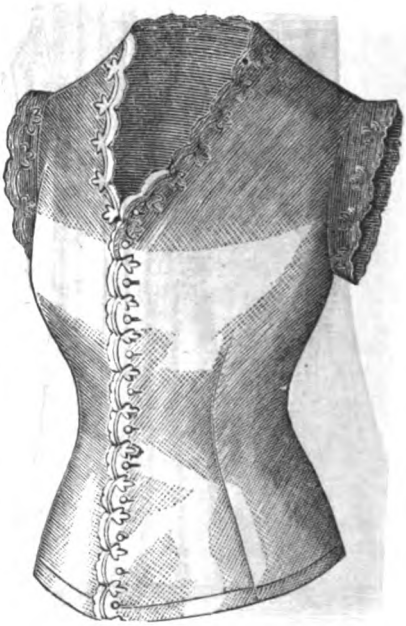


WALKING DRESSES FOR THE FALL.

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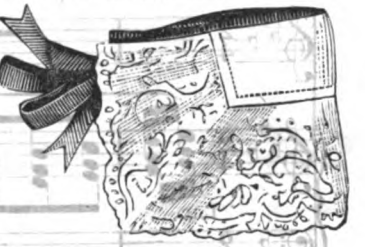


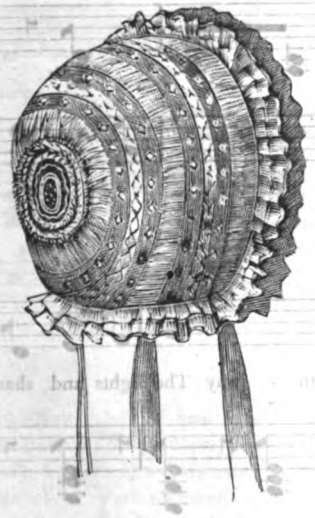
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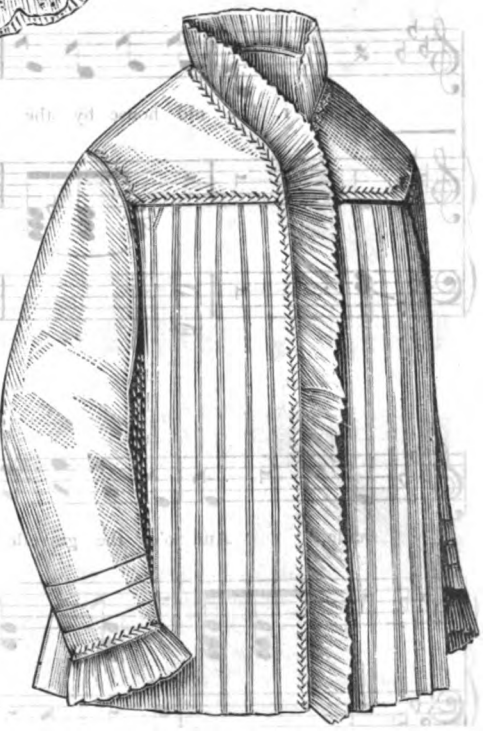
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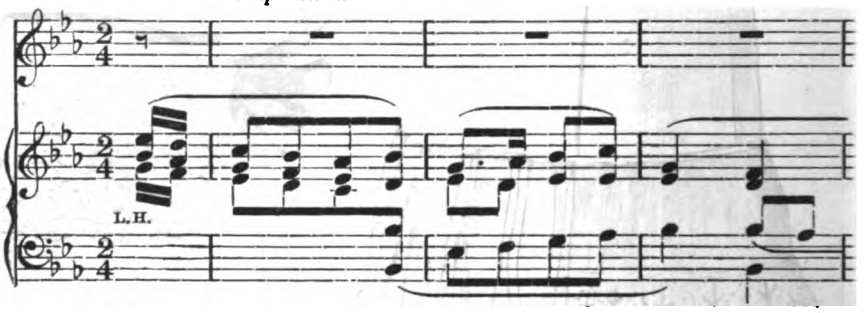
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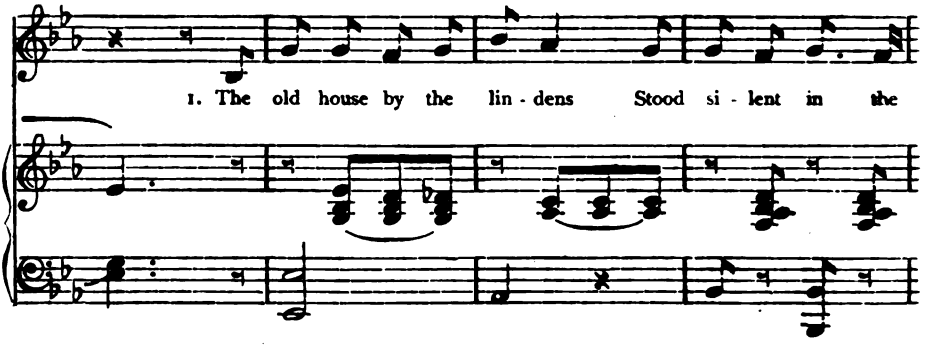
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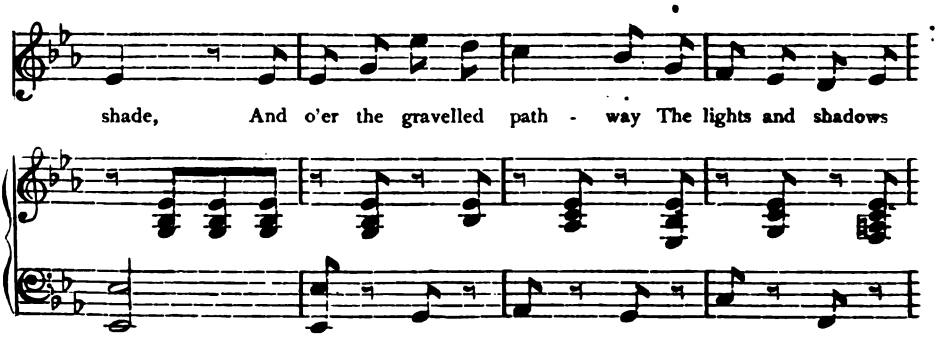
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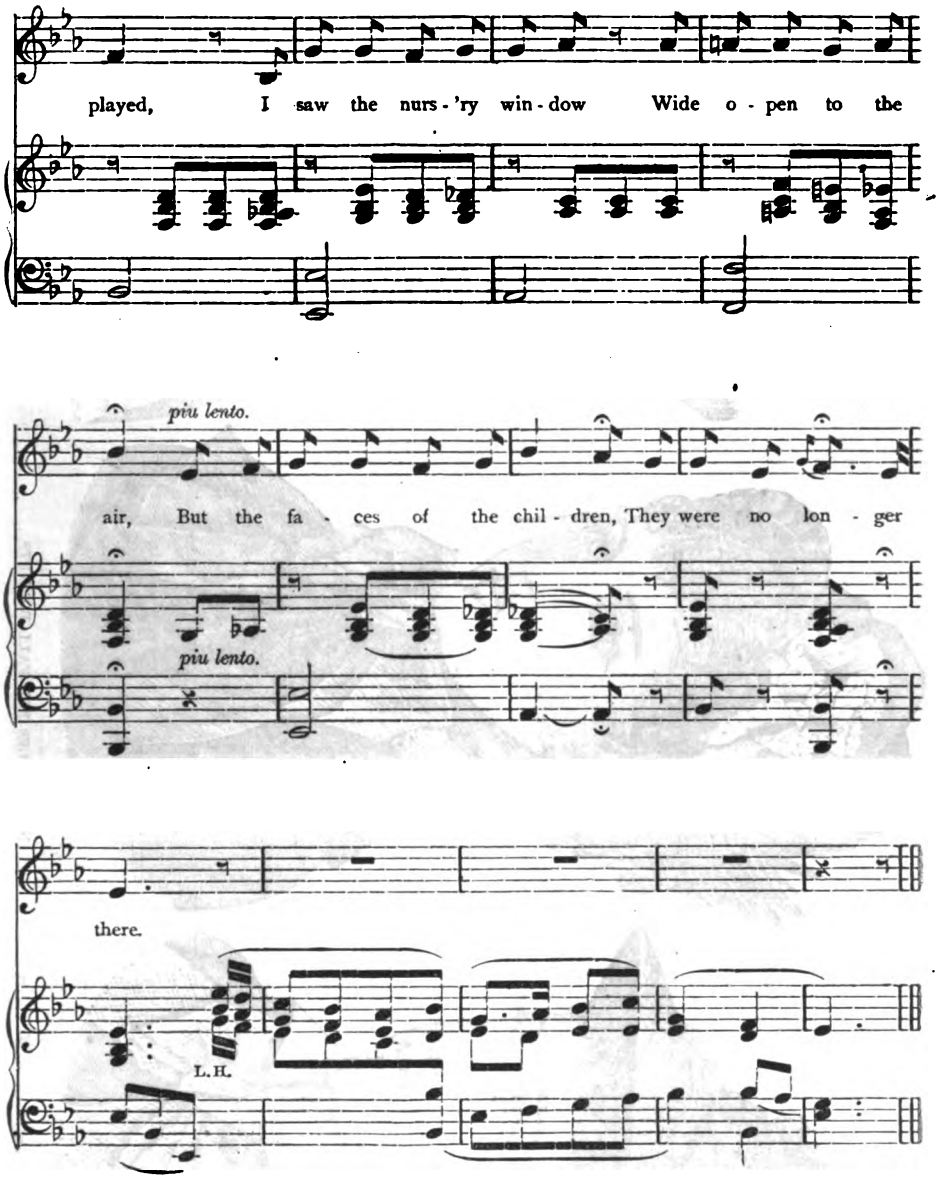
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2.

The old Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door,
He looked for his little playmates
Who would return no more,
They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall,
But sorrow and silence and sadness
Were hanging over all.

3.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone,
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone,
And the boy who walked beside me,
He could not understand,
Why closer in mine, ah, closer,
I press'd his warm soft hand.

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NEW STYLES FOR FALL BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1880. No. 4.

A SUMMER EPISODE.

BY MISS MARY B. TERRY



TO go, or not to go? That was the question. Should we trust ourselves to the tender mercies of mother nature for a season? Exchange our comfortable homes, and well appointed tables, for the woods; live in tents like gipsies; and eat our meals in company with birds and squirrels, spiders and snakes? The two elder ladies were filled with dismay at such a wild plan. We girls thought it would be "splendid." The gentlemen said they were going, whether we favored them or not. So we decided, finally, to try it for once, at least.

Three days afterwards found us approaching our destination, miles and miles away from our quiet village home. Will and Tom, with Taffy, the colored boy, took the lead in a baggage wagon. The rest followed in a lighter carriage. I sat between the professor and Sancho, my Scotch terrier; and secretly, I thought they looked a little alike; they certainly were very great friends. We were driving leisurely along, filling the woods with our gay laughter, when, suddenly the professor touched my arm. "May I ask you to wait for one moment," he exclaimed, in an excited manner, "while I capture that fine specimen?" "Where?", I said, eagerly, expecting at least to see a bird of paradise. "On that stone wall," he shouted, and disappeared from my view. I waited with some curiosity, and no little impatience for his return. He came back, at last, looking as if he had lost a friend. "I was too late," he said, sadly, "it escaped before I reached it." "I am very sorry," I said, sympathetically: "what was it?" "The finest specimen of an Arachnidan I ever saw," he answered, "very large, with red legs and purple body." "How beautiful," said Katie; "but what is an Arachnidan?" "A spider," Jack answered, laughing. Katie shuddered. I shrieked, "A spider!—did you intend to bring a spider into the wagon, close by me? Why, I have a mortal dread of them;" and I moved as far from the professor as possible. "I think," he answered, flushing a little, "that you will lose your fear of them before long." His look made me uncomfortable, but I answered, laughing, "you had better not bring any very near me: I give you fair warning, there would be open war."

We rode along, after this, without any incident, until Lake Wampoag came in sight, wearing the light of heaven in its bosom, peacefully resting among its guardian hills. The beauty of this lovely sheet of water is enhanced by the way in which it curves and winds, more like a river than a lake, each bend bringing into view some new loveliness. In some places, softly rounded hills descend to the shore, and again they recede, while green villages, and wooded meadows nestle at their side. There is a hotel, at the foot of the lake, and a small steamboat plies on the tranquil waters. But the upper part is comparatively solitary, and a favorite resort for camping parties. We took the steamboat for our destination, which was in this wilder portion, at a spot called Holy Spring.

I was standing in the bow of the boat, enchanted by the beautiful pictures that rose, one by one before me, when the professor came and stood by my side. We were silent for a few moments. Then he repeated in a low tone:

"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep.
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep,
The sunshine on the hills asleep.

O isles of calm, O dark, still wood,

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And stiller skies, that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude.

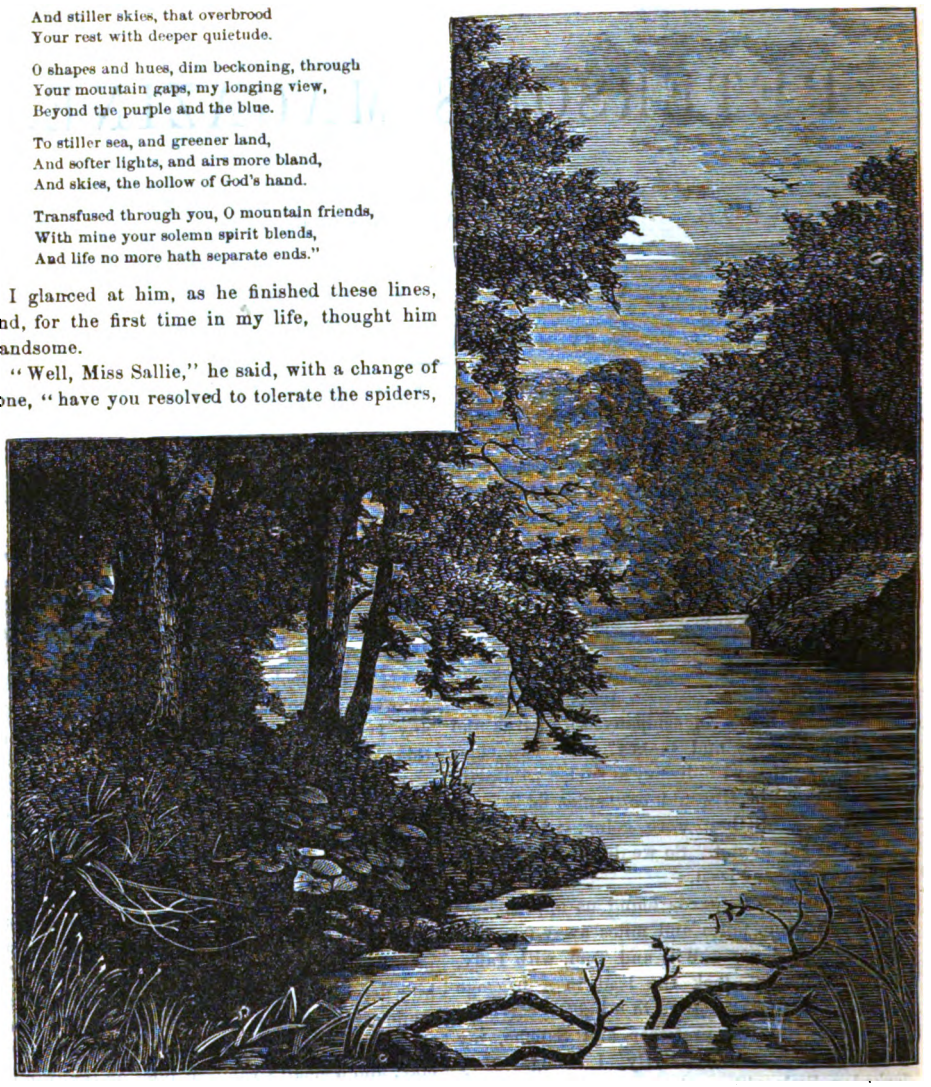
O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Your mountain gaps, my longing view,
Beyond the purple and the blue.

To stiller sea, and greener land,
And softer lights, and airs more bland,
And skies, the hollow of God's hand.

Transfused through you, O mountain friends,
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends."

I glanced at him, as he finished these lines, and, for the first time in my life, thought him handsome.

"Well, Miss Sallie," he said, with a change of tone, "have you resolved to tolerate the spiders,



that I shall bring to you, this week, for investigation?" "No, indeed," I answered; "I am much more interested in another subject," and I glanced significantly at Katie and Jack, sitting near us, but perfectly oblivious of our presence. "I should not have supposed you interested in that subject," said the professor, quietly.

His manner piqued me, and I replied, hastily, "not in the subject, perhaps, but in the people, although I regard them as being in an idiotic condition, as all lovers are."

"Sometimes it is unavoidable," he replied, gravely. "But see. We have reached our destination."

The boat now stopped at a small landing, and we were soon on shore, and preparing our camp. The four tents, containing trunks, hammocks, and whatever else we needed, were placed in a semi-circle among the trees. Before them, were set the benches, the rough tables, and camp chairs; hammocks swung between the trees; and below us, stood the kitchen tent, with all necessary conveniences. We could see the lake glimmering through the trees, on whose waters our row boats rose and fell, while around us, rose the guardian hills. The moon rose radiant on that night, over as pretty a picture as she rarely lights. After a merry supper, cousin Tom and I slipped away, to visit the spring, and make secret plans for going fishing early in the morn-

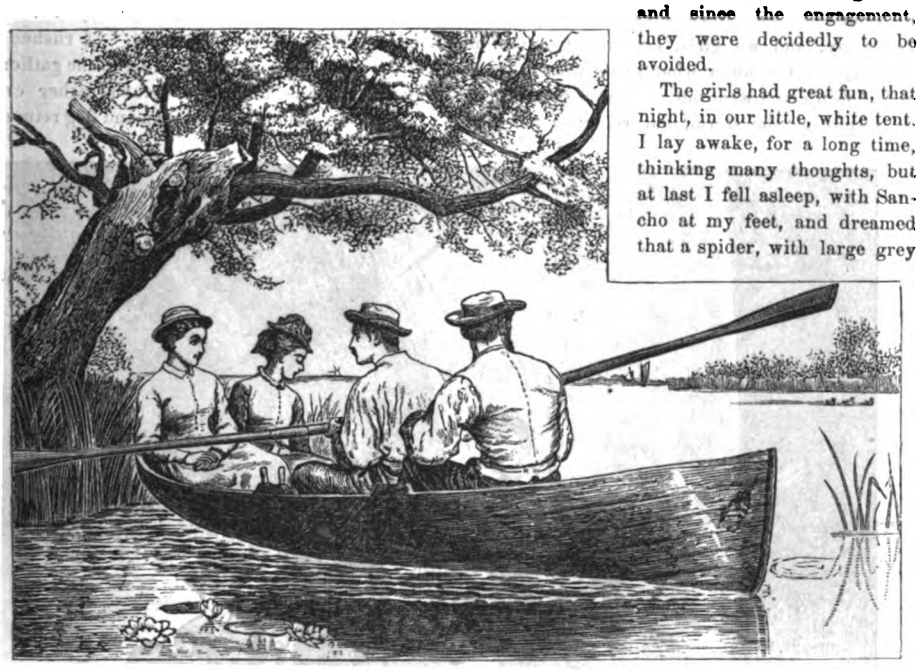
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ing, by ourselves. "Tom," I said, "tell me the legend of Holy Spring—how did it come by its name?" "It is a horrible and pathetic story," he replied, "it will scare you out of a night's rest, Sallie: it is all about murders and ghosts." "Ghosts," I shrieked, "why, there is one now." "Where? Where?" cried he, and I thought even his voice faltered. I had clutched his arm, and now I pointed to a tall figure bending over the spring, weird and shadowy.

Suddenly I recognized the figure. "Pshaw!" I said, "it is only that dull, absurd professor, looking for specimens. What right had he to come here and frighten people, and what does he expect to find?"

Tom's laugh rang out merry and clear. "Some day, Sallie, he will take you for a specimen: indeed, I think he has already commenced investigations; for I often see him looking at you, in a most owl-like manner."

I was glad that Tom could not clearly see my face, as I answered, quietly, "Owl, or not, he knows more than all the rest of us, and it is a mystery how he could have chosen any one of you boys for a friend." Tom stared, then laughed, then whistled, while I walked on in dignified silence. On our way back, we came across Jack and Katie, sitting on a rock, looking very romantic in the moonlight. Jack is my brother, and Katie my most intimate friend; she and Jack had just become engaged; and although they were harming separately, taken together, and since the engagement, they were decidedly to be avoided.



The girls had great fun, that night, in our little, white tent. I lay awake, for a long time, thinking many thoughts, but at last I fell asleep, with Sancho at my feet, and dreamed that a spider, with large grey eyes, was looking at me, through a microscope. I woke early, and found Tom waiting for me, outside of the tent. We rowed out into the middle of the lake, and Tom was soon making havoc among the bass. I let my line lie idle, and gave all my attention to the beauty around us. Sky and water were radiant, beneath the sun's morning smile: the mist was rolling off from the hilltops, but still rested on their side, and in the village: the solemn pines stood still and grand, their tops touched with gold from the rising sun. By some inexplicable chain of association, they made me think of the poetry, that I had heard the day before. "Tom," I said, with a sudden suspicion, "why did the professor come home with you, this summer?" "Do you remember," said Tom, "your visit to New Haven, last spring?" "Yes!" "Well, now after you left, I asked the professor to spend the summer with us, and added that my cousin Sallie was coming. That's all I know about it. But you might ask him," he added, with a gleam of mischief in his eyes, and a significance that made me, ridiculous girl that I was, blush to the very forehead. Ridiculous, I say; for there was no reason for it.

I blushed again, with equal absurdity, when, on returning to breakfast, I found that the professor had been on a ramble, accompanied by Sancho, and had brought back some delicate

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ferns, entirely unknown to me, which he presented to me.

So the days passed. We spent most of our mornings on the lake fishing, or rowing, or book in hand, drifting slowly by the shaded shore. Or we dreamed away the long, bright afternoon, in our hammocks, under the trees: the blue sky above our heads, the peace of summer over all. In the evenings, we gathered before our tents, the light from the torches casting strange shadows around us. Phantoms beckoned to us from among the trees, while we listened to Tom's ghost stories, or Taffy's wild, negro melodies. Often we rowed down, almost to the other end of the lake, and coming back over the moonlit waters, seemed to find ourselves in fairy-lar l.

But there were drawbacks. One day it rained all day, and we girls, confined to the tents, really did not know what to do with ourselves. The gentlemen went out, and were gone all day, in spite of the storm, but returned to supper, having enjoyed themselves hugely, they said: all which was much to our disgust. The professor came in last. He was covered with mud, but beamed with satisfaction, for he carried a tin box filled with horrors. He had taken Sancho with him, and he was a sight to behold. The professor, feeling sure of my sympathy, came to me at once, to show me his curiosities, but I turned impatiently away. "No, I thank you," I said, coldly, "I have had enough of dirt for one day—and I really think you might have left my dog behind: he shall not come near me, to-night." "We are equally unfortunate," was his only reply, and, laying down his box, he called Sancho, and walked out of the tent. "What is he going to do?" I asked. "Drown himself, and the dog, too," answered Tom, laughing: "you have a great deal to answer for, Sallie." I rushed out of the tent, but could see nothing in the gathering gloom. I was forced to return rather crestfallen. In about an hour, man and dog returned,



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clean and dry. I knew then that he had, himself, washed the dog; and with some compunction, I said: "You must be very fond of Sancho?" "I do not think it is Sancho I am fond of," he answered, softly, with one of his deep looks.

Tom, though I had often asked him, would never finish the legend of Holy Spring, in which he had been interrupted. "I don't believe there is any legend: you were only hoaxing me," I said, one day. The professor overheard me, and interposed. "There is a legend," he said; "and if you'll come with me, this afternoon, to the spring, I will tell it to you." Accordingly, I promised to go. It was the last day but one of our stay at the lake. The morning passed quickly. Never had the water seemed so blue, or the hills so fair. After dinner, the professor reminded me of my promise, and we set forth for the spring. We were alone, all the others having gone fishing, or boating. For awhile we were silent. Then, in a low voice, the professor began his story.

"Many years ago, Wampoag and his braves, roamed through these woods, fished in these bright waters, and worshipped the Great Spirit from these hills. Among the warriors none were as light of heart, as fleet of foot, or as brave in battle, as the young Wachuset. Yet he grew faint-hearted, when he stood before the lovely Weekan, for he loved her with all the intensity of his wild nature. For her, he slew the red deer, to lay at her feet: for her, he gathered the sweetest flowers, to deck her hair; and for her, he performed feats of danger, that filled the warriors with wonder. But it was all in vain! She gave him no sign of love, and the heart of Wachuset grew heavy. One night, as he stood beside this spring, he heard the Great Spirit speaking to him; and the voice said, 'Wachuset, take of this water, and give it to Weekan, and she will love thee.' The voice ceased; but the Great Spirit sent forth his thunder, and smote the rock, and the water was troubled; and Wachuset's heart was filled with fear, and he fell on his face and worshipped the Great Spirit. Then he took of the water, and gave it to Weekan, and she drank of it, and loved him. The light came back to his eye, and courage to his heart. The Great Spirit smiled on his children, and blessed them; and this spring became holy unto them."

He ceased speaking. I was silent. I could hear the beating of my heart. "Sallie," he said, bending over me, and taking my hand, "I am like Wachuset, I love, but I get no sign. What shall I do?" "Why do you not try the spell?" I answered, almost in a whisper. I raised my eyes, as I spoke, but instantly looked down again. His arm stole around me. "Is it necessary?" he said, softly. "I—I am not sure," I answered, very low, "but I think not."

What happened then, no one will ever know. But we were very still for a long time, while the birds sang, and the water rippled on the shore, and the sun set in crimson glory behind the purple hills.

"What will they think?" I said, at last, starting up. "They must be back by this time, and wondering what has become of me." "I shall tell them that I went specimen hunting, and found you," said the professor, adding, with a laugh; "and I don't think I ever captured such a prize before."

I walked into camp, conscious of my flushed cheeks; but the professor bore the laughing comments, as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had taken place, and shielded me as much as he could. Our supper was a happy one for all. The moon soon rose, and then we started for the lake, as we had planned to spend this last evening on its waters.

"Tom," said Will, "you take Sallie and Nellie, and the professor and Mollie, while I take the others, two pair of spoons would sink one boat." "All right," answered Tom, laughing; "and as there's a light breeze, I'll hoist our sail, for the professor will not want to row." "I have not the slightest intention of rowing: I can assure you, I can spend my time better," remarked the professor, coolly, sitting down by me.

Ah! shall I ever forget those blissful hours. The moon was just showing her round face over the mountain; black shadows trembled and danced in the rippling water. Frogs and whip-poor-wills kept up a chorus of weird sounds. We entered dreamland. I was in an enchanted realm, and the prince sat by my side. The boats glided on, and still the mystic beauty deepened. Suddenly, the little steamboat appeared around a bend, a blaze of light from bow to stern, while softened by distance, the music from a brass band floated over the water. But we glided away into the silence and shadows. The professor stood up, in the bow of our boat, and began to sing; and Jack and Will echoed it back from theirs, scarcely dipping their oars. And this is what they sang:

Across the lake, the shadows
Are creeping one by one,
Beyond the purple mountain,
In glory sinks the sun.

Chorus.

Over the lake, over the lake,
Sweetest songs the echoes wake,
Over the lake, over the lake,
Voices clear, the silence break.

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Over the lake the boatmen row,
Merrily singing as they go.

The silver moon is rising,
The stars shine pure and bright,
The rippling waters dancing
And laughing in the light.
Chorus.

O'er gleaming wavelets gliding,
The swift boat drifts along,
Sweet and low and tender,
We sing the parting song.
Chorus.

I could hardly realize, the next morning, that we were to return to everyday life, again; but the bustle and confusion, incident on breaking camp, banished my dreams, and I soon was as busy as the busiest.

But when all was done, and everything in readiness for our departure, it was with many lingering looks, that I, at least, left; for I had found there an unexpected happiness, but one which has been mine ever since, and which, if it pleases God, will never leave me, neither here, nor in the long hereafter.

MEMORIES.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

The morning is bright with sunbeams,
That have come to gladden the day;
But I cannot sit in its brightness,
For my thoughts are far away.

The child at my side looks wistful
Without, at the birds and bees—
Still full of a childish wonder,
At all that she hears and sees.

But I answer so at random,
That she lifts wide-growing eyes,
And the lips, that seemed so tireless,
Grow mute with a strange surprise.

For the tide of thought sweeps onward,
Like a wild and troubled sea,
And I float away on the current,
Till the present is nought to me.

I am carried back to a morning,
With a sky as bright and blue,
When I battled—Oh, so fiercely!—
With the first great grief I knew.

Without was a flood of sunlight,
And a wilderness of bloom;
While the breath of pink azalias
Came floating thro' hall and room.

Ah, me! how the sudden darkness
Enshrouded my youthful head—
I only knew I was living,
And one that I loved was dead.

But a hand in mine is stealing,
And a bird-like voice so clear,
Recalls me from by-gone shadows—
"Dear ma, see, see I am here!"

Oh, the grace of a loving childhood!
It has beauty all its own—
The dreams that defile or darken
Are still in the dim unknown.

A BALLAD OF '76.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Old Moses Butler he stood in the door,
At his inn, up in Hartford town.
And the sunshine flooded the sanded floor,
And lit up the wainscot so brown.
The air was all full of a sweet perfume,
Now here, and now wafted away;
For the apple orchards were just in bloom,
At the noon of that April day.

"Who gallops so fast," said the stout old host,
"Who gallops so wild and bold?"
His ruddy face was as white as a ghost,
When he heard what the rider told.
"The battle's begun—our blood has been shed—
Up, up—'twas on Lexington green."
He swayed in the saddle and fainted—dead.
Such tumult, oh! never was seen.

The news from the town to the country ran,
And each minute-man mustered true,
With his buckskin breeches, and old Queen Anne,
And his home-spun of buff and blue.
"I'd give all my acres," the vet'ran cried,
"To be twenty again: I'd go
And fight for our freedom; my father died
In the old French war, as you know."

When the fife struck up, and they marched away,
He watched till the last one had gone.
Then he turned and sighed. At the close of day,
He was found by his hearth, alone.
A rusted musket he held in his hand;
And he sat, but with drooping head;
Yet a smile on his face, so calm, so grand—
For the brave old vet'ran was dead!

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THE RESCUE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"I HAVE terrible news, this morning," said Col. Greyson, as he came in to breakfast. "But you and Edith are both brave, and will bear it as you should. To keep it back from you, at any-rate, is impossible."

The persons he addressed were his wife and sister, the former about thirty years old, the latter about twenty. Both were beautiful, though after different types: Mrs. Greyson dark-haired and stately, Edith gentle, with light complexion and locks of gold. Yet it was only necessary to take a single glance at their faces, to see that the colonel's words were deserved, and that both were equally brave, even heroic in character.

It was the month of May, 1857, the year of the terrible India mutiny, and the scene was a cantonment, in the very heart of the disturbed district. Up to that very morning, however, the Sepoys, under Col. Greyson, had remained faithful. He had always believed they would continue so, for his relations with them had ever been of the kindliest: he could not, he would not, credit the consumate treachery attributed to them. But he had been, at last, terribly undeceived. At day-break, all the native troops, without exception, had broken out, in open mutiny; and he was left with only a handful of English-born soldiers to defend the cantonment.

His hearers divined, at once, his news.

"The Sepoys have risen," said his wife, turning ashy pale, and starting to her feet. "Oh! what will become of the children."

Edith said nothing, but clasped her hands, till the nails almost cut into the flesh. Every vestige of color faded from her cheek also. But she showed no other signs of emotion.

Even the colonel's bronzed face blanched, when his wife alluded to the children. But after a moment, he spoke up, with a confidence he hardly felt.

"I do not think there is any immediate danger. This is, fortunately, a massive old structure, with outer walls and outworks, as if built for a natural fortress: even our small force can hold out, for a long while; and help must come, sooner or later. I have already barred the gates; heaped up defences behind them; posted sentries everywhere; and trained our artillery on the point from which the attack will have to come. Major McIntyre, with his Highlanders, is but three days' march off, up in the hills; I have sent two trusty messengers to him, asking for aid; and I am sure, even without what he feels for Edith, he will press forward as fast as possible."

The color on the girl's wan face flushed back, at these words, for Major McIntyre was her affianced husband. But she answered, bravely:

"He may be ordered elsewhere, first, however; and in that case even I would say he ought to go. Others may be in greater peril than we are."

"Or your envoys may be cut off," said the wife. "God help us, in that case."

"We will not contemplate either contingency," said the colonel, cheerfully. "But to provide against the black rascals having artillery, or bombs, we must have a place of refuge for you, and the children, and their governess, and your maid, the ayah. So, after breakfast, go to the great cellar; carry rugs there, and other comforts; have it ready, in fact, in case you have to seek it as a permanent refuge. The walls, luckily, are not so extensive, but what we can easily man them; and we have provisions for a fortnight, at least. But now to breakfast, for I am almost famished."

The confidence, with which he spoke, partially reassured his hearers, and the meal, though despatched in haste, was not an unenjoyable one.

Alas! it was their last peaceful meal. It was hardly finished, indeed the colonel was still lingering over his second cup of coffee, when a wild uproar was heard in the distance, and an orderly hastily entered, bringing notice that the Sepoys were swarming to the attack.

"Go to the little window, in the corner turret," said the colonel to his wife, as he buckled on his sword, "if you wish to see. Perhaps, it would be better than sitting here, in suspense. You can arrange the cellar, later; there is no hurry; for I don't believe the scoundrels have artillery."

"Will you go, dear?" said the wife to her sister-in-law, "If so, I will just run, and look at the children, and then go with you."

"Oh! yes. Anything, as Richard says, is better than suspense, here."

"Bravely spoken," answered the colonel, looking back, and pausing a moment, ere he hurried away. "Just the words for a soldier's sister, and a soldier's wife. The first thing I'll tell the major, will be of that little speech. Meantime,

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you'll see how we'll beat back the false devils: after all, one single Englishman is worth a dozen of such rif-raff."

When Mrs. Greyson and Edith reached the little tower, that, standing at one of the angles of the enclosure, commanded a view of the main gateway, the attack had already begun, and their hearts sank to see that the foe was not merely ten to one, as the colonel had admitted, but apparently thirty to one. On they came with a rush, a dark mass of vengeful-looking men, whose very impetus, as it seemed, would carry everything before them.

"Great heavens," cried Edith, clasping her hands, "they will crush the gate in like an egg-shell."

"Stay awhile and see," said her sister-in-law, who, having full confidence in her husband, was less immediately alarmed. "What a volley! They stop, they stagger back, they fly. Oh! thank God."

For, even as she spoke, the defenders had poured in such a withering volley, that the Sepoys had scattered before it, after a moment's hesitation, like the heaped leaves of the forest are swept by an autumn wind. Col. Greyson had waited, like a practised soldier, until the crowded mass was close to the gate, and then had opened fire, from in front, and from both sides. "We have no ammunition to spare," he said to his wife, later. "So we must make every bullet tell."

Poor Edith, when she heard the crashing volley, and saw the Sepoys falling in scores, buried her face in her hands. "Oh! it is too horrible," she cried, with a shudder.

But her sister-in-law, thinking of her children, looked at it all, unmoved; and her cheek grew deadly pale, and her mouth was set firm.

"The trouble is over for to-day, perhaps altogether," said the colonel, when he came in for luncheon. "Certainly altogether, if McIntyre gets my message. If the rascals had artillery, it might be different; but I don't think they'll venture another assault."

The colonel, however, was mistaken. That night, just as the moon began to rise, the ladies heard another outburst, shouts, shots, the tramp of feet, as if in front, in the rear, everywhere. Mrs. Greyson, dressing hurriedly, would have gone to see where the struggle was, but was met, at her chamber door, by Edith, who clung to her, and held her back.

"They have surrounded us, the servants say," she sobbed. "We shall be murdered in our beds. Oh! do not leave me, or the children."

That last was the deciding point. "If I am to die, I will die with my children," thought the mother, clasping them in her arms. She waited, with what anxiety we need not describe, the result of the attack. Scarcely half an hour, but it seemed half the night, had elapsed, before the colonel appeared. The uproar, meantime, had slackened, and then ceased altogether.

"It is over for the present," he said, "and I have hurried to re-assure you. The fools thought they could surprise us. They stole up, in the darkness, on our rear, and waited for the moon-rise, to make the assault there, at the same time making another, which was but a feint, in front. But we were quite prepared for them. Every foot of the defences is patrolled, day and night, so that a lizard even can't approach us undetected. I am," with a grim laugh, "too old a soldier to be caught napping. Without they can get artillery, as I said from the first, we shall be able to keep them at bay."

But what was the dismay of the little garrison, the next afternoon, to see long rows of oxen, in the distance, as if attached to some heavy burden, and to observe, on their nearer approach, that they were actually drawing two seige guns. Col. Greyson pulled his moustache, anxiously.

"Don't despair, dear," he said to his wife, as he remarked her terrible pallor. "Succor must come, in a day or two. But as soon as the villains get their guns in position, they will begin to knock these old walls about us, and the fragments might injure some of you. Go into the cellar, and stay there. I will see you as often as I can. We were in worse straits in the Sikh campaign; and God help us, we'll pull through yet."

He spoke more confidently than he felt, however, for he remembered, that, in the Sikh campaign, there were no women and children.

"We women cannot fight," said his wife, not a bit re-assured, but heroically assuming to be so; "but Edith and I can pray for you."

By the morning of the third day, the Sepoys had got their guns in position, and began to open fire. The great gate, meantime, had been strengthened within, by bags of earth and other heavy articles, so that, for awhile, the defenders hoped still to repulse the beseigers. "And McIntyre must be here in two days, sure," said the colonel.

But the two days passed, and then two more, and then a fifth, and still there was no news of the major. "At the worst," said the colonel, unable to conceal his anxiety any longer," "I should have thought my messengers would have returned: I gave them strict orders to do so, in order that I might know what to rely on."

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"Alas!" said his wife, "they may have been intercepted. Or turned traitors. They were natives, you say."

"Yes! but I was sure I could trust them. I saved the life of one: and the other was my pet servant for years. They both had, in perfection, that skill in disguise, which seems peculiar to their race. Hark! what is that? I must go and see."

For a dull, angry shout, a groan of anguish and despair, rose from the walls, and penetrated to the cellar.

Even the colonel's stout heart quailed, when he saw the cause. Within full sight, but out of musket-range, the Sepoys were holding up, on a pole, a bloody head, which he recognized as that of his faithful servant. "It is over, then," he said. "The gate won't hold for more than a half a day longer, or if it did, the walls would not. To-morrow, a breach will be effected." He thought of his wife and children, and remembered Cawnpore, and set his teeth hard. "When it comes to the worst—"

His hand clutched his sword, remembering how the old Hebrews, in the last days of Jerusalem, had saved their families from outrage.

That night no one slept in the beleagured garrison. Colonel Greyson had been on duty all the long hours. At early dawn, he came in, and kissed his wife, solemnly, like one going to his death. Then the poor woman, throwing her arms about his neck, sobbed out a request to follow him to the walls.

"No, my dear; your place is here," he said, calmly. "The court-yard is full of *debris* already, and every minute, when they begin firing, more will be accumulated. Every minute, a fragment of wall flies inward: we all have to keep under shelter: all we can do, now, is to wait for the breach, and then make a wall of our bodies."

He took a cup of coffee, and a bit of bread, and then kissed his wife again. Both felt that it was, almost certainly, for the last time. *The last time!*

He had scarcely disappeared through the doorway when the din of battle began again. Huddled together, in the low, vaulted cellar, where no light entered, except through a narrow window overhead, Edith and Mrs. Greyson heard, with prophetic anguish, the roar of the artillery, and the crash of the walls, that announced the rapidly approaching end. At times, a hoarse exultant shout, like that of hungry beasts of prey, and that seemed to shake even the solid stones, told of some more than usually successful cannon shot. At times, a cheer, that grew fainter and fainter, as the morning advanced, sent back the defiance of the little garrison, now reduced almost to nothing. In vain Mrs. Greyson hoped that her husband would return, even for a moment, that she might see his face once more. "I am weak to wish it," she said to herself, pressing her children, in turn to her heart. "His duty is elsewhere. And, perhaps, perhaps, oh! my God, perhaps, even now he is dead."

As the morning wore on, hope gradually departed. The roar of the cannon, the shouts of the assailants, increased in frequency and fury: the answering cheers grew fainter and fainter, and ceased at last, entirely. The children, exhausted by fright and hunger, fell asleep: the elder at his mother's feet, the other two in the arms of the nursery governess. Mrs. Greyson had been on her knees, all the morning, at times in out-spoken prayer, at times caressing and comforting her children. Edith cowered beside her now, with one arm about her neck, and the other holding the chubby hand of the five year-old sleepy boy. The English maid knelt also, with clasped hands, on Mrs. Greyson's lap. In the corner, in front of this principal group, crouched the Indian ayah, and by her side the nursery governess, with the infant and little Edith. Mrs. Greyson's right arm was thrown about Edith's waist: in her left she held the prayer-book, from which she had been reading prayers and lessons. But seeing that her boy had fallen asleep, she stopped reading, lest she should disturb him.

If you could have seen that group, you would never have forgotten it, if you lived for centuries. The horror on the ayah's face, and on that of the English maid, was indescribable. Edith showed no such abject terror, but her face wore the look that touches you so in Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci, a look as of utter exhaustion from agony and tears. The countenance of Mrs. Greyson was in striking contrast to all there. The solemn words she had been reading, and that she had opened at without any volition on her part, "I am the Resurrection and the life," still rung in her ears; and she seemed, for the moment, to have forgotten everything, except the resignation and rapture of one who actually beholds heaven opening before her. "Who soever believeth in Me," she murmured, unconsciously, "shall *never* die." Earth had receded. A martyr, kneeling in the arena, might have looked thus.

There had been a terrible crash, just before this moment, followed by a wild roar of exultant rage, and this explained the horror on the faces of the English maid and Indian ayah. They knew that their last hour had come. The crash was the falling in of the great gate; the shout

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was that of the triumphant Sepoys. Then had followed the tramp, tramp of the in-rushing foe, mingled with short, sharp cries of men dying of musket shots. The little girl, in the governess's arms, had woke up, and shrinking back, looked terrified, at the door, that, in an instant more, would be burst open; and the ayah gazed also, with a face actually white, now, with terror; and with eyes dilated.

Suddenly, clear and high, over all this tumult —over the tramp of men, the shrieks, the musket shots—rose the sound of a bag-pipe. Edith sprang to her feet, face and form quivering with excitement.

"The Highlanders—the Highlanders," she cried. "Oh! thank God. We are saved."

As she spoke, the gleam of bayonets, and the waving of plumes, was seen through the little window; and at the same instant, the door was burst open, and an officer in Highland dress, began, hastily, to descend the steps.

Edith heard the foot-fall. It was one she knew well. She turned, eagerly. "Hector," was all she said, and flung herself into the officer's arms.

"We were just in time," said Major McIntyre. "Yes! the colonel is safe," he added, as he met Mrs. Greyson's eyes, in eager questioning. "How did we manage to surprise them? We came by a secret way our guide knew of through the jungle, not seen, till we were almost on the rascals. Then it was a rush, the claymore, and a stampede on their part. But when we had won, and the rascals done for, and I heard that you were all safe, I told the piper to give us a real, exulting, old, Highland air, to which we might march in, in triumph."

In a moment after, Col. Greyson appeared. His wife flew to him, put her hands on his shoulders, looked at him, as if at one risen from the dead, and then fell upon his neck, wildly sobbing, now utterly broken down.

"Hush, hush, it is all over, dearest," he said, soothingly. "I would have been here, before, but I waited to see the wounded Sepoys cared for—the court is packed with them—you will have plenty to do as nurse. Ah! major," extending his hand, "I haven't had a chance, before, to thank you. You came in the nick of time."

"Yes! the gate fell, and the rascals rushed in, just as we got out of the jungle, and rounded the corner of the compound. We made short work of them. We would have been here, three days ago, but your first message was intercepted—"

"I know, I know. They paraded his bloody head, before us, poor fellow!"

"The other had to hide, in the jungle, for half a week, before he could get through. After that, we came at double quick, I can assure you."

The colonel and the major fought through the mutiny, and came out of it, each with a step: the colonel as general, the major as colonel.

Shortly after Delhi fell, Colonel McIntyre inherited the baronetcy and estates of his family, and as the war was now over, resigned and retired to private life. But before leaving India, he was married to Edith, General Greyson, now a K. C. B., giving the bride away.

More than twenty years have since elapsed, and those, who were children then, are now grown men and women. The oldest boy of Gen. Greyson, is in the guards: the elder daughter was married, two years ago, to Lord Anauly: her little sister was the belle of London, last season. Her cousin Helen McIntyre, four years younger, comes out, next year; and her brother, young Hector, goes to Oxford, at the same time.

Often, at Castle Loch-Ayre, the almost princely seat of the McIntyres, they all, young and old, gather in the gloaming, around the hearth, and listen, breathlessly, for the hundredth time, to aunt, or mother, telling the story of the mutiny.

"Ah!" says little Bertie Greyson, the five year old son of the guardsman, doubling up his little fist, "if I had been there, grandpa wouldn't have had so much trouble. I'd have thrashed the rascals, that I would. Uncle Hector wouldn't have been the only one to come to THE RESCUE."

BY THE SEA: IN STORM.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

A leaden sea and leaden sky,
And low, dull, sobbing rain;
And winds that make a wailing cry,
Like human souls in pain.

Like muffled sound of funeral bell,
I hear the waves dull roar,
As sullenly they rise and swell,
And break upon the shore.

O wailing wind and sobbing rain,
O leaden sky and sea,
My heart is full of bitter pain,
I feel akin to thee.

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IN THREE ACTS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

ACT I.

THERE was noise and confusion all about, and no wonder, for the "great dramatic spectacle," as it was called in the bills, was getting itself set in order, for the purpose of making a grand display before an audience of some thousands.

A melancholy looking man, dressed as Mephistopheles, was standing leaning against one of the side-scenes.

"Poor old Christopher," said one of the subordinates, turning to a pretty girl, who was to play the part of one of the sylphs, "he takes it harder than she does. He's been in love with her, himself, I've always believed, even while he played the part of a father to her. Yes! through all these years, when he hardly had a dollar for himself, and gave that dollar to her, he's loved her, in secret, though he never, I dare say, breathed a word of it."

"Shows his good sense," answered the girl, flippantly. "Nobody would look twice at such a fellow. He's the ugliest man I ever saw."

"He may be all that," replied the man, "and yet as good as gold. Do you know how he first came to know Columbine? We generally call her Columbine, you see; sometimes Rita; but never Miss Meredith."

"No. I'm but new here. Though I've always heard it was a romantic story."

"Well, he took her, a tiny infant, and orphan, from her dead mother's arms, when the mother, whom nobody knew then, was found dying by the road-side. There was nobody to care for the child, and she'd have been sent to the poor-house, but for him. Since that day, he has lived only for Columbine, and many a time, when his luck's been down on him, he has gone without bread, in order that she might not starve."

Even the thoughtless listener was touched by this story. She looked, reflectively, at the old actor, and said:

"He isn't so ugly, after all. And you say he takes this conduct of Rudolf's hard."

"Yes, harder than she does. You see he loved her so. I think he could almost murder the faithless lover. It was a cruel blow, I've no doubt, to poor old Cris, when he first found that Columbine was in love with this handsome genius, half-poet, half-painter; but he braced himself up to it, I suppose, telling himself he couldn't expect youth to love middle age; and as Rudolph, after all, was rather a good sort of fellow, he gave his consent to the marriage, which was only put off till the young people could afford it. But now, since this Polish princess has come to the fore, and smiles on Rudolf, and they do say is even willing to marry him, and he has lost his head, and neglects Columbine—why, old Cris is ready to murder the youngster almost, and yet is breaking his own heart in pity for poor little Columbine."

"I don't wonder," said his companion, with a sigh.

"But I shouldn't wonder," continued the other, "If they were all worrying themselves, without cause. For my part, I don't believe Rudolf will live long, to trouble any of them: he has a horrid cough, this winter; and since the princess has come, and he's been running after her so much, he's neglected it, you see, and its getting worse, day by day."

"Poor Columbine," sighed the other. "But see, here she comes."

A slight, graceful girl, dressed for the part of Columbine, emerged from the dressing-room, as the girl spoke, and advanced towards the melancholy old actor. The two speakers drew back, and subsided into silence, as she passed.

"I suppose you are looking for Rudolf," said the old actor, as Columbine joined him; and when she did not answer, he added: "Of course you are!"

He spoke with as much acrimony, as if convicting her of having denied his first statement.

The girl looked up, deprecatingly.

"I—I only wanted to be sure he had his overcoat on, it's so cold here, to-night, and he's not strong yet," she said, meekly, and with a sort of apology in her plaintive voice.

The other laughed bitterly. But the bitterness was as nothing, compared to the pain, which sounded through his false merriment.

"You needn't laugh at me," continued Columbine, with a little injured note audible in her tones. "He isn't strong, and it's very, very cold," and she shivered from her bare shoulders to her thinly-covered ankles.

"He's got something here," said the other, laying his hand on his own black and scarlet breast, "which is warmer than a great-coat.

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But if he doesn't take care, he'll find it burn worse than the shirt of Nessus."

The girl made no reply; but only sighed, more wearily than before.

"Why don't you ask me where Rudolf is?" demanded the other, testily, after a pause.

Columbine roused herself, with a start, and looked inquiringly at him. He repeated his question, with added acerbity.

"Because—because you're so cross," she faltered.

"Because you know where he is, and want to persuade yourself that you don't," he retorted, triumphantly.

But she turned on him, at his words, with such a pathetic, complaining look in her eyes, that he added, hastily, with a kind of groan:

"I'm a brute to torment you! Forgive me."

Columbine turned away, for an instant. Then she looked back at him. He seemed so penitent and ashamed, that she laid one trembling hand on his arm, and said, softly:

"You're such a good old Christopher—don't mind me!"

This time the poor fellow gave egress to a sob, without any attempt to smother or disguise it. But before Columbine could speak another word, he was called, and had to go upon the stage, leaving her standing there, waiting her turn.

For some seconds, Columbine remained, quite still, by the narrow slit, which led upon the stage, as tired, sad, and hopeless a looking little Columbine, as ever lived. She roused up, at last, from her dismal reverie, and hurried down the stage to the great curtain, that served for a drop-scene.

An iron weight held the heavy roller a little back, so that by pressing close to the proscenium, a curious dweller, behind the drop-scene, could catch a glimpse of the vast horse shoe, packed from pit to dome, with careless, laughing people.

A man stood peering out, across the footlights, towards a stage-box, at the opposite end—a tall, lithe, young, handsome man, bareheaded, with a wreath of curls, glittering like spun gold, in the glare of the lamps.

When Columbine perceived him, she stopped short, lifted her hand to her bosom, and held it there, as if something hurt suddenly under her gay silken vest, her breath coming and going in quick, convulsive gasps. When she could control herself again, she moved cautiously on, till she stood close behind the watcher, who remained too deeply absorbed, to notice her presence.

Stooping, so as to look out from under his arm, Columbine stared also at the gorgeously decorated stage-box, until her very eyes grew hot and blurred, and all objects floated and disappeared in a fiery mist, which surged slowly, back and forth, before her sight.

She had known, in advance, what and whom she was to see. Yet, with the strange craving for self-torture, which is one of the strangest traits among all those untold inconsistencies, which make up human character, she could not resist stabbing her heart, and stinging her soul, by that long, eager glance.

She had seen a woman, seated in the gilt-backed arm-chair, dressed in soft, dead-white draperies; a scarlet burnous flung carelessly over her shoulders; a single diamond crescent glittering and flashing in her hair. This woman was sitting perfectly motionless. Not one person in a hundred could have preserved such utter immobility. One arm was resting on her knee; the other was hanging at her side.

A second lady occupied a seat near; and several men were grouped about. There was laughter and conversation; but she, at whom Columbine had looked, for some moments paid no attention to either. Then, suddenly, she lifted her eyes to the face of one of the speakers, and let a slow smile gradually brighten her mouth. Oh, that smile! Circe might have had such a smile, and such eyes. Few men could have resisted their spell.

And yet, and yet—was she beautiful? Watching her, a few minutes before, a critical observer might have said she appeared inanimate; that the features were too coldly regular; the complexion too pale. But after meeting the glory of her smiling lips and eyes, few could judge. Either the spectator would become hopelessly intoxicated, or else he would conceive a repulsion, so powerful, that he would no more have given a second glance, than if he had been chilled to the marrow, by the unexpected sight of a death's head set on those perfect shoulders.

A wanderer, familiar with foreign lands, would unhesitatingly have pronounced as to her nationality. None but a Polish woman ever looked like that! Did you ever hear this legend? This is what the men in Poland tell you, and though they laugh, as they relate it, they shiver under their own merriment, as people do while repeating some superstitious tale, which they desire to convince themselves does not affect their judgment.

When the gods grew so weary of each other, that they wanted something new to torment, they made men, and having done this, they discovered that in order to torture him to the full extent of their capacities, the female of his species was required—so they set to work.

The German woman proved too dull; the

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English woman too scrupulous; the French woman too frivolous; the Italian too astute; so they took sunshine and snow, roses and deadly poison, grace and cruelty, intellect and avarice, poetry and evil desire, ambition and sloth, things and qualities most opposed each to the other, and flung the whole into the fiery crucible, which held the eternal principle of life—and up sprang the Pole!

The gods shrank back, with a shudder, at the sight of their own work. They had created a something, half angel, half demon, something unequalled, incomparable, a Polish woman. This is the legend the cynical in Poland tells.

And looking at Olga Daniski, and listening to the legend, one, who knew her well, not only was ready to believe the fable, but to say that she, in her own person, had been the original of the Olympian toilers handiwork.

Seconds, minutes elapsed. Yet still the watcher, at the opposite side of the stage, did not stir. Still Columbine watched, till the blindness and faintness, which came over her, broke the dreadful fascination that had bound her to the spot.

Then she gathered up the remnants of her strength, and slowly moved away. But she had not moved quickly enough. Her head was so dizzy, and her eyes so blurred, that she had scarcely shrunk back three paces, when she stumbled against a heap of theatrical lumber, and a portion of it fell to the floor with a crash, bruising Columbine's shoulder cruelly.

The racket was loud enough to rouse her fellow-watcher, deeply absorbed as he had been. He turned slowly round, and withdrew within the curtain. By this time, Columbine had retreated a few yards, and dropped down upon a bench.

He saw her, and across the pallor of his countenance swept a deep flush, half of anger, not pleasing. Such a handsome face it was, with the eyes of a poet, and the mouth of a woman. Such marvellous promise and capabilities in the countenance, one might have wept, while gazing thereon; for it was the face of a man consumed by a mad passion; and the direst form of what men term insanity, is not so mad as that. It looked, as if the features were translucent, and the soul within, on fire, and showing through the alabaster-like mask.

He stared full at poor Columbine, with those great, brown eyes, which ought to have been so beautiful and soft, but were now like two flames. In an instant, a sudden fierce rage started up, separate and distinct from the hungry passion gleaming in those orbs; and poor Columbine shrank back, with a colder tremor at her heart; for she knew the wrath was for her; while the passion was for the Polish woman. It sounds odd, but even in her confusion and distress of mind and body, Columbine distinguished between the two expressions that struggled in his face, and the latter was the harder to bear. She could not speak. She sat and regarded him in a dumb, fascinated sort of fashion. At length, he spoke.

"What are you watching me for?" he cried, and the voice was as sad to hear, as the face to study. Nature had meant that voice to be sweet, and deep, as the low notes of an organ; and now it seemed hoarse and sharp, with just an echo of the sweetness left, as if to soften, in spite of itself, somewhat, the harsh ring. "Always watching me—always."

"You know I would not," Columbine exclaimed, gasping between mental and physical pain, though she scarcely felt the latter, severe as it was. "I only came to see if you had your great coat on. As I stepped back, I stumbled over that heap of rubbish. I'm such an awkward thing. And, oh, Rudolf, you've neither great coat, nor hat—and your chest—and that dreadful cold."

"Nonsense!" said he, and then his utterance was cut short by a short, hacking cough.

"You are worse," exclaimed Columbine, like any real woman, forgetting everything in the anxiety roused by that sound. "I am sure you are worse."

"I coughed just because you reminded me," he said, pettishly, as soon as he could speak; "I do well enough, if I am let alone."

"Yes—only please put your coat on," pleaded Columbine, not pausing then to feel the sting of his careless, cruel words. They had gone straight to her heart; but there would be time enough to remember how they hurt, when the evening's toil was over, and she was safe in her solitary home.

She saw his coat and hat lying on the floor by the bench, and stooped to pick them up. The movement sent a sharp twinge through her bruised shoulder, which wrung a stifled moan from her lips.

He frowned at her, and cried out:

"You look as if you were dead. Don't be such a fool."

His voice would have been brutal, only that it was so full of remorse. It sounded as if some foul spirit forced him to utter the words, and as if he loathed himself, therefore, even while yielding to the spell.

"I hurt my arm; I told you I was a clumsy thing," Columbine answered, and began to laugh. She knew that she must either laugh or shriek; for she had reached the stage of nervous excite-

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ment, when emotion will find some vent, in spite of resolution; and she would not pain or fret him by tears. She was a real woman, you see, this poor little Columbine.

She managed, feebly, to pick up the coat, which was a loose paletôt, with wide sleeves, such as artists love. Then the slouched hat, with its pheasant's feather, which she had herself pinned in—no, the feather was no longer there! In its place, Columbine saw a tuft of vivid red, and with a whirl and a rush in her brain, which made her stagger and clutch at the bench for support, the poor girl had a quick vision of the beautiful Pole, as she had seen her, on the preceding day, dashing through one of the avenues, in her open Victoria; and Columbine, crossing the street at the moment, had barely time to spring backward, at the coachman's angry warning, and so escape being trampled under the horses' hoofs. But the Pole had not noticed the poor girl, who had fastened such despairing eyes on her fatal loveliness. She had passed on, wrapped in her priceless sables, with just one glint of color to lighten the sombreness of her costume, a tuft of scarlet feathers in her velvet turban—and here they were again!

"What are you doing?" Rudolf called, and his tones brought Columbine back to the exigencies of the moment, the need to be quiet.

"Picking up your coat and hat," she answered.

He stepped forward, took both from her, and put them on. He seemed about to go his way, without another word: his face looked hard as iron with obstinacy. Then he caught her eyes; he beheld no reproach there, but, oh! such anguish—such heavenly patience! In an instant, he fell upon his knees, in the dust, beside her, and stretched out his arms, in wild supplication, moaning.

"Oh, my God, Rita, oh, my God! He won't forgive me—but do you?"

Before she could speak, the orchestra ceased playing (neither had known that it had begun) the bell rang, the curtain began to ascend, and Christopher looked out from a wing, and called:

"It is your turn to go on! Come!"

Columbine ran. Christopher caught her hand, to lead her out on the stage, when she glanced back, and saw Rudolf leaning against a side-scene, white and still. With a sudden wrench, she freed herself, hurried back, threw both arms about the young man's neck, and sobbed:

"If I have anything to forgive, it is forgiven already—Rudolf, dear Rudolf!"

Then she darted back again, joined Christopher, and went, with him, on the stage. And presently there rose the shouts and laughter of the spectators, over the rapidly succeeding scenes of the extravaganza.

Rudolf da Conti stood, shuddering and appalled, when Rita had left him. Somehow, the touch of her lips seemed to smite his very soul. They swept aside the fierce waves of passion, which had battled there for weeks; and he saw it, black and desolate—good impulses rooted up—rightful ambition choked and dead. Oh, dreadful sight. Not even like the dull stretch of sea-shore when the tide is out: more like the deserted lava fields about a volcano, where the billows are living fire!

He was conscious of thinking that what he saw and felt was what a lost soul, flung beyond the chances of Time into the deadlock of Eternity, must see and feel—past, present, future, all one forever!

For a few moments, he remained stunned, motionless, and face to face with remorse in all its force and horror; but for only a few. As he staggered up, from the bench upon which he had unconsciously sunk, his eyes wandered towards the stage-box again, involuntarily, for he had not meant to look!

The Pole was leaning forward, in her seat, and across the breadth and glare of the scene, her enchantress's eyes seemed fastened on him! Back rushed the accursed flame; remorse and memory were burned out in a flash; the heaven-sent warning had failed. Does it seem strange? Did not Abraham cry to Dives across the gulf: "Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead!"

His tormentor had forbidden him to enter her presence that night, without any reason for the prohibition, save that contained in the exquisite pleasure it gave her to torture him. He dared not, in consequence, intrude. No ordinary rules ever influenced her in the least. If he were to force himself upon her notice, she would be capable of telling him, before her flatterers, that she did not even remember his name.

He rushed off into the chaos behind the scenes; made his way across the stage; and gained a door, giving admittance to a passage, from whence he could reach the main body of the house. He shoved and pushed a path through the crowd, collected in the aisle between the boxes, and the parterre chairs, until he stood close up at the side of the orchestra, just under the stage-box where the Princess Daniski sat.

The curtain had fallen on the first act of the piece. The musicians were playing a weird nocturne, which roused, in Da Conti's vivid imagination, a picture of a night in some frozen zone, a night lighted by spectral borealis instead

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of the moon, and crowning a witches' sabbot with its ghastly rays. Yet, the fancy was subordinate to the prominent thought in his mind; he kept staring up at her, always at her!

The music ceased. The Pole was speaking, conversing with the lady by her side. Her voice floated down to Rudolf, as she leaned against the front of the box.

"If men only knew us women, as we know each other, they could make themselves loved," she was saying, in her low, sweet tones, that were always so distinct. "Strength, force, that is what we worship! What else induced the beautiful Roman princess to follow the scarred old gladiator? Love—I? No; I have never loved! I am waiting for some man to frighten my will powerless, by a deed daring enough to subdue it—good or bad, brave or cruel!"

Then she laughed, in mockery of her own idle talk, and a rosebud, its core so red that it resembled a drop of blood, fluttered slowly from her listless fingers, and fell on Rudolf's shoulder. Was it by design?

Through a chink in the curtain, Columbine watched. Amid all the countless throng, her gaze went quick and unerringly towards Da Conti, as if he had stood alone in the great crescent; and her fortitude yielded for a little as she looked. It was not jealousy, which moved her. She was that rarest of human beings, a creature who could love so entirely, that self lost its power. It was not her own pain, which conquered. She would bear that bravely, till it wore life out. But she shuddered at the certainty of what awaited Rudolf, the ruin, moral and physical, to which he was letting himself be passively dragged down.

As Columbine tottered away, into a dark corner, sobbing with all the might of her poor broken heart, old Christopher appeared at her side again; but she was too weak and spent for the moment to attempt either subterfuge or concealment.

"If she only loved him, I should be thankful—nothing is of any consequence except his happiness—nothing!" she moaned. "But she wants to murder him, Christopher—only that! Because he is as handsome as those ancient gods, he read to me about; because he has genius, which might make him great; she has a pleasure in killing his soul. She wants to do it slowly, and watch it wither day by day. Oh, I know, I know. I'm a poor ignorant creature, and I can't explain; but I understand!"

"Ay," said Christopher. But still she did not realize his presence.

"It was not to be expected he could be satisfied with my love, he so gifted, so learned. I was just a worm, gazing up at a star. But to stand by and see that woman steal his soul. And we were to have been married, this month, if—but that is not it—better he found out in time—it is ruin, his ruin, that I cannot bear. No power on earth can save him, and heaven is so cruel that it will not try."

"Heaven sent him his angel, and he would not listen," said her companion, of whose presence, she now, for the first time, became aware. She turned on him, in sudden, hot wrath.

"Don't you say a word against him. Don't you dare!" she cried. "Not a word. How can *you* judge *him?*" with ineffable scorn.

Then, as she saw the sad face, beside her, so full of pity for her, her mood changed.

"Oh, forgive me. I should not speak to you like that," she moaned. "Ah, don't blame me—I suffer so—I suffer so!"

The old actor took her in his arms, and both sobbed for a few seconds, in speechless grief. Then the music floated out, the bell rang, the curtain rose, and as its withdrawal disclosed the Elysian Fields, Columbine, in spite of her breaking heart, had to go back to the stage.

Meantime, the old actor, in his turn, sought a convenient nook, from whence to watch the box, which, even amid the magical beauty and the insane fun presented on the stage, attracted so many eyes.

He saw the second lady rise, and bid the enchantress farewell, and as she left the box, an imperious gesture of the Pole's hand, sent the trio of men away, in the departing visitor's wake. The actor stood, regarding the Circe for a few seconds, then he muttered to himself:

"I'll try it—why not? It can do no harm. Who knows but what some good may come of my speaking to her? Whatever else she does or leaves undone, she always keeps her word. Nobody ever denied that; and she told me that she was grateful for what I did, and would never forget: it's years since, it's true. Well, but, let us see—let us see."

He nodded his head several times, in a resolute fashion, and turned towards the passage, through which Rudolf had passed, half an hour before; but almost at the first step, his course was arrested by hearing one of the supernumeraries say:

"Here's the very man himself. Here's Christopher, if you want him. As for Rita Columbine, you see she's on the stage, so you can't get at her at present; but she'll be through by-and-bye; and by that time, perhaps, you'll have done with Christopher."

The old actor turned, and saw a man coming

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towards him, whom he did not know; but impatient as he was to push forward and do his errand, he could not go just then, for the stranger said:

"I have something most important to tell you. It concerns Rita Meredith. I see you're in a hurry; but—"

"No hurry at all," interrupted the actor, "if it relates to Rita. Come, let me hear. There's plenty of time, after all," he muttered, "for the other. Plenty of time."

It was nearly half an hour, before the old actor emerged from the room, to which he had led the stranger, and when he did so, he went on to the stage again, to fill his part. After that, he had a word or two, to say to the stranger again; and after that he went to the box, where the Pole was still sitting.

His companion, meantime, remained at the wings, watching, unobserved, the progress of the spectacle on the stage. He seemed especially attracted towards Columbine, whose graceful movements, and eloquent pantomime, he could not, apparently, admire too much. Once he thought he saw tears in her eyes, and he felt inexpressively sad. Once he heard the manager speak roughly to her, and he had almost an uncontrollable impulse to knock the brute down. "She's beautiful, beautiful," he said, more than once, "and as good as she is handsome, the old man says. But, ha! What is this?"

For, at that moment, a spark of fire, that evidently came from above, fell directly at his feet. At first, he supposed it was part of the play, though he could not help thinking it was a very dangerous thing to risk; but when, almost immediately, the spark, which had gone out at once, was followed by a bit of burning canvas, not large, a mere fragment indeed, but which did not go out, he glanced up, overhead, in alarm. At the same instant, he was conscious of a subtle smell of smoke, and a dull roar, that deepened and intensified, as he listened.

"Fire! Fire!"

The cry burst, simultaneously, from a score of voices. Far above, among the multitudinous scenes of painted canvas, the rafters, the ropes, the pulleys, a red glare was shining, and sparks, and fragments of burning wood, even, were beginning to shower down on the stage.

"Fire! Fire!"

It was, as it seemed to him, a thousand voices that now spoke. The whole audience were on their feet. Shrieks, cries for help, hysterical sobs from women echoed from every side: and over all, with an ever increasing roar, that, within a minute, deepened to thunder, rose the noise of the conflagration.

Then, again and again, the wild cry:

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

His first thought, strange to say, was not of himself, but of Columbine. He turned to look for her. When he had last seen her, she was on the opposite side of the stage from him, not far from the stage-box. It was in that part of the theatre, apparently, that the fire had originated; for the flames now had mastered it, from stage to roof; and even the box, itself, was lost sight of, behind a dense curtain of smoke and fire.

All at once, he saw the figure of Columbine dash into what seemed the thickest of the conflagration, on that side. He was about to follow, when a strong arm caught hold of him, and jerking him back, said:

"This way, sir, if you'd be saved. T'other side of the theatre, is past hope already."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHADOW GLEN.

BY DR. BEN M. HARDIN.

Behind a sheltering prairie hill,
Next to the border of a stream,
A crystal brook, where noisy mill,
Or roaring dam destroys no dream.
Shut out from sight of passers-by,
Its coolness dark, and scented air
Broke but by bee and butterfly,
And singing birds and timid hare—
There lies a dreamy shadow glen,
As coy as woodland bird untamed;
So narrow, that its close extent,
If called a bower, were better named.

Deep hid within its scented shade,
The crimson honeysuckle blooms,
And every mimic sunny glade,
The blue-eyed violet perfumes.

In earliest June, the fragrant plum,
And wild crab-blossoms load the air
With breath so sweet, your senses numb,
Will droop beneath the fragrance rare.
And if you chance, some happy hour,
When summer's sun is dropping low,
To walk within this scented bower,
And cull the flowers where they blow,
You'll say within your inmost soul,
That wealth, and fame, the praise of men,
And joys of bacchanalian bowl,
All fade beside sweet Shadow Glen.

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THE STORY OF A SUMMER.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It had been a dull, gloomy day, dreary with grey, heavy clouds, and falling rain, rain that did not fall in quick, driving showers, but slowly, steadily, monotonously. In hard storms and tempests, one braces their wills, and rouses their courage to endure them, and so find strength in their condition; but this monotonous, unceasing, dreary, drip—drip—drip—I said to myself, was enough to drive one insane.

But just at sunset, there came a wonderful change. The rain ceased, the heavy clouds parted away in the west, and the sun shone out so gloriously, that it seemed almost like a new heaven, and a new earth; and as I looked down from my chamber-window in great happiness and content, (for atmospheric changes affect me nearly as much as if I were a barometer), I saw little Jamie Burton, one of my pupils, came up towards me, all lit up with the sunset glow, and bearing a letter, "a letter for Miss Dennison," as he said.

Now this letter contained the most eventful tidings, that ever letter had brought to me before. I knew my two first names, Catherine Armitage, had been given me by Miss Catherine Armitage, a very wealthy, maiden lady, whose life my mother had once saved. It was at the sea-side, where Miss Armitage had gone to recruit her health and spirits, both having suffered greatly, in consequence of her only brother having married, in direct opposition to her will. Besides this brother, who was much younger than herself, Miss Armitage had no relatives, and having parted with him forever, as she said in her anger, she doubtless felt rather lonely. And so when Miss Armitage had ventured out one day, in bathing, beyond her depth, and would undoubtedly have been drowned, if my mother, who was a splendid swimmer, had not gone to her rescue, her gratitude seemed boundless, and she made my mother her great favorite. And when I was born, she gave me her name, with the intimation that "I wouldn't lose anything by it."

I had never seen this friend of my mother's, for when I was a child, my parents had removed to a distant State, and the correspondence had gradually almost died out between them; but I often heard my mother, in our days of poverty, after my father's death, and before I obtained the situation of teacher in a public school, which I was now occupying, I often heard my mother say, "who knows but you may sometime be a great heiress, for Miss Armitage is very rich, and you are her namesake." But poor mother, this hope dropped away from her, as other hopes and happinesses had, before her death, for news came that Carl Armitage, the only son of Miss Armitage's brother, was living with her, and he was to be her heir.

But little cared I for this, my whole world was centered in my mother, and my world I knew was passing from me. She died the day I was twenty; died holding my hand in hers, looking up in my face with her dark eyes, making me her last thought, as I had always been her first. I remember hearing them say, "she is gone." I remember throwing myself on my knees, and clasping my arms about her, as if I could hold her here with my love, my despair; and then all is a blank. And when I came back, a pale shadow from out the shadow-land, that lies somewhere between death and life, the turf had been heaped over my mother's grave, many days and weeks.

Well, I lived, for I was young and naturally strong, and could not die, though how many, many times I have prayed, knelt and prayed madly, for death, as if God would heed the impious prayer, born of impatient grief.

But the days rolled by, and I gained strength and health. My friends obtained a situation for me in a public school, with a good salary, and here I had been ever since.

And now, after nearly five years had passed by, Miss Catherine Armitage had died, and left me heiress to all her property.

She had died, very suddenly, so the lawyer wrote, stricken down in a fit of apoplexy; and the will, making me her heiress, was written many years ago, but was all the will that could be found.

I could hardly realize it, at first. It seemed more like some of the old fairy tales I had delighted in, in my childhood, than sober reality. That I, Kitty Dennison, was an heiress, with five thousand a year, was incredible. That I owned Armitage Place, which I had so very often heard described as being almost an earthly paradise. But it was not a dream; it was a delightful reality. The lawyer's very difficult handwriting,

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hard indeed to decipher, was a tangible reality, and not the golden penciling of poesy and fantasy. The lawyer advised me to come and take possession of my new home, as soon as possible, for there was no one there now, but one old servant, who had always lived with Miss Armitage, and whom she desired should always have a home there; and there were many things that needed the attention of a mistress. It was very easy for me to settle up my affairs. A successor to the situation, I had held in my school, was soon found; and so with my few household gods, a few pictures and keepsakes of my mother's, and my own slender outfit of clothing, I started towards my unknown home.

It was in the early evening that I arrived there. I had written when I was to be expected; but for some reason my letter had failed to reach its destination, and there was no one to meet me at the train. But as it was but two miles' distance, and it lacked yet half an hour to sunset, I thought I preferred to walk, instead of occupying the open wagon, that stood by the gate, awaiting passengers. So I left my luggage to be sent on after me, and receiving minute instructions as to the way, I set out for my new home.

As I said, it was already sunset, when I reached the gate, that opened into the trim, neatly-kept grounds. The south wind wafted sweet odors to me, as I went up the walk, past flower beds, and clusters of blossoming shrubs, to the front entrance. It was a pretty house, I could see that even in the soft twilight, large, but not too large for comfort, with bay-windows, and porticoes, whose snowy pillars were wreathed with flowering creepers.

Decidedly, I thought to myself, Miss Armitage was a woman of taste.

A good-natured, elderly woman answered my ring at the door. I introduced myself, and found I was not mistaken, in my first conjecture, that she was Mrs. Hannah Widrig, the old friend as well as servant of Miss Armitage. As I was very weary, I went directly to my room, a dainty, bright, little apartment, with the same, sweet wholesome air about it, that seemed to reign over the whole place. I had just refreshed myself with a bath, and was combing out my long and rather curly hair, when a rap at the door betokened the presence of Mrs. Hannah. She had brought my supper up to my room, she said, thinking I would be too fatigued to go down again. I thanked her for her thoughtfulness, and, after a few kind words, and offers of assistance, which I declined, she left me to the welcome repose of solitude.

The next few days passed by very pleasantly, how pleasantly only those can tell, who have spent their days in a boarding-house, and at last find themselves in a home, such a sweet, quiet, orderly home as this was, too.

Hannah was a perfect treasure, affectionate, faithful, neat, industrious, a model of a housekeeper. I hired a young girl in the neighborhood, whom she recommended, to assist her about the house, and a nephew of hers was already there, to work in the garden, and take care of the two handsome ponies. And so our modest household was established, and moved on smoothly.

Hannah was loud in her praises of young Mr. Armitage. He, it was, who had planted all the shrubberry, and flowers, and selected the rare pictures, and the choice volumes in the large library, and who had made it a home of taste and refinement. She treated me kindly, I fancy she could not treat anyone unkindly. But, I think, that in her heart, she regretted that I was the possessor of beautiful Armitage Place, instead of her favorite, her hero, Carl Armitage. And I found she was by no means alone in her worship. Our other domestics, the grave-faced James, and the lively Alzenie, improved every possible opportunity to bear their testimony to his perfections. And so did Mr. Hastings, the lawyer, and the neighbors who came to call upon me. It seemed that Mr. Armitage must be indeed a wonderful man, to inspire such warm friendship in all who approached him.

And when I found, in the well filled library, his two books, one of which he had published but a short time previous, I, too, in my spirit, joined the ranks of his friends and admirers.

I had never chanced to see his books, though I knew he was an author, and I found them beautiful, admirable in every way. One of them, "The Story of a Quiet Life," I thought, as I read it, was better than anything I had ever read before in my life. There was such an earnestness, such a tender, helpful sympathy for all humanity, under the delicate humor, that brightened its pages. I fancied I could see the heart, the soul of the writer, through the words, and see that it was a white soul, a true, tender heart.

Yes, in spirit, I joined the ranks of his subjects. Though I made no public avowal of my sentiments, I was conscious, myself, that I was fast making of Carl Armitage my hero, my Prince Arthur, my blameless king.

But, one morning, I had been there perhaps three weeks, the sedate, wise-faced James brought me, with my other morning mail, a letter, directed in a bold, handsome writing, to Miss Catherine Dennison, a letter that was destined to

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give me a severe shock. It commenced "Dear Friend," and was signed Carl Armitage. As he had been so much in my thoughts of late, it is not to be wondered at that I read his words with interest. And to do justice to myself, although I greatly wondered at the letter, I did not become aware that it was written to Mr. Hastings, the lawyer, and not to me, until I had got to the second page. I should, on this discovery, have averted my head, and folded up the letter, without another glance at it. Such would have been the conduct of the heroic and model heroines, who roam down our pages of modern romance. But alas! I must record the humiliating truth, that I did not do so, that I did deliberately read every word of it. I hope others will lay the burden of my sin where it justly belongs, upon Eve. Yes, upon our first mother, who left with her daughters the burden of a constitutional curiosity, that clamors to be indulged.

I think, however, that the fact, that I saw my own name in the letter, intensified my curiosity, and made it nearly impossible that I should act in a heroic and sublime manner. The letter was as follows:

"My Dear Friend:

"Thanks for your sympathy. But you seem to labor under a misapprehension, which I beg leave first of all to correct. My aunt Catherine was not, in the least, to blame in the matter of the will. The property was her own, no one had any claim upon it. She had a perfect right to leave it to whom she chose. I have to thank her for some of the happiest, most peaceful hours of my life. Her kindness to me I can never forget, and shall be forever grateful to her for. You know how she came to me, the summer after my mother died, when I lay sick of a fever—when I was not only in the depths of weakness and despairing grief, but in the depths of poverty and discouragement, too. For my literary venture had proven a failure, and my mother's long illness had used up all my means. I have always thought I should have died, had it not been for my aunt's care and kindness. In her quiet, beautiful home, too, where she made me so welcome, I had the leisure to do better literary work than ever before. Had it not been for her, 'The Story of a Quiet Life would never have been written, nor been 'such a marvellous success,' as the critics say. So you see I have everything to thank, and nothing to blame her for."

Here, as I paused to turn over the leaf, I thought to myself, what a noble, manly letter it is. Old Hannah's praises were indeed none too warm for this young man, who, after supposing himself the heir to this fine property, for so long, can bear to let a stranger come in and rob him of his possessions, and yet has none but tender memories, and gentle words, for one who had so greviously disappointed him. But as I read the next page, my feelings were destined to change, change decidedly.

"Yes, to be honest with you, Hastings, for I have always considered you my close friend, ever since you used to make a burnt offering of yourself on the altar of friendship, and listen to my poetry by the hour, in the old college days—yes, to be frank, it is rather hard on me to leave the quiet, beautiful home, where I have lived for so many happy years, and to leave it for Miss Catherine Dennison, such a thin-nosed, prim-looking body, too. But I hope the poor old soul will take hearty comfort there, and enjoy it as well as I did. The dear old library, however, with its rare volumes, the pictures and statuary, and the lovely scenery, will all, I fear, be but sealed pages to her. She hasn't got the right sort of a face for enjoying them. Though I only saw her once, and then, unseen by her, I am quite certain of that. You know it is a pet theory of mine, that faces can be read as easily as books. I should call her, nevertheless, a good sort of a woman, and I hope, for the sake of the dear one gone, who loved and trusted in you, you will be kind and helpful to her, for, of course, she will retain you as her man of business.

"I have just written her a brief note of congratulation, and I am writing this, hurriedly, to get to the office in time. My head is turning round and round, with one of my old, dizzy headaches. So good-bye, old fellow.

"Yours as ever,

"Carl Armitage.

"P. S.—I am going away, to-morrow, for a good rest—going to leave all business and cumbering cares behind me—write when I get back.

C. A."

I laid down the letter, and walked deliberately to the mirror, where I looked long and earnestly at the face reflected there "Not the right sort of a face," to enjoy books and pictures, and the sweet, summer landscape—"thin-nosed." Well it was rather of a thin nose, a "a true Dennison nose," as poor aunt Catherine often told me. She was my father's sister, a maiden lady, and she always seemed to fancy that the true gentility of the Dennison race was reflected in our noses. Poor soul, she hadn't much besides gentility, no mental, nor material wealth to dote upon, so she should be pardoned, I suppose, for making the

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most of her possessions. And she doted upon the Dennison gentility, the fine aristocratic contour of the Dennison nose. My nose was rather thin, I confessed that to myself, as I scanned my features, but it was straight and well formed. And for the rest of my face, I saw a pair of large, gray eyes, shaded with long, dark lashes; a fair complexion; and rounded cheeks, rather pale naturally, but which emotion always tinged with a warm rose hue. The cheeks were a vivid scarlet now, and so were the lips, that were full and rather tender, and gentle in expression, but now were curved haughtily, imperiously. "A poor, old soul, indeed." Was twenty-five such an antique age? Perhaps so, in the eyes of Mr. Carl Armitage, who doubtless doated on sweet sixteen, and doated on it, because it gushed, and went into ecstasies over his milk and water effusions, to his heart's content. But, no, his writings were not milk and water, they were strong and sincere; and the heart of the writer seemed throbbing upon the pages. So much my reason forced me to admit, even in my hot anger. But I hated him. I detested, with an utter detestation, Mr. Carl Armitage. I could, at least, do so much with a clear conscience, I said to myself.

I thought, of course, Mr. Hastings would call, and bring me my letter, and demand his; for I could understand, at once, how in the haste of writing, Carl Armitage had taken the wrong envelopes. And my cheeks burned, at the thought of having anyone, but myself, read the words Carl Armitage had seen fit to say of me. But this trial was, at least, spared; for the next morning, the first information that Hannah volunteered, was that "Mr. Hastings was took down with the tyfus, it had been a runnin' through the village, and he had ketched it."

Hannah was kind-hearted, and all through that day, and for the weeks to come, during which Mr. Hastings lay very ill, I had to listen to her daily regrets, "that the tyfus had got to runnin' through the village, and Mr. Hastings had ketched it." Mr. Hastings was one of her favorites, chiefly, I think, by reason of his being a friend of her idol, her hero, Carl Armitage. Had Hannah's tongue been made of leather, or iron, or any less perishable material, than that which entered into its structure, it must have worn out under the constant friction, the hard use to which she subjected it daily, in praise of Carl Armitage, his nobility, his generosity, his goodness, his manifold perfections; and I think it was as much to escape this infliction, as for any other reason, that I accepted an invitation, from an old school friend, "to visit her, and stay as long as I possibly could." It was at a quiet, little, seaside resort, where my friend, Millicent Townsend, and her mother, were spending the summer. A delightful place, with excellent sea-bathing, long, easy drives through the valley roads, and pleasant, old woods up the side of the high hills, a mile or two distant, to wander away and get lost in. My friend, Milly, met me, with open arms, assuring me, in her warm-hearted, impulsive way, that hosts of new friends could not possibly be to her, what her dear Dot was. They always called me Dot in my old home, a name given me by my parents, in my babyhood, partly because I was such a wee bit of a baby, and partly to distinguish my name from my aunt Catherine, who lived with us at that time, and indeed for long afterwards.

There were not a great many boarders at the hotels, but they made up in quality, what they lacked in numbers. They were, nearly all of them, refined, cultivated people, who had been here, summer after summer, for years. Quiet, elderly people now, whose children, whom they had brought there, at first, with nurses, had grown up into gay, young people, who made the old place lively enough at times, with picnics and parties. But, of course, there were some strangers, attracted thither by the quiet beauty of the place; and one evening, at a crowded party, Col. Harris, the polite but rather absent-minded proprietor of the hotel, brought a very handsome young man to me, and introduced him as Mr. Ormstead.

He seated himself by my side, and we entered into conversation. I am not a believer in love at first sight, in fact, I had always laughed at the possibility, as being one of the sentimental, school-girl fancies, that would pass away with the bread and butter period of existence. But yet, as I looked up into the frank, handsome face, into the clear, honest eyes, that gazed down upon me so kindly, a strange thrill went through my heart, a strange impression, that we were not strangers, but near friends, that though we had never looked upon each other's faces before, our souls were closely allied. A very singular emotion, indeed, but as a faithful chronicler, I record the truth faithfully. I fancied, too, that he had the same emotion in regard to me. I thought I read it, in the mellow glow and illumination, that lit up his large, steadfast eyes, as they looked into my own. I did not dance, and he did not dance any more after his introduction to me, and we sat for an absurdly long time, talking of books, pictures, and all manner of subjects. He seemed to be equally well informed upon every subject. I thought I

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had never met with anyone before, who possessed such an inexhaustible fund of knowledge, such a quiet and enjoyable humor, and who was withal so simple in his manners, so entirely unconscious of being, in any way, the superior of the white-gloved dandies about us. What he thought of me, of course, I could not tell; but his opinion, apparently, was not unfavorable, as he did not leave my side, till the very last moment that politeness admitted.

That night, in talking over the events of the evening, with Milly, I unaccountably forgot to say even a word about my new acquaintance. But my reticence was not caused by forgetfulness of him. We attended another crowded reception, the next evening, and there again I met my new friend, my new old friend now; for it seemed, indeed, as if I had always known him, as if he had always been a nearer friend to me than any other.

He remained at my side nearly all the evening, and was so openly devoted, that my friend, Milly, whispered to me to be careful, and not give my heart to "a stranger, whom nobody knew."

"Give my heart away, indeed," so I said, in tones of great unbelief, intended to convince Milly, once for all, of the absurdity of the idea. But did it convince me? I am afraid not.

But Milly had no time to overlook my heart affairs, for her own interested her too deeply. Her betrothed lover, a junior partner in a large mercantile firm, was on the eve of sailing for China, on business connected with the firm, and her own joys and sorrows were sufficient to her. Mrs. Townsend was an invalid, who seldom left her room.

So the days passed by, radiant with that beauty and that light, that was "never on shore or on sea." Enchanted days, blissful hours, in which my new friend and I rode through the leafy forest roads, sailed down the glorified waters, sat side by side on the broad piazza, in the white moonlight; and wherever we were, whether alone, or surrounded by crowds, we were in reality alone, in that "old world which is the new."

I shall never forget one day, in particular, when, under pretence of fishing, we spent hours, by the side of a picturesque stream, suffused with that indescribable happiness, which leafy woods, and running water, and bright sunshine, and youth, and hope give to us, sometimes once only in a lifetime, sometimes, but oh! how rarely, oftener. I remember it the more especially, not only for the bliss of those sweet, sweet hours, but for the terrible discovery that followed.

For that night, while still dreaming of the day's experiences, recalling words, and gestures, and looks, and blushing, even though alone, as I recalled them, Milly burst into my room, exclaiming:

"Oh! Dot, what do you think I have discovered, to-night?"

"A new planet, with eleven moons, judging from your excitement."

"Oh! that would be as nothing beside my discovery. And it concerns you, too, closely and intimately."

"Is the hotel on fire? If so, it concerns me closely and intimately to get up and prepare for emergencies."

"Who do you think your Mr. Ormstead is?" said she, suddenly, with pointed emphasis.

My book chanced to drop from my lap to the floor, and I very leisurely stooped down to pick it up, before I replied. My stooping position had made me somewhat flushed; but I replied, with coolness and dignity.

"In the first place, Millicent, I have no Mr. Ormstead; in the second place—"

But she interrupted me, for the news she was bearing, dazzled her, blinded her, even to the proprieties of life. "He is an impostor, a grand, noble impostor, the most splendid impostor that ever imposed upon people. His name is not Ormstead; Col. Harris made the mistake: and he hates being lionized, so that he let it go; he is Carl Armitage, the author of those delightful books, the hero of maiden dreams, the beautiful, the heroic—"

"And the sublime," said I, finishing the quotation for her.

"You take it very coolly," said Milly.

"Well, is not that the proper way to take news, this torrid weather? You wouldn't have me take it warmly, would you?"

But after Milly left the room, perhaps she would have changed her mind about my taking it so coolly, if she had seen my face, as I walked the floor—to and fro—to and fro.

I had made the man a hero, looked up to him as a superior being, as a loving woman always will look up to the man she loves; for in this hour, I did not try to conceal the hard fact from myself, I did love him. And if any woman had reason to think a man loved her, without his putting the fact into so many words, I had reason to believe he loved me. And disliking me, despising me as he did, when he first saw me, making me an object of ridicule and pity, as I knew he had, from his own letter, what meant the sudden admiration and devotion? I could see but one clue. My wretched property, which he

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had lost by me, was dearer to him than his truth, his honor, or his happiness. And instead of winning my love to answer his love, winning my soul in return for his soul, he was wooing my money bags, winning back his ancestral acres. And how willingly, how easily, I had been won. I fancied how he must look upon me with contempt, and despise me for not seeing through his shallow pretences. Well, he should have it. I would keep none of the wretched wealth, that had brought me the deepest humiliation, the keenest misery of my life. I would go home, the next day, and as soon as the necessary papers could be made out, I would give it all back to him, the paltry riches, for which he could stoop his soul.

I gave my hot anger no time to cool. I returned home on the morning train, leaving Milly breathless, with horror and dismay; leaving no message for Mr. Armitage, although I had an engagement to ride with him in the morning, and drive with him in the afternoon. No, no messages for him, for if I should attempt to write him one word, my hot contempt would fairly scorch the pages.

I arrived home safely, and was met by Hannah, with such a warm welcome, that I could see that, insensibly, she had transferred to me some of the warm affection, which she felt for her Mr. Carl. After her first expressions of delight, at seeing me, were past, the first news she volunteered was, "That Mr. Hastings had got over the tyfus, he had riz up wonderful smart, and got over it."

Welcome news to me, for I needed his services, at once. That afternoon, I went down to his office, and told him that I had been thinking the matter of the will over, and had come to the conclusion that I was keeping the property wrongfully, that I thought the rightful owner was Mr. Carl Armitage, and that I wished him to notify that gentleman to that effect.

I will give Mr. Hastings the credit of saying, that though I knew his opinion always was, and always would be, that the property should belong to his friend Carl, yet he combatted my intentions, with all the arguments he could think of; that he called me Quixotish, foolish; and in all ways tried to make me ashamed of my purpose. But he found me inflexible. I told him Mr. Armitage could do as he chose, but I should leave the place at all events. I would never live there another week of my life. If Mr. Armitage refused to receive it back, of course that was his own fault, it could remain without a master if he chose; but it would most certainly lose its mistress before that day week. He asked me what had so suddenly changed my mind? And I told him, rather evasively, that I had thought about it a good deal, ever since I had come there—that I was certain Miss Armitage intended to make a will in Carl's favor, and it was only by an accident, that I ever came in possession of it, and that from what Hannah had said—

"Hang Hannah!" interrupted Mr. Hastings, impatiently.

"Very well, you can hang Hannah, if you choose; and hang Mr. Armitage, too, with all my heart; but I shall not be present, to witness the execution, for I am through with the property. I tell you, candidly and truly, that nothing will ever make me change my mind."

"What makes you dislike Mr. Armitage so, Miss Dennison?" said Mr. Hastings, fixing his keen black eyes upon my own.

The blood rushed to my face, in a great wave: and the tears, too, with it, I fancy. Then I felt the red wave slowly receding, till I felt that I was white and cold.

But with a great effort I controlled myself, so I could speak calmly.

"I don't think I am manifesting any great dislike to him, in my actions, Mr. Hastings. It is simply a matter of justice, that the property, which I am now holding, should be restored to the one, who is the equitable owner."

"Well, where are you going, may I ask?"

"I am going back to the public school, from where I came. I wrote, this morning, and as I happen to know there is a vacancy there, at present, I am sure of getting it."

"How will you enjoy going back to your monotonous round of duties, the hard tread-mill of labor, after your taste of ease and independence?"

"I don't expect to enjoy it, and I don't know that it is necessary I should. There are other things in life, Mr. Hastings, besides enjoyment: better things, higher, nobler things."

"Well, well, this is a preposterous state of affairs. Mr. Armitage will refuse to accept it."

"I think you wrong Mr. Armitage by the doubt."

Again he looked at me keenly, with the sharp, lawyer eyes, that would fain read my soul.

"Well, what if he does refuse? I will write to him, but I wager my head, he will refuse to accept your offer."

I thought to myself that my head would rest but uneasily upon my shoulders, if its position there depended upon the unselfishness and generosity of Mr. Carl Armitage; but I said no more about it, and Mr. Hastings attended me down to my carriage, with more interest and attention than he had ever vouchsafed before.

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The next morning, I commenced my preparations to leave. That afternoon, while I was deep in the mysteries and miseries of packing, I received a note from Mr. Hastings, containing a telegram from Mr. Armitage. He could not wait to write, it seemed. He utterly refused, and at once, to touch so much as a penny of the property. But I said to myself, he thought it would look better to not grasp it at once, as a boy would seize a stolen orange. Or did he still count on my romantic affection and admiration for him, and think it would look better to become owner of the property in that way? Did he have a little pity for the "poor old soul," who was, nevertheless, so repulsive to him, as to think it would be too bad, to win all her worldly wealth, and her affections, too, with no return.

I sat down and wrote a line to Mr. Hastings, affirming again my unalterable resolution to leave the place, that week.

The next morning, down he came, fuming and panting for breath. And again I had to listen to a long volley of arguments and expostulations. He kept his temper tolerably well, while in my presence; but as he walked down the front steps, with the fair beauty of Armitage Place, in the morning sunshine, all before him, I heard him mutter to himself, with emphasis:

"Such a place as this to go a begging. I never saw two such consummate and hopeless idiots in my whole life, before."

I worked hard, all day. As the sunset drew near, I was tired and worn out, first with my thoughts, and then with old Hannah's mournful upbraidings and remonstrances. For it seemed that even the return of her beloved Mr. Carl, could not console her for my going out again, homeless and penniless, into the world, to fight my hard warfare, against poverty and want. So I had gone out into the old summer-house, that stood at the bottom of the garden. I sat there, leaning my head listlessly against the vine-wreathed lattice-work, with my hands folded idly on my lap, when I heard a step coming directly towards my retreat, and I rose to meet—Carl Armitage.

Was he such a consummate actor, as to counterfeit the quick, sudden glow of joy, that shone in his dark eyes, as he stepped quickly forward, with outstretched hands, as he caught sight of me?

"Miss Dennison, you here?" he cried.

"Where should I be, if not here, Mr. Armitage?" I said, with cold hauteur, drawing back.

He looked in unfeigned surprise.

"Are you a relative of the owner of this place? Pardon me, but the happiness, the surprise of seeing you here is so great—"

"No, I am not a relative of the owner of this place. The owner is Mr. Armitage, I only came into possession of it by a mistake."

"You! You became possessor of it. Why, I thought your name was Dorothea, Miss Milly always called you Dot. And I saw the owner of this place once, she was an old lady, with gray hair and spectacles."

"Oh! my namesake, my aunt Catherine."

Why had I not thought of this solution before, while wondering upon the words of his letter, and the mystery of his behavior?

And oh! blesssed sunlight, that enwrapped us about, as we sat there, crowned with that light that was "never on sea or on shore."

But in all the long talk that followed, there was no question of mine or thine. We had entered into a realm, where they measured not their wealth by acres, or counted it down in real gold.

Mr. Hastings was disquieted no more, with rash refusals of Armitage Place, by its lawful owners. And Hannah was blissful, with a bliss too deep for words to express.

"IF."

BY STELLA BREWER.

If I could hold your hands, to-night,
And press upon your brow;
The kiss that's trembling on my lips,
Could see thee, darling, *now:*
It seems as if my throbbing heart,
Would cast aside its fear,
And tell you of the loving thoughts,
That fondly cluster here.

If I could only look, to-night,
Deep in those eyes of blue;
Could see within their azure depths
Those beams of love so true;
Could meet those glances still and sweet,
That from thy eyes to mine:
Speak of a love, so pure and deep—
A love like heaven, divine.

If I could take those brave, strong hands,
And hold them in my own;
And hear again those precious words,
You told in softened tone;
If I could for a moment, love!
Bring all my thoughts to thee;
I know, 'twould fill my lonely heart,
With peace and ecstacy.

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THE MAID OF MÜHLEN.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 212.

CHAPTER IV.

WYCKLIFFE paused and looked up. Else was motioning him back. "Ah!" he thought, "if I had taken her advice before, I would never have stood where I am standing now, with death staring me in the face. This time, I will heed her."

He waved his hand, therefore, in recognition. She answered, motioning him to go up the pass. This he did, as long as she signalled him to do it, stopping when she directed him to go no further.

She had, evidently, devised some plan for attempting to send him aid, and while he was skeptical as to the result, he yet felt an irresistible impulse to trust his life in her hands. "What a precious fool I have been," he said, "to place it in jeopardy, for Louise Lanier—a woman, who regards it as of less value than the merest bauble, which my wealth might purchase for her."

When Else saw that Wyckliffe comprehended her wish, and would obey her directions, she rapidly descended the cliff, followed by her dog. In her hand she carried a coil of rope. But, when Lionel had joined her at the torrent's edge, she untwisted the coils from about her arm, and dexterously looped them around his neck, while the noble animal stood patiently watching her, a world of wistful questioning in his meek eyes.

This great-hearted Lionel had been the truest, most faithful and devoted companion, that the motherless girl had ever known. Through childhood and maidenhood, she had held converse with him, as with a tried, familiar friend: he knew her words and ways, and would have given his life for hers. Imminent then must be the peril, even of a fellow mortal, to tempt her to the sacrifice she was doubtless preparing to make. Wyckliffe understood her design, as he saw her twisting the coils of rope about the animal's neck, and, intuitively, he comprehended, at least, a measure of the pain, which it cost her, to expose the dog to almost certain destruction.

At the last moment, however, she almost faltered, for Lionel, as if now conscious of what she was demanding of him, suddenly turned his head, and, uttering a low whine, pressed it lovingly against her bosom, as she knelt beside him. She flung her arms about his neck.

"Brave Lionel! True friend! Thou faithful one!" she cried. "If thou must perish, my Brave, die as the heroes die! Be thou no craven, to meet death, shrinking and afraid."

Hot, bitter tears dropped from her eyes, and fell upon him. But there was only one instant of this weakness! Thrusting the dog from her embrace, she bade him carry the rope across to Wyckliffe; and the dauntless creature, courageous as a hero of Thermopylæ, advanced, at the word, to the verge of the torrent.

The surging waters rushed over the delicate feet; the icy spray rained, like needle points, against his breast; and for an instant he shrunk back, and once more uttered that low, pleading whine, turning his mournful eyes, as if to ask if his mistress would possibly relent. Wyckliffe could see that her face was fixed and white: that her bosom heaved, and that her eyes glimmered with tears; but she waived the dog on, nevertheless, and pointing to the torrent, said:

"Go! go! Or thou art no comrade of mine. Go, Lionel!"

As if shamed by her taunt, the dog gave a quick bark, rose lightly in the air, and sprang forward, clearing the space to the first boulder. But over the next rock, a treacherous sheet of spray was already creeping; and, beyond, for two yards or more, a rush of breakers foamed and roared, as if a whirlpool had suddenly opened there. The dog shivered perceptibly, gave a frightened whine, that deepened to a growl, and directly changed to a quick, alarmed bark. Yielding to an uncontrollable impulse of terror, he whirled swiftly around, and bounded back again to the bank. There, after a moment, he crept, crouching and abashed, to the feet of his mistress,

"Lionel," she cried, sternly, "I deemed thee faithful unto death. Hast thy false flesh turned traitor to the spirit that is within thee? My Brave, come!"

She tapped her shoulders, and with a ringing bark, he leaped up, planting his fore feet against her, on either side of the firm, white throat. Else drew, closer to hers, the sleek head, and laying her cheek softly against his, she murmured words of tenderness and pride. Wyckliffe watched the significant pantomime, and thought,

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for a moment, that she, too, had given up, in despair, the attempt to rescue him.

"But no," he cried, suddenly. "I wrong her. Gracious heaven, is the girl mad? Oh! that I had a thousand lives to give for hers."

For Else Von Böeck had leaped to the boulder, from which Lionel had retreated; and the dog, incited by her example, had followed, without hesitation. She patted him encouragingly; then, with another light bound, cleared the intervening distance to the next boulder, over which the waters, as we have said, were already foaming. Pausing only long enough to see that Lionel still followed, and to calculate the distance to the third boulder, which was even yet more deeply submerged, she sprang fearlessly across. For an instant, her form swayed, dangerously, as if she would lose her foothold; but her strength and agility prevailed; and she stood there, firm as a rock, the white torrent sweeping high over her ankles.

Simultaneously, the dog leaped with her, his cold muzzle kissing her hand, as she balanced herself. She stooped, and caressed him; and Wyckliffe could hear her voice ring out, clear and commanding, as she spoke.

"Brave Lionel," she cried. "Brave boy. Hie thee now! Go—on! on!"

Had the dog disobeyed, or perchance even hesitated, both he and his mistress must have been swept off; but, inspired by her bravery, or, instinctively recognizing that his sole chance of safety was in going forward, he leaped to the next rock, which, although submerged, yet gave him footing for a second, and then bounded to the next, which fortunately rose higher out of the stream, and yielded to him an instant's rest. From thence, after a slight breathing spell, encouraged by the voice of Else, he dashed onward again; and a few agile leaps carried him quite across, where shaking the drops from his silken coat, he sprang upon the ledge, at Wyckliffe's side, licked the latter's hand, and looked back, as if for the approval of his mistress.

Wyckliffe, before he even lifted off the heavy coils of rope, stooped, and passing his arm about Lionel's neck, pressed his lips to the spot, which had been honored by Else's last caress. The girl had, meantime, left her perilous position, regained the security of the hither cliff, and had turned to look at Wyckliffe. A hot wave of color, as she saw this kiss, dyed her cheek, throat, and even forehead.

Wyckliffe now hastily uncoiled the rope, from about the dog's neck, and Else seeing that he understood her design, began rapidly to ascend the cliff. To the other end of the rope, a line of strong twine had been attached, and one of these lines she carried in her hand, while the other end, attached to the rope, had been conveyed to Wyckliffe. As she ascended the path, she drew on the rope, while Wyckliffe held it taut from his side.

Before she began to haul over the rope, however, she had summoned Lionel to return to her, with a shrill whistle, made partly by the fingers, after the order of an Alpine call. The dog, pricking up his ears, had answered, with a short bark; and bounding from the ledge, had begun to recross the torrent. He leaped with daring adroitness, and seemed, at first, as if he would safely gain the side of his mistress. Perchance, however, he was too eager, or too careless. Or, perchance, the waters had gained new depth and force. By some misadventure, at least, his feet were suddenly swept from under him, and in an instant, the mäelstrom of waters seized him, whirling the graceful, slender body down the gorge, as helpless as a leaf that is borne before the gale.

Else covered her eyes, hastily, with her hands, and bent low her head, as if to shut out the horrible vision.

"Great heavens," cried Wyckliffe, "if I could but have saved the dog, if only to spare her pain. She would as freely give her own life, if it would avail to save another's, however. God bless her."

But Else's weakness lasted only for a moment. She looked up bravely, the next instant, and signaled Wyckliffe to let out his coils of rope. Carefully he obeyed her injunction. As carefully, she wound in the twine, the end of the rope following after. In a little while, she was able to seize the rope itself, and secure it tightly about a projecting crag, several feet above the flood, so as to allow for the swagging of the rope and the force of the torrent. Wyckliffe, catching at her idea, imitated her movements, and very soon a substantial line of support was established between the opposite banks. Obeying her further instructions, he formed an additional support for himself, with a fragment of the rope, which he first securely fastened in a slip noose around his chest, passing the other end over the rope, and fastening it about his arm. He took this precaution, so that if his feet were swept from under him, as Lionel's had been, or his hands were jerked loose, he would yet be upheld and enabled to regain his position.

In this wise, Wyckliffe dared his fate once more. But before he stepped into the torrent, he turned, for an instant, in the direction of Else Von Böeck, and, lifting his hat, stood, reverently

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uncovered, as if offering her thanks, and invoking her prayers. She beckoned him, in reply, to make the crossing without delay. But he waited for yet one moment more. It was to thrust his hand into an inner pocket, and draw forth the bunch of Alpine flowers, already bruised and withered, which he now held up for her to see. Then, bending forward, and extending his hand over the stream, he dropped the blossoms one by one into the flood. The wind scattered the fragrant shower afar; then the whirlpools swallowed them up: and so perished every emblem of Wyckliffe's fealty to Louise Lanier.

Else, meantime, by signs and words, and outstretched hands, implored him not to lose another moment, for the flood was deepening continually: and already the shelf of rock, on which he stood, was under water, and every boulder of the crossing was likewise submerged. Thus urged, he plunged in, at last.

The crossing was a protracted struggle, as it were, with death. Again and again, Wyckliffe's feet were swept from under him. He only recovered his balance, by clinging to the rope, and so struggling back to an upright position. Again and again, he was suspended over the torrent, his frail support alone holding him back from inevitable destruction.

White as a corpse, tensely still, Else Von Böeck watched the struggle. She could do no more for him, she felt, than she had already done. Her breath came and went, convulsively, as she saw him leap from boulder to boulder, sometimes making good his foot-hold, sometimes, as we have said, missing it. At last the worst of the passage was safely cleared. But two more leaps, and the danger would be past!

Another leap was safely taken. Thank heaven, he was now, almost within reach of her outstretched hand. She did not dare to speak to him yet. She was afraid to attract his attention, lest he should miss the next and last boulder. Over this, an eddying current of water rushed violently. "God help him," she cried, involuntarily, clasping her hands in an attitude of prayer. He sprang, as she spoke, and reached the boulder. But as she had feared, he slipped from the edge, and his whole weight falling, with a jerk, on the rope, it snapped in two. Wyckliffe was swept into the torrent, and dashed against the bank, but, fortunately, still held fast to a fragment of the rope. More fortunately still, the other end of this fragment was in Else's hand.

She did not lose her presence of mind. Not a moment was to be lost. Exerting all her strength, she pulled steadily on the rope, and so was able to draw him to land, in spite of the mad whirl of the cataract. She had to exercise great care, to guard him from being dashed against the sharp rocks, that jutted out along the bank. As it was, he was buffeted and tossed about, until she feared life would be extinct, before she could succeed. At last, when everything else failed, she descended into the stream, herself, venturing further and further, until finally she was able to take hold of the now unconscious Wyckliffe.

But as she did this, her over-strained strength gave way, and she felt herself losing her own footing. The cliffs seemed to be whirling wildly around her, as in some mad dance: the roar of the surging waters was already in her ears: she realized that all was over, both for her and for Wyckliffe.

But at that instant a strong arm was suddenly thrown about her, and she was borne, with her inanimate burden to the shore. Leonard Westcott had received, and read the note she had left for him, and had hastened, with others from the hotel, to the rescue. They had reached the torrent, just in time, as we have seen, to save Else and Wyckliffe. A second more and they would have been too late.

CHAPTER V.

THREE or four weeks subsequently, the scene of this exploit was totally metamorphosed.

The roar and the rush were stilled, the tumult of waters was hushed into silence, and snow wraiths lurked in every crevice, where mäelstroms had whirled and whitened.

The Alpine winter had locked everything in its frozen grasp. Over cascade and cliff, an icy stillness reigned. Every peak glistened white in the steel-blue air. The cold without was intense. Fierce storms shook even the solid base of the Mühlen Hotel. But within all was cheery. A genial and soothing warmth pervaded every apartment, a warmth emanating from the huge porcelain stove of Frau Schnellwind.

It was a new world, indeed, into which Wyckliffe's returning consciousness had inducted him; a world made up, perhaps, of brighter fancies and purer realizations than he had happened upon ever before.

For many days following his adventure, the fancies that visited him were, it is true, those of a fevered brain; and with the life-blood rioting in his veins, it was many days more, before he could draw for himself the boundary line between the realm of imaginative bliss or woe, and the pleasant realizations that came to him in the first hours of convalescence.

During these days of recovery, Leonard Westcott had been his untiring attendant, forsaking pleas-

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ure, business, everything, to linger at Mühlen, ministering to his comrade's helplessness. The Frau Schnellwind had been his coadjutor in this, so that both he and Wyckliffe looked upon her as a fat, smiling angel of mercy, entering the sick room always with her hands full of blessings, in the form of soothing draughts, or bodily refreshments. To the invalid her broad, genial face, and cheery German chatter, brought also, in his hours of pain and depression, a needed stimulus to hope or patience.

Yet Wyckliffe, ungrateful and exacting, longed for another presence. Often, in his first hours of illness, he had felt dimly conscious of the touch of fingers, lighter and softer than either Leonard's, or the Frau's; and more than once, his half-delirious sense, had been moved by what seemed the sweetest tones mortal had ever listened to. But when the danger was over, when consciousness had fully returned, the cool, light fingers were felt no longer, the soft, musical voice heard no more. Poor Leonard found it no easy matter, in consequence, to satisfy the invalid, who grew, daily, more exacting and irritable. Even when transferred to the state parlor, even when the Frau and her meek spouse came and went with kindly ministrations, and voluble expressions of interest, it was but little better; for Else Von Böeck had returned to the monastery, and only appeared at rare intervals, when the storms would permit. On these occasions, she would, however, brighten the invalid's room, long enough to make kindly inquiries regarding Wyckliffe's physical welfare. With these brief glimpses of her, he tried to be content; and her coming was something to look forward to, from day to day. But, at last, a time arrived, when he saw her no longer. A protracted storm had been raging over Mühlen for a week or more; and, in that interval, Else had not been to the hotel a single time. Wyckliffe, in consequence, had reached that point, at which he thought patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"This is an intolerable bore, Leonard."

"What is?" retorted his friend.

For three or four hours, the invalid had had nothing to do, but stare out of the peaked casement, at the fast-falling snow.

"What is it? Why everything—the snow—the solitude—these knitting bones—the intolerable dullness. It's enough to drive a sick man to distraction. I wish something would turn up."

"What the thunder, old fellow, could 'turn up' at this altitude? The attraction of gravitation is too strong. So, perforce, the rain, the snow, the sleet, and the hail must fall; and one's spirits will sink to zero in unision. The roads are blocked, so that the diligence can no longer 'turn up' the Julier Pass, nor consequently 'turn up' the quietude of our hotel. Indeed, I know of nothing, at this elevation, to 'turn up,' unless it be Frau Schnellwind's flap jacks; and surely they 'turn up' brown and luscious enough, to tempt the appetite of a Sybarite. The Frau is going to give us some for dinner. I saw her getting the irons ready, when I was in the bake-room, a few minutes ago. So cheer up, old fellow."

The "old fellow" smiled, dolefully.

"It's very well for you to make light of the Mühlen forlornness," he growled, "but you are not tied to this chair, and to this dull barn of a room, as I am. You have your recreations."

"What recreations for instance?" dryly.

"Well, those hunts you enjoy, with the Frau's nephew—"

"You mean those two scrambles, over the ice-fields, in which Fritz and I saw not even the shadow of a chamois; and in both of which I had my toes and ears frosted, in addition to a tumble into a miniature crevasse. Well—if they were recreations—what next?"

"The walks to the monastery."

"Three times, with Fräulein Else, you mean? Well, those would come under the head of recreations, only the girl wears clogs sometimes. You think her pretty? Ah, you should have seen her, the first time I did. It was when I was here, before, as I have told you already. She little imagined that any strangers were near, and was sitting, on the hearth-stone of the out-kitchen, feeding the pigeons. The birds seemed to regard her as one of themselves, and came cooing and whirling about her, eating from her hand. Her hair was unbound, and fell, in its golden lustre, quite to her waist. Her feet were bare, for the day was warm, and she had, apparently, flung aside her shoes, for the moment: and such feet, my dear fellow, such lovely little feet, I never saw before, and shall never see again."

"You forget," said Wyckliffe, stiffly, "that you are speaking of one who saved my life."

"Oh! I meant no harm. The very reverse, indeed. But there's no denying that these German Mädchen wear a rough, uncouth garb, sometimes, at least, as compared with our American girls."

"It's the most picturesque, the most beautiful costume, I think, in the world."

"You think so? Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Just imagine, will you, the effect of such a *tout ensemble*, as the Maid of Mühlen, on

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the occasion I have described, in the reception-room of *La Belle Rivière?*"

"She would adorn a palace, in any garb. I was a fool, that day, Leonard."

"You are a fool now, Wyckliffe." The color deepened in Wyckliffe's face. "You are a monstrous fool, I think, to let a sentiment of pride stand between you and your choice of a woman like Else Von Böeck."

"Pride! It would be the proudest day of my life, in which I could gain her assurance, that she would be my wife."

Leonard nodded.

"I thought as much. Why not go in, and win, then?"

Wyckliffe sighed, dolorously.

"It's no use. She doesn't care an iota for me. She risked her life for me, but she would have done so for her bitterest foe. Her heart is full of kindness to all, but she has no love for me."

"Nonsense! She nursed you, night and day, without rest, or sleep, while you were so ill."

"So she would have nursed a beggar. No, Leonard, if she cares for anybody, it is for you, my boy. I've watched her eye brighten, when you were talking with her. Besides, am I blind? Don't I see how you haunt the bake-room, when she and the Frau are busy there?"

Leonard laughed.

"So that's the way the wind sets? You mean, when the Fräulein is there, preparing, with her own hands, some dainty to tempt your palate?"

Wyckliffe stirred, uneasily.

"There is more talking, than baking, done, I suspect."

Again Leonard laughed, gaily.

"There's truth in that suspicion, certainly; and I tell you what, Wyckliffe, there's a wonderful fascination about the Maid of Mühlen, whether she talks, or is silent. But there's nothing like the charm she has, over the bake-oven, when laughing and chatting: her cheeks glow, her eyes sparkle; oh! I wish you could see her so."

"I wish I could," and Wyckliffe pushed back his chair, petulantly. "But here I am, bound, like Tantalus; and I may hunger and thirst, perpetually, with no one to care about it."

"While I can drink from the wells of brightness in her eyes, and reach forth to pluck the fruit which so tempts you, eh, Wyckliffe? No, seriously, old fellow, the Maid of Mühlen is sour grapes to me, in spite of her sweetness. I cannot reach her. She's quite beyond me. But you have a chance, if you did but know it. At least I think so," gravely. "Indeed, I do, It's worth your trying, at least. God bless you both. You were made for each other, if ever two people were."

Wyckliffe did not answer, but sat thinking. Meantime, Leonard applied himself, vigorously, to polishing the gun he was cleaning, preparatory to another "recreation" with Fritz, to see if he could get a bit of game for the invalid. At last he looked up, and remarked, as if inspired by a sudden idea:

"I say, Wyckliffe. Speaking of those talks in the bake-room. That's a jolly place, if ever there was one. For my part, I can't see why you should be mewed up in this stupid parlor, big and grand as it is, when our Frau is twice as fat, and twice as jolly, in the bake-room. The Fräulein, too, is twice as beautiful, and five times less dignified, in there than here. I've a great notion to ask Frau Schnellwind, if she will not let me wheel your chair into the bake-room, where you can sit in the corner, by the ovens, and be waited on, and entertained like a prince."

For the first time, Wyckliffe showed some animation.

"Do, my dear boy! There's nothing I would like better."

Leonard laid aside his gun.

"I'll go, at once, to the Frau. But it's not likely we'll have much of a 'lark' in there, to-day. The Fräulein will hardly come up, through this snow storm."

In a short while, he returned, triumphant; and Wyckliffe was soon established, cosily, in the warmest corner of the coveted bake-room.

"I feel as if something had 'turned up' for me at last, Leonard," he said, smiling brightly, as he leaned back in his chair, content.

"May it be a trump card of destiny, Wyck," answered Leonard, cordially." "Heigh ho! old fellow, look out there! The wheel of fortune is turning for you in spite of the weather."

CHAPTER VI.

WYCKLIFFE'S face lighted up with a flush of excitement, as he caught sight, through the window, of the red hood and fur-lined cloak of the Fraülein Else.

Leonard hastened into the hall to welcome her, and a moment later, he and she entered the bake-room together, talking merrily.

What a fair picture she made, framed in the doorway; for as soon as she saw Wyckliffe, she paused on the threshold, the impersonation of pleased surprise.

"Mein Herr," she cried, advancing to greet him, with a frank shake of the hand. "I haf not seen you look before so like yourself. Iss it

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only the firelight, from the bake-ofens, or haf you a color, really? Which iss it, Herr Westcott? See what a tint of health his cheeks wear, to-day."

"It is not an evidence of incipient heart-disease," said Westcott, mischievously, "is it Wyck? It has come, so suddenly; for you had none of it, over in the Frau's state parlor. I think, Fräulein, if it is not from the ovens, it must be a reflection of your own radiant bloom."

She echoed his laugh, raising her pink palms to her cheeks, which were brilliant with coloring.

"The wind blows a hurricane along the monastery road, and I haf walked briskly," she said. "If Herr Wyckliffe borrows his color from me, I can spare him some more, and haf no loss myself."

She turned again to the invalid. "It iss the air of the bakery that hass done you so good. How strange you haf nefer before discovered this cheeriest nook of the whole house."

"I did not think I should be admitted."

"Ach! Herr Westcott, why did you tell him not, that we haf no mysteries here?"

"To confess the truth, Fräulein, I was selfish enough to forget that Wyckliffe might be yearning for these domestic delights, which have been such a pleasure to me; but which I really thought were foreign to his taste. It was but an hour or two ago, when the idea of bringing him here first popped into my head; and presto, there he was, twenty per cent. better for the change at once!"

"Of course, and the fery sight of Frau Schnellwind's ceaseless activity, to say nothing of the odorous delights of our bakery, will be the fery best tonic he could haf," she said, smiling.

"Then you, and Frau Schnellwind, will not be hard-hearted enough to remand me to the isolation of the state parlor?" said Wyckliffe.

"Nay, Herr Wyckliffe, you shall be fery welcome to stay. You haf my permission. And as for the *Frau Mutter*, her heart is as large as her body; so there iss but small danger of being exiled by her. But here she comes to speak for herself."

Meantime, our convalescent leaned back in his easy chair, smiling contentedly, while the *Frau Mutter* expressed volubly to Else her disapprobation of the exposure she had undergone, in braving the drifts, and snow fall, along the road from the monastery.

Else rejoined blithely, but threatened to turn back home at once, if the *Frau Mutter* would have none of her.

Against this proposition, Leonard and the dame, protested vehemently; and Lisabet, slow and meek-eyed as one of her Alpine cows, said "the Fräulein must not go, for the house had been in shadow until she came."

But Wyckliffe said nothing. Only, when Frau Schnellwind had, with her own hands, the better to show her welcome, dismantled their visitor of her snow-wreathed wrappings, and had hung the white-broidered hood and cloak by the fire, close to him, he reached out his thin fingers, smoothing caressingly the soft fur, that had sheltered Else from the cold and wet.

"Frau Schnellwind was right; don't you think so?" he said, presently, when Else came up to dry and warm herself. "It was quite dangerous for you to come out, in such weather. But now that you are here, it will yet prove dangerous, for you to attempt to go back, until the snow is over. Frau Schnellwind should require you to remain with her, at least, for the night."

Else smiled.

"It will hardly be necessary for *die Frau Mutter* to lay heafy commands upon me, I think," she answered, brightly. "I came, expecting to remain this night. Indeed, my uncle, the prior, iss absent on one of hiss missions, and I haf his permission to tarry here for his coming, and it muss be seferal days that I am here."

Not a rift had been made in the clouds, hovering low about Mühlen; yet to Wyckliffe, her news was as if a burst of sunshine had been let into Frau Schnellwind's bakery.

"Your uncle, the kind, old prior, has lived a life of good works, they tell me, Fräulein," he said, looking at her. "But, surely, his departure, at this time, is the most beneficent deed of charity he could have performed."

She flushed slightly, her clear gaze faltering a little, at meeting the glad light in his eyes.

"His going now was opportune for me, at least, as it enables me to pay a visit to *die liebe Frau*, before my own departure from Mühlen."

"Your departure?" he echoed, dolefully. "Surely, you are not to leave the monastery?"

"Yes. I haf to go, when the way iss clear—when the snow iss gone a leetle, I mean. My father summons me to the care of hiss house, now that I haf come to dignity and age enough, to haf a charge so grand."

She smiled. But it was with difficulty Wyckliffe could summon a smile in answer. The rift in the clouds, if there had been one, had closed again; and the sunshine was gone, leaving only a blank shadow behind.

Both were silent for awhile. At length, Wyckliffe resumed the conversation. He seemed anxious to learn all he could of Else's family, and of her future home-life, and ventured to question her about them. She told him, briefly,

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how her mother had died almost before her recollection. Her father, a general in the German army, had never married again; and so the children had been scattered. She had one brother and two sisters.

"I haf told Herr Westcott of my sister, Thekla," she said, smiling. "She is *petite*—fairy-like. She iss fery lofly, and I know her beauty should please even his artistic taste for the beautiful."

"Doubtless Leonard would find the Fräulein Thekla lovely, as you say. But don't you think my friend's æsthetic sense inclines rather to the statuesque, or stately? Is not the elder sister rather the model for his artistic taste?"

Else laughed in her bright, artless way.

"I?" spreading out her hands. "Why, Mein Herr, your friend looks at me to be the soul of practicality. With all his cleferness, he could transfer me not efer to his canvas, idealized, ethercalized, as he would paint Thekla there. By the by, he hass, the Herr Westcott hass, promised that he shall come, this winter, to Berlin, to make a portrait of my sister, Thekla. I hope he may induce you to honor us also, Herr Wyckliffe. My father will gif you both a welcome."

"Thanks," said Wyckliffe, speaking constrainedly, almost coldly. "That will be impossible, I fear, as business will call me to America, as soon as I can shake off these miserable shackles, binding me here."

"You mean those splints and bandages," she said, quietly. "They must gif harassment to one who desires to haf motion."

Never a repetition of her invitation! Not even a word of regret for his proposed return across the Atlantic!

Again a silence fell between them, and this time neither of them attempted to bridge it over, with a word. Presently, Else got up from warming her chilled hands and feet, and went to answer the summons of Westcott, who had already twice warned her, that Frau Schnellwind was ready for the meringue pastries they were to compound.

Else found the twain at the pastry slab, at the far side of the bakery. The dame was busily whisking her eggs, and her artist guest, with privileged familiarity, was leaning his elbows on her slab, while together they were hotly discussing the relative merits of their respective mother tongues. Else went to work, assisting the dame. But though she listened, smilingly, to Westcott's chatter, and the Frau's guttural retorts, she did not join in the debate. Across by the stove, Wyckliffe sat, silent, if not sullen. Indeed, for a time, he would not look at, or listen to, the trio at the pastry table. His eyes, on the contrary, were fixed on the fire, as if he was studying out problems, which seemed to rise with the flames, that leaped and cracked there.

By and by, he rested his head against the cushion, and, closing his eyes, shut out even a chance vision of the other occupants of the bakery. Frau Schnellwind, deceived by his well-feigned slumber, signaled Westcott to cease his chatter, and Lisabet to stop her clatter among the pots and pans.

Else looked, once, at the listless figure, and at the emaciated face, but she glanced away immediately, and went on with her meringues.

Westcott, after awhile, tired of the monotonous silence, and had recourse to his never failing comforter, his cigarette case. Lighting one of the fragrant twists, at the fire, he strolled from the bakery, to seek the worthy host, in the latter's snuggery, where they had had many a smoke, and chat together.

CHAPTER VII.

Soon after, Frau Schnellwind was summoned, by some domestic call, to another part of the hotel: and Wyckliffe, furtively opening his eyes, discovered that he, and the Fräulein, and the busy Lisabet, were the sole occupants of the room. For some time, he watched, secretly, the deft fingers and graceful movements of Else, while her shapely hands patted, and kneaded, and rolled the flaky crusts destined for the oven. More than once, already, the oven door had been opened softly, and Lisabet had deposited, within, a few of the tempting meringues; but, at such moments, Wyckliffe snapped his eyes promptly together, hypocrite as he was, so that Lisabet and her Fräulein were alike unconscious of the deception he was practicing upon them. Consequently, the two worked on, without speaking, until Lisabet noticed the Fräulein's sleeve dipping into the meringue mixture.

At this, she moved quickly to Else's side, and began to tuck the obtrusive cuffs, from the round, white arm. This was what Wyckliffe wanted. He had wondered why Else did not bare her arms at work, as she had done, the first day he saw her. How fair and rounded they had looked to him even then! Much to his chagrin now, he saw her resist Lisabet.

"Nay, nay, Lisabet," she said. "Let the sleeve be. It incommodes me but little. I purposely left it down, that he might not see this arm, to-day." She nodded towards Wyckliffe.

"Why can't she permit me," he said to himself, "to see her arm bared? She bares it, when working before Leonard?"

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"But, Fräulein," persisted Lisabet, "he sleeps; and the sleeve is being messed. You are quite safe, in permitting me to loop back the sleeve, for the pastries will be done directly, and he may sleep there for an hour or more."

"You are as self-willed as usual, Lisabet," answered the Fräulein, with a smile. "To content you, the sleeves shall be rolled up, though you can see, for yourself, how plain the scar is, to-day."

"A scar," repeated Wyckliffe, and looking, stealthily, he saw a broad, purple cicatrice, barely healed over, on the arm which Westcott had pronounced a model of symmetrical beauty, and which had been stretched forth for his salvation, that horrible day in the gorge.

What a sickening sensation of remorse overwhelmed him. This, then, was the "little hurt," which had made a sling necessary for her, as he dimly remembered, in those first, fevered days, succeeding the catastrophe.

It was well Lisabet recommenced her whispering, for otherwise he must have made an effort to rise and go to Else.

"Does the arm pain you, to-day, *liebes Fräulein?*" said Lisabet, passing her fingers tenderly across the wound.

"Yes. Rather more, to-day, than usual. You know the dampness causes the bone to ache, at times."

"Do not those arnica clothes relieve the pain some?"

"Yes, they are quite soothing."

"Then you shall have some of the bandages, to put on, right away. I will fetch the arnica bottle, from the south closet. Look to the meringues, in the stove, Fräulein. I will be back, as soon as I have rummaged Frau Schnellwind's medicine chest and linen bag." And kind-hearted, and thoughtful of her Fräulein's comfort, Lisabet tripped away, before Else could object.

But scarcely had the door closed, behind her, when Else was startled by a noise in the direction of Wyckliffe. His sudden start, at hearing Lisabet's words, had dislodged his cushions, and sent them, and his crutch, with them, whirling out upon the shining floor of the bakery.

Else sprang to his side, to repair, as she thought, the damage done by Lisabet's clumsiness.

"Mein Herr," she said, soothingly, "I haf fear Lisabet's noise hass startled you greatly. The Mädchen is healthly, and hass nefer discovered her own nerves; but her heart iss a good one, and she iss a faithful creature."

"She is a noble girl," cried Wyckliffe, impetuously. "She is better, far better than I, Fräulein; for she gives you a faithful, unselfish devotion; while I have been niggardly, selfish, and exacting, in the very gratitude I have felt to you, in receiving, as I did, the gift of my life from your hands."

"Mein Herr," cried Else, unaffectedly, "you speak enigmas to me. I needed not that you should haf gratitude, for the exercise of a natural impulse on my part."

She looked so proud, so cold, as she said these words, standing before him, her arms tightly folded around the cushion she had lifted from the floor. The cruel scar on her arm, meantime, showed vividly, against the white, smooth flesh.

"Yet, in following your natural impulse, Fräulein, you endured this for me?"

He touched, just for an instant, the purple edge of the scar. A crimson glow suffused the Saxon fairness of her face, and she made an effort to draw the sleeve down, over the arm. But Lisabet had secured the loops, and the fastening would not yield.

"Do not cover it, Fräulein," he pleaded. "Do you know, I did not dream, until now, that you had been injured, on that horrible evening. That is, beyond a slight bruise or two? Great heavens! if I had imagined you would risk—"

"It iss nothing, Mein Herr—a mere scratch. The briefest time must erase efery trace of it."

She was nervously trying to replace the cushion at the back of his chair; rather to withdraw her arm from his observation, than to afford him a support; for he had raised himself upon his crutches, and was now standing close beside her, so close, indeed, that she could feel his quick breath on her forehead.

Suddenly, he bent closer, and took, in his own, the nervous fingers, so busy about his cushions.

"Tell me, Fräulein—Else," he said, gently. "Thank God, there is no chasm, or torrent, nor, I trust, any other heighth or depth to separate us—but if there were—Else, dear—if that awful danger were to be passed through, by us again—would it be *solely* a natural impulse, which would lead you to risk your own life, for the salvation of mine? Would there be no stronger motive impelling you, to brave this again for me?"

As he spoke, he touched the scar, reverently.

She lifted her face, bravely.

"I would, assuredly, risk my life for you now, or in the future, *Mein Herr*," she answered, "if you wass in danger, as you were that day."

"But for love's own sake, Else? would you do it for love's sake? Oh! Fräulein," he pleaded, as her eyes sunk abashed, under the passion of

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his, "what will be, to me, the worth of the life you have given back into my keeping, if you crown it not with the only true happiness of living? Do you not know," holding tightly, between both of his, the tremulous fingers he had captured. "Do thou not know, *Liebchen*," dropping into the soft, sweet wooing of the German, "how I have loved thee, a heart full, since that moment, when I gave those fatal flowers to the tide, to be fed to the fishes of the sea, rather than that any other, save thee, should wear them on her heart. I loved thee—thee only—in that moment—Else—"

She lifted her eyes, again, to meet his.

"And I—"

She began bravely. Then she paused, consciously shy.

"And thou—go on, dear—and thou—?"

"I—I, too, loved thee—in that moment, *Mein Herr*—"

He bent quickly forward, and pressed his lips on the scar, reverently.

"Perchance, dear Else," he said, "it was not then, solely, an impulse that prompted thee to risk so much for me?"

"No—"

The answer came very softly—very shyly.

He drew her closer to him.

"Was it for love's dear sake, then, that thou didst brave this wound, for me, my Else?"

"For love's dear sake?" she repeated, as if questioning her own heart. "Yes, *Mein Herr*, it wass for love's dear sake."

A few minutes later, Lisabet re-entered the bakery, tumultuously, as she had quitted it.

"Such a time as I have had, Fräulein," she cried, "finding that bottle of arnica, for Dame Schnellwind had moved it to the cupboard, where the empty bottles stand. But there's enough yet, to ease your pain."

"Give the arnica to me, good Lisabet. I will prepare the bandages for Fräulein Else's arm," said Wyckliffe. He spoke quietly, but with a degree of authoritative kindliness, to which Lisabet yielded, after a glance at the acquiescent face of the Fräulein.

Indeed, the Mädchen's present care was more for the meringues she had left baking in the stove, than for anything beside. She sniffed the air, suspiciously.

"It seems to me something's scorching," she said. "Did you look to the pastries, Fräulein?"

"No, Lisabet. It has been but a short while since they were put to bake."

"A short while? Pst! A good hour, at least. *Donner und Blitzen!* What will Frau Schnellwind say? They are ruined, I know."

She peered anxiously, as she spoke, into the smoking, cavernous blackness of the bake-oven.

"*Ein tausend Teufel!*" she cried. "They are charred to a cinder. Fräulein Von Böeck, the meringues are—"

"Cremated," finished Leonard Westcott, peeping, curiously, over Lisabet's shoulders, at the black ashes, smoking in the pans.

He turned to look at Wyckliffe and his blushing companion; then sought to comfort the sorrowing Lisabet.

"Never mind the meringues, Lisabet," he said, divining all at a glance. "It seems these children have been frying other fish, for their delectation; and they will not be hungry for a month of Sundays."

Lisabet looked puzzled, but discreetly set to work to remove the ashes, preparatory to a fresh relay of the meringues; for doubtless she and Frau Schnellwind would never again see the like of those pastries, in the bakery, where Wyckliffe had wooed and won his MAID OF MÜHLEN.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY NORA RAY FRENCH.

Never again shall we stand side by side,
You and I
As in days gone by,
Where the restless sea with its ceaseless flow
Moves to and fro,
To and fro.

Never again will you call me your own,
As we gaze
At the lurid blaze
Of the sun as it sets, and in twilight haze
We loiter along,
Loiter along.

Never again will your fair, false lips,
While eyes look down
On the maiden brown,
In a voice to her like angels' above,
Speak words of love,
Words of love.

And when long after the last farewell,
I learn you are wed
And all hope is fled!
My life will be filled with such bitter pain,
Ah, never again,
Never again!

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Lady Holden had been somewhat conscience stricken, regarding the reception that Prime had received at her house, and this feeling, which was the outgrowth of a most sensitive nature, was intensified by the reproaches of her daughter, who persisted in claiming him as the saviour of her life. In this, she was not altogether untruthful. In the fright and tumult of her overthrow, the girl really knew little of the manner of her rescue. The first face that she saw, while lying among the ruins of her little chariot, was his. A face, quivering with emotion. She remembered how his strong arms had trembled, when he lifted her from the entanglement of the cushions, and with what a burst of genuine thanksgiving he received the assurance that she had suffered nothing more serious than a shock of terror. Therefore, it was not strange that in the warmth and waywardness of her gratitude, she insisted upon regarding this man as her sole preserver.

Lady Holden did not share in this feeling. She had been honestly informed of the facts; but it had sufficient influence on her sympathetic nature, to inspire her with a wish that Prime should receive all fitting attention at her hands, and she resolved to redeem any possible shortcoming, by unusual attentions during his visit to the Hall.

To this end, she graciously took his arm when dinner was announced, and placed him in the seat of honor by her side, a position he had never occupied before. For one proud moment he paused with a hand on the back of his chair, and took a swift survey of the company, as it filed in between a double row of servants in livery, standing against the walls. Their coats of crimson velvet and small clothes of silver-gray plush, rivaling even the garments of guests in gorgeous coloring.

Everything seemed propitious in the arrangement. Lady Holden smiled upon him as she took her seat. Lady Alton, arrayed in black and scarlet, with jewels blazing in her bosom, and lighting up the raven-hued depths of her hair, swept in slowly, leaning on the master of the house. Following her, came the young heiress, also clad in warm, rich colors, harmonious with her style of beauty; but far too pronounced for her tender years.

Prime saw that this apt young creature was attended by his friend, Barnham, and that in the poise of her head, and the free movement of her person, she was perhaps unconsciously copying the queenly ease of the lady in scarlet and black.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than this. Prime had, for once, reached the summit of his ambition. He took the seat by Lady Holden, with a lordly sway of the person, and leaned back it it, like a monarch surrounded by the *élite* of his court. He felt that the high-born master and mistress of that mansion were playing into his hands, and glorified in the consciousness. Hereafter, Barnham of Backwell could have no doubt of his influence at the Hall.

It was not till the party was seated, that Prime recognized the fair stranger, who was sitting by young Roxburg. Perhaps her delicate beauty and gentle grace might still have been overlooked; but for something in the face, that struck him at first with wonder, and afterward held him with a sort of fascination. Who could this young creature be? Arrayed in that snowy dress, fair and fresh as the roses she wore, she appeared, in that brilliant scene, like some Oriental lily, drifted in by the wind. How strangely beautiful she was, blushing faintly under the admiring gaze of young Roxburg, who, all at once, grew animated and full of life, as if he had found something, at last, that aroused his fine nature into action.

Prime saw that two persons of the company took a lively interest in this strangely beautiful girl. From time to time, Lady Holden caught a glance from her uplifted eyes, and smiled upon her with sweet encouragement. This brought a soft glow to the girl's cheek, and half-formed dimples to her mouth, while the swift, vivid glances shot upon her from the black eyes of Lady Alton, made her shrink visibly, and return them with looks of timid wonder.

Prime saw all this, and smiled, inly.

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"Who is that fair young lady sitting by my friend, Roxburg?" he questioned, in a careless way of Lady Holden; "of course she belongs to the neighborhood; but I never can have seen her before. Those soft brown eyes, and that hair, so like the hue of a ripe chestnut, are things that no man could forget."

Lady Holden looked up, and her delicate features flushed with pleasure.

"Yes, she *is* lovely."

"More than lovely," answered Prime, turning his eyes again and again from the still beautiful face of the countess, to that of the girl. "Something more than that; but like the perfume of a flower, it puzzles and escapes one. But you have not told me her name?"

"The name? it is Benson. She is an American," said the lady, with some little hesitation.

"An American," said Prime, slowly, with his eyes fixed on the girl; "an American—oh, that accounts for the interest my friend Roxburg takes in her. No wonder. It is seldom that two such people from the States are thrown together. I have never seen the young man so much in earnest—a fine fellow is Roxburg. It would be droll if he came over here to marry a country woman of his own."

"Marry!" said Lady Holden. "So young. She cannot be far from Dora's age."

"Yet, how unlike. Excuse me, but your daughter has the look, as well as the air of what she is—the proudest, richest, and most beautiful young lady of the land, while the other—"

"Ah! there is no comparison," said Lady Holden, checking him with a little impatient movement of the hand. "Indeed, the young lady is not herself, what she seemed this morning, see how animated she is. Was ever a face more expressive?"

"That is because she has fallen in with a countryman. Those Americans are changeable as their climate. These two are quite at home together, already. She is not afraid to look in his face now."

"She is beautiful," murmured the lady.

"Enough to warrant the young man in taking her home with him."

"Taking her home with him?" repeated the lady, lifting her eyes with a startled look. "No, no. He must never do that."

Prime said no more just then; but his face clouded somewhat, and he watched the young Americans closely, whenever a change of the courses, or a break in the general conversation, gave him an opportunity of doing so unobserved.

Meantime, the girl who had so keenly aroused his observation, was quite unconscious of it. At first, she had been shy and under some restraint with Roxburg; but the habits of a country, that admit of a free interchange of thought between the sexes, grew strong upon her, as the young man adroitly turned his conversation on home subjects, and, in a brief time, she was listening attentively, and answering with bright animation, that kindled the soft brown of her eyes with brilliancy, and curved her mouth with dimpling smiles. Now and then, she exchanged glances with my lady, who seemed well pleased to see her so happy. But she took no heed of the lowering fire in Lady Alton's eyes, or the sharp tones of her voice, that come now and then across the broad plateau of flowers, that scattered perfume and color over the table. Unconscious of offence, she was in pleasant ignorance of the storm that raged under the jewels, that gleamed and flashed on that lady's bosom.

Thus the dinner went on. As a sort of duty, offering to the man who had restored his lost child, Vance had invited these guests to his house, and given him an honored place among them; but even gratitude could not blind a person of refinement, to the character of the man, and though, outwardly courteous, he felt a sort of humiliation in this enforced hospitality; and this made the scene so distasteful, that the brilliant, not to say dashing, conversation of the dark lady by his side, failed to put him entirely at ease.

As Lady Holden had watched the young American, he cast restless glances, now and then, on the flushed and sparkling face of his daughter, who, for the first time in her life, had been permitted to appear, as a young lady, among the guests at her father's table.

Never, it seemed to Vance, had a human face been so completely set ablaze with enjoyment. The dark eyes, flashing under those black, uplifted lashes, were full of joyous fire. The lips parted with a rush of words, that often rose above the general conversation, gave glimpses of the white teeth underneath, or as she paused to listen, broke into smiles, and took the light, like ripe cherries bathed in sunshine. The father gazed in amazement, rather than approval, on this sudden transfiguration. More than once he saw the white shoulders of the girl, who had seemed to him a child till now, uplifted, with the easy gesture of a French woman, as she parried, or returning the compliment, which Barnham was pouring into her greedy ears.

No wonder that this proud and most sensitive gentleman sat beside his brilliant guest with a clouded brow, and grew thoughtful of the future. Lady Alton saw this, and adroitly gave her

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brother a signal, which he understood, and became more cautious. The change did not please Miss Dora, who gave the shoulder next him, a petulant lift, half turned away, and pouted lik a finished coquette.

"Your fair daughter seems to have made a conquest at first sight," said Prime, who had been regarding this picture with satisfaction, "and one, I must say, that is worthy of her, if any man dare aspire to be. My friend, Barnham, is a match that even the heiress of Aldensgate need not look down upon. One of the oldest families in the kingdom. A fine estate, though, of course, that is of no consequence here. I hope your ladyship does not frown upon the possibility."

Lady Holden lifted her eyes in grave astonishment, and, for once, Prime saw how warmly the blood of a proud, old family, could burn in her gentle face.

"As it is not a possibility, there can be no reason for frowns," she said.

Another man might have winced under this womanly rebuff; but Prime only took it as a signal of retreat, and changed the subject instantly.

"How well the young Americans are getting on together. The beauty of that young person strikes me with peculiar interest. Surely she has not wandered so far from her native land alone. One can hardly suppose that even of a female from the States."

"She is traveling with an elder sister," answered Lady Holden, coldly. "They are both guests at Aldensgate, for a time."

As if she intended still more pointedly to repress questions that annoyed her, Lady Holden cast a glance around the table, where the last course of fruit lay broken and glowing on the Sevre plates, so exquisitely decorated, that you could hardly tell the counterfeit from the real, save that a cluster of grapes torn apart here, and a peach cleft in twain there, sent out a perfume, that no art could imitate. She saw that a propitious moment had arrived, when the gentlemen were ready to refill the wine glasses, that sparkled like jewels on the table, and drawing on her gloves, led the ladies from the room.

That spacious drawing-room was so perfect in its grand proportions, and each window commanded so fine a view of the moonlit park, that it seemed impossible to refrain from roaming about from one sash to another, as people who love pictures, wander through an art gallery. So the little group of ladies separated, as they entered the room. Lady Alton and Dora moved about, restlessly, conversing in low tones, as if they had been confidential friends, and held some interest apart from the others.

Still, spacious as the drawing-room was, it seemed too small for the disturbed mind of Lady Alton, who swept from window to window, apparently absorbed by the pictures, that lay sleeping beyond the plate glass, but seeing nothing. At last, as if charmed by the moonlight, that streamed over the stone work of a balcony, turning it into a tongue of frosted sculpture, she drew Dora into the open air. Turning her back to the light, so that her features were partially shaded, she said:

"Yes, yes, I know all that you can say about the moonlight and the view; but tell me before the gentlemen come in, who is that girl in the white dress? From America, I heard some one say, but what of her? How came she at Aldensgate?"

"It's not my fault," said Dora, clenching her teeth with sudden passion. "Mamma would invite her here, because her sister got hurt in rushing across the road, when my ponies ran away. I am glad you hate her, for I do."

"Let her be careful that she does not rush across my road," said the woman, under her breath. Then she restrained the passion, that had already betrayed her, and added, carelessly:

"Hate her. How absurd. What could have put the idea into that beautiful head of yours? She is wonderfully pretty. My brother thinks so, I am sure."

"Does he? Oh! I never will forgive mamma for bringing the creature here."

"It is sadly provoking," said the lady, turning her face to the moonlight, which shone upon the ruby fuchsias, and emerald leaves, that gathered up the lace upon her bosom, "but, of course, Lady Holden knows best. Ha! the gentlemen are coming up. Let us go in."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRIME did not return to the drawing-room with the other gentlemen, but speaking lightly of himself, as an old fellow that the ladies would not miss, declared his intention of taking a long stroll in the park, where he could smoke a cigar, at leisure. Later on, he would present himself, if Lady Holden would permit.

There was no strong objection to this from any quarter, and that gentleman strolled slowly into the moonlit grounds with the spark of a lighted cigar going before him, like a star.

Esther Benson, sitting by the window in her own room, saw him pass, and started out of the painful reverie into which she had fallen. With

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prompt resolve, that seemed to defy her feeble state, she folded a shawl about her, using only one hood, and stole out of the house, through the servants' entrance. She had watched Prime long enough to see what direction he was taking, and followed it; but the point from which she left the house, lengthened the distance somewhat for her, and when she came to the slope of lawn over which he had been moving, the man was out of sight.

"I will see him, face to face," she thought, forgetting the pain of her wounded arm in the excitement of the moment. "If I perish in doing it, this mystery shall be unravelled," she thought, plunging into the shadow of the great trees, led on by the faint sound of footsteps, that reached her from time to time.

Esther knew that the man she sought had some object before him, more important than a stroll in the beautiful grounds. He had made too much progress for a saunter like that, and was now walking swiftly, as she could judge, for with all her effort he was still some distance ahead.

"It may be that he is going to the cottage they told me of," she thought, "that should lead him toward the village, and we are going that way. I will follow wherever he leads."

The woman was weak; but she walked fast, resolute as iron, but trembling in all her limbs. She had not once lost the sound of those distant footsteps; but it came fitfully and at intervals, each time taking her breath.

At last the footsteps ceased, and in their place she heard the click of a latch, and the jar of a gate. Then she passed through a thicker and deeper growth of trees. Some of them overhung a wall, covered with ivy, and damp from the thick shadows in which it grew. In one place the wall seemed to have been cleft apart, for a gleam of moonlight streamed through it, and shot like a silver spear across the grass.

Esther knew that it was a gate or door in the wall left ajar, and pushing against it, passed through. The lights from a cottage window streamed almost to her feet, as she stood outside the park; and through the casement she saw the shadow of a man walking to and fro in a small room beyond. That man she knew to be Henry Prime. Now and then a woman would interrupt him in his walk, lay her hand on his arm, and seem to be saying something that was irksome to him; for he would push her hand aside, with a contemptuous gesture, and continue his march up and down the room, evidently in a state of irritation, that she was trying to appease.

Esther stood a moment watching these two persons, holding her breath till it broke through her lips in a hard, dry sob. Then she flung the shawl back from her head, which loosened some of the hair it had covered, and left a heavy wave coiling over one shoulder, down upon the red scarf that supported her wounded arm, giving her a more youthful and strangely picturesque appearance.

"Mother!"

The woman turned, uttered a broken cry, then staggered back, throwing out her arms.

"Mother, mother!" she faltered, repeating the words, in wild amazement. "Who calls me mother? It is years and years, since anyone has been allowed to call me that!"

"Hush, woman! you are talking mad nonsense," said Prime, pale as death, but staring, fiercely, at the stranger.

For half a minute of dead silence, these two stood face to face, and eye to eye, growing whiter and whiter each moment. Then the man spoke in a low voice, that faltered and trembled:

"Who are you—who are you?"

"I am that woman's daughter, Myra."

The woman who was supporting herself against the wall, shaking in every nerve of her body, cried out "Myra—my child, Myra," and opened her arms.

Prime turned upon her, stamping his foot on the floor.

"Be quiet, you noisy fool—your daughter, Myra, has been lying in the bottom of the Atlantic, years and years. This creature is an impostor—no doubt a thief, who would have cajoled and robbed you, if I had not been here."

"She is—she is," faltered the woman, aroused to something like courage, by a rush of motherly remembrances. "Look at her, Henry—look at her—taller, stronger, but, oh, those eyes. They are her father's eyes!"

Prime turned upon her fiercely.

"Silence, woman—silence, I tell you. The girl you speak of is dead. This creature is some female tramp, that has stolen a passage over from the States, to gather black mail here. I warn you not to encourage her."

The woman cowered against the wall, frightened into silence; but with her eyes turned in piteous yearning upon the intruder, whom she knew to be her own child.

"It is unnecessary for me to use words here," said this young woman, growing calm, as her ancient enemy became more violently excited. "The first sound of my voice, drove the blood from your face. Before my own mother recognized me, you were made to feel the truth, and your false heart rose up, at once, to combat it.

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Man—man! I am here, and the reckoning of a life time is before us now. If I had, indeed, been buried in the Atlantic for years, it seems to me that a sense of justice would have drawn me from its depths to confront you, and tear your evil plans up by the root. I—I—"

Myra broke off here, and lifted both hands to her throat. Excitement was choking her.

This sharp struggle, and the speech that preceded it, had a remarkable effect on the man, who had been so violent in his first surprise. The stormy look was slowly swept from his face, and, like the hardening of heated metal, under a cold blast of air, his features became dense and defiant, even to a chilly kind of scornfulness. In the slow irony of curbed passion, he drew a chair from its place, and, with elaborate politeness, desired Myra to be seated. She refused the seat, and only grasped the back with her hand, pale, stern, but still struggling for breath.

Prime quietly dropped into a larger and more comfortable chair, composed himself leisurely, and looked up, as if anxious that she should proceed.

"Well," he said, as she stood there panting for breath. "Suppose all this to be true. We will say, for instance, that the sea has given up its dead, throwing back upon the earth, a wild, worthless creature, who, having committed a felonious crime, was fleeing to hide herself from justice, what would be her object, and what hope could she have of anything but disgrace and punishment?"

Again the young woman put both hands up to her throat. Then her voice broke out sharp and clear:

"The hope that she might atone for her crime and die."

"But if the atonement had been snatched from her hands, and nothing but retribution remained?"

"That will never be. God does not withhold from his creatures the power of repentance!"

"I did not speak of repentance. That is always the coward's excuse for breaking down; but supposing this wild, wicked girl could appear in England. What then?"

"Then," said Myra, and her voice rang out with thrilling emphasis. "Then, she would go up to Aldensgate, seek its master, and the fair, good lady so wronged by one mad act of her life, and say to them, on her knees, if that could make contrition more complete, I was mad—I was young—a mere child, cast upon the streets of London, by the man who had tempted my weak, kind-hearted mother to give up everything to his selfish greed—property, the very house that had sheltered her, the child she loved. For this man I became a beggar in the streets—a child pariah—a creature that was glad when the people she met, thrust pennies into her hand; for she could, perhaps, win a smile from her mother, when she brought it home; for the man was low enough to take even that from her hand."

Myra paused to take breath. She had spoken vehemently, and the sobs of the woman, swaying to and fro against the wall, interrupted her.

"My poor mother is weeping," she went on to say; "but you sit there, with a smile on your lips, and evil light in your treacherous eyes. I should know you by that, in the uttermost ends of the earth."

Prime waved his hand, in a lordly way.

"One is forced to smile, when a lunatic raves," he said; "but excuse me, I interrupt you."

"I was starved as a child, body and soul; but some little good still clung to me, out of my own dead father's honorable nature. Enough of that was still left in me, for pity and gratitude. My childhood was a pitiful wreck. I have cried out in my sleep many a time, while dreaming it over again, and woke up, to find my pillow wet with tears. Wrong, suffering, untimely struggles with the world, make a child precocious; for good or evil. In the atmosphere of your life, in which the poor woman rolling there was lost, the breath I drew became poison. I had so little kindness—my life was so hard, that a generous act, or a pitying smile, made my heart leap, and turned gratitude into a passion—"

Prime smiled, and leaned back in his chair, crossing his feet, as if determined to hear the excited creature to the end; but he could not help interrupting her with a jeer:

"Yes," he said, "the passion of a child-vagrant, for the gentleman who tossed pennies into her lap. He was generous—how was that generosity returned?"

"I was your slave. The child of that woman, who had become your property. Sometimes, you were civil to her—never to me; for your own child you had smiles, for me, curses or sneers. A little gleam of human sympathy had crossed my path at one time, and I was in heaven long enough to know what joy meant—long enough to fight for it desperately when it was withdrawn—long enough to feel the desolation that can fall on a human heart, that has the craving of a woman in the bosom of a child. I loved the man who had been kind to me—"

"And propose to go back to the Hall, and tell him so, while his wife, the proudest lady in England, sits by and listens," interrupted Prime, with a slow laugh. "I would not lose the scene for half a kingdom."

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This sneer seemed to choke the eager words back into Myra's throat. She stood a moment, helpless and struck dumb by its insulting coolness; but only for a moment. Directly she spoke again. This time with a burst of womanly indignation, that drove that audacious smile from the man's face.

"Yes, to him and to her, will I declare this madness of a young girl, who had been trampled under foot, till the first gleam of kindness filled her soul with a longing for human affection, that seemed like insanity. That, which I felt for this noble gentleman, was no passion that you could understand; but the cry of a starved heart, pleading for the love that had been cruelly withheld from her childhood, and without which it seemed as if she must perish.

"Once or twice in her life, this wretched girl was taken from the streets of London, her miserable harvest-field, from which she had gleaned but one ray of human sympathy, and carried into the beautiful country, still a slave and a drudge; but capable of enjoying the green earth, and the bright sea-breezes, that swept up from the ocean to her home, which, even in neglect and dilapidation, was like paradise, compared to the dens she was compelled to inhabit in London. In this place, she could draw a free breath, and sometimes dream in the open air, with soft grass beneath her, and quivering leaves overhead, giving glimpses of the blue sky. She watched the birds, hiding together in the leaves, chirping love songs as they built their nests, and feeding their young, with soft flutters of joy. She envied them, because of the love that made their lives so full of light and music. This girl had a soul that could feel wretched, because all these things were denied to her. One day, when this envy of all living things, and this craving for affection was strong upon her, this forlorn creature wandered down to the beach; for there, sometimes, when her heart was full of longing, the waves would seem to understand the pain she felt, and whisper that she was human like the rest of God's children, and would not always be forgotten.

"There, upon the sand, sifting the white dust of the sea through her little fingers, and laughing as it fell over her shoes and embroidered dress, a child was sitting. The girl drew toward this pretty one, cautiously, leaving prints of her bare feet in the sand as she moved. The child looked up. Then the girl's heart gave a great leap, and the blood rushed through her veins. She knew the child, by the look in those brown eyes, and the sweet curve of her baby mouth, when it smiled upon her. She sat down by the little one, and, scarcely daring to touch her, more than she would have reached up to frighten the birds in the leaves, spoke to her, in a hushed voice, as the waves were whispering to both. She gathered up some of the white sand, showering it on the wind, and drew the child softly on her lap, that she might watch it come down again. But the sharp voice of a woman, coming hurriedly along the beach, disturbed the child, and frightened the girl, who held the little stranger close to her heart for one happy minute, and fled.

"Again and again, she saw the child; but only daring to peep through the underbrush and hedges for a swift look, like some wild animal afraid of being hunted down; for the father and mother of that little child, were always with her, and one of them the girl knew. How happy they seemed; there was no need of that child, to make earth a paradise for them. Why was it that God poured so much into one life, and left others cruelly barren? This was insane reasoning—the madness of a heart that had never learned to reflect. The poor girl was punished sadly; for it led to a great crime.

"One day, this wicked creature found the child abandoned by everyone, playing on the edge of the water—other things had happened that morning to drive her mad. She pounced upon the pretty thing, like the cruel animal she was, bore her off, and hid her in the squalor of her own home. That night, she slept with the little thing in her arms, and, for the first time, knew how sweet human companionship could be. Still, the girl was not all bad. She would have given the child up even then; but her mother's husband, the man she loathed and dreaded beyond all things, saw a source of profit in her crime, and would have held them both as instruments of his greed.

"Then the girl escaped, with her charge, and took ship for a strange land. She was followed. From the deck of the vessel, she saw her persecutor standing on the wharf, baffled and burning with wrath.

"The vessel these two young creatures set sail in, was wrecked in mid-ocean. A few were saved, one boat drifted days and nights on the deep, its inmates suffering hunger and thirst; but the child was never allowed to cry in vain for food. When all else failed, the mad girl, who had stolen her, gave her own blood, drop by drop, as it swelled from a cut in her arm, to save the infant from starvation. That was but little—only it saved her life.

"These unfortunates were on the verge of starvation, when a ship hove in sight, and took them on board. In ten days, this young girl,

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with a child she called her sister, stood alone on the wharf in New York, a guilty, nameless creature, forever burdened with a consciousness of guilt, that no effort could atone for. But the child loved her; and all the more, because of her sin, she loved the child.

"This girl was young, strong, resolute. How she succeeded in gaining work; how she toiled, night and day, there is no need of telling. Love made her desperate, remorse stung her to action. The child she had stolen, must not be left to mingle with the dregs of a great city. Her life should be protected, her mind so trained, that in the dim hereafter, when the spirit of self-abnegation dawning in the girl's nature, might demand that the child should be given up to her parents, no one should say that she had been degraded by ignorance, or evil associations, in her lowly state.

"To this end, the girl put forth all her energies. She worked, struggled, saved, scarcely allowing herself raiment, or sufficient food, that the child might be daintily fed and clothed. The little girl must have help in her hard lessons. So she sat up late, and studied also, enlightening her own dense ignorance, as the intellect of her charge developed, until the companionship of these two minds became complete.

"With these exertions came a keen sense of the evil thing that had been done, and a vague resolution to redeem it. But her love for this fair child had become idolatry. She could not give her up, and be thrown, an unloved, perhaps, hated thing, back upon the world. There must yet be time enough. She would wait till some signs of discontent appeared in the child herself. Sometime, justice should be done, but not then. So she redoubled her exertions, and gloried in the beauty and playfulness of the child, while her heart shrank from their development, which brought her nearer and nearer to the time when they must be given up, or her own crime become a perpetual sin.

"That time came at last. The child had merged into girlhood. The aspirations of a cultured race developed within her, she grew sad and restless. The time of restitution has come for her. For the unhappy woman, who wronged, and yet adores her, there is nothing but loneliness, disgrace, and, if God is so merciful, a speedy death."

The woman ceased speaking. She had told her own story, and stood, heavily leaning on the chair, weak and exhausted. Once more she lifted her head.

"Henry Prime—and you, my mother, know this to be true. Nothing but death can prevent me returning the heiress of Aldensgate to her parents and her rightful position. Not one word of what I have said here, shall be withheld, when I stand before Mr. Vance and his wronged daughter. Henry Prime—mother, are you prepared for this? Or do you relieve me with the old hatred?"

"No, no," cried the woman, who had been hushing her sobs, to listen. "No, Myra, no! we believed that you were dead—that you, and the child, had gone down together—I mourned for you—oh, Henry, tell her how sorry I was—how often I wished for her—"

Prime started from his chair, and laid his hand heavily on the woman's shoulder, who winced, and drew back with a piteous moan.

"You hurt me, Henry, dear, you hurt me!"

"And you hurt me, weak, foolish thing that you are. Is it your wish to help this clever impostor, who must be degraded below contempt, when she attempts to personate the miserable creature you know to have gone down in the wreck of that vessel. Are you mad enough to accept one word of her bungling story, which, if proven, would send you out of this pretty cottage a vagabond on the face of the earth? Are you mad enough for that, I say?"

"No, no, Henry, I have done nothing. Only that look in her eyes, and the way she has of talking," sobbed the woman, while great tears rained down her cheeks, and her teeth fairly chattered with fright. "Of course, if you cannot recollect her, how should I? Those Yankees do get up strange stories sometimes; but then about my being turned out of house and home, just like a vagabond—of course, Henry, you would never let anyone do that."

"I would see you trampled to death by wild horses, without raising a hand to drag you from under their hoofs, if by one word you acknowledged the slightest semblance between this person and anyone you have ever seen. What does all this mad talk amount to? I have listened to it patiently, wishing to sound the depths of this contemplated fraud. She claims to be your daughter, the kidnapper who fled from England to escape justice. In order to perpetrate a new crime, she is ready to proclaim herself a criminal, though it brings sure disgrace and ruin on the mother of whom she asks recognition. You have sworn that the wretch who stole Lady Holden's child, went down with the wreck, after giving the little one to your care—"

"What!" said Myra, white as death. "Mother, mother! have you done this horrible thing?"

"Let him answer," muttered the woman, cowering back to her old place.

Prime bore his hand down heavily on Myra's

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shoulder, and bent his set, stern face close to hers.

"This woman is not your mother. She never had a daughter, who bore the name you give, and has no living child. She is a widow, without husband or family, and will swear that she never saw you before in her life. The woman who kidnapped Lady Holden's daughter, was not a young person like you; but an old offender, who went down in the vessel, from which her victim was rescued by the woman, you have dared to call mother, at the risk of her own life. The heiress of Aldensgate has been under the care of her own family, since the time when she was brought from America. The parents have accepied her. The laws are satisfied; and no person on earth can stand between her and the inheritance. This is exactly the condition of things at Aldensgate Hall, into which you have madly forced yourself. You came here to seek that woman, and lure her into aiding your weak scheme. I thank you for that. It shows us where we stand. It fills me with admiration of your audacity, which never, even as a child, was equalled. Well, you shall not be brave without some reward. There shall be no concealments between us. This visit is a very unpleasant surprise. We honestly believed you in the bottom of the ocean, with the stolen child, whom the parents were searching for, heart-broken and despairing. A position of wonderful grandeur was open, hearts were breaking, which nothing but the return of that child could heal. Some of the finest estates, and a splendid old title, was in danger of drifting into the hands of an heir, whom Lady Holden held in detestation. Was it not a work of charity to bring back the heiress, a beautiful, talented, and incomparable creature, and thus make everybody, but the heir expectant, happy? Yet your mother hesitated to give up the darling to this noble destiny; but she is capable of a magnanimous sacrifice. Her great love, for the man you hate, prevailed, she consented to forget the selfishness of her motherhood, and was willing to accept the glory of having saved the heiress of Aldensgate from shipwreck; and in order to be near her child, took a menial position, gave up her husband's name, and became a widow. You look shocked, your eyes fill with disgust. That is natural. There is no severity, like that of a sinner, against kindred sins. You stole a child from its mother. She gave one back to that mother's bosom, more beautiful, and a thousand times brighter than the one she lost, thus healing the wound your hand had dealt, yet *you* dare to despise *her*."

Myra put up her hands to ward off this terrible arraignment, and sank into the chair, while Prime went on, ruthless in his cruelty.

"Cannot you see the madness of this attempt? You are a stranger in England. No one who ever met you, a straggled waif in the streets of London, would remember that such a creature ever existed. You come here to claim a mother, who has lived years in this place; but was never known to bear the name you give her. You speak of a step-father, who will swear that he never saw your face in all his life. If anyone in the Isle of Wight remembers the witch-like creature, that prowled around the fields awhile, and disappeared no one knew how or where—do you think he would recognize in your rather ladylike person, the Madge Wildfire of that day?"

A faint color came into Myra's face. Prime saw it, and went on.

"Where are your proofs? I have searched the passenger list of that lost vessel, and your name was not among them. Who is there, I ask, on the broad earth to identify you?"

Myra clenched the hand that had fallen to her lap, and groaned, faintly. She remembered that a false name had been given. There was, indeed, no proof that she had ever sailed on that ship, or been saved from it.

"There," said Prime, leaning back in his chair, "we conceal nothing, that woman *is* your mother. I am Henry Prime, the man for whom you proclaim such bitter hatred. You are the child we used to call Myra. It is a pleasure to be frank and admit this, and really it is giving you more than fair play; but outside of this door, you are an impostor, repudiated by the woman you claim as a mother, and the girl you have brought here is the partner of an intended fraud. Are you willing to proceed on this ground? In short, is there a person in all England, who will believe one word of your story."

Myra arose, deadly pale, and staggering toward her mother, knelt down, and lifting two imploring eyes to her face, tried to speak; but the woman turned her head aside, stammering out:

"Don't, Myra, don't. He will be angry."

Then the wretched woman, baffled at every turn, arose to her feet, and made a feeble attempt to drag the shawl around her, with one hand.

Prime saw her helplessness, and arranged the shawl with mocking gallantry.

"The New World has done wonderful things for you," he said. "Take my advice, go back to it, and when our Zuma is a countess, both you and the young person shall hear from us."

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"Yes—yes," said the woman, from her place by the window. "He will do anything."

Myra did not seem to hear; but glided out of the room, as noiselessly as she had entered it.

Oh, that long, dreary walk through the park. It seemed to the wretched woman as if the distance had stretched into leagues, since she had crossed it less than an hour before. Her breath came with difficulty, her knees bent, and at each step, seemed about to give way. All the strength of will that had led her from the Hall was gone. She was only conscious of a crushing sense of helplessness, a weary desire to drop down somewhere and die. More than once, she threw herself against some tree, and clasping it with her arm, tried to gain strength to go on. When the Hall came in sight, glorified by the moon, and gleaming with lights, she grew faint under the thoughts it forced upon her. How was she ever to redeem that grand mansion, from the impostor that had been thrust into it, as a consequence of her own crime?

As the woman stood there, under the shadow of the trees, two persons came along a walk that led from the gardens, and slowly approached her. At first, they were talking earnestly; then a silvery laugh seemed to break up the conversation, and the lady stepped hastily forward, as if to challenge pursuit, or escape some offered gallantry.

Myra knew the voice. She had heard it a thousand times, when her sister, Zuma, grew turbulent with gaiety as a child. The moonlight was full upon the couple as they advanced, and the dark, sparkling beauty of the girlish face was clearly revealed, beneath the cloud of fleecy lace, that seemed to hover, rather than rest, upon her head.

She came a little in advance of her companion, holding her dress up from the grass, and revealing the light, half-dancing movements of her feet, as she made a pretence at leaving him.

"No, no," she was saying. "It is too early to talk of anything like that. No one ever attempted it before. Why, they think me nothing more than a child, in yonder."

"A child," answered Barnham of Backwell. "If anything more lovely in womanhood ever existed, I have never seen it."

The girl laughed again.

"Oh, you say this because they have told you that I am allowed to appear at a real dinner, for the first time, this evening."

"I say it because—"

"Because you think me a wild young thing to come out here like this. I wonder what mamma would say, if she knew it."

Barnham answered this in a low voice, bending his head, at which the girl gave him a little blow with her fan, turned and darted back toward the Hall.

All this passed before Myra, as she stood under the shadows, heart-sick and faint. It seemed as if the anguish of a lifetime was to be crowded into that one night.

The poor woman gained her room at length, dropped the shawl from her shoulders to the floor, and fell upon the bed.

She was lying there, half-an-hour later, with a heart that seemed dead, and wide open eyes, when the door was lightly opened, and the girl, she called Jane, came in, radiant with happiness.

"Oh, Esther, Esther, I have been *so* happy. 'The Arabian Nights' are nothing to it. Thank you, a thousand times, for bringing me here. Isn't it strange. Isn't everything like fairy-land."

That fair, young girl threw herself half-way on the bed, reaching over, made a loving attempt to kiss the pale face that lay upon the pillow; but she felt herself pushed aside, almost rudely, and drew back, astonished and wounded.

"What is the matter, Esther? What have I done?"

"Nothing. Oh, God help us both. Nothing," was the answer, so full of anguish, that it drove all the beautiful light from that young face.

"Have you been suffering? Are you worse?"

"Suffering—worse. Oh, my darling, have mercy and leave me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"FATHER'S DEAD."

BY ELLEN MILLER.

A VACANT chair;
No loving smile to greet me sitting there,
Nor deep, expressive eyes!
My image I could trace in their clear gaze,
No sympathizing heart to lean my head;
All these surroundings echo "Father's dead."

An aching heart,
Bursting with grief, no one to heal the smart;
No living hands to press
My fingers in a tight and fond caress.
My life is crushed, the link that bound it, fled;
All these, they tell to me, that "Father's dead."

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POSSIBILITIES.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"You see, Dot," said Fred, "possibilities are wholly shut out of a woman's life. With a man it is different. We drift, naturally, from the old land-marks," stroking his handsome beard complacently, "while you—well, your hopes and expectations are bounded by the old forest line yonder. You don't care to be, and never will be, I suppose, aught else than dear, innocent, pretty, little Dot, to the end of the chapter."

Dot was at the ironing table, her beautiful arms bared to the elbow, her cheeks flushed. She was ironing collars and handkerchiefs, and there was a goodly heap of them, all belonging to that same, exquisite young gentleman, who had just treated her to such an unique bit of philosophy.

She put down her iron, and turned quietly towards him.

"Fred," she said, her voice low and sweet, but a little flash sparkling in her usually soft, dove-eyes, "you are a great deal cleverer than I am; but I think I can guess what you are trying to put into words. Let me say it for you. I think I can do it better than you."

The young man looked at her in astonishment. Dot was his cousin. They had been brought up together, and it had been understood, that, at some future time, they were to become husband and wife.

Fred's mother and father desired that it should be so, and Fred himself had not objected. Dot was pretty, and sweet-tempered, and obliging; and he liked to feel that she belonged to him, and to pet, or tyrannize over her, as his humor dictated.

As for Dot herself, she was the most obliging little soul in the world; and she loved Fred, with all the ardor of an unsophisticated girl's heart. He was her hero, and her ideal. She dreamed of his future, with fond, believing hopes; and labored for his every-day comfort with utter unselfishness.

Just about the time Fred was finishing his education, however, a great uncle died, and left him a little fortune.

"A snug, little nest-egg, my boy," said his old father; "take my advice, and put it by for a rainy day."

But Fred did not hearken to the old man's advice. He indulged himself in sundry luxuries, to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed; chief amongst which was a brief tour abroad.

He had returned from his travels, and was now at the old farm-home, again, sitting in the spring sunshine, and talking of his possibilities to Dot. Her reply, and a certain something in her manner, startled him, somewhat.

"Why, Dot," he said, "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," responded Dot, with point-blank simplicity. "You are trying to make me understand, Fred, that your possibilities have carried you beyond me, and beyond your old life. In plainer terms, since you've got your fortune, and have been abroad, you would like to be free of the—the—the old understanding between us. That's what you mean," and, drawing a plain gold ring from her finger, as she spoke; "here is your ring; and that ends it all."

If Fred was astonished before, he was fairly stunned now. He sat silent and staring for some minutes, taking no notice of the ring that Dot offered him. He laughed at last, but his merriment was forced, and he flushed to his temples with guilty embarrassment.

"What a little goose you are, Dot," he cried. "Keep your ring, child; put it back on your finger; I shall not take it."

"As you please," said Dot, with dignity. "But I shall never wear the ring again; and all is at an end between us."

She put the trinket on a little stand, near the young man's elbow, as she spoke, and went on with her ironing.

For some minutes, our hero felt a certain sense of relief and freedom; for shrewd little Dot had read him rightly. Since his accession to fortune, and his introduction to the fashionable world, he had begun to feel restive under the bondage of his youthful engagement. And now he was free!

But with the next breath, he was conscious of a feeling of anger and injury, that Dot should be able to give him up so easily.

"That's like you," he said, with affected cynicism, "and all the rest of your sex. You stand there, and tell me that all is over between us, and don't care a fig. I really don't suppose you've cared a fig all along."

"No matter whether I've cared or not, Fred," replied Dot, serenely, as she polished the

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surface of a Byronic collar, "let it suffice that you are free—free to work out your possibilities; and I trust they may be grand ones."

After this, the young man's stay at the old home-farm was not long. His possibilities and his inclinations carried him elsewhere. At parting, he made a feeble pretence at forging the old chains anew; but Dot stuck to her decision.

"No, no, Fred, it is far better as it is. We made a mistake; that's all; so think no more about it."

But when Fred was gone, there seemed to be a sort of blank in the girl's life. She had been so used to living, and hoping, and working for Fred, that for a time she had a feeling, as if life was aimless for her forever now.

One afternoon, not long after, Stephen Dale came over to bid them good-bye. He was the son of the village clergyman, and at one time he had been Dot's lover, or would have liked to have been, if he had not known of Fred.

"I return to college, to-morrow," he said in his hearty, cheery way, "and I wanted to say good-bye. I thought, perhaps," glancing at Dot, "well, father is growing old, and has his hands full, and I thought, perhaps, Miss Dorothy, you would be kind enough to look after my Sunday School class, just a little, while I'm away? I can't bear to go, feeling that I shall leave them utterly neglected."

Dot's aimless, little heart thrilled, and her eyes softened.

"Indeed, I will," she said, earnestly, "I'll do my best."

"Thank you, and God bless you," said Stephen, and then he bade her good-bye.

In the days that followed, Dot began to feel, more and more, the aimlessness of her life. She wondered if there were no possibilities for her. At last, one day, she went to the old farmer.

"Uncle Matthew," she said, "I've a little money of my own, haven't I?"

"To be sure, Dot."

"Then let me go away, for a little while, please, to some great school; I've only had what I could get at the academy, you know; and I would like to be a little cleverer than I am, uncle Nathan."

"To my thinking, there's little room for improvement, Dot; but you shall go, if you wish," said the old man.

So Dot made her preparations, with a hopeful heart, dreaming of all she would achieve, all the fortune held in store for her.

In the grey of the dawn, she arose, on the day she was to leave, trembling, as she went down stairs, with eagerness and delight.

Her aunt met her at the foot of the stairs, her old face white with terror.

"Oh, Dot, come with me," she cried. "What is this, Dot? I found him, lying thus, when I awoke, just now."

Dot followed her into the old-fashioned bed-chamber. There lay her uncle, not dead, but stricken with paralysis. Dot bent down, and kissed the quiet face.

"Never mind, auntie," she said, drawing off her gloves as she spoke, "we'll soon have him better, I hope."

But Dot was mistaken. The old man grew no better, as the days and weeks wore on; but sat propped up, amidst the pillows, smiling and happy, helpless as a babe.

Dot gave up all her hopes, without a regret, and took her post by the bed-side, throwing her whole soul into her duty. Thus the days drifted on. Spring days, fraught with all the budding promise of the year; days, bright and royal with the pomp of summer; days, tender and sad, with the dying loveliness of autumn; days, lonely and cheerless, with the desolation of winter.

Still the old man lingered, and Dot ministered to his many wants, with a patient tenderness, as sweet as love itself. Under the blow, her aunt had been rapidly declining into second childhood, and this added to Dot's cares and anxieties. Yet she still found time to keep her word to Stephen Dale, so that when the young man had finished his college course, and came home to take his father's place, as parish clergyman, he found his Sunday School in a better condition than he had left it.

About this time, news came of Fred's marriage; and while he was away on a fashionable tour, his father died. And as often happens with a very old couple, who have walked hand in hand for so many years, the wife was but a day or two behind her husband. Dot was thus doubly bereaved.

In that season of sorrow, Stephen Dale was her helper and comforter. His hand closed the dying eyes, his voice spoke the last funeral rites; and when all was over, and Dot stood alone in the desolate old home, he came to her with eyes full of pitying kindness.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Dorothy," he said.

"Nothing, that you have not already done," she answered him.

The days drifted on. It was summer again, and in early autumn, Fred, whose finances were getting at a low ebb, was coming down to sell the ancestral roof-tree.

"I can't stay and see it done," said Dot, standing in the sunset-light of a golden day, her tearful eyes turned towards the old grave-

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yard. "I've written to an old friend, and she promises to get me a position as nursery governess. I'm not competent to fill a higher place than that. I was just going away, to educate myself better, when uncle Nathan was stricken down, you know."

The young clergyman looked at her wistfully, while he struggled to master some inward emotion, that threatened to get the better of him.

"Dot!" he said, at last.

She had never heard him call her this before, and it thrilled her with a strange tremor, to her very finger-tips.

"Dot," he went on, his voice not wholly steady, "I asked you for a hope once, and you had none to give me. May I ask you for something more than a hope now? Don't go away, and work amongst strangers, while those who know you and love you, stand in such need of your help. I have found my life work. Will you come and help me to do it faithfully, dear Dot?"

She made him no answer, she only hid her face in her hands, and fell to sobbing.

"Oh, have I distressed you?" he cried, in great anxiety. "Forgive me, forgive me, and forget what I have said."

After a few minutes, she raised her head, and looked at him, with a shy, but radiant glance.

"I would rather not forget it," she said, softly, "if—if—I could only think myself worthy—"

He waited to hear no more.

"My darling, my darling," he said, clasping her in his arms, "you are all my heart desires. The only hope of my life has been to win you. If that hope had failed me, I should still have tried to do my duty, but now, now," triumphantly, "there are no possibilities beyond my reach."

"Oh," thought Dot, with a sigh of unutterable content, as she stood at the window of her parsonage home, a month or two later, watching for her husband's coming, "in all my dreams I never even hoped for such happiness, for this is one of life's POSSIBILITIES."

PARADISE

BY J. HUIE

If I could look within the veil,
Beyond those twilight skies,
My heart for very joy would fail—
Oh, what is Paradise?

Hope there will often muse and roam,
With many a glad surmise
Of what is in my Father's home—
Oh, what is Paradise?

The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
Where glittering mansions rise;
Bright angel multitudes untold—
Oh, what is Paradise?

There the redeemed, who breathe the breath
Of life that never dies,
Beyond the shadowy realm of death—
Oh, what is Paradise?

To see the Father and the Friend,
Where faith to sight shall rise;
To be like Him, with Him, and His—
Oh, what is Paradise?

Through dim imaginings of bliss
My spirit vainly flies;
My fancies only end in this—
"Oh, what is Paradise?"

WHAT THE WIND SAID.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

THE voice of the wind was soft and low,
And this to my ear it seemed to say:
'Oh, come with me where the wild flowers grow,
'Over the hills and far away!'"

"I know the path to the shadowy dell,
Where the violet opens her soft, blue eyes—
I know where the buds of the cowslip swell,
And the dainty cups of the crocus rise.

"I haste where my darling, the wind flower frail,
Is shyly awaiting my fond embrace—
I ruffle the pools in the sunny vale,
Which mirror the fair narcissus' face.

"I go where the tinkling waters flow—
I find the ferns in each hidden nook—
I know where the silver leaf bends low
To trail its fingers along the brook.

"The snowdrop gleams from the springing grass—
The iris lures me with gentle wiles—
The daisy nods as I lightly pass,
And the heartsease lifts her face and smiles."

And ever seemed the refrain to be,
As I hearkened the voice of the Spring wind gay;
"Oh, hasten! oh, hasten! and come with me,
'Over the hills and far away!'"

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY

No. 1—Is a costume for visiting, or dinner; the material of which is satin de Lyon, for the skirt, and striped satin and velvet for the waist and trimmings; but the same design can be carried out in plain cashmere for the skirt, and striped camel's hair, or damassé for basque and trimmings. The skirt is kilted in front on a foundation, over which the side panels are arranged;



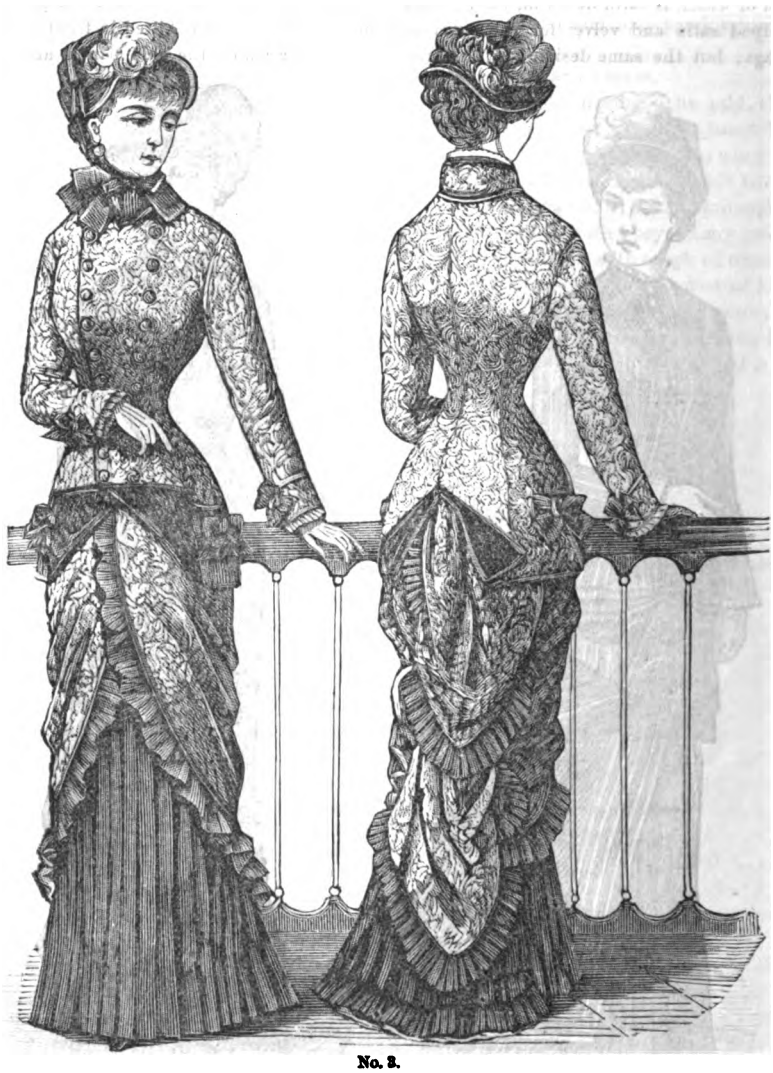
No. 1. No. 2.

these are trimmed with the striped material cut lengthwise. The train and scarf drapery covering the front, are of the plain material, and arranged in large pouffs at the back. The edge of the train is finished with a plaited ruche of the material. The basque, which is made entirely of the striped goods, is cut long, round at the back; but longer and pointed in front, where it is plaited to form the fullness across the fronts; and at the last button, a bow of long loops of

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velvet ribbon, with satin back, is placed as a finish. Cuffs and a collar with revers, also of the material, unless the plain satin be preferred for these parts. Six yards of striped material, and fourteen to sixteen yards of plain will be required.

No. 2—Is a pretty and simple short costume of pin-striped armure cashmere in black. The skirt has a side-plaited flounce one-quarter of a yard deep. Above it are rows of black braid, or pipings of silk, arranged in clusters. The back of the skirt is simply draped in irregular pouffs. The long basque is rounded off in front, and it is trimmed with three rows of the braid, or other



No. 3.

trimming. Turn-back cuffs, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting, and a turn-over collar completes this costume, which may be worn either in or out of mourning. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold material will be required.

No. 3.—We give the front and back view of this costume, which is more especially for the street. The skirt is kilted in front on a foundation, the back has a plaited flounce eighteen inches deep, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting; this is of silk in any dark color—olive green, navy blue, prune, or garnet. The over-dress and jacket are of brochè cashmere, in corresponding or contrasting colors, as the individual taste may decide. The front of the over-dress opens, and the edge is finished with a knife-

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plaiting of the silk, same as the skirt; the back consists of two straight breadths, cut the full length of the under-skirt, and edged all round with the knife-plaiting; this is then looped as seen in the engraving, bunching up first one point and then the other. The basque-jacket is opened up the back seam, half-way below the waist line, and turned back with revers, faced with the plain silk. The fronts are done in the same manner, and finished with a flat bow of the silk doubled. The jacket may be single or double-breasted. Our model is double-breasted, with turn-over collar; but if the costume be designed to serve the double purpose of house and street wear, we would decidedly prefer it to be made single-breasted. Many ladies though



No. 4—A.

like best to have a round waist and belt to wear in the house, and the jacket made large enough to to fit tightly over this waist. Certainly better for the approaching cool season. Fourteen to sixteen yards of silk, and ten yards of broché, or other figured material. To make a less expensive dress, use this model for camel's hair cloth for the skirt, and any kind of figured woolen and silk mixture for jacket and over-dress.

No. 4—Gives the front and back view of a walking-suit, for a little girl of eight to twelve years. It is made of camel's hair cloth and damassé of contrasting colors. The skirt has two narrow knife-plaitings, above which the damassé drapery is arranged, according to illustration. The basque is cut with long coat flaps at the back, which are turned back with revers of the broché. Large sailor collars and under-



No. 4—B.



No. 5—A.

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cuff of the same. A bow and ends of ribbon hold the revers on the coat-tails in place. A



No. 5—B.

large double box-plait is added over the knife plaited ruffles on the skirt, just in the back and



No 6.

the width of the coat. This gives a pretty and graceful fullness under the coat.

No. 5.—For a boy of four to five years we have the front and back of a paletot of cloth, any dark color, or if light, gray or coachman's drab. It is double-breasted in front, and the back has a plaited fullness from the side seams. Pointed pieces of the cloth stitched by machine, fastened by three buttons, finishes the back. Cuffs, collar, pockets and edge of paletot, all simply stitched. Large bone or pearl buttons.

No. 6—Is dress and paletot combined, for little girl of five to seven years, made of plaid flannel, cloth, or cashmere, with plain silk or velvet for the plaited under flounce, cuffs, collar, and festoon trimming, heading the plaid ruffle,



No. 7.

which is cut on the bias, and put on in box-plaits. A large bow and ends finish the back of this costume.

No. 7—Is a child's round pinafore of gray Holland, trimmed with white or red worsted braid. It is fastened behind by buttons and button holes, and edged all round by a gathered flounce of Hamburg, or else the material braided and buttonholed on the edge for the scallops. Two and a-half yards of linen, eighteen yards narrow braid, and eight yards wide braid for binding the scallops, if that mode of finishing be preferred.

No. 8—Is a paletot, with cape of striped flannel, trimmed with narrow braid in rows, and the edge bound with the same. This is suitable

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No. 8.

for baby in long clothes and on, until two or three years of age.

No. 9—Shows design and mode of making a very effective trimming for the bottom of any dress skirt, either of plain or figured material.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

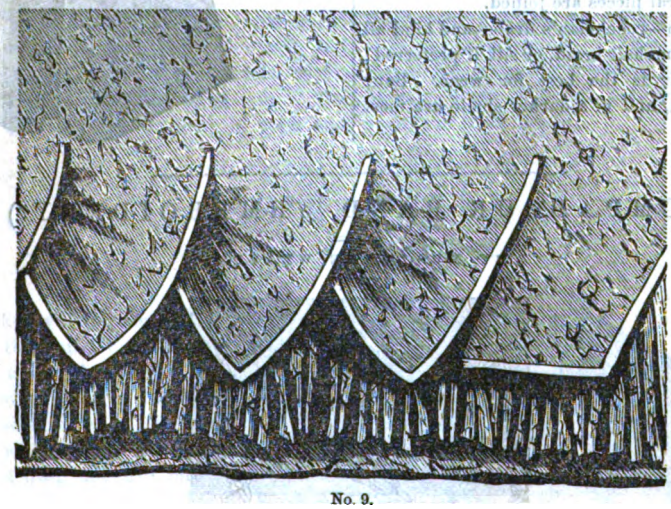
CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.



No. 9.

BABY'S CARRIAGE ROBE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, for a Baby's Carriage Robe. The materials are one pound of white single zephyr, four ounce pink, and four ounce plain sage-green. Crochet in stripes with the white wool, in plain, close Afghan stitch, making each

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stripe about eight inches wide. Embroider these stripes after the designs given. The rose-bud stripes are done in side stitches, or they may be crossed if preferred. Use coarse canvas to work the rose buds upon, and then pull out the threads after the work is done. The alternate stripes are done in the long *point russe* stitch. The stripes are sewn together flat, and then the narrow connecting stripe is embroidered, as seen in the combined colors. This robe can also be embroidered upon basket flannel, and afterwards lined with Canton flannel to add to the warmth. White, pale blue, or gray, embroidered with these colors, will all be pretty and effective. This is most useful and elegant, and has been designed expressly for "Peterson."

PALETOT FOR BOY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an illustration of a PALETOT, FOR A BOY, very suitable for this time of the year. Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with a full-size pattern, from which to cut out the Paletot. The pattern consists of six pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—SLEEVE.
IV.—POCKET.
V.—CUFF.
VI.—HALF OF COLLAR.

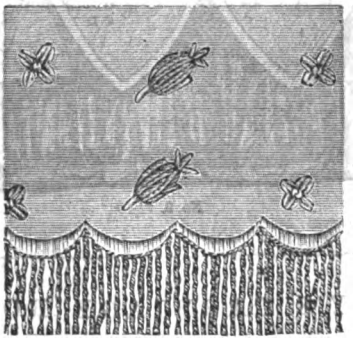
It will be seen that the strap buttoning at the back is cut on to the fronts. The letters show where the several pieces are joined.

Make of cloth—coachman's drab—and bind all parts with fine mohair braid, or silk if preferred; but the mohair is the best for wear. Bone buttons mottled, and of a darker shade are most used.



POMPADOUR BAND. (EMBROIDERY.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



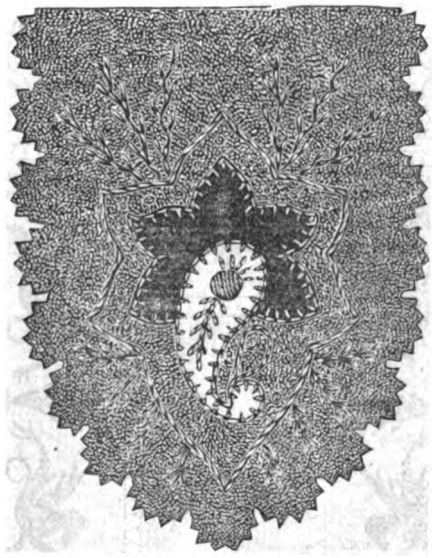
This band is to trim a white or cream-colored mousseline de laine, or cashmere frock, for a little girl. The embroidery is done in shaded silks.

The flowers are done in blue and pink, and the leaves in green. The edge is buttonholed with silk, of the color of the material, and finished off with fringe to match.

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SMALL LAMBREQUIN, FOR ORNAMENTING BASKETS, BRACKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Make of red, blue, or maroon-colored cloth; pink out the edges in scallops. The palm leaf pattern is cut out of white cloth and black velvet, buttonholed on with gold-colored silk. The other parts of the design are done in coral and *point russe* stitches, in different colored floss silks, as gay as possible. These little lambrequin pieces are pretty for trimming the top of waste baskets, edges of tables, brackets, and a great variety of other things.

BRUSH POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pocket will be found very convenient to hang upon the wall for the clothes brushes. It is made of coarse linen. For the foundation of the back, cut a piece of card-board sixteen inches deep and nine inches wide; cover with linen, and bind with ribbon. The pockets measure seven inches deep and five inches wide. These have a piece of linen two inches wide bound to the front all round with the ribbon to form the sides, by which they are attached to the foundation. The front of the pockets are ornamented with cross-stitch designs, worked with silk or crewels, as are the initial letters on the top of the pocket. Three loops of cord with tassels are fixed to the top as an ornament, and to hang the pocket up by.



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OBLONG ANTIMACASSAR.

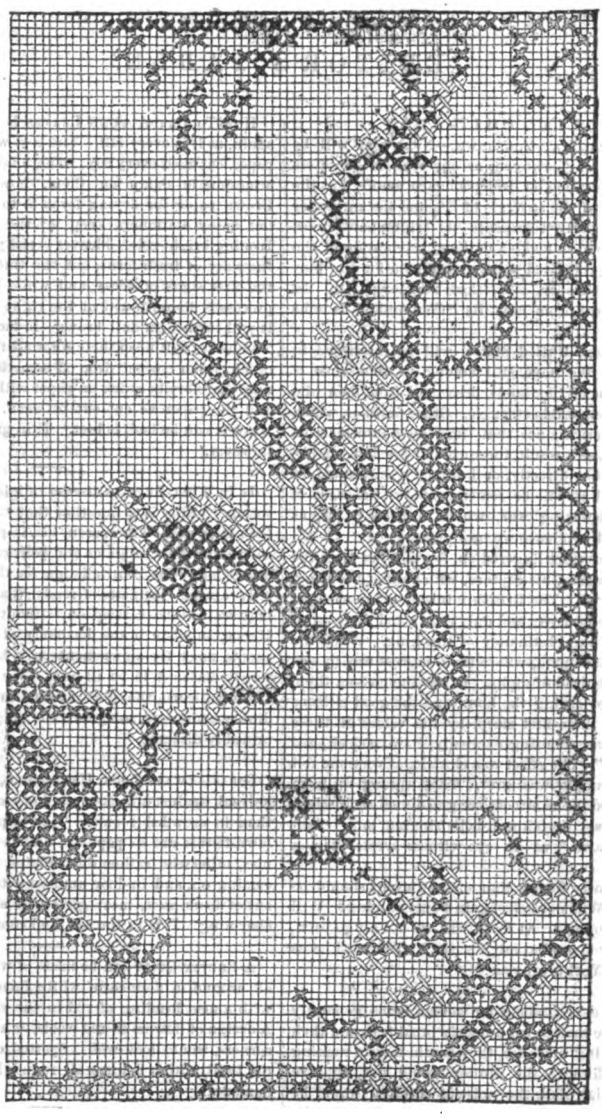
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



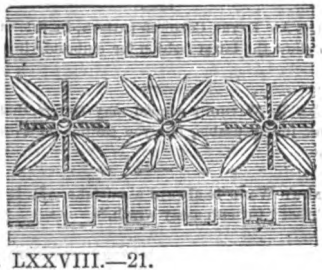
We give, above, a very beautiful design for an Oblong Antimacassar, or Tidy; and on the next page, the detail, full size, for working the figures, called chimeras, in the border. The material may be a grey, or yellowish linen, or Java canvas. The border of chimeras is worked in cross-stitch, with embroidery silk, or ingrain cotton, black or red. The border is separated

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from the centre by a line of drawn work, and the hem is ornamented in a similar manner. An edge of crochet, or furniture lace, or any other trimming that may be preferred, finishes it.



BORDER: IN POINT RUSSE.



This border is suitable for small table covers, childrens' dresses, towels, tidys, etc. For towels work in red or blue cottons, or both. Same of children's dresses. For table covers, etc, use colored crewels—pink, blue and olive-green. Make a fringe or tassels of the same for the edge.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE "CENTENNIAL" AT YORKTOWN.—Next year will be the "Centennial" of Yorktown, as our readers doubtless know. The Declaration of Independence stands for the definite beginning of the struggle of '76, and the surrender of Cornwallis properly represents its triumphant close. Congress has resolved to make a national celebration of the event, and has appropriated a handsome sum for the purpose. It was in October, 1781, that Yorktown fell. In October, 1881, a year from now, its "Centennial" is to be kept.

Everyone, in these United States, will be interested in this celebration. We have still among us thousands of families, if not tens of thousands, descended from men who took part in the memorable struggle. Other families, which have come to America since that time, have intermarried with these, so that, as a result, there are but few households, which are not, either directly, or indirectly, interested in Yorktown. By all, it will be remembered, as the close of the long and exhausting war, which secured to us, as Americans, the independence we now enjoy.

For though the conflict lingered on, for months after the surrender of Cornwallis, his capture, with that of his army, terminated the strife. The British ministry acknowledged this, secretly to themselves; and only protracted the contest in consequence of the obstinancy of the king. When the news reached Philadelphia, where the Congress was in session, it came in the dead of night. It was the custom then, for watchmen to go crying the hour, and the good citizens were roused from their first sleep, by the voices of these nocturnal guardians, shouting excitedly, "two o'clock, *and Cornwallis is taken.*" The effect was electric. Every one felt that the long struggle was over. They sprang up from their beds, gathered in the streets, congratulated each other, kindled bon-fires, set the church-bells ringing, and "spent the hours till dawn," as an eye-witness wrote, "in a delirium of joy."

Is it not eminently fitting that such an event should be commemorated? Will not bells again be set ringing? Will not bon-fires be kindled? At least, will we not all go back, in thought, and dwell on that mighty past? Yes! and let us all celebrate the "Yorktown year."

THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISE for women is too generally disregarded. Were men to eat a hearty breakfast, and then sit down to a sewing machine, they would have a racking headache before dinner: the dinner would not improve matters; and at night-fall, the noise of children would be unbearable, and the poor victim would probably fly to the sofa, and lie with wet cloths on the forehead. Now is there any reason why women should not suffer just as severely for similar transgressions of physical law? True, indoor life is compulsory for a large portion of every day, but special physical exercise in a well aired room is within the reach of almost every woman, and so is a brisk walk in garments not so tight as to prevent free respiration.

ANY OF OUR OLD PREMIUM engravings can be had, by club, or other subscribers, by remitting fifty cents. Remember this when making up clubs.

OF A REFINED HOUSEHOLD. the surest test is the presence of a good magazine, on the centre-table, or elsewhere.

HOW TO DRY AUTUMN LEAVES is a question asked of us again, as it is every fall. The best way is between blotting paper, changed every day. There must not be the slightest atmospheric damp on them, however, when collected. Brown paper for drying ferns is to be had of the grocers, but many stationers keep it; the medium kind is best. Ironing bright-colored leaves is risky; the ironing preserves the color of fresh ferns, but the tints of autumn leaves are the first signs of decay, and while it may fix them if the process is discontinued at the right moment, carried too far it will turn them dull brown—in fact, kill them altogether. The leaves will keep their color all the winter; the leaflets, of Virginian creeper drop off sometimes, and the whole leaf may therefore be stuck on paper with thick gum tragacanth and the paper be cut out between. White spirit varnish, when it can be had, is best. Thin gum arabic water will do, however.

IS IT WELL-BRED to discuss religion or politics in general society? This is a question that "Julia" asks. We reply that it is not. The reason, too, is plain. People are more earnest in their religious and political opinions, than in any others, and bear contradiction on these subjects less. It is only among intimate friends that discussions on such matters can be carried on without the risk of a quarrel. Hence, to disturb the harmony of general society, where people meet for amusement only, by such controversies, is wisely declared to be ill-bred. We cannot all think alike. We must learn, therefore, at least in the exchange of the ordinary courtesies, to ignore the subjects on which we may probably disagree.

GIRLS ALWAYS LOOK HANDSOMER, says a leading London journal, against a back-ground of trees, or on a green lawn, than in crowded rooms. This explains why croquet and lawn-tennis are so popular; and is the justification of picnics, otherwise rather dull affairs. But though winter is coming on, and in-door amusements will have to supplant out-of-doors ones, most girls will still know how to look charming. It is in the sex, and comes by instinct.

A PRETTY QUILT can be made of white, with a band of red all around, a flounce of white furniture lace laid over it, with a neat heading of red in the shape of a narrow band. A design of flowers in red wools, or a large monogram in the corners, would look well. Spotted or sprigged muslin over red twill, with a flounce all round, looks very light and ornamental.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD. Now is the time to begin canvassing for clubs for 1881. In every respect—merit, cheapness, beauty—"Peterson" will lead the field.

WE GIVE AN EXTRA COLORED pattern, in this number, in order to show the latest fashion for embroidering handkerchiefs.

YOU CAN DO WITHOUT a good may things, that, at first, you think indispensable, but you cannot do without your magazine.

AN ANGRY WORD is always a mistake. It is the "soft answer" that "turneth away wrath."

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1881. Our new premium engraving, to be presented to persons getting up clubs, for next year, will be from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry, and will be particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is to witness the "Yorktown Centennial." The engraving will be in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and will be entitled, "GRAN'-FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little grand-daughter between his knees, to whom he is rehearsing the story of the surrender of Cornwallis. The room is an old-fashioned one, such as elderly people remember fifty years ago, and in the embrasure of the window sits the mother of the little girl, also listening. In this way three generations are brought in. The picture is painted with all that skill, and that minute truth in detail, which distinguishes this celebrated artist.

In addition to this superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. But see the terms, on the second page of cover, for information.

For many clubs, as will be seen on the same page, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

It is not too early to begin to get up clubs for 1881. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year, we receive letters, saying, "if I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent gratis, if writen for.

A KNOWLEDGE OF HOUSEHOLD affairs, is as necessary to a woman, as a knowledge of his business to a man. Our grandmothers understood this, and brought up their daughters to understand cookery, and all the other details of house-work. It is not enough to teach girls accomplishments: they should be taught the useful also. To win a husband, by being able to sing, or play the piano, is very well in its way. But what if you lose his affection, afterwards, by incompetency as a manager of his house?

WOOLEN FLANNEL is, beyond question, the best material for clothing next to the skin. The worst is linen. Next to linen is silk. This is especially true of the fall and winter months. The objection to linen and silk is, that, in case of actual perspiration, the material gets damp, clammy and cold, which is not the case with woolen. After wool, cotton is best. A muslin under-garment, if worn next to the skin, is always healthier than a linen, or silk one.

THE LUXURY AND EXPENSE displayed, in London, during the past season, are said to have been unsurpassed. We read of an evening entertainment, where the small garden, at the back of the house, was converted into a fairy realm, "with ice, palms, cascades, and lakes full of lilies." At another the "especial feature was a rockery of ferns and ice, illuminated with colored lights."

"THE PLEASURE OF ITS VISITS." A lady writes of the magazine. "I realize the pleasure of its visits more fully every month. With thousands of others, I thank you for the enjoyment and profit I have received from 'Peterson?'" We receive hundreds of such letters.

TASTE IN DRESS makes all the difference, according to a recent Society writer, between a pretty-looking woman and a merely indifferent looking one. But taste, after all, is only another name for knowledge.

BEWARE OF SWINDLERS. We repeat the notice, so often given, that we have no agents for whom we are responsible. Either remit to us direct, or join a club, or subscribe through your local agent. *Trust no strangers.*

REAL FLOWERS ARE WORN, in England, on the head, round the neck, in the dress, on the parasol, and in bonnets. At a recent ball, called the "Rose-Ball," everybody came wearing roses.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A-HALF we will send, for 1881, both the magazine and the "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown." Or, for the same price, both the magazine and the Album.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Earnest Trifler. Twentieth Edition. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—If this little story has really passed into its twentieth edition the fact is a marvel. There is evidence of some ability in the book no doubt. But there is no real knowledge of life, and the tale, as a whole, is inconsequent. The entire thing is immature. Great success for it would, therefore, seem to be an impossibility. The writer has become saturated, so to speak, with James and Howells, and unconsciously reproduces them, to a certain extent, while thinking herself original. Yet few recent fictions have been so persistently praised by the critics. But the truth is that either impartial, or intelligent criticism, is rare in this country. Very few critics can free themselves from personal taste and prejudices; fewer can resist the temptation to eulogize a friend, or praise a member of their clique: fewer still can be just, without being too severe, or lenient, without violating truth. As a rule, criticism, especially in newspapers, is in the hands of young and immature writers, whereas there is nothing requires so much knowledge. or demands such a ripe judgement. But the greatest evil of all, at least in the United States, is that a criticism, generally, is intentional favoritism, or the reverse, personal, or otherwise. A book is rarely judged on its own merits. There is one school that insists that every novel should be subjective. Another would have the very opposite. One is all for the ideal. Another is for realism. One disclaims plot, another slights character. Still another slavishly follows English opinion. Until we have more impartial, as well as more intelligent criticism, we shall have no true American literature, we fear.

Clorinda; or The Rise and Reign of His Excellency Eugene Rougon. By Emile Zola. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The corruption that permeated Parisian society, during the period of material prosperity that distinguished the Second Empire, has furnished a theme already for two celebrated fictions, one by an Englishman, and named "The Member For Paris," the other by a Frenchman, the celebrated Daudet, and entitled "The Nabob." The present novel treats of the same subject. For once, Zola's intense realism is not out of place. The volume is handsomely printed, in large, legible type, that can be read without fear of injury to the eyes.

Salvage. No Name Series. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—The advantage of this series is that the novels are published anonymously; and in consequence criticism on them is, at least, unprejudiced. They rarely rise above average merit, however. This is one of the best of them.

History of the Science and Art of Music. Its Origin, Development and Progress. By Robert Challoner. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Cincinnati: Geo. D. Newhall & Co.*—This is designed as a text-book for the use of academies, common schools and private teachers, and it answers the purpose very fully.

George Bailey. By Oliver Oldboy. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A novel of New York mercantile life, written with unusual vigor, and evidently by one familiar with the subject.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST." That this magazine is not only the cheapest of its kind, but the best, both the newspapers and the public agree in declaring. We are in receipt of hundreds of notices, and scores of letters to that effect. "We consider 'Peterson' a household necessity," says a lady, "and could not do without it. It is greatly improved, this year. All of us here depend entirely on it for our fashions." Another writes: "I am a very old subscriber, having taken this magazine, first as 'The Ladies' World of Fashion,' and afterwards as what it is now, 'Peterson's Magazine,' in all about thirty-six years; and I still think it the best in this country." A third says: "We shall send a club for 1881 twice as large as for 1880: it is a puzzle to us all how you can afford to give so much at so low a price: in quantity, quality, everything, 'Peterson' is ahead." From every quarter we receive commendations for the great improvements made this year. In 1881, however, the magazine will be better than ever. Send for a specimen and begin to get up a club. *It is never too early.*

"NICEST AND CHEAPEST." The Shippensburg (Pa.) Chronicle says of "Peterson," that it is "the nicest and cheapest lady's magazine that we know of; and no lady should be without it: its fashion plates and patterns are the best and latest: its stories and novelettes also the best: it is head and shoulders above any other ladies magazine."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN CRY for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like Castoria because it gives health to the child and rest to themselves, and Physicians use Castoria because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"BETTER STORIES, HANDSOMER ENGRAVINGS." The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says of this magazine, that it "presents better stories, handsomer engravings, fresher fashions, etc., etc., than can be found in any other lady's book."

FOR GETTING UP CLUBS for 1881, we offer, as will be seen, unusually tempting premiums. Neither the engraving, nor the album, is a catch-penny affair, as is the case with the premiums offered by so many others.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a delightful and healthy drink with water and sugar.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. X.—BETH ROOT.—TRILLIUM PENDULUM.

Such is the English name of this modest plant, given by the Eclectics, but Wood in his botany gives the name of *Wake Robin* to the GENUS, while Darlington calls this species *Three-leaved Nightshade*. Some Thompsonian works call it *Birth root*.

Latin Trilex, triple; the parts of its structure being in *threes*. Stem, nine to fifteen inches high, three leaves whorled at the top; flower, solitary, terminal, consisting of three permanent sepals and three larger petals, recurved, whole, withering, succeeded by a berry over half an inch in diameter, fleshy and dark purple when mature.

This species is one of an indigenous genus of rather pretty little plants, found in rich, moist woods and thickets throughout the country.

The roots of this plant were used by the Indians, or rather by the Squaws, and they have been employed in domestic practice and recommended by all Botanic authors for hemorrhages, especially menorrhagia and other diseases of women, as well as for cutaneous affections, ulcers, diarrhea; aphthous sores of the mouth, diphtheria, etc., as a wash or gargle. It is simply a mild tonic astringent and may be given to children when indicated, and to women of feeble constitution. Make a pretty strong infusion of the roots, and take freely; or purchase the active principle—*trillin*, of which from two to five grains, triturated with sugar may be taken for a dose and repeated three or more times *per diem*.

BITTER-ROOT.—*Apocynum Androsæmifolium, (or Spreading Dogbane.)*—This is one of a tropical family, chiefly, represented in gardens by the Oleander (NERIUM OLEANDER AND ODORUM—natives of Palestine and India respectively;) Periwinkle (VINCA MAJOR, MINOR and ROSEA, the latter from Madagascar;) and the ECHITES SUAVEOLENS, a *climber*, from South America; and among wild and native plants by the following three genera: the first two, Southern: (1) Ansonia, (2) Forsteronia and (3) Apocynum. The latter is the medicinal genus, and hence the only one of interest to us at present.

Apocynum, an ancient name of the Dogbane, from the Greek *apo*, far from, and *kuon*, a dog—to which animal the plant was thought to be poisonous. BOTANICAL CHARACTERS.—*Stem* two to three feet high, smooth, erect, purple on the side exposed to the sun; branched above, divergently forking; *leaves*, two to three inches long acute, petioled; *cymes*, mostly terminal, loose-spreading as long as or longer than the leaves; *corolla* pale rose-colored, open bell-shaped, five-cleft, the tube much longer than the ovate-pointed divisions of the calyx. *Fruit*, of two slender follicles, about four inches long, terete and attenuated at the apex. Found in open woods, along fence rows and in old orchards throughout the United States. The root is the part employed in medicine, which is large, and like other parts of the plant, contains a milky juice. Its taste is unpleasant and intensely bitter. Hence it was called by the early Thompsonians, *bitter root*. In small doses it is laxative, and it is a constituent in their "Laxative Spiced Bitters." This class of practitioners eschewed all purgatives except this, which certainly is not the mildest and most acceptable of its class. But consistency is one of the jewels in medicine as in other temporal or secular matters. These "Bitters," however, are an excellent tonic and slightly laxative to persons of weak stomachs and constipated bowels, and mothers can use them freely and to advantage in their families. Physicians generally do not use this species of Apocynum, but confine their experiments to the other one, viz.: A Cannabinum, or Indian Hemp, which will be considered in the future. There is a marked difference in their medical properties, as is shown by the "provings" of Hale. This species is used in cases of rheumatism, especially of the smaller joints, in gout, cramps of the feet and in fact in *violent* pains in all the joints; and highly useful in bilious and rheumatic headaches of congestive character.

As a laxative, from five to twenty grains of the powdered root may be given; as a tonic, two to five grains; as an emetic (for which purpose some Botanics use it) forty to sixty grains; or an equal number of drops of the *fluid extract* in all these cases may be substituted as more convenient and pleasant to take.

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 80.—OCTAGON PUZZLE.

1. To plant. 2. A celestial body. 3. Ominous. 4. A feminine name. 5. Want. 6. A loose garment. 7. To permit.

Newark, N. J. I. SCREAM.

No. 81.—DECAPITATIONS.

Whole I am a country. Behead me and I mean to employ. Behead me again and I mean anger. Again and I am a note in music. Once more behead me and I am found in every stream.

Amsterdam, N. Y. CLARA VAN BROCKLEN.

No. 82.—NUMERICAL DIAMOND.

My 1, is in practice.
My 1, 2, 3, is a Hebrew measure.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a small house.
My 3, 4, 5, is a receptacle.
My 5, is in autumn.

Marblehead, Mass. GRECIAN.

No. 83.—CHARADE.

Instantly, quickly,
First doth portray;
Second is ditto
You surely will say.
The two, when combined,
Is a quick, careless way.

Plainfield, N. J. VIOLA.

No. 84.—HALF-SQUARE.

1. Severe. 2. A wine dealer's term. 3. A colloquial mode of expression. 4. A sea-weed. 5. An edible. 6. A prefix. 7. A vowel.

TWILL.

No. 85.—WORD REDUS.

[illegible] fish.

Smyrna, N. Y. HANK KERCHEF.

No. 86.—INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across:—1. Certain resins. 2. A gum resin. 3. A village of Hungary. 4. A town of India. 5. To clear seeds by a machine. 6. A letter.

Down:—1. A letter. 2. A Roman coin. 3. A covered carriage. 4. An Egyptian woman. 5. Second son of Japheth. 6. A town of Servia, Austria. 7. Son of Zerah. 8. A genus of water-fowl. 9. A worthless fellow. 10. A verb. 11. A letter.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O, LA.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 78.

Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.

No. 79.

N U R S E
P O I N T
B R A I N
E C L A T
T E P O R

PHYSICAL CULTURE, Etc.

WHY AMERICAN GIRLS EXCEL. A recent writer, discussing the fact that American girls, everywhere, in Europe, are admired for their exceptional grace, intelligence and beauty, thinks there are physical and physiological reasons for it, going back to climate, ancestry, and generally, "the survival of the fittest." His views are worth considering. He says:

"The 'success' of American girls in Europe is not to be wondered at. They are, as a class, the handsomest to be seen there; and they have, generally, wit and great adaptability. Take a girl, from almost anywhere in the United States, educate her, give her a 'season' abroad, and she will, if she marries a nobleman, fall into her position as naturally and fill its duties as gracefully as if 'to the manor born.' Take an English girl, under the same circumstances, and marry her to a lord, and she never or rarely, gets over her original provincialism. The truth is that our American girls come of a 'picked race,' so to speak, especially if they belong to the families that have been long settled on this side of the Atlantic. Two centuries ago, or even one, it was a serious thing to emigrate; the mere voyage often occupied three months; the country was still, almost everywhere, a savage wilderness. Hence only the very pluckiest, or the most adventurous came, or those who were imbued with strong religious principles. The necessities of a new country, too, called for the exercise of the very highest qualities of human nature. The consequence was a race, if there is any truth in the doctrine of 'the survival of the fittest,' of which its men were all necessarily brave, and its women all spirited and often very beautiful.

"Not to disparage unfairly English or Continental women, our American girls seem to have inherited from this 'survival of the fittest,' somehow, a finer fibre than their European sisters. A generation ago, it was the fashion to say the sex here was physically delicate; and some English writers assert this still. But Dr. Fordyce Barker, of New York, than whom no one is a better judge, maintains that the girls of good families in America, are physically the finest in the world—meaning by good families, those in which there was always sufficient fortune to secure proper nutrition in childhood, and freedom from racking material anxieties afterwards.

"This may seem, at first, to be 'putting too fine a point on it.' But the question will really bear the most exhaustive discussion, and the more it is discussed, the more probable our solution will appear. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt. American girls are the belles of the modern world; they can hold their own, and give long odds."

VARIETIES.

A COTEMPORARY CALLS attention to the fact, that, thirty years ago, if you entered the parlor of a cultivated family, you saw new books and new periodicals everywhere, while now, in families of the same kind, you miss the books and magazines, but find china plates on the walls and all sorts of knic-knacs scattered about. We fear that this is too true. Not that we object to china or other bric-a-brac. The taste for such things, on the whole, is to be commended, as it is for anything that helps to refine the mind. But when that taste is indulged in at the expense of a higher and better taste, then there is a wrong "departure," then a great mistake is being committed. Now can there be any doubt, that a taste for reading, is more desirable than a taste for bric-a-brac? A young girl, who knows books, is surely more charming, than one who knows only china. There may be sentimentality in being too much given to quoting poetry, but certainly any young man of refinement and education would rather hear a young lady talk of Tennyson,

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or Longfellow, than of "old blue." The brightest girls are those who know the most, that is if they know also how to use their knowledge. Books, periodicals and literary newspapers are better, by far, than even Sevres or Dresden vases, or at least they represent a higher type of cultivation.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

A Stew for Cold Meats.—Cut one onion in slices, and fry it in butter until it is a light brown color; put in one tablespoon of sifted flour, and mix it; then add one-half pint of stock broth (or the same quantity of hot water); stir all together for a few minutes, and then add one-half teaspoon of salt, some black pepper, four tablespoons of mixed catsups. When the gravy is well mixed, and of a good color, strain it through a colander; add the cold meats and put them to stew; cover tightly, and let them stew slowly for one hour. When ready so serve, put around the dish, outside of the hash, little squares of toast of a nice brown color.

Beefsteak with Oysters.—Take thirty oysters; stew them in their own liquor; season with two tablespoons of butter, rolled in one tablespoon of flour; pepper and salt. First boil the liquor, and skim it, and then drop in the oysters. When the gills have turned, stir in the butter. Have ready a nicely broiled steak; pour over it the oysters, and serve.

Beggar's Dish.—Take a knuckle of veal, a ham bone, or bones of roast meat of any kind; stew them slowly until the bones can be removed; season with celery tops or seed, onions, pepper, and salt; thicken with flour rolled in butter: put in six or eight good potatoes, peeled and quartered, and let it stew slowly until the potatoes are done.

DESSERTS.

Fine German Pudding.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk upon one pound bread crumbs; beat up one-quarter pound fresh butter to a cream; add to it the yolks of ten eggs, well beaten; drain the milk from the bread, and add the bread, with one-quarter pound pounded sugar and the grated peel of a lemon; whip the whites of the ten eggs into a solid froth, and add them the last thing; butter a cloth, and put the pudding in, tying it loose, as it will swell out a good deal; plunge it into boiling water; boil one hour. Some persons add one-quarter pound jar raisins, slit and stoned.

Military Puddings.—Chop very finely one-half pound suet, mix with it one-half pound bread crumbs, and the same quantity of moist sugar; mince the rind of a lemon, and strain the juice; mix these ingredients well, and put the mixture into small buttered cups, and bake for rather more than half an hour; turn them out on a dish, and serve with lemon sauce. The above ingredients may be made into small balls, and boiled for about half an hour. They should be served with the same sauce as when baked.

Almond Pudding.—One-half pound blanched almonds, four ounces white sugar, six tablespoonfuls of rose water, half-a-pint of sweet cream, three eggs, a little grated lemon peel. Put the almonds in a mortar and put a few spoonfuls of sugar on them, and rub them fine, then add the rose water, beat the remaining sugar and the eggs together separate, and then add them to the mixture in the mortar. When all are well mixed, warm a little, then put a little crust around the edges or sides, and bake half an hour.

Bakewell Pudding.—Line your dish with a thin puff paste, and spread raspberry jam at the bottom an inch thick; beat up the yolks of four eggs with the whites of two, a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, melted (or half a pint of cream), two ounces of almonds, with a few bitter ones, blanched and pounded fine. Mix the whole together, pour it on the preserve, and bake it in a moderate oven.

CAKES.

Kipfel.—These light cakes will form an agreeable addition to the dessert, and are also suitable for handing round with tea and coffee. They are much used in Germany, and are made as follows: Beat up one pound pounded white sugar with the whites of eight eggs and a little vanilla flavoring; when mixed, make it up into the shape of small horseshoes, and having minced one pound sweet almonds, turn these kipfel round in them. Bake the kipfel on wafers, in a very moderate oven.

Our Jelly Cakes.—Take three eggs, one cup of sugar, beat together to a cream; gradually stir into it one cup of flour, into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder; bake in two pie tins a pale brown, cut in the middle and spread your jelly between the slices. This makes a good sponge cake, omitting the jelly and baking in a cake tin.

Sugar Cakes.—One and a-half pounds of butter, three pounds of brown sugar, cream them together, eight eggs beaten light, one teaspoon of soda; mix in the flour two teaspoons of cream of tartar; mix with enough flour to roll out; one nutmeg.

Corn Cakes.—One quart of meal, four eggs, one pint of milk, one-half pint of water, one tablespoon of lard, or butter. Beat the eggs; add the milk and water; stir in the meal slowly; mix in the butter; one teaspoon of salt. Bake on a heated griddle.

Shrewsbury Cakes.—Three pounds flour, six ounces butter, one pound sugar, six yolks and three whites of eggs, two teaspoons of cream, one of rose water, three of mace; mix all well together; roll them out, cut in shapes and bake.

SANITARY.

Egg Drinks.—These are most useful, and may be made in almost endless variety. Beaten up with milk or cream, with wine or brandy, in tea and coffee, as a substitute for milk, eggs are equally useful. It is difficult to use the white of an egg for hot drinks, as it is apt to curdle. This difficulty is, however, diminished by beating white and yolk separately, the former to a strong froth. For tea or coffee beat up the yolk of an egg with a little sifted sugar, and a spoonful or two of milk or cream. Pour the tea from the pot on to it, stirring with one hand, and pouring in the liquid with the other. If the white of the egg is used stir it briskly into the tea. Proceed in the same manner for hot wine or spirit drink. For any cold beverage the white of the egg can be beaten up with the yolk, a little sugar added, and the liquid gradually mixed with the egg.

Gum Arabic Water.—Put into an earthenware jar an ounce of the finest picked gum with two ounces of sugar candy and a pint of water, set it in a saucepan of water, and stir occasionally until dissolved. This is very useful as a night drink for hectic cough, and will allay the tickling of the throat. It should be kept as hot as possible. The little French porcelain veilleuse is best adapted for this purpose.

Rice Water.—Wash two ounces of best rice and boil it fast for half an hour in a quart of water. Any flavoring may be added, or a small piece of stick cinnamon or shred lemon peel may be boiled with the rice, and sugar used according to circumstances. Lemonade made with rice water when cold is very nice and refreshing.

Linseed Tea.—Boil gently for two hours two ounces of linseed in a pint and a-half of water with a little lemon peel shred finely and an ounce of barley sugar. Strain, and add enough lemon juice to make it agreeable. This is useful for a cough, and should be taken warm. Spanish liquorice may, if liked, be boiled with the linseed.

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Thick Milk.—Beat up a new-laid egg, pour on it half a pint of boiling milk sweetened to taste, and flavored with lemon peel, nutmeg, or vanilla. Serve cold in a glass.

HOUSEWIFE HINTS.

THE ROSE JAR. OUR GRANDMOTHER'S PERFUME.—One of the best perfumes is an old-fashioned one, now not generally known, but one of which our grandmothers were very fond. It is called the "Rose Jar." To make it, gather your rose leaves in dry weather, remove the petals, and when a half-peck is obtained take a large bowl and strew table salt on the bottom; then three handsful of leaves, and repeat until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt. Let this remain five days, stirring and turning twice a day, when they should appear moist. Add three ounces of bruised or coarsely powdered allspice; one ounce cinnamon stick bruised, which forms the stock. Allow to remain a week, turning daily from top to bottom. Put into the permanent jar one ounce allspice and adding the stock, layer by layer, sprinkle between the layers the following mixture: One ounce each cloves and cinnamon, two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered; some ginger root, sliced thin; half an ounce of aniseed, bruised; ten grains finest musk; half-pound of freshly dried lavender flowers: two ounces of powdered or finely sliced orris root, and essential oils ad libitum: Also any fine colognes, rose or orange flower water, orange and lemon peel. Freshly dried violets, tuberoses, clove pinks or other highly scented flowers should be added each year in season. Fine extracts of any kind will enhance the fragrant odor, while fresh rose leaves, salt and allspice, made as at first, must be added when convenient in the rose season. Shake and stir the jar once or twice a week and open only during use. The delightful effect produced throughout the dwelling by the daily use of these jars is not as universally known as it should be for apartments rendered unpleasant by the odors arising from kitchen. Noxious gases may be dissipated by the frequent use of the "rose jar."

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PLAIN POPPY-COLORED SILK, and of foulard silk of the same color spotted with satin. The waist and apron-front, and part of the drapery at the back are made of the foulard, while the ruffle at the bottom of the back, the scarf drapery below the waist, and part of the back drapery are of the plain silk. Bonnet of white straw, trimmed with old gold feathers and poppy-colored ribbon. These spotted silks are very fashionable.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF DULL BLUE CAMEL'S HAIR. The lower part of the skirt is of silk of the same color, edged with plaited ruffles. The narrow ruffles under the opening of the over-dress are also of silk. The bottom of the front of the dress, and the *revers* at the side are faced with old gold and heliotrope-figured brocade. The coat-basque has a seam below the hips and the pockets. Cuffs and rolling collar are of the old gold and heliotrope brocade. The straw hat is trimmed with heliotrope-colored ribbon and old gold feathers.

FIG. III.—VISITING AND RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK SILK. The skirt is made so that the train can be lowered to fall over the round under-skirt, thus forming a stylish house-dress. The gathered ruffle extends all around the under-skirt. The front of the dress is cut in points, and falls over the ruffle, with a black silk band between each point. The sides are trimmed with rich jet gimp. Down the front is a jabot ruffle of the silk. The bodice is round, and has a wide turned-over collar, above which is worn a wide ruffle of white lace. The black straw hat is faced with black, and trimmed with poppy-colored ribbons and brown feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE. Around the bottom of the dress, and up the front are narrow knife-plaited brown silk ruffles. The cashmere skirt is but little draped, and is caught up with loops of brown silk and velvet ribbon of two shades. Long, close-fitting coat of dark brown cloth—double-breasted—with collar, cuffs and pockets of velvet of a darker shade of brown. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with silk and feathers of a lighter shade.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK CAMEL'S HAIR. The lower part of the skirt is a kilt-plaited ruffle. The over-skirt is in shawl drapery, and is bordered with rich Oriental-colored brocade. The vest and the trimming of the basque is of the same material. The basque opens very wide over the vest, but the black collar extends all around, and is finished by a black bow. Black straw hat, with yellow ostrich feather.

FIG. VI. AND VII.—TRAVELLING-ULSTER OF BROWN CLOTH: FRONT AND BACK. The bodice is double-breasted, and is stitched to the skirt below the hips. The deep Capuchin hood is lined with dark red silk, and is arranged so that it can be taken off at pleasure.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED FOULARD, figured with spots of lilac. The kilted skirt is partially covered with a scarf placed in upright folds, and edged with a fringe with a deep knotted heading. Bodice with paniers over a vest of the same material.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CHINA-BLUE CASHMERE, trimmed with a cashmere of a Persian pattern. The lower part of the skirt is laid in very fine kilt-plaits. Above this the skirt is loosely draped, and faced with red satin when it is draped, so that the satin is slightly seen. Below the trimming of Persian cashmere is a ball fringe in colors to match. The bodice crosses in front, and is trimmed with a band of the Persian cashmere.

FIG. X.—CROQUET-DRESS OF DARK BLUE FLANNEL. The skirt is kilt-plaited as far as the hips, where it meets the close-fitting basque-waist. Sash of figured silk, knotted around the waist. Gray straw hat, trimmed with blue feathers.

FIG. XI.—WALKING OR TRAVELLING-DRESS of thin brown woolen material, striped and spotted with a darker shade of brown. The skirt has a side-plaited ruffle around the bottom. The basque-bodice is close-fitting and plain, and like the skirt is finished by three or four rows of machine-stitching. The small, square capes, the deep cuffs and large pockets are of brown silk, and also finished with rows of machine-stitching. Small brown straw bonnet, trimmed with brown ribbon, and on the left side a large red rose.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY BUNTING. The front is laid in kilt-plaits from the waist down. The coat part of the dress is princess shape at the back, and opens in front over the kilt-plaiting, and is turned back and faced with claret-colored silk. The capes and pockets are of the gray bunting, but faced with the claret-colored silk. Bonnet of gray straw, with claret-colored feathers.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK. The skirt has a narrow knife-plaited ruffle at the bottom. Above this the black silk skirt is edged with a band of cashmere and silk brocade in rich, but subdued colors. This band extends up the front of the skirt. A scarf of the silk crosses the dress low down. The very deep Louis XV. vest is of the black silk, and has a large pocket. The coat is of the cashmere and silk embroidery, with a wide collar and cuffs of the silk. Hat of black straw, with black plumes.

General Remarks.—We give, this month, a large variety of under-wear. The chemises are among the newest patterns out, and in the place of the usual embroidery, the band is done a spike pattern in red cotton. The initials are also in

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red washing cotton. The drawers are made with a yoke, and all the fullness is at the back. The under-waist or corset cover is button-holed. The short skirt has a yoke in front, and at the bottom there is a double flounce at the back only. The Cromwell collar is for a child, is of linen, and edged with embroidery. The cuff is of linen, edged with wide guipure or Irish lace, and fastened with a bow of ribbon, to correspond with the color of the dress with which it is worn. This cuff is suitable for a close-fitting sleeve. The infant's cap is of insertion and puffings of the muslin, and for cold weather must be worn over a white or colored silk quilted cap. The night-dress is laid in plaits in front, trimmed around the neck and down the front with a cambric ruffle, and finished with hand embroidery, either in white or colored cotton.

The first hat is of gray felt, trimmed with rich satin ribbon, plumes, and a large pearl buckle. The bonnet is composed of violet-colored satin, is faced with a lilac satin, and is trimmed with white lace and wings. The second bonnet is of black velvet, with a row of large jet beads on the edge, and the trimming is of soft, rich brocaded silk, and a bird with gay plumage. The child's bonnet is of gray felt, trimmed with red cords and tassels, and red silk pompons.

It is quite impossible to describe all the various make of dresses, mantles and jackets. Even engravings fail very often to give an adequate idea of the loopings, etc., for most all draping is done on the figure, as is most becoming to it. But all our plates will give suggestions for simple as well as more elaborate dresses; and with a little taste and a little practice in these days, when any woman can dress as she chooses, she can construct a costume after her own heart. There are a few general rules, however, that should be always observed in the present fashions. Nearly every dress, long or short, is close clinging in front and at the sides. For walking use, short dresses are almost universal; but for house dress the long skirt is popular, though the short dress is by no means abandoned.

Plain materials combined with figured are most popular, and this gives great variety to the dress, for the combination can be made in any way to suit the fancy of the wearer. But some persons who have become tired of the striking appearance of these combination dresses, have adopted the solid colors again, though this is not general. Black dresses are often relieved by red, old gold, primrose, or violet facings and trimmings. And old black silk skirts are freshened up by these colors, and the worn-out waist replaced by a body of some material, in which the color used on the skirt is predominant. The present fashions seem to be borrowed from the most picturesque of all centuries. The long pointed waist and ruff of Marie de Medici or Marie Stuart, the Rubens or Van Dyke hat; the panier and chintz-figured materials of the Regency; the coat and broad collar and the stripes of the Incroyable; the mantle of the Directory, and the long gloves and poke bonnet of a later date are all equally worn. Still care should be taken not to combine all these fashions in one costume, though we often see it done, for the effect is incongruous; but all styles offer suggestions for the making of a fashionable dress.

Red has been a favorite color for a long while, but it does not seem to lose its popularity. The heliotrope, which was the new color, has not taken well, as it is eminently unbecoming; but some shades of lilac and violet look well on blondes. Some new shades of green have appeared, but are not as warm looking for the coming winter as the dark reds and old gold. Waists made of an entirely different color and material from the skirt (no matter of what color the latter may be) will be much worn this winter, especially by young women. They are made, sometimes, pointed back and front, sometimes pointed, or round with a coat-basque, and sometimes like a small coat, and thus two old dresses, even of different colors (provided the colors harmonize) can be utilized. These bodices may be made close to the throat, but the open ones, filled in with net or lace are more dressy. Gold and bead embroidery are much used on the more expensive dresses.

The polonaise is again worn. This is a simple affair if worn with little draping; or a much more elaborate dress if much looped and trimmed with ribbons and bows.

All kinds of wraps are made for autumn and winter wear, large and small jackets, mantles, cloaks and visites are equally fashionable; and the cut is as varied as the name and length. Hoods are added to many close, or half-close-fitting jackets, but are arranged so that they may be put on at pleasure. These hoods are usually narrow and pointed like the monk's hood, but for mantles and visites the flat round hood with a frill and bows and ribbon are used.

Bonnets and hats continue to be worn both large and small, according to taste; and anything is the fashion that is liked best; but all hats and bonnets are arranged so as to fit the heads that are covered with so much less false hair than was worn formerly.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT OF BROWN PLAID CLOTH. The trousers extend below the knee, and are rather close-fitting; and the deep jacket opens in front, over a white shirt front.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS. The front is of gray cashmere, with a narrow ruffle at the bottom. The coat is of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet, edged with guipure lace; and the deep, round, and velvet collar is also edged with guipure lace. Black velvet hat, with bright colored wing on the side.

FIG. III.—Little girl's dress of white pique, edged with a white jaconet ruffle. Coat of cream-colored cloth, with collar, cuffs and pockets of claret-colored velvet.

PURCHASING AGENCY.

After many inquiries from our subscribers, we have established a Purchasing Agency, for their accommodation and benefit. Everything is purchased, with taste and discretion, by experienced buyers, at the lowest possible rates. Special attention is given to everything purchased; and the list includes Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear, Bridal and Infants' Outfits, also, articles of every description used in the House, Counting-Room, Store, Garden and Conch-House.

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MISSY IN THE SULKS.

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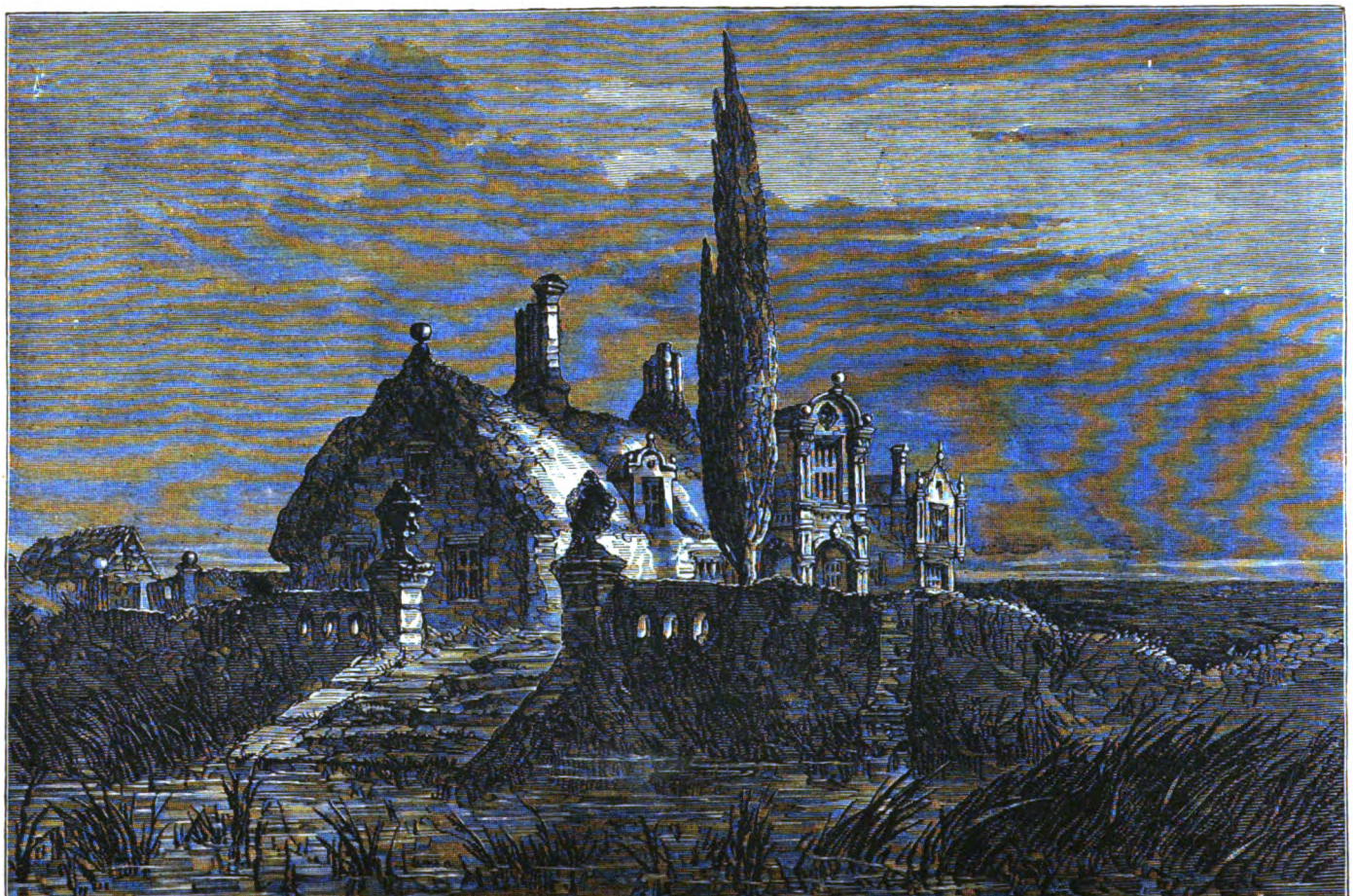
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MISSY IN THE SULKS.

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THE MOATED MANOR HOUSE.

[*See the Story, "Wicked Comtesse Jeanne."*]

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FLORENCE. [*See the Story, "How He First Kissed Her."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. YOUNG LADY'S HAT.

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WALKING JACKET. PLUSH HAT. BROCADED OPERA CLOAK.

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YOUNG GIRL'S JACKET. BONNET. MORNING DRESS (FOLDED).

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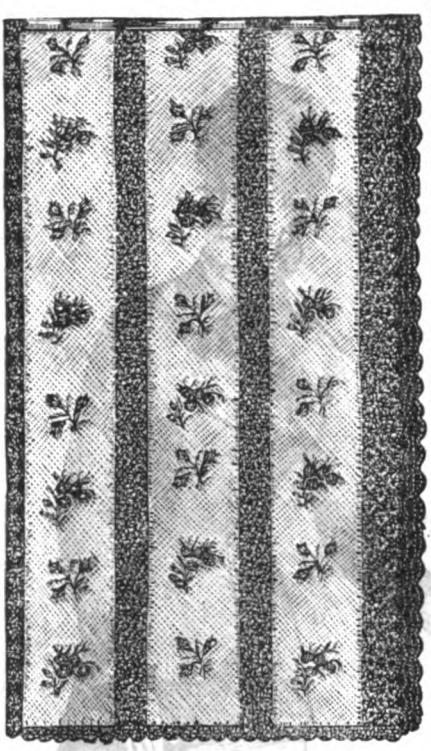
WINTER COAT. NEW STYLE MANTLE.

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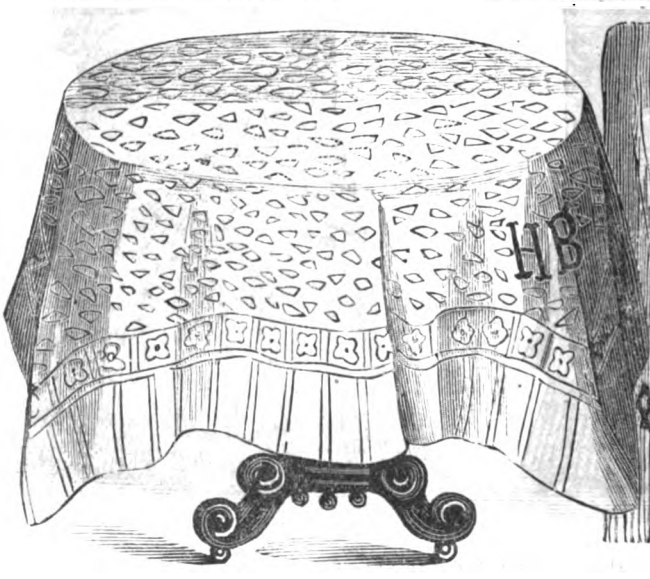


NEW STYLES FOR HOUSE DRESSES.

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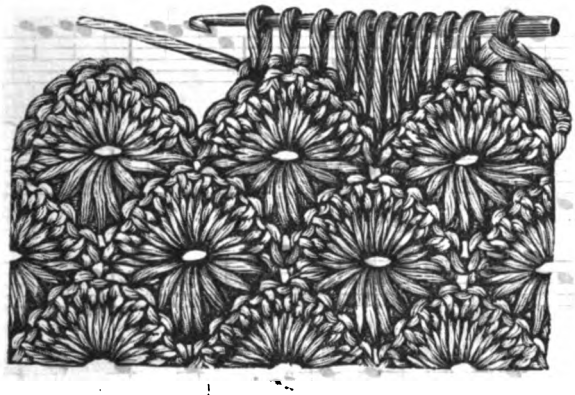


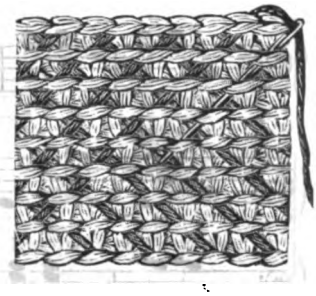
CARRIAGE RUG. COVERLET, OR AFGHAN. TABLE-CLOTH. TOWEL.

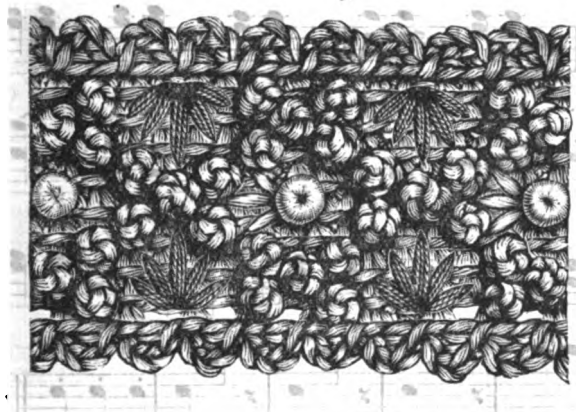
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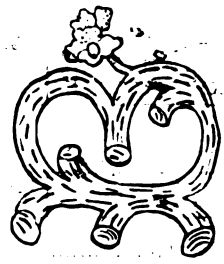


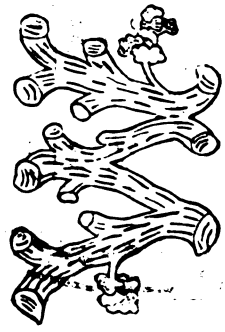












DETAILS (FIVE CUTS) OF CARRIAGE RUG. INITIALS.

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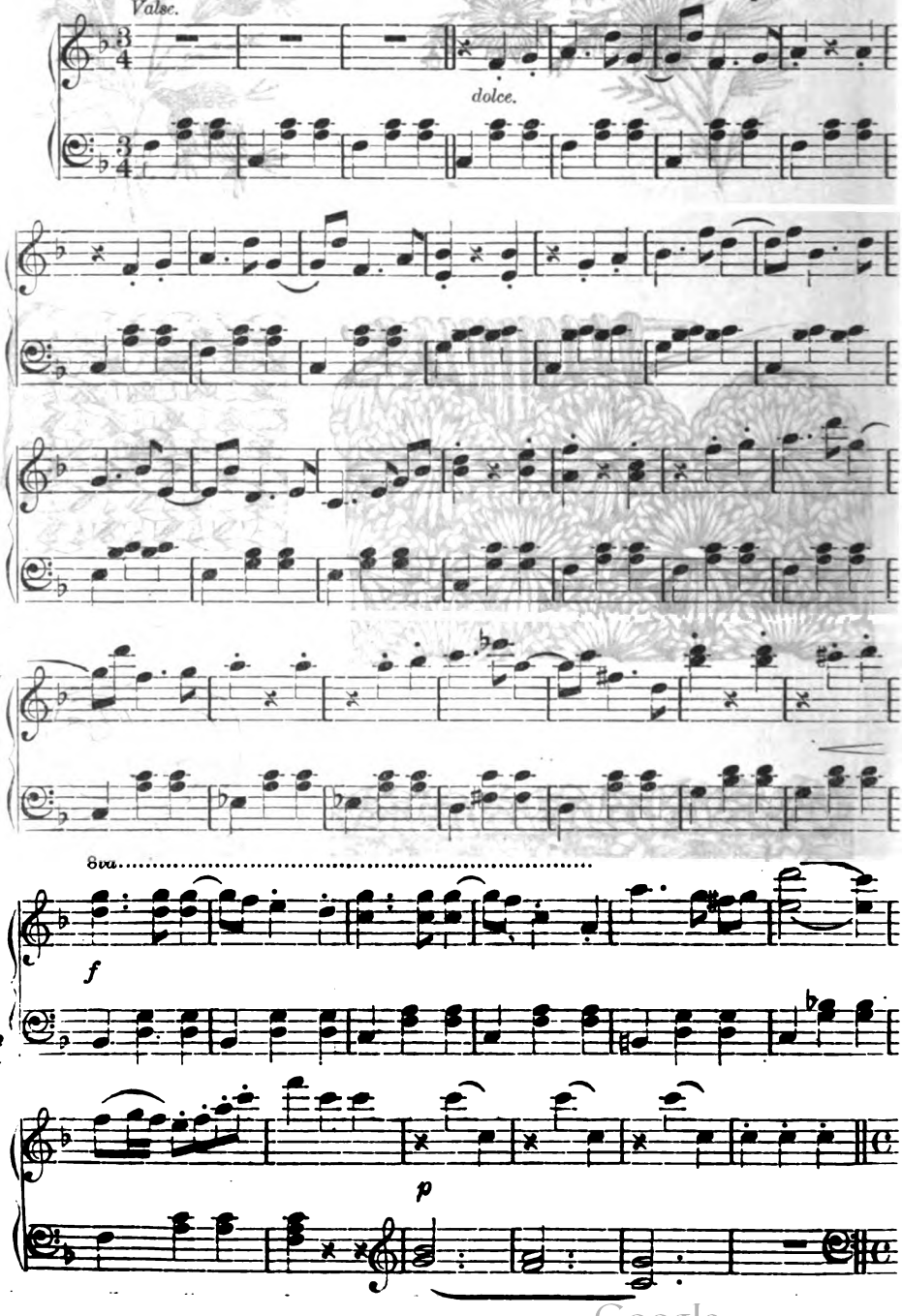
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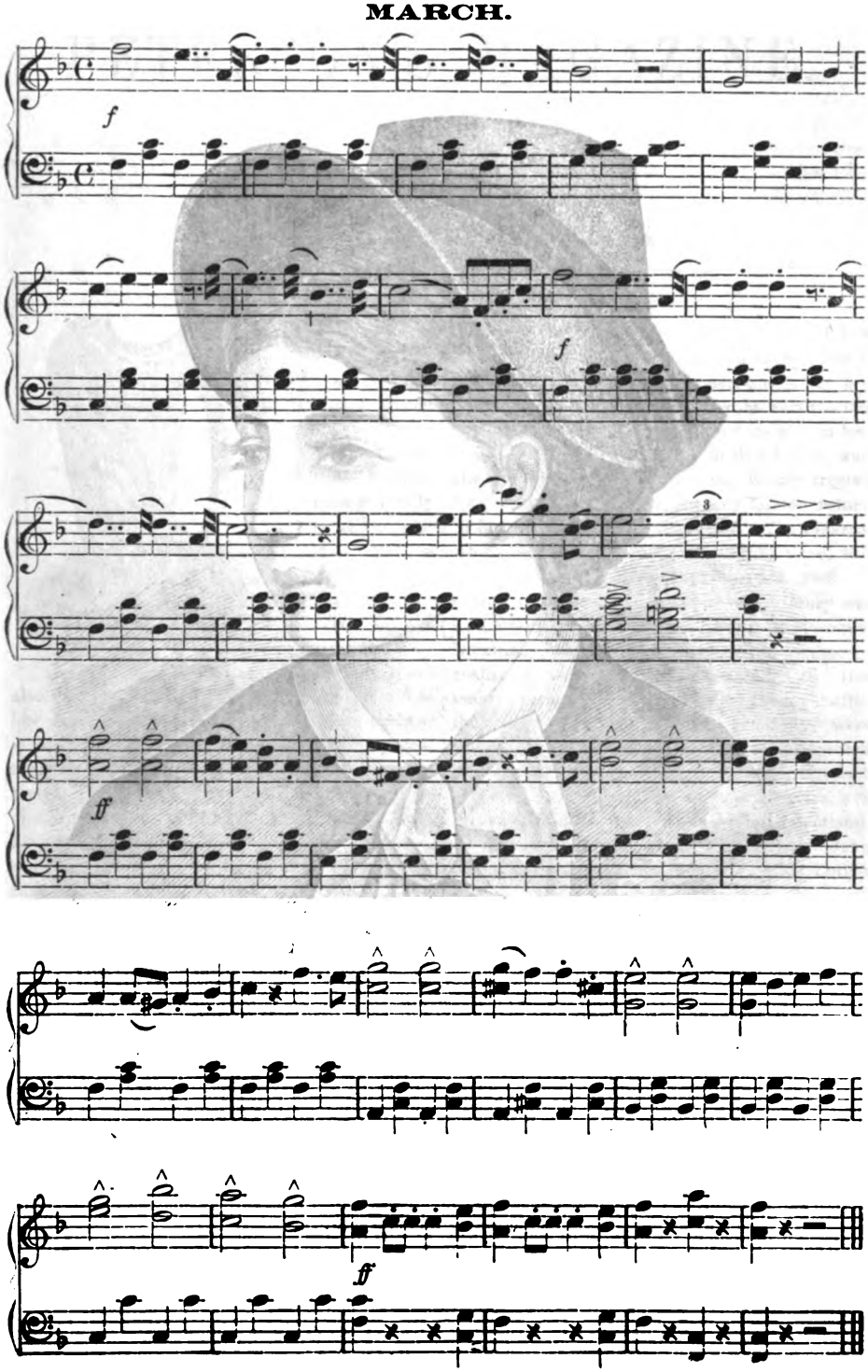
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



MARY STUART'S HARP.

WILL the old controversy over Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, ever come to an end? Women, most generally think her spotless. Men, as a rule, are convinced she was privy to the murder of Darnley, if not also guilty of other crimes that have been laid at her door. This, at first, appears incomprehensible. For it might, not unnaturally, be supposed, that her beauty would have made men her partisans, even if it did not make women her enemies. But innocent, or guilty, Mary will always be a heroine of romance. Our present purpose is, not to re-open the controversy as to her guilt, or innocence, for we suppose every one of our readers has already taken sides, but to illustrate, with pen and pencil, some of the scenes of her stormy and eventful life.

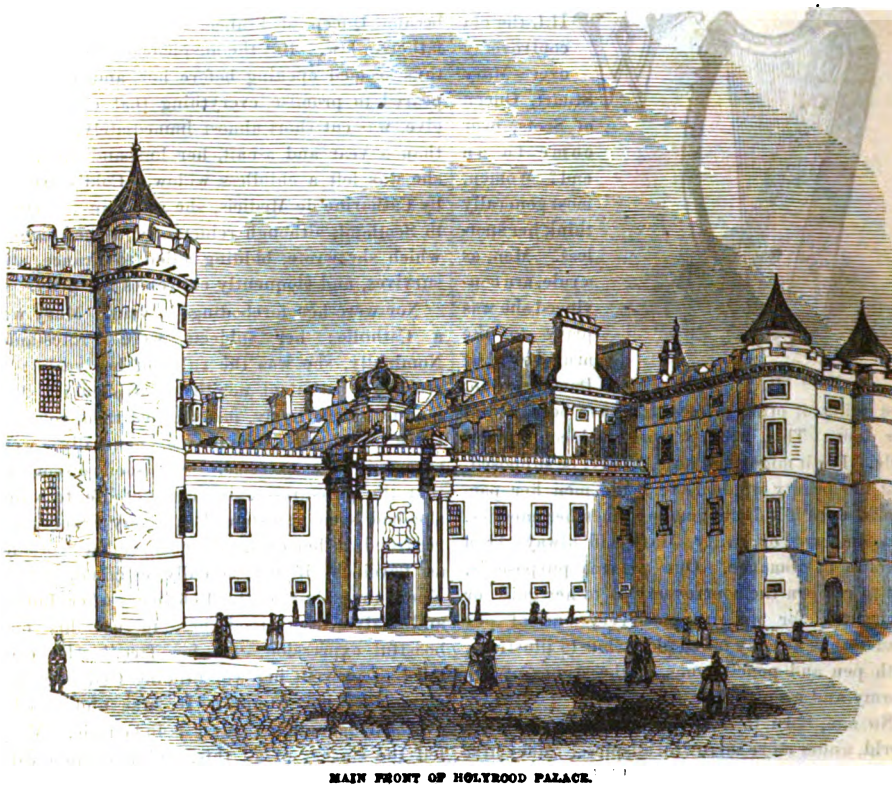
No one, born to a crown, ever came into the world, under more sorrowful auspices. Mary first saw the light, at the palace of Linlithglow, early in December, 1542; and a few days after, her father, James V., died of grief at the loss of the battle of Solway Moss. At the age of six, she was sent to France, where she was betrothed to the Dauphin. Brought up at the Court of Henry II., at that time the most brilliant, as well as the most voluptuous, in Europe, she early learned, her enemies say, to dissimulate, to fascinate, to delude, to betray. She certainly acquired the faculty, in which no one has ever excelled her, of cajoling the most obstinate wills to her purpose. In 1559, when only seventeen years old, she became Queen of France, by the death of her father-in-law. But the auspicious career, which thus seemed opening before her, and which appeared to promise everything that earth could give, was cut short almost immediately. In less than a year and a-half, her husband died, and she was left a childless widow. Coldly treated by Catharine de Medicis, she was fain to return to Scotland, although reluctantly. The *chanson*, which she wrote, bidding adieu to France, still survives, and eloquently expresses her grief.

Nor were her forebodings in vain. Mary was a Catholic: her subjects were Protestants. Nominally, she was the ruler of her realm: in reality, a turbulent nobility controlled it. Her manners were lively, many called them volatile: those of the Scotch people, generally, were severe in the extreme. She soon discovered that the pleasure-seeking mode of life, to which she had been accustomed in sunny France, was regarded, in her own, mist-enshrouded Scotland, as frivolous, if not actually criminal. John Knox, the ablest of the Reformers after Luther and Calvin, withstood her, to use his own boastful expression, "to her face." He even tried to prevent her worshipping God after the manner of her Church. He was undoubtedly overbearing, and so earnest as to be rude. Mary felt the slavery of all this, and tried to escape from it by marriage, for she realized, that, as a woman, she was quite unable to cope with her half-brutal nobility, and the exacting, even if conscientious, divines of the new faith. After some hesitation, she selected, for her husband, Henry Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, a young nobleman of lineage only less lofty than her own, for he was nearly related to the royal families of both Scotland and England. But the match proved an ill-assorted one. Quarrels between the pair soon arose. Darnley wished for the crown matrimonial: in other words to share the government with his wife. Mary

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refused to grant it to him. He attributed this refusal to the influence of David Rizzio, an Italian, Mary's secretary, who had risen high in her favor, partly because of his musical accomplishments and social qualities, partly because he was an excellent man of business. The result is well known. Darnley conspired, with certain of the Scotch nobles, to murder Rizzio. The assassins chose an evening, when Mary was supping with her secretary, in a small boudoir, in Holyrood Palace. This room, which is about twelve feet square, and which still remains unaltered, opens out of a spacious bed-chamber, by a single door-way: the bed-chamber opens out of an ante-room; and from the ante-room a stair-case leads down into the inner quadrangle of the Palace. Another stair-case, a narrow, spiral one, leads to a suite of rooms, under the bed-chamber. This suite of rooms was occupied by Darnley, as the bed-chamber above was occupied by the Queen. It was by this private stairway, that the husband treacherously conducted the conspirators to his wife's bed-chamber, and thence to the boudoir. Had the assassins been compelled to take the public stair-case, the guards would have intercepted them, and the murder been prevented.

Darnley left his companions, at first, in the



MAIN FRONT OF HOLYROOD PALACE.

bed-chamber, entering the boudoir alone, by lifting the tapestry curtain that hung before the door. Supper was on the table. "The Queen was sitting on a sofa, and Rizzio," says the historian, Froude, "in a chair opposite to her; and Murrey's sister, the Countess of Argyle, on one side. Arthur Erskine, the equerry, Lord Robert Stuart, and the Queen's French physician, were in attendance, standing. Darnley placed himself on the sofa, at his wife's side. She asked him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arm round her waist, and kissed her. As she shrank from him, half-surprised, the curtain was again lifted; and against the dark background, alone, his corselet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel-cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven."

Ruthven had, as Froude had previously stated, actually risen from a sick-bed. He was Mary's determined foe, and she knew it: and his presence there meant evil, as she was instantly aware. "Glaring for a moment on Darnley," continues Froude, "and answering his kiss with one word, 'Judas,' Mary Stuart confronted the

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MARY'S CHAIR AND WORK-BOX.

awful apparition, and demanded the meaning of the intrusion. Pointing to Rizzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answered: 'Let your man come forth: he has been here over long.' 'What has he done?' the Queen answered: 'he is here by my will. What means this?' she said, turning again to Darnley. The caitiff heart was already flinching. 'It is nothing!' he answered."

But the rough nobles, whom Darnley had led into the business, would not let it end in nothing. Ruthven spoke up for them, and upraiding the Queen, for what he thought her faults, said, sternly to Darnley: "Take the Queen, your wife." Mary threw herself in his way, while Rizzio cowered, trembling, behind her, and clung to her dress. Stuart, Erskine, and the French physician, recovering from their momentary astonishment, rushed forward to expel Ruthven. "Lay no hands on me," cried Ruthven, and drew his dagger. In another moment, others of the conspirators rushed in, and one of them, Falconbridge, held a pistol at the Queen's heart. All was now confusion. The table was upset. Ruthven thrust the Queen into Darnley's arms, and bade him hold her, Falconbridge, seizing Rizzio's finger, to make it loose its hold on the Queen's dress, bent it back till the victim shrieked with pain. "Do not hurt him," Mary pleaded, faint with horror: "if he has done wrong, he shall answer to justice." "This shall justify him," said the savage Falconbridge, drawing a cord out of his pocket. To finish the tragedy, we return to the actual words of Froude.

"He flung a noose round Rizzio's body, and while George Douglas snatched the King's dagger from its sheath, the poor wretch was dragged into the midst of the scowling crowd, and borne away into the darkness. He caught Mary's bed as he passed: Falconbridge struck him sharply on the wrist; he let go with a shriek; and as he was hurried through the anteroom, the cries of his agony came back upon Mary's ear: 'Madame, madame, save me! save me!—justice—I am a dead man! spare my life.'

"Unhappy one! his life would not be spared. They had intended to keep him prisoner through the night, and hang him after some form of trial; but vengeance would not wait for its victim. He was borne alive as far as the stair-head, when George Douglas, with the words, 'This is from the king,' drove Darnley's dagger into his side: a moment more, and the whole fierce crew were on him, like hounds upon a mangled wolf: he was stabbed through and through, with a hate which death was not enough to satisfy, and was then dragged head foremost down the stair-case, and lay at the foot with sixty wounds in him."

The rest of the story is well known. How Mary, at first hysterically overcome, rallied after awhile; how, by a stratagem, she sent word to those lords, whom she knew to be loyal to her; how she escaped from Holyrood; how she ral-



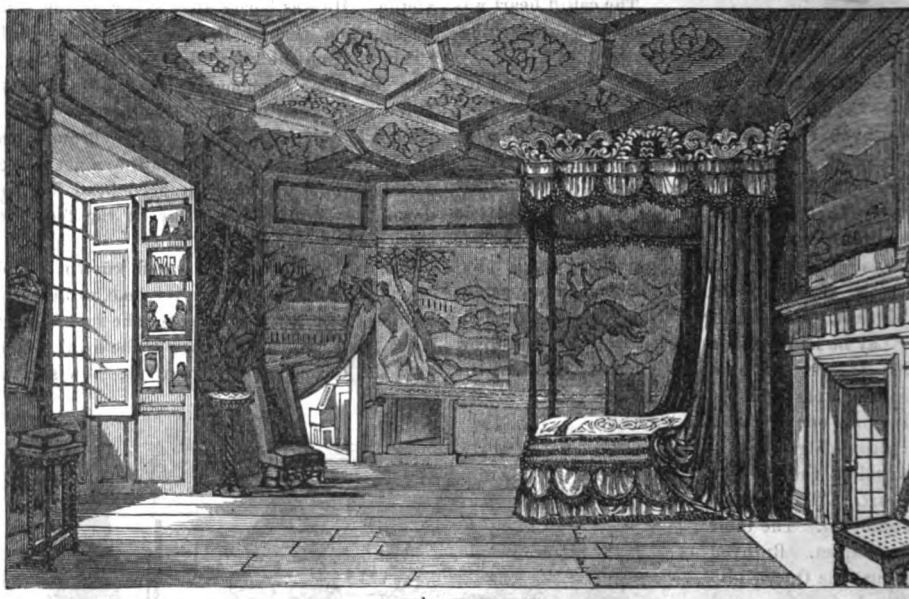
HOLYROOD PALACE: QUEEN MARY'S APARTMENTS.

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lied a force around her; and how, soon after, she returned triumphant. The plots and counter-plots, that succeeded, baffle the ordinary historian. The mystery of much of the dark story will never be revealed. A peace was patched up between Mary and Darnley; but it did not last; by the end of the year, the quarrel appeared to be more irreconcilable than ever.

On the 19th of June, 1566, Mary's son had been born, afterwards James the First of England. The room, in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he first saw the light, is still shown. In the months that followed, no one rose so high in the Queen's favor, as the dark, but handsome Earl of Bothwell. Scandal even made free with Mary's name in connexion with his. It is proved that the earl, knowing how her hatred of Darnley increased, proposed to some of the nobles, Morton among others, to murder him.

At last the crisis came. In January, 1567, Darnley fell sick. The Queen hearing of it, went to visit him. Shortly after, he was removed to the environs of Edinburgh, on the plea that it was better for his health. The house selected was a solitary one, called Kirk in the Fields, a dwelling detached from all others, as its name implied. What part Mary took, in the tragedy that followed, will always be a disputed point. Some historians think she was cognizant of the conspiracy through all; others, that she only guessed at what was intended, and passively consented; others, that she was altogether innocent. It is certain that she was at Darnley's side, daily, acting as his nurse, and returning to Holyrood



MARY'S BED-CHAMBER.

only to sleep. She even, when a proper chamber had been prepared, spent two nights at the Kirk in the Fields. These were Thursday and Friday. On Saturday night she went back to Holyrood. On Sunday night, she remained with her husband until past midnight, when, saying there was a masque at the palace, at which she had promised to be present, she kissed him, put a ring on his finger, and returned to Edinburgh. Not long after, about two o'clock, a tremendous explosion was heard; the houses in the city nearest shook; the Kirk in the Fields blew up; and Darnley was no more.

The tragic story now moves on with accelerated speed. Bothwell was publicly accused of the murder of Darnley; was tried; and was acquitted, though nearly everybody believed him guilty, as he is now known to have been. But the Queen still showed him favor: in fact, created him Duke of Orkney. A few weeks after, Bothwell, at the head of a body of horse, intercepted Mary, as she was returning from Stirling to Edinburgh, and carried her off, a prisoner, to his Castle of Dunbar. Historians are also divided, in their judgment, as to this affair. There are those who maintain that the Queen was secretly a party to the whole proceeding, and that the capture was resorted to, in order to save appearances, to give her an excuse for marrying him. There are others who believe that she was innocent, and only married Bothwell under compulsion. At the time, however, the conviction of

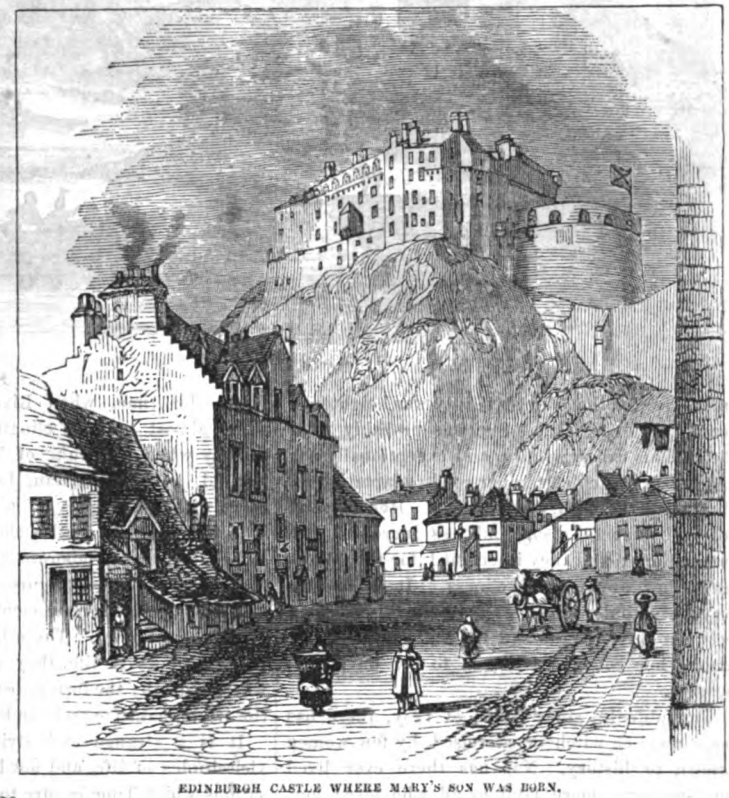
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BOUDOIR WHERE MARY SUPPED.

her guilt was general. The public sense of decency was scandalized. The pulpits thundered. The Queen was said to have thrown herself into the arms of the murderer of her husband. The people rose in revolt. A few adherents still clung to her, indeed; but they could not make head against a nation. A battle was fought at Carberry hill, June 17th, in which the Queen's forces were defeated; Bothwell fled; and Mary herself, having surrendered, was immured in Lochleven Castle.

The story of her long imprisonment there, as dramatically told, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Abbot," is substantially accurate. On this lonely island, shut up within stone walls, deprived of the society of those she loved, Mary remained for several months. Here, too, was extracted from her, by brutal force almost, the act of abdication, of which so much use was afterwards made. At last, she succeeded in putting herself in communication with her friends, and so effected her escape. This was May 9th, 1568. Her imprisonment, meantime, had caused such a reaction in public opinion, that a considerable force was waiting, ready to gather to her standard. It was, indeed, chiefly composed of such of the nobility as remained Catholic; but there were not wanting Protestant nobles, also, in its ranks. The opposite party, representing the nobility at large, and most of the middle class, gathered together, with equal celerity, to oppose her. The two armies met, at Longside, on May 13th, 1568, four days from her escape. After a sharp contest, the Queen was defeated, and her adherents dispersed. Further resistance was hopeless. She fled from the battle-field, on horseback, never leaving the saddle, till she had ridden ninety-two miles. To remain in Scotland would have been to be recaptured. Her flight was, therefore, in the direction of the English border, where an offer of



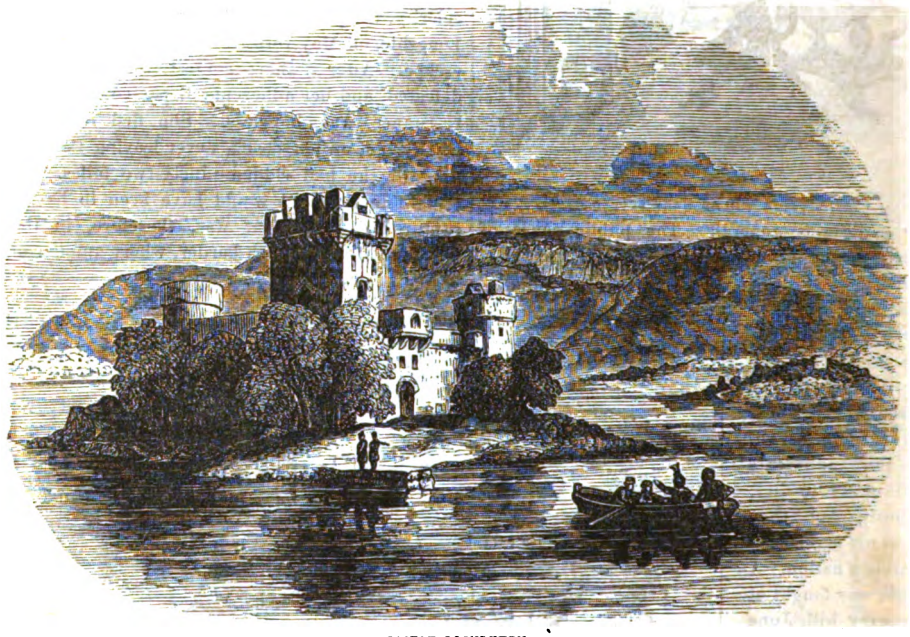
EDINBURGH CASTLE WHERE MARY'S SON WAS BORN.

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refuge awaited her, from Elizabeth. After some hesitation, she accepted this offer, crossed the Solway, and threw herself on the hospitality of the rival queen.

We will not follow her, in her hapless exile. Who could find words to paint the lingering captivity, the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, the plots for her rescue and even against the life of Elizabeth, that grew out of this condition of affairs? We draw a veil, too, over that tragical morning, in the hall of Fotheringay Castle, when, at the comparatively early age of forty-five, and with beauty still undimmed, Mary Stuart laid her head upon the block, and died, amid the tears of her household, as courageously as any of her ancestors had ever died in battle.

There are several authentic portraits of Mary still extant, but though they represent a beautiful woman, they do not give the impression of that transcendent loveliness with which cotemporaries credited her. The best of these portraits is at Hatfield House, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, a descendant of Sir Edward Cecil, the second son of Lord Burleigh, who was Elizabeth's minister, when Mary Stuart was executed. In the eyes of this portrait there is something of the look of the famous Mona Lisa of da Vinci. We can only explain the failure of all these portraits to satisfy the spectator's expectations,



CASTLE LOCHLEVEN.

on the ground that Mary's beauty was heightened greatly by expression. She was probably what the Italians call *sympatica*, and exceptionally so: her charm was chiefly in her ready adaptation to, and sympathy with, her listener. Her wit and accomplishments, also, doubtless increased her fascinations; and they intensified, for the time at least, her apparent loveliness. It is in this way only that we can explain the discrepancy between her portraits and the universal opinion, among her cotemporaries, as to her unrivalled beauty.

Undoubtedly, since Helen of Troy, there has been no such witchery exercised, by few women known to history. Nor has there ever lived one, perhaps, more fatal to all who loved her. From the time, when Rizzio was murdered, while almost literally clinging to her gown, to the day when the Duke of Norfolk died on the scaffold, as her partisan, her favor seemed to carry with it a tragedy, if not a curse.

In Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Westminster Abbey, are two elaborate tombs, each with a sculptured recumbent figure, under an imposing canopy. One is the monument of Queen Elizabeth, Mary's great rival. The other is that of Mary herself. Foes in life, they sleep together, as it were, in death: the fortunate and the unfortunate, the triumphant foe and the hapless victim.

It is a strange and striking lesson on the vicissitudes of life, and not less on the compensations which Time is sure to bring.

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HOW HE FIRST KISSED HER.

BY M. E. ELDREDGE.

A TALL, handsome, young fellow was drumming, with discontented fingers, on the window of a small, secluded hotel in the Catskill Mountains. "What a fool," he said, "I was to come to this howling wilderness. Not another house within miles, and not a dozen people in the hotel. Ha! but here's something worth looking at, at any rate."

With a much more amiable expression on his handsome face, George Morris, at these words, turned, as he saw a strikingly beautiful girl appear in the door of the parlor. She stopped, and looked around, as if in search of someone. Suddenly, her soft, violet eyes, fringed with thick, curling lashes, discovered George. For an instant, beneath his undisguised look of admiration, they fell, modestly. Then to the young man's utter amazement, their owner advanced quickly towards him.

"Mr. George Morris?" she said, enquiringly.

He bowed; but before he could speak, she extended two, soft, little, white hands, and held up her lovely face, with such an evident expectation of receiving a kiss, that, without an instant's hesitation, or without stopping to consider, our hero pressed his moustache upon the rosy lips so temptingly offered, and the mischief was done.

"I saw the trunk, with your name, in the hall; and though you had not yet announced yourself, as one of the waiters told me you were here, I, of course, didn't stand upon ceremony," she said.

"Of course not," responded George, squeezing the little hand still lying in his, but saying to himself, "What the deuce does it all mean?"

"I am so glad you are here, at last," went on the happy voice. "What could have delayed you so long? You wrote of coming nearly a week ago. Aunt Alice declared something must have happened to you."

"Why—you see, my dear—" began George, making a wild plunge into the recesses of his brain for something which might have happened to his namesake, whose place he was evidently occupying, and it must be confessed, with much satisfaction to himself. "I—I—sprained my ankle—"

"Poor George—I am so sorry!" ejaculated the young girl, looking at him with such sympathy, that George felt constrained to press his lips to the hand, which he still held, a proceeding to which the young lady made no sort of objection.

"George," said she, laughing softly," you acted so strangely, when I first came in, that I believe you hadn't the faintest notion who I was, though we have been engaged for three months. But I forget; you hadn't given notice of your arrival, and, of course, didn't expect to see me so soon. Was that it?"

"Oh! yes, dear; of course," responded the bewildered George, wondering what he should say next.

"Our engagement would seem a very strange one to most people," she went on, thoughtfully. "Just think! Although we have known each other so long, and have been engaged for three months, we have never met since we were little children. Who would believe that mere letter-writing would make us care so much for one another? Don't you think it is rather a hazardous experiment, George?"

"Not at all, dear," was the prompt answer, while the young man muttered, under his breath, "What the deuce can her name be? I can't go on 'dearing' her to the end of the chapter."

"Do you think you can care for me as much, now that you have seen me, George?" asked the girl, softly, with downcast eyes, and bright cheeks.

"Care as much for you?" said our unabashed hero; and for answer, he threw his arm around her slender waist, and pressed his answer upon her dewy lips.

As she drew away, half-frightened, after all, at his vehemence, he saw a letter ready to fall from her pocket. A dexterous motion of his arm sent it, intentionally, to the floor. He picked it up immediately, however, and returned it to the owner; but he had accomplished his object; a glance had been sufficient for him to read the address, Miss Florence Luxmoore.

"Your last letter, George," exclaimed the young girl. "But I must leave you for a few moments, to tell aunt Alice of your appearance. She has been rather uneasy about you."

With the words, she was gone, leaving George gazing after her, in a dazed, bewildered way, very unusual for this ordinarily self-possessed young man.

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"George Morris," he muttered, finally, as the last echo of Florence's footsteps died away in the distance. "Old fellow, are you dreaming, or are you really the abominable scamp you seem?"

Then he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and paced slowly up and down the room, in the deepest perplexity. "It's easy to understand the mistake," he soliloquized; "but where the other chap, with my name, is, and how he can let anything keep him away from such an out-and-out stunner, as this lovely girl, is beyond my comprehension. I suppose I ought to have, stoically, turned away from that lovely pair of lips. But I'll be hanged if it was in the power of human nature to resist such a temptation. Of course, there'll be a tremendous row, when she finds out that I'm not her George, after all. The fact is, I've got myself into no end of a muddle; but I can't say that I altogether object to the situation. What a delicious—"

He began again, after a moment. "I think, on the whole, it might perhaps be kinder not to undeceive her, until the other confounded fellow comes to comfort her for my treachery. I'm the most accommodating individual in the world, and I'll sacrifice myself for a day or two, and try to make the time pass agreeably to Miss Florence, until her friend appears, when I'll have to take French leave. But how, on earth, can I manage to delude the girl? Who, and what, am I supposed to be? Where do I come from? And this aunt! Can I succeed, in pulling the wool over her eyes, too? George Morris, you're an outrageous rascal. But I'll be hanged, if that girl isn't an excuse for anything. One would be willing to be a rascal for such another kiss."

Just at this point, he caught sight of a white paper, lying on the floor. It proved to be the letter, which had fallen a second time from Florence's pocket. He turned it over in his hand, slowly, and hesitatingly, for a moment, while conscience made a last protest. But at length he drew the enclosure hastily from the envelope. "I'm in for it now," he muttered, "and can't hesitate at anything!" But his cheek was flushed with something very like shame, as he glanced over the letter, and so gained the information, which he so much needed. "Oh, yes, now I know who I am," he said, with a gay laugh.

His hasty perusal was hardly finished, when he heard voices and footsteps approaching, and thrusting the letter into his pocket, he threw himself on the sofa, murmuring, "now comes the tug of war! I wonder if I'm supposed to know this unlucky aunt?"

"Aunt Alice," said Florence, entering with an elderly lady, "this is Mr. Morris, of whom you have heard so much. Mrs. Luxmoore—George. I hope you two will be very good friends."

George, mentally arming himself for the conflict, rose, and advanced with his most finished bow. A very few minutes showed aunt Alice to be a kindly, placid little woman, very devoted to her poodle, her fancy-work, and her darling Florence, whom she imagined to be the most astute individual in the world, and by whom she was ready to be guided in every emergency, small or great. "No fear from that quarter," said George to himself.

After the first greetings were over, the old lady began a description of her and her niece's life, and Florence's dullness during the past week, while awaiting her expected lover, which was all plain sailing for our hero, and he answered most plausibly all her anxious inquiries after the sprained ankle. But his heart sank, when, after a pause, Mrs. Luxmoore remarked: "Although I have never met you before, Mr. Morris, I used to know some of your relatives. Is your aunt, Mrs. Lewis, at home this summer?"

"She is, and wished to be remembered to you and Florence," answered George, audaciously.

"Indeed?" answered Mrs. Luxmoore, a little surprised. "I should not have supposed that she would have remembered me. I only met her once, about twenty years ago. When did you last see your cousin, Grace?"

"Last week," replied George, at a venture.

"Why you must have misunderstood me," ejaculated Mrs. Luxmoore, with wide open eyes. "She died last month of typhoid fever!"

"I beg your pardon," stammered George. "I—I—had two cousins of that name, and was not sure to which you referred."

"How soon is Cora Grey to be married?" was the next question, but George was growing desperate.

"The fact of the matter is," he answered, "I have been so busy lately, that I have hardly seen a soul, and really know nothing whatever of family affairs, or society gossip."

"Oh, yes!" murmured Mrs. Luxmoore, looking compassionately at the young man. "I am sure that you will ruin your health with those horrid briefs and things. Now that you are here, we must take good care of you. I am going upstairs for a nap; wouldn't you and Florence like to take a walk? I am sure the air would do you good."

At George's assent the two ladies departed, and the young man was left alone, his mind curiously divided between disgust at his own duplicity, and a sort of triumph at his success, so far, in traversing so difficult a path.

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"From the old lady's last remark, I conclude that I am a lawyer," he muttered. "I musn't forget that. I hope my namesake won't hurry himself on my account, for this is getting exciting!"

The walk that afternoon was repeated a few hours later in the moonlight, after which George Morris retired to his room, wondering how he could ever have imagined the Catskill Mountains dull, and as ready now to bless as he had been in the morning to objurgate the medical friend, who had sent him there. He passed a sleepless night, his mind racked with qualms of self-reproach—for George Morris was on the whole, a fairly honorable, well-meaning young man—and arose in the morning, thoroughly and sincerely in love, for the first time in his life—in love with a girl whom he was deceiving in such a dastardly way, that when she discovered the truth, those violet eyes which now looked so tenderly into his own, would wither him with their contempt.

He couldn't bear that, he told himself. Better to lose his own self-respect than her love, even if it was stolen from another, and he went down stairs, resolved to play his unworthy part as long as possible. "The other fellow will probably be here before night, anyway!" he muttered, bitterly.

Walking on the terrace after breakfast, Florence noticed the dark circles about her lover's eyes, and the lines on his forehead, and began questioning him anxiously in regard to a certain air of weariness and dejection, caused by his sleepless night. To change the subject, George asked something about the society in the hotel, but was told that, owing to bad weather, the house was almost empty.

"There are no young people at all," said Florence, "but I have an intimate friend staying at the 'Mountain House,' about two miles from here, Miss Rose Deane, whom I hope you will meet before long. We used to be together a great deal, though for the last week I have not seen her at all. I was wondering what could be the matter, but I understand it all now; for I had a note from her yesterday, and it seems there is a young man in the question!"

"Indeed," commented George, abstractedly.

"Yes. About a week ago, a gentleman appeared at the 'Mountain House,' saw Rose, and from all accounts, it must have been a case of love at first sight, for both parties; for he has been devoted ever since, and Rose seems in the seventh heaven. By the way, his name is Morris, too. Perhaps he is a relative of yours. You had better call at the 'Mountain House.'"

"What—his name Morris!" exclaimed George, his attention suddenly aroused by a horrible conviction which flashed across his mind, that this must be the dreaded namesake, whose place he was so feloniously usurping. "What is his first name, dear?"

"Rose doesn't mention."

"How far did you say the 'Mountain House' is from here?"

"About two miles. But, George, dear, you certainly are not well. I know your head is aching dreadfully; won't you go in the house and rest?" And George, thankful to escape observation, went in to ponder dismally on the very short distance which separated him from his rival.

But Miss Rose Deane's lover did not appear that day, nor the next, and when two days after, George and Florence were driving through one of the romantic, winding mountain roads, he had almost cast all care to the winds, and resolved to trust blindly to his lucky star to bring order out of the chaos which surrounded him.

He had made Florence understand, that, coming to the Catskills for rest and recreation, the present was all in all to him; and though the young girl couldn't quite comprehend his distaste for anything like a discussion of his past life, she was too much in love to be anything but obedient; and Fate seemed to favor George in every way. To-day, he was especially happy, and was looking into his companion's eyes with a sort of adoration, which his self-reproach only made more fervent, when, on turning a corner, they came suddenly on a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, seemingly so absorbed in one another, that only at Florence's quick cry, "Rose—Rose!" did they look up.

The young lady's face brightened with recognition, and the two friends evidently expected a pause for an interchange of greetings, but their Jehus, as if by a common impulse, touched their horses with the whip, and the ladies had soon lost sight of each other.

"Why didn't you stop, George?" exclaimed Florence, in a disappointed tone. "That was Rose Deane, and it must have been Mr. Morris with her. I was so anxious to see him!"

"Yes, dear, I suppose it was," answered George, hurriedly. "But I am afraid it will rain before we can reach the hotel; we had no time to stop," and Florence said no more, though the sky was cloudless.

"Florence, you love me, don't you, darling?" said George, suddenly, after a long pause, just before they reached home, looking at the girl with such agonized entreaty in his eyes that her answer: "Better than all the world, George!" was a little tinged with surprise.

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"You have learned to love me lately, haven't you, dear?" he went on, eagerly. "Not on account of that foolish engagement entered into before we knew each other?"

"I don't quite understand you, George," answered Florence, with increasing astonishment.

"I mean, Florence, that if we had met now for the first time, you would have loved me without any remembrances of the past? Do say yes, darling!" he went on, hurriedly and imploringly.

"Yes, George, if I had never seen you before, I don't think I could ever love anyone but you!" And George thanked her in a wild, rapturous way, that put a climax to the young lady's surprise.

The remainder of that day and the next, our hero was in a depressed, abstracted state of mind, which Florence anxiously attributed to previous overwork in his profession, and did her best to chase the clouds from her lover's brow, but her endeavors were only greeted by silence, or bursts of such feverish, self-reproachful affection, that she was puzzled and worried nearly beyond endurance. George's condition was now almost unbearable. Every caress or attention from Florence, seemed to brand him as a thief, but if she left him for a moment to himself, he grew almost frantic at the thought of losing her love.

Towards evening the lovers strolled for a mile or two on one of the mountain paths, leading through a deep gorge, and Florence read aloud a melancholy note she had just received from her friend Rose, in which the writer announced the approaching departure of Mr. Morris.

"He loves me, I know; but there is something, or someone, which may keep us apart forever, and my heart is almost broken!" wrote the girl.

"Poor Rose!" sighed Florence, as she finished the letter; but George made no comment whatever, only walking silently on, savagely knocking off the unoffending clover tops, as he passed.

As they were returning, their way lay across a foot-bridge so narrow, that a gentleman, coming from the opposite direction, had to step aside to let them pass. As the shadow fell across their path, George looked up, and with a start of dismay, recognized Miss Rose Deane's lover. A glance of something very like defiance was exchanged between the two men, then slightly raising his hat to Florence, the stranger passed on, while George continued his walk, in a dazed sort of despair, totally oblivious of Florence's voluble comments on her friend's lover, whom she had also recognized.

On entering the hotel, a waiter handed Florence a card, telling her that the gentleman had gone, but would return at eight o'clock, as he was very anxious to see Miss Luxmoore.

"At last," cried Florence, gayly, "we are to have the pleasure of meeting Rose's mythical admirer, for this can be no less a personage!" and she handed George the card, upon which he read "G. H. Morris, Mountain House," and knew that his hour had come.

The two hours, before the time appointed for the all important visit, were passed by George in a state of feverish unrest and indecision, which, more than once, called forth wondering glances from Florence, who was, at last, growing thoroughly uneasy on her lover's account.

Should he, while yet there was time, confess the whole truth, instead of leaving the story to be told by his rival, who, though his affections seemed engaged elsewhere, would not be likely to spare him in the recital, thought the utterly wretched young man. Should he quietly leave the hotel, while Florence was hearing of his duplicity? No, to his treachery he could not add cowardice. But how could he bear the scorn and reproach, which must be written on that sweet face, now watching him so anxiously, when next they met? They were sitting alone in Mrs. Luxmoore's private sitting-room, that lady being out with a friend; and before George had arrived at any conclusion, Mr. Morris was announced as awaiting Miss Luxmoore, in the parlor below.

The young lady rose to leave the room. But George, with a white, set face, sprang to his feet, and detained her for a moment.

"Florence, darling, will you kiss me before you go? Once more, my love!" as he held her in a close, passionate embrace. "Tell me again that you love me. We have been very happy together for the past week, haven't we, Florence? There, go now, and remember that it has all been for love of you. Good-bye, my love, my love!"

"Why, George, how foolish you are!" trying to laugh, though seriously alarmed. "I shall be back in half-an-hour. Of course the past week has been a very happy one; but I hope there will be many more such in our lives," and she was gone, leaving George alone to his uncomfortable reflections.

He had been walking, up and down the room, in almost uncontrollable agitation and feverish expectation, for what seemed to him hours, when Florence again stood in the door. Florence, with a pale, sorrowfully reproachful face, but on which was written none of the scorn, which George had so dreaded.

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"Is Mr. Morris gone?" he asked, in a dull, muffled sort of voice, which sounded strange, even to himself.

"Yes, I have sent him to be happy with Rose," replied the young girl, bitterly, as she sank into a seat near the door. "Oh! George, George, how could you deceive me so!"

"Florence," began George, wearily, and almost mechanically, making no attempt to approach his companion. "I have realized the utter unworthiness of my conduct for the past few days, even more than you can do, I think; and my love for you is my only excuse. At first, your innocent and perfectly natural mistake placed me in a rather difficult position, taking me, as it did, completely by surprise; and though, when time came for reflection, my only honorable course was to explain and leave you at once, I loved you too much, and so I stayed."

A long, sobbing sigh from Florence was the only sound which broke the silence which here ensued, until George went on. "My offense has been great; but the punishment seems to me even greater, for in leaving you now, I seem to be going away from all the brightness of my life. Of course, I do not ask for your friendship; but if you could give me your hand in farewell, the hope that you might, at some future time, think forgivingly of me, would be something to look forward to. Will you, Florence?"

Silently the young man stood a moment waiting before the girl, looking down at her bowed head and flushed face, and was, at last, turning away with a sigh, when she arose and laid her hand in his.

"You feel that you deserve punishment at my hands, George?" she asked, softly, in a tone which brought a quick light to George's eyes.

"Yes, indeed, Florence!"

"Well, how can I punish you, if you go away and leave me?" and George, with a great throb of the heart, realized that he had become the rightful possessor of the position he had so long usurped.

"WITH WINGS AS EAGLES."

BY ANNIE F. BURNHAM.

A BIRD sang in the heavenly blue;
I listened, my heart uprising.
Its wings were tinged with the sun's own hue,
As higher, and higher, and higher it flew,
It warbled a song that no mortal knew;
It drew me with strange enticing.

I knelt with my face in my hands, and cried
Ah, me! the pity of sinning!
I could not follow your flight if I tried,
'Twere ever a fresh beginning.
Oh, bird! you are nearest his heart to-day!
A voice in my weak heart whispered "Pray.
They who wait on the Lord alway,
Shall mount up with wings, heaven winning."

So up from the depths of my lowly needs,
Rose a prayer for sins forgiven.
Oh, the nest was hidden among the reeds,
But the lark soared into heaven!
And my faltering, scarcely-whispered prayer,
Seemed like that bird in the upper air.
It flew, and its wings were white as the light,
And swift and strong with an angel's might,
When his foes are backward driven.
Only a fleeting breath of praise!
But I saw with wonder and amaze,
Out of my lowly, earth-born days,
It had soared to the highest heaven.

HER PUNISHMENT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"GOOD-BYE," he said, "for a year and a day,"
And he kissed her cheek, and he rode away.

He came at the end of a year and a day,
But love had took wings and flown away.

So she told him so, and she smiled in his eyes,
But he saw the truth she would fain disguise.

She loved him yet, but her love was less
Than her longing for glitter of gems and dress.

And she put it aside, as a woman can,
Who reckons wealth as more than the man.

He grew pale at sight of a man's regret,
But he only said, "you will not forget!"

Another year and a day went by,
And she came back to see him die.

"I have not forgotten!" she cried, and bent
To hide the sign of her punishment.

"I have been false, while you were true,
And I must remember, a long life through

"For that is the punishment fate has set,
The heart that is faithless cannot forget!"

He died, and rests peacefully there on the hill.
She is old,—so old!—but remembers still!

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IN THREE ACTS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 272.

ACT II.

We must now go back, for an hour or so, in our story.

The old actor had laid his hand on the arm of the stranger, who had come to see him, and was leading him away; but to his intense astonishment, before they had taken three steps, the stranger stopped short, regarded Mephistopheles from head to foot, and burst into a loud explosion of laughter.

"I—I beg your pardon," said he, as soon as he could speak, "but you are such an uncommonly droll figure, close to!"

"I dare say I am," replied the other, calmly.

"You see I never was behind the scenes in a theatre in my life, till now," continued the other, in an apologetic tone, "and it's all so very funny—the dresses, and the paint, and the rest of it."

The complexion of the speaker was roughened, like that of a person who has lived out of doors in all weathers. But just then, lifting his hat, to pass his hand through his thick, short blonde curls, he showed a smooth, white forehead: and indeed the whole face appeared young from the expression of mingled hopefulness and determination which animated it. The stranger was tall, full-chested, and free of movement, having something of the grace of a wild animal. He was evidently unused to confinement.

The old actor regarded him with a smile of approval, and remarked,

"You say you have something to tell me. Come this way."

He laid his hand on his companion's arm, and led him off down the mysterious recesses of the stage, till they reached an empty dressing-room.

"Now then," he continued, "I've ten minutes to give you."

"Which means, stave ahead. Well, so I will!"

"I suppose you are quite sure I'm the person you wanted?" asked the old actor.

"Yes, if you are Christopher North. But stay, the acquaintance musn't be all on one side. My name is Derick, Hiram Derick. Now we know each other, and it's all plain sailing," and he shook Christopher's hand cordially, as he spoke.

"Important, you said the matter was," said the old actor, coming back to business.

"Five hundred thousand dollars; and a good bit of it bringing in ten per cent.; not a nickel less. That's what the old man has left her."

"Left her. Left who?"

"Who? Why Miss Columbine, to be sure—I mean Meredith."

He put his two hands on the old actor's shoulders, as he spoke; pushed him a little back, so as to look comfortably in his face; and stood enjoying the astonishment which he had caused, and which seemed to increase, every moment. For the old actor stared with eyes and mouth wide open, speechless.

"Five—hundred—thousand—dollars!" repeated Derick.

The magnitude of the sum seemed, at last, to dissipate Christopher's bewilderment. He stepped further back; shook his head, and observed,

"There is some mistake, Mr. Derick. The Miss Meredith you are in search of is not my—is not the young lady who plays Columbine in this theatre."

"Now don't you bet on that card, because if you do you'll lose it," returned Derick, cheerfully. "You'll find this little business will pan out pure gold, sixteen to the ounce. No mistake whatever. This is precisely the *señorita* that is wanted. I've got all the documents safe, in here," and he slapped the breast of his coat. "He was her uncle—no jamboree there—"

"I assure you that you have made some mistake," interrupted the old actor. "My—our Rita here, hasn't a relation in the world—she has told me so—why, I've known her since she was *so* high—"

"I know you have," broke in Derick, interrupting in his turn, "and been father and mother and every thing else to her; fed her when she was hungry; tended her when the fever nipped her; helped her to what education she's had time to get; and—and—you're a trump—you're a whole hand of trumps, by the Lord Harry!"

"Nonsense. That's nothing to do with the matter," exclaimed the other, almost peevishly, and looking shame-faced. "Anyhow, I don't see how you can know—"

"But I do. You're found out, partner—exposed, you are," continued Derick, in the

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same tone of enjoyment. "I've been sitting, in your ranch, for a good hour; had a long talkee, talkee with the old lady that keeps your lodgings, and Miss Meredith's, too; and a neat, outspoken body the old woman is. As a reward for all her story, I told her what my business is; and hang me if the venerable party wasn't as pleased as if I'd brought her a fortune for herself. Why, she's a credit to human nature, that is what your Mrs. Wooster is!"

"But I tell you there's a mistake," said the other, growing impatient of his new friend's pertinacity. It was exasperating to hear him dwell on this money, when he, Christopher, knew very well that, whatever other Rita Meredith might be its rightful possessor, it certainly would turn out not to be his poor, little girl. "Not a relation has she: her mother had a brother, a worthless fellow too, I found out; but he died somewhere south, about the time Rita was born—"

"Jack Mason! You see I know his name. Well, he didn't die. He went to Australia. He'd been mixed up in a bad business, though he wasn't to blame, and he found this country too hot to hold him. I've known him, for fifteen years; ever since I ran away from my old crab of a step-mother. Yes, sir! I was with him, in Australia, in California; and I have to thank him, that I'm a rich man, to-day. I was with him when he died, a few weeks ago; and a better fellow never lived."

"But are you sure Rita is his niece?"

"Just call that settled. He found it out, about a year ago; saw her name in a paper. You and she went to St. Louis, and played awhile, about that time. I thought so. Just so! The old man made inquiries, and found he was on the right track: his niece, sure enough. Well, sir, about that time, he got hold of the evidence that proved he was innocent—in the forgery, you know?

"Yes, yes! But why didn't he write, or send—"

"Wait, wait! We had to start for Australia, to follow up the clue. He did write, and sent money. Yes, of course, it never came, I know. Well, we got back to California, about three months ago. Old Jack was ailing; had been for some time; he got worse in 'Frisco, and worse. But he would not send to his niece; he was always meaning to get better, and come on here. Well, sir, I buried him, a month ago—the best friend ever a fellow had, too."

He stopped speaking, and his face worked a little.

"I s'pose you haven't a chew of tobacco anywhere about you?" he asked, presently, his voice quite calm again. The old actor shook his head; very confused and addled his head felt too; but he was convinced at length: Mr. Derick had made no mistake.

"All on for the next scene," shouted the chronically hoarse voice of the call-boy. "All on for—where *is* old Cris?"

"I must go. You can watch from the wing, if you like. This way; I'll see you later," said Christopher, and hurried off.

Mr. Derick did stand and watch the performance, and enjoyed it hugely, till once, when Columbine passed him, and stood waiting for her cue to go on the stage, he saw her crying, and heard the stage-manager ask her, with an oath, what she meant by it. After witnessing this little incident, Mr. Derick laughed no more. Indeed, a hasty movement, which he made forward, when he saw the brute give the poor girl a push, proved that it was as well for somebody's bones, that the manager disappeared immediately.

At the end of the act, the old actor found Mr. Derick again, and they conversed during a few moments; arranged an interview for the following morning; and then Chris was about to leave him again, when he said, pointing to the box,

"Do tell me who that is? I saw her, when I first came into the theatre. I've seen handsome women, in my time, but never one like this."

"The Princess Olga Daniski."

"Whew! Well, she looks a princess every inch, doesn't she?"

"I should think it probable."

"What the deuce is she doing this side the big pond, do you suppose?" exclaimed Derick.

"Strayed over out of curiosity doubtless—princesses sometimes take odd freaks."

"Is one of those chaps her husband?"

"Oh, no—she killed him years ago."

"Killed? Good gracious! you don't mean to say she's a murderess?"

"A dozen times over—but not according to law," said the other, in a matter-of-fact tone. "As for her husband, she forced him into fighting a duel with the deadest shot in Australia. That's the way she freed herself from him, when he happened to be in her way."

"*Caramba!* She looks ugly enough, now you have told me that," cried Derick, with a shudder of disgust.

"Ah, you have sharp eyes. You see the stain of blood on her forehead. Others don't," replied his companion, composedly. "But, excuse me, I must go now."

"To-morrow morning, at eleven, then?"

"Yes—it's Sunday—so we are free! I shall have had time to prepare Rita. Good-night."

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So they separated, counting confidently on the morrow, as men do. Ah, that morrow!

"I should have forgotten my errand, if it hadn't been for his question," thought Christopher. "I'm wanted in the next scene, but after that, if she's alone, I'll make my visit—ah, my little Rita, my poor little Rita! And if all this fine fortune comes too late—most things do?"

When Christopher was free again, he peered out, and saw the Pole alone in her box, leaning idly back, not even glancing towards the stage. The loveliness of the scenic effects could not touch, the wit of the dialogue could not amuse her. Weariness, satiety—that was the woman's curse! Common emotions could not reach her. Sometimes, in Spain, she could find a moment's interest, in watching the arena, when bull and matador both chanced to be murdered; but the ordinary attractions of the theatre were as dull as the ordinary loves and hates of real life, which she used merely to kill time.

She heard the door of her box open softly. No wild animal in a jungle ever had ears more quick. She turned her head. In the entrance stood Christopher. He had taken off the false forehead and nose of Mephistopheles, and cleaned his face somewhat of the paint, but he was still hideously ugly.

This very ugliness attracted the woman.

"I did not believe any human creature could be so hideous," she exclaimed, turning idly towards him. "And you are not painted? No, paint could never accomplish that!" Then she glanced at his costume. "Why, you are the person, who plays Mephistopheles, in the extravaganza! In the name of all that is diabolical, why did you hide your face? Man, if you will sit for your portrait, I'll have it taken, and pay you any price for your trouble. I've three minds to hire you. But I suppose you would not take a place as servant?"

"I was your servant once for a little. At least I served you, so you said," returned the other, quietly.

"It seems to me I recognize the voice," she exclaimed. "But surely I could not have forgotten that face, if I had ever seen it?" Then she seemed, all at once, to realize the intrusion, and said, insolently: "What do you want here, you fellow?"

"I served you once," continued the other, perfectly unmoved, "and you said you would never forget it."

"Ah, ha! So, whatever it was, in whatever way, you have come now to beg on the strength of it! Of course I paid you, at the time, if there ever was any time when you did me a service."

"Yes! I have come to ask a favor of you, princess—a little one."

"Did me a service? I believe you are an impostor."

"It was fifteen years ago, at a masked ball in Naples—in the San Carlo theatre," he answered.

"Ha!" she said, as if some terrible memory stirred her; and she looked more closely at her visitor.

"You were nineteen then," said the other; "you scarcely look a day older—but you are more beautiful, if that is possible." He spoke as if the words were wrung from him.

"I can't remember you," she said, slowly, still studying his countenance, as if she tried to recollect.

"I wore a mask. You did not see my face."

"But I can't remember what you did!"

"It was such a trifle. Nearly killed a man, and got a letter for you out of his pocket," said the other, in the same quiet voice.

"Ah! I begin to recollect."

"I was crazy with drink and opium, for an awful curse had fallen on me, and I went quite mad for awhile. I was going past your box, when I heard loud voices and stopped. The door was partly open. You were on your knees at a man's feet: he was threatening you. Then he flung you off, and went out, without noticing me. You partly fainted. I picked you up. You told me he was a villain. The letter—you must have the letter! 'Will you kiss me, if I get it?' I asked, and—"

"I said yes!"

"So I followed him, out through a dark side passage, knocked him down senseless, and rifled his pockets—"

"Landinelli!" she broke in. "Hadn't thought of him for centuries! Well, man, I kissed you, so I paid my debt, then and there. I don't see that we have anything more to say to each other." And she turned to look again at the stage.

"Listen to me, I beg," he said, deprecatingly, "I came to ask a favor—to pray you to do a kindness—"

"If it is to a man—no! If a woman, and merely money—yes!"

"To a woman—but not money."

"Then I refuse," she replied, carelessly. "Now about sitting for your portrait? Why, your face is a miracle of ugliness," and she laughed, contemptuously. "Did ever any woman love you? Is this your native country?"

Her words stung, like a whip. But he answered: "Yes! I was born in America. I was young, when I saw you in Naples, only twenty-four. I had a voice so beautiful, they

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thought it could even make people forget my looks: so I went to Italy to study. Just as I was ready to appear on the stage, my voice left me—nothing but the ugly face remained."

She laughed aloud.

"I suppose you suffered—oh, how you must have suffered—do yet, of course!" Was it, in irony, or pity, that she spoke?

"No," said the other, "I haven't time. It was so long ago, too—I never think of it any more than you do of Landinelli."

Did she wince, or was it only his imagination? She opened and shut her fan.

"Never mind Landinelli. We will come back to the portrait. I know a young artist, who will paint it admirably."

"Rudolf da Conti?"

"Yes. How did you know? Is it a bargain?"

"I will do it, if you will agree to what I ask."

"Well? Tell your story."

She moved to a chair, at the back of the box, as she spoke.

"Tell your story," she repeated, drooping her eyelids, till the orbs were half-hidden, and the pupils blazed like diamond sparks, dilating, contracting as a snake's do, while she looked at him. But the old actor returned her gaze unflinchingly. "Why, he is ice, this creature," she said to herself. "Any other man would be magnetized, or have to run away." There was not only interest, but a certain respect, in her countenance, though her voice kept its ring of contempt, as she said: "If you are long or very tedious, I warn you, I shall show you the door. Now then, be dramatic, if you can, and terse and brief."

"I have to begin with Rudolf da Conti."

"*I* have begun with Rudolf," with a light laugh, "and I have not finished yet. Let him alone." Her tones sank to their sweetest cadence. Oh, if a white, slumbrous, Eastern poison flower had a voice, it would sound as hers did, when she uttered Rudolf's name.

"He is only twenty-two!" cried the other, in pleading accents.

"Only twenty-two!" she echoed. "Since you must talk of him, I'll help! He is a genius, a great genius, of a certain sort! Do you know about the one real French poet?"

"Alfred de Musset—yes."

"Well, Rudolf is like him. He is a painter into the bargain."

"So was Del Sarto, and he loved Lucrezia," exclaimed the other, dwelling on the name of the woman who has made herself infamous, for all time, by accomplishing her husband's ruin, and dwelling on it with a tone of scorn, which rendered the mention of her a personal reproach to the sorceress before him.

"Right—you have touched my thought!" Her eyes were wide open, blazing, yet magically soft; scarlet roses blossomed on a sudden in her cheeks; all her witchery of beauty and grace burst forth, till the usual loveliness of her face would have seemed but a premonition of its splendor now. "Well for Lucrezia that they delayed so long in sending me. De Musset lived and died too soon—he should have waited till I came! But our Rudolf—my Rudolf?"

"Hers, you mean," retorted the other, with a quick wrath in his voice. "You have stolen him—you don't want him—give him back!"

"To whom?"

"To Rita, the Columbine on the stage there—"

She broke in, with a scornful laugh.

"Oh! I see it all. You love Rita. Fool, go your way—leave Rudolf to me!"

"I can't," he groaned. "I was tempted to; I waited; I said—oh, you shall see how vile I was!—I said, 'she may learn to care for me, when she sees that Rudolf is not worth her love, since its might cannot keep him!' But it was stronger than I—so I had to come!"

"It—what?"

"The power of Good," he answered.

She looked at him, with a certain surprise, as a person might who catches the accents of a language, that has been so long unheard, that though they sound familiar, all meaning of the words is lost.

"You would not miss him. You might let him go!" pursued the old actor, with an odd, childlike pleading in his hoarse tones. "What is one, more or less, to you?"

Her light, scornful laugh was almost fiendish.

"My good fellow, go away. I have driven Rudolf wild. I have sent him down to purgatory. Now I must lift him out of it, for a season—isn't that only fair?" With another scornful laugh. "After that, your Columbine may have him—have the dull clay, I mean." She waved her fan, as if dismissing him, and the whole subject.

"Is your heart a stone?" he said.

Her laugh was now more contemptuous than ever.

"Have done with this nonsense," she cried. "This Mr. Rudolf belongs to the order of men, who ought to die young: one cannot fancy him thirty. Listen! In poetry, he can never surpass the verses he recited, before my friends, the other night. Nobody ever described me in such inspired words. He has painted my portrait. It is a portrait, for he painted with his soul. It has made him famous. I'll not have him live

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long enough to make another woman's face his masterpiece. Why, he has known me three whole months, and lived more, in that time, than he could in a common life. I've done him, and am doing him, a service. Don't plead for him!"

"I am pleading for her," the other answered. "Not for him. I suppose most people would call me a fool. But they were so happy! He had known her nearly two years. Both were poor, but, oh, so happy. He is half-Italian, and you know what that means. He loves her. In spite of all, he loves her. You have driven him mad; but he loves her!"

"I like this," she cried. "Ah! if you could act, on the stage, as you do here."

"I'm not acting. I'm letting my heart talk."

"Let it talk, let it: I enjoy listening. This is quite a comedy."

"They were to have been married very soon. Oh, it isn't too late yet, if you would only let him alone."

He stopped short, actually appalled by the cold ferocity of her smile.

"Go on," she said, impatiently, "go on! Plead—tell me more about them both? I may yield—who knows—I may yield!"

He made a quick step towards her, then drew back, his eyes dangerous with a sombre fire, she gazing, fixedly, at him all the while.

"Do you know what I ought to do?" he whispered. "Kill you—kill you!"

"Bah! Don't make me think you a coward," she sneered.

"Yes, kill you. What's my life? It's not the idea of losing life, that holds me back!"

So awful a look came into his face, that a quick tremor ran through the woman's frame. But her gaze never stirred from his. The mocking smile was on her lips still.

"This is the reason I can't kill you," he went on, drawing nearer. "If I killed you, Rudolf would believe you an angel, and mourn for you; and so you would do as much harm dead as living."

"Ah! that is it, is it?"

"You are a fiend. There is nothing more that I can say to you. I was a fool to come!"

"Perhaps you were a fool, perhaps not. If you give up this nonsense, and want money, you can have it. Consent to have your picture taken; and you shall earn more than you can, in a year's foolery, on the stage yonder. Why, a face like yours, as I told you before, is a miracle. If you refuse, if you dare so much as to hesitate, I will punish Columbine—Rita—whatever her name may be, if name she has—for your contumacy."

She stopped, and eyed him with a cruel laugh. The start and shudder, which he could not control, assured her that her threat had struck home. She took no pains, either, to hide her satisfaction at having conquered. No matter how great, or little, the stake, how lofty or unimportant the antagonist, obtaining the victory was essential to her.

"And there are people, wise men they think themselves, who pretend to disbelieve in the existence of evil spirits," exclaimed the old actor, bluntly, not making the slightest effort to conceal his disgust and horror.

"I could answer you, only I'm not in the mood to give you a lecture on Theology," said she, smiling contemptuously. "You may go away now. To-morrow afternoon, at two o'clock, you will be at my house, ready to take your first sitting, else—it will be Columbine, down yonder, who will pay the penalty."

He moved to leave the box, stopped, and was about to speak. But movement and words were checked, as suddenly as if he had been struck dumb; for on the instant, first from one throat, then from a score, then from a thousand, arose the awful cry:

"Fire! Fire!"

Before the first terrified echo ceased, the vast house, on that side at least, was wrapped in a pall of smoke, lighted by fantastic shapes of flames, that shot up and disappeared, and whose glare rendered visible the maddened crowd, rushing, trampling, furious, desperate, with no show of humanity left, save in the ability to be the fiercer brutes. Brother trod on brother, then on women even. To escape, to be saved, this was the sole thought in any mind—to be saved, though all the others, scores and scores of mortals, perished.

Fire! Fire! Above. Below. On every side. Curling, hissing, swooping, spreading. The stage, on that side, a wall of flame. The painted dome, a circling whirlpool. Fire! Fire! Fire! It burst from every chink and crevice: it roared: it raged, in fiendish eagerness to snatch its prey. It stretched forth its countless arms: it waved its numberless tongues, a myriad handed demon, animated by one will—to seize—scathe—destroy.

And in all this blind, mad throng, none was now more frenzied than the old actor's companion. A moment's mute, fascinated horror, in which she was neither able to comprehend, or stir, as she leaned over the front of the box, staring out at the blinded sufferers, and at the rushing, billowing ocean of flame, which sucked up victims at every breath. Then, turning, she cried to her companion, "Save me! Save me!"

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But her companion was gone. She heard the door of the box slam to, and the echo of his voice, as he fled. He had forgotten her existence even. Only one thought was possible to him, in that crisis. Only one word was on his lips. She heard that word, as the door closed.

"Rita! Rita!" And it rung out, like a signal call, over all the roar of the conflagration.

The hapless woman turned to flee; fell upon the floor; raised herself, feebly; reached the narrow passage; fell again; saw the door, which opened at the side of the stage, but was now too paralyzed by fear to move it. No flames were yet visible in that spot, only a dull, red glare; a quivering arch of smoke; a heat intolerable. Safety offered that way, perhaps. She tried to rise, and heard her own name shrieked from behind.

"Olga! Olga!"

She was lifted up; held tight in arms, made strong as death by despair; and Rudolf's face pressed close to hers.

"Save me!" she shrieked. "Save me! I'm afraid of nothing else. But the fire—the fire! I was to die so—it was prophesied. Don't let me die, Rudolf—don't let me die."

"You shall not—you shall not!"

"I love you, Rudolf. I would not own it before; but I do now. I will marry you, if you save me. Great God, save me!"

"You are saved," he answered. "See, this way. Only say the words again."

"I love you, Rudolf. I love you!"

He bore her on, through the door, down the steps. But before he could traverse the space beyond, the planks heaved up, directly in front, like waves. The nearest boards yielded. The flames shot up through the opening, almost scorching the faces of the pair.

"You will let me die, after all," she groaned.

Then a voice, from beyond the gulf of fire, cried,

"Rudolf! Rudolf! See. This is iron. Catch it, quick—quick!"

There stood Columbine. She had dragged forward an iron ladder; she shoved it out across the gulf.

Rudolf seized the nearest round. The girl's hold slipped: the end she grasped was sinking. With a superhuman effort, Rudolf raised the ladder, and drew it down upon the still solid boards.

But in descending, it struck Columbine, and she fell—down—down.

Fell, unseen by Rudolf. He had not so much as noticed who it was that offered the means of escape. He had caught up Olga; it was of she only he thought.

But as he raised her in his arms, *she* saw Columbine sink.

"Save me! Save me!" the sorceress moaned: she had not a word for poor Columbine.

In another instant, Rudolf had borne his burden across the blazing chasm.

But the planks, which had upheld their bridge, yielded on either side, and went down with a crash, and a volcano of fire surged up behind the pair.

Then there was a rush of cool, fresh air; an open doorway in front: they were without: they were saved.

Saved. Rudolf had borne the enchantress, above the body of the woman who loved him; and he had not even known at what cost he had won her life and his.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AT THE OPERA.

BY F. F. ELMS.

"Indeed; I lose
All consciousness of common things, when I
Listen entranced to what the artists choose,
From highest notes to lowest whisper'd sigh.

"The many round
Disturb me not with visions of their dress
And air. I live on new, enchanted ground;
All cares have fled, and life is happiness.

"Nay do not laugh—
Why are the roses woven in my hair?
At twenty, you should know we cannot quaff
Such wine, unless we fashion's impress bear.

"'Tis nectar, child,
Such as sweet Hebe bore, and Juno drank.
Intoxicating. They will think me wild.
How foolishly you talk! As if our rank

"Would not defend
Us from the small, malicious gossip near—
Look, look—'twas nothing but excuse to send
That note to-night—his headache—yet, he's here.

"Ah! well—he may
Be better now. My thoughts began to roam;
Another moment and he'll come this way;
What—gone to Thinne's box. Let us go home."

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"UNCLE NELLY'S BEN."

BY AGNES JAMES.

In the garden of an old Virginia country-house, a young girl is bending over a strawberry-bed, filling her basket with the sweet, red berries.

"See here, Uncle Ben," she calls, presently, holding up a specially large strawberry. "Isn't this as large as those you saw at the new place?"

An old negro, who is working near, leans on his hoe, and looks at the berry.

"Dat's a buster, Miss Lelia," he says. "But I reckon de strawberries over yonder is a leetle bigger."

"Oh, well, I don't believe they are half as sweet," the girl says, laughing. She pushes back the old, straw hat that flaps over her eyes, as she speaks, and shows a lovely, flushed face, with deep blue eyes, and waving, auburn hair.

"Maybe dey ain't," Uncle Ben says. Then he shakes his head, and looks dolefully around the old garden, which is principally a wild tangle of weeds and flowers run mad together. "Laws, Miss Lelia," he goes on, emphasizing his discourse with vigorous use of his hoe, "dey certain'y does have things nice over yonder. De whole garden; yes, and de whole plantation; lookin' as smoove as yo' little flower-bed, by de gate dar. An' de house is jes' chuck full o' fine things, all shinin' wid gold an' satin an' velvet. I seed 'em through de big winders. An' one young lady a playin' on de pianny, and another one settin' on de grass, 'long o' marse David, dressed up so pretty in ribbons and all, and lettin' marse David's dog lay right down on her white dress. I tell you she were a pretty lady, too. She and marse David's jes alike—got eyes jes' like ole marster's pictur' in de house—dem big, dark, gray eyes, wid black eyelashes; and dey smile so pleasant, and talk so kind and sosherble. Dey was axin me 'bout you and mistis—how you was, an' all. Say dey would like mightly to git 'quainted wid you."

Uncle Ben glances sideways at his young mistress'es face, as he says this.

Lelia laughs and shakes her head.

"That will never be, Uncle Ben," she says, positively. "Grandmother never will agree to it."

Uncle Ben hoes on in silence, for a few minutes, and pauses again, and says, hesitatingly, "Miss Lelia, it 'pears to me dat fifty year is a long time to keep on hatin' folks."

Lelia looks up from her strawberry gathering, laughing, at first, but growing graver as she speaks.

"So it is, Uncle Ben. But grandmother doesn't get over things, you know; and she thinks that grandfather's brother behaved very badly; and then, you know, it all came back to her, when she had to sell so much of Highlands, and my cousin Ronald bought it."

After this, both go back to their work in silence, till Uncle Ben looks up again, and speaks.

"I 'members the time, mighty well, when marse Ronald, marster's brother, lef' home, and married dat lady, dey was all so 'posed to. Mighty pretty she was, too. But ole marster was powerful mad, and dat's how all de money and de plantation come to be lef' to your grandfather, my marster. But folks say dat marse Ronald died worf' more money dan marster, and his son, marse Ronald agin, added to dat, and young marse David is still a' makin' money. He's powerful free wid his money, too, marse David is. Dey mus be powerful rich, to be sho."

"Yes," Lelia says. "They are very rich."

"De fus' time I seed 'em," Uncle Ben goes on, "dey was comin' 'long the road, in dat light carriage, marse David drivin', and de prettiest pa'r o' chestnut sorrels hitched to it, I ever sot eyes on. I knowed who dey was d'rectly, 'case I knowed de house was done, and de furniture had done come; and soon as I seed marse David, I says, 'dat's a Rutherford anyhow.' I were ridin' 'Beauregard,' and I seed de young gent'eman look at him, and pull up his horses sudden't. He axed me somethin' 'bout de road, and den he say 'dat's a fine horse you's ridin', uncle,' and I say, sort o' keerless, 'nothin' but one o' de colts, sir, I broke for my young mistis, 'case she likes a young, spirited horse.'"

A peal of laughter, from Lelia, interrupts Uncle Ben's narrative here.

"One of the colts! Oh, Uncle Ben!" she exclaims.

"Well, mistis, I want goin' to led on dat he was de only colt, and dar was only three fo', old suppleanimated critters on de place besides," Ben says, testily. "Den one o' de young ladies

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say, 'Who is your young mistis, uncle?' 'Miss Lelia Rutherford,' I says; and de young lady says, 'Oh! and what is yo' name, uncle?' 'Nelly's Ben is my name, mistis,' I says. Den she laughs, and marse David, his eyes sort o' twinkle, and she say it were a funny name. And I says, sort o' keerless agin, 'well, mistis, dar was always so many Bens on de place, dey couldn't tell one from tother, so dey calls me dat, 'case I was married to mistis' waiting-maid, Nelly.' You see, t'want worf while to be 'splaining to strangers dat I were all dat was lef' of de Bens, and all de others besides."

"No, certainly not," Lelia says, laughing.

"Den dey talks 'bout 'Beauregard,' and marse David say how he never seed a finer horse, and I tell him he come of de famous ole Highland stork of racers and hunters. 'Peared like he couldn't take his eyes offen him."

"I suppose he wanted to buy him," Lelia says, a little scornfully. "Some people think they can have anything, if they offer money enough. Grandmother has never forgiven my cousin Ronald, for wanting to buy poor old Highlands itself. He offered her double its value."

"Well, Miss Lelia," Uncle Ben says, slowly. "Sometimes, I dun know how mistis is gwine to keep de old place. 'Pears like everything is gwine to rack and ruin; an' I is gittin' ole and feeble. I don't see how we can git along much longer, with taxes to pay and everything. It's jes' a scuffle all de time, an' ef mistis would jes' take de money, dat de house, and what's lef' o' de land would bring, she could go to town, and set down in comfort de res' o' her days. Marse David would give jes' as much, an' more, now, fur de place, as marse Ronald offered, 'fore he died, and ef it's got to be sold, 'pears to me, marse David is de right one to own it. He's old marster's great-grandchile, and de las' one o' de name, 'ceptin' you and dem two young ladies. An' it do look to me like de ole place ought always to b'long to a Rutherford, and—"

But here Uncle Ben's harangue was suddenly interrupted by Lelia. Springing to her feet, she turns on him, with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks.

"*You* have gone over to the enemy, too, Uncle Ben," she cried, in indignant tones. "Well, go! Leave us, if you want to. Go, and live with those rich people. But don't dare to say a word to grandmother, about quitting the old house. I tell you it would kill her. And I have heard her say she would put a torch to it, herself, before my uncle Ronald's children should have it. Tell David Rutherford *that*, the next time you see him!"

With these words, Lelia marches off, leaving the old man shaking his head, and muttering: "Dar it is, now! Mad as a hornet, at de fus' word 'bout it. Lor' bless de chile! I dun know what *is* gwine to come of her an' ole mistis. Well, ole mistis ain't got long to stay here, nohow; but Miss Lelia, po' chile! Sich a pretty, sweet chile, ef she did get mad, 'long o' de ole man! I dun know what will 'come o' her—'dout she marries a rich man. She's pretty 'nuf, and smart 'nuf, for de pres'dent. Dar ain't nobody 'bout here good 'nuf for her, 'dout it is marse David, hisself. Well, I 'clar! Now dat would be a good thing."

It seemed so good a thing, that Ben could not help imparting his idea to his wife, as they sat in the kitchen, that night, Nelly knitting, and Ben mending a bridle, by the light of pine knots.

Nelly, a tall, dignified dame, who henpecked her husband frightfully, responded very shortly to his suggestion.

"You fool, nigger!" she says. "Old miss set you up wid dat! She hates dem folks wus 'an pisen. I b'lieve she ruther see Miss Lelia dead, dan married to marse David. You needn't was'e yo' time studdin' 'bout dat." And Ben is silenced, then and there, though he does, "was'e his time studdin' 'bout it," nevertheless.

The sweet May days, and the warm June days, pass on. The Rutherfords, at the new place, are becoming very popular in the neighborhood. The few visitors, who come to Highlands, never fail to tell of the dinner parties given to the new comers, and the pleasant entertainments they have given in return. Lelia, full of young life, cannot help being interested in it all. Mrs. Rutherford hears it in dignified silence.

At the new place, the young people sometimes wonder and gossip a little about the old lady and the young girl, who lead such a solitary, dreamy life, at the old house on the hill. The place is plainly visible, across the fields, from the new place; and sometimes Kate Rutherford is seized with wild longings to rush over, and rummage the old house from top to bottom. She is confident that it contains untold treasures of old china, pictures and furniture. She is curious, too, to see the stern old lady, who guards the castle like a dragon, and to meet the young girl, about whom she hears such wonderful stories.

"Dave, I hear she rides about, by herself, and carries a pistol in her pocket; and Emma Drury says she has seen her digging potatoes," Kate says.

"Very probably," David remarks, carelessly.

"She can't be pretty," Lucy says, "for Miss Everett told me she had red hair and freckles."

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"Uncle Nelly's Ben assured me that Miss Lelia 'is de prettiest young lady in de county,'" David says, laughing.

"It is strange we have never met her, anywhere," Lucy remarks. "I wonder if they never go to church."

"Uncle Ben tells me that 'Mistis has been complainin', and Miss Lelia won't leave her,'" David answers.

"Poor girl," says Mrs. Rutherford, in her soft, kindly voice, "she must lead a lonely life. I wish we knew them. Perhaps, we might make it a little brighter for her."

The next Sunday, as the Rutherford's light carriage drives up to the church gate, an old-fashioned, shabby, lumbering vehicle, a grand coach once, but forlorn enough now, halts just before them. "Uncle Nelly's Ben" is the driver. He pulls up the "suppleanimated critters," attached to the coach, and, springing down from the high box, opens the door with a flourish, and lets down the steps with a crash. A light, girlish figure springs out, and then an old lady descends slowly—a very old lady, with snow-white hair under her widow's bonnet, a fair, proud face, and piercing, dark eyes.

As the girl turns to assist her, the Rutherfords catch a glimpse of her face, too: and see a lovely, fresh, sweet face, with radiant blue eyes, and beautiful auburn hair. In a moment, the girl and the old lady have passed into the church. When the party from the new place enter, they see old Mrs. Rutherford sitting alone, in a pew across the church from them. Lelia's whereabouts they do not discover just at first.

The service begins. David Rutherford, whose taste in music is rather critical, nerves himself to endure the singing, which is wont to be a dismal performance, the little organ being stumblingly played by a very nervous young lady, the choir following in a trembling and uncertain quaver.

To-day, how different! "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord," comes clearly, strongly, from the gallery. A firm, skilful hand is on the keys; a full, rich, lovely voice leads the choir.

David looks around, with a start. He cannot see the organist, but young Everett whispers, from the pew behind him: "It is Lelia Rutherford."

After church, the congregation loiters in the yard, and there is a little buzz of neighborly greeting, and talk, and laughter. David sits holding the reins of his pretty chestnuts, and waiting till his mother and sisters finish their conference with the group around them. He sees his cousin Lelia leaning from the old coach door, and talking gaily with young Everett and George Harrington. How pretty the girl is! He watches her bright face, and sees the color come and go, and the long, dark lashes sweep her cheek, as she looks down; and then, in turn, the glint and sparkle of her deep, blue eyes, and the dimple in her cheek, as she looks up again and laughs. It is really the prettiest picture David ever saw. Then he glances at her grandmother, who sits beside the girl. Had he thought her face cold and haughty? Why, it is full of nothing, but deep, adoring love, and exquisite tenderness, as she sits and watches Lelia's face, and smiles gently and sweetly, at the girl's lively chatter.

"David! Are you dreaming?" cries Kate's laughing voice. "We are ready to go."

The Rutherfords' easy carriage whirls off down the road, and the Highlands' coach goes lumbering heavily after it.

"Grandmother, did you see our cousins?" Lelia asks. "I thought they looked very nice and good. I wish—"

But Mrs. Rutherford's face grows cold and proud again, as she says, quickly: "I do not wish to speak of them, Lelia. They are not persons I care to discuss."

"Our cousin Lelia is very pretty, I think," Kate is saying, "and her voice is beautiful. Red hair and freckles, indeed! Her hair is the loveliest auburn, and I didn't see a freckle. If she were only well-dressed, she'd be a beauty."

"I thought she was well-dressed, Kitten," remarks David.

"Oh, she looked like a lady, but—that was a washed-out lawn, David, and an old, common, straw hat! She would certainly look prettier in nice, pretty clothes."

The next Sunday, old Mrs. Rutherford does not appear at church; but Lelia is there, dressed in a close, black riding habit, which certainly fits her lithe, rounded figure to perfection, and makes her look enchantingly pretty. She has ridden "Beauregard," alone, from Highlands; but Henry Everett escorts her home. David watches them gallop off, and a distinct feeling of envy arises, in his heart, towards that lucky youth. Likewise, when young Harrington looks after them, and says, carelessly: "There go the prettiest girl, and the finest horse in the country," David experiences a sudden emotion of resentment. What right has that young scamp to utter his admiration so careless and familiarly?

Then David begins to think of Lelia's desolate and unprotected condition, and of the hardships and privations she bears so bravely. "Uncle Nelly's Ben" has told him, in the various long talks he has had with the old man, what a bright, brave spirit Lelia's is. David's chivalrous heart

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is filled with pity and kindliness, for the two lonely women, fighting their forlorn battle with poverty and difficulties. He longs to help them. But he knows they will not take help from him: they will not even know him, or own him as a relative.

All that week, David goes about, vainly pondering the question, how can he help people who won't take his help, and yet who need it so sorely?

He thinks that if he knew his cousin Lelia, he might persuade her; he might reason; or entreat; but he does not know her. He fears he never will. The thing worries him so, that he has half a mind to go off on a trip to the White Mountains, and try to forget it. He will go. To-morrow, he will write, or telegraph, to his friend, Gordon, to join him. He is riding slowly, along the road, through the woods, when he hears the tramp of horses' feet, and, looking up, he sees before him "Uncle Nelly's Ben," riding a lean and antiquated plow horse. The old man is opening a gate for a lady on horseback, and David sees it is his cousin Lelia, on "Beauregard."

Instinctively he reins up, and lifts his hat.

"Sarvent, marse David," Uncle Ben says. Then the old man adds, briskly, but with a stately, old-fashioned air: "Miss Lelia, dis is yo' cousin, marse David Rutherford: Miss Lelia Rutherford, my young mistis, marse David!"

For an instant, Lelia looks not only disconcerted, but proud and provoked. David fears she is going to ride past without speaking. But she cannot make her escape. Uncle Ben bungles strangely about opening the gate. "I'm gwine to give him time, 'nuf to look at her, anyhow," the old man is saying to himself. David comes to his help. When Lelia finally rides through, she sees David's kindly eye fixed upon her, and he says, earnestly: "I am very glad to meet my cousin Lelia."

Lelia does not know how it happens, but somehow she actually shakes hands with him, and then they ride along, side by side; and Uncle Ben drops behind, and chuckles there, gleefully, to himself. He hears them conversing, coldly and formally at first. Presently, the talk becomes more animated, and a laugh rings out, now and then, from one or the other. When they part, at the gate of a neighbor, two miles further on, David holds his cousin's hand, for a moment, and says, he "hopes to see her again"—adding, "might he come to see her?"

But Lelia looks startled, and colors deeply. "Oh!" she exclaims, hurriedly. "I should like it, but grandmother—I wish I might ask you, but—" She looks so troubled that David says, repentantly: "I should not have asked you. Forgive me," and he lifts his hat, and rides away.

"Now I'se gwine to catch it," Uncle Ben thinks, as he is left alone with Miss Lelia. But he does not "catch it," either then, or afterwards; and his subsequent praises of "marse David" are, as he thinks, listened to with considerable interest.

David does not go to the White Mountains. He is a little silent and absent-minded at home; and he rides away from home very regularly, every afternoon. By the most singular "chance," he frequently encounters his cousin Lelia in these rides. She is almost always alone; for Ben is busy at home, and she is "not at all afraid;" but David always finds it "just in his way" to go in whatever direction she is going. He discovers, too, and perhaps Uncle Ben knows how, that on days when she does not ride, she often walks down a certain wood road, that leads through the woods, on both Highlands and the new place. It is, in fact, the shortest way from Highlands to the new place. There are some tall trees in those woods, where "wood thrushes" sit, and call each other in the summer evenings, with that lovely, vibrating cadence, that, Lelia says, is "like two or three soft little bells chiming together." Lelia loves to sit on a fallen log here, and listen to their notes. She is surprised, the first time she sees her cousin David here; but soon ceases to be surprised. It has become too much a matter of course to meet him here—there—everywhere.

Lelia does not tell her grandmother of these meetings. They are, she persuades herself, accidental. And each one may be the last, for she hears that David is going away soon. She is a little startled, at last, by the sinking of heart and spirits, that comes over her, when Uncle Ben tells her, one day, that marse David is gone. Gone! And without a word of farewell! There is so little that is bright and pleasant, in her life, that she misses him sorely. And she thinks he might have told her he was going, might have said he was sorry to go! But she remembers, that what is of great consequence, in her dull, secluded life, may be nothing to him. He cannot miss her. He has a hundred friends that will more than fill her place.

> "The moon shines down on many brooks;
> The brook sees but one moon."

She is angry with herself for caring anything about it, and tries hard to forget him.

When two weeks have gone, she thinks she has quite put him out her of thoughts.

It is a sultry, September afternoon, and Lelia is riding, slowly, along the road, to the post-

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office, which is four miles from the Highlands. She does not know she is thinking of David, till she hears the quick beat of a horse's feet behind her. She is glad to see him, and she has not time to hide it, but her gladness is nothing compared to the delight that beams from David's eyes.

"Did you know I had been away?" he says. "Have you missed me at all? I was telegraphed for, and had to go at once. It seems a year since I saw you."

And Lelia, with pretty, fluttering color, and smiling eyes, owns she has missed him, and is glad to see him. There is no need for him to hold her hand all this time; but he forgets to release it, and she to withdraw it. His eyes are fixed upon her face, with such an eager, passionate gaze, that her own sink before them. He is thinking how much lovelier she is than he remembered her, and she is not conscious of any thought, but just a glad tumult in her heart, that makes her almost afraid to speak, lest her voice should tremble, as her hand does.

How short the ride is after that. They have reached the post-office, and are on their way back, still riding slowly, when a distant roar of thunder smites their ears, and they look up to see that the sky is black as ink, overhead, and a terrible storm is almost upon them. A word to their horses, and away they fly; but it is too late for Lelia to reach home. As they near the gate of the new place, the wind is blowing a hurricane around them, and the vivid lightning, and crashing thunder, have set the horses mad with fright.

"You cannot ride through the woods, in this storm, Lelia. You must come in here," David says, and as he unlatches the gate, the wind tears it from his hand, and flings it open, and with a snort and bound, "Beauregard" rushes through. It is well he does, for as they gallop across the lawn, the heavens open, and floods of rain pour down. The horses' feet crash on the gravel before the door, and David springing from his horse, lifts Lelia down, and hurries her into the porch. But even in these few seconds, both are thoroughly wet. A lady comes hurriedly out, into the hall, to meet them. A plump, matronly figure, with a sweet face, and a pair of kindly, brown eyes. As she hurries forward, she exclaims, in a voice, whose every tone is a caress, "David, I am so glad you have come! Why, it is our cousin Lelia with you! Dear child! How wet you are! Come upstairs, directly, and change your clothes! Lucy! Kate! Here is your cousin almost drowned!"

Lelia finds herself hurried upstairs, into a lovely, luxurious room, undressed by those tender, motherly hands, and dressed again, in soft, fine garments, and in one of Lucy's pretty, white dresses.

The two girls flit around her, wait on her, pet her, and gaze at her with admiring eyes. Lucy's eyes are brown and gentle, and her voice soft and caressing, like her mother's; but "Kitten" has the genuine "Rutherford eyes," dark gray, deep set, black lashes, heavy-browed. Lelia scarcely knows which is the sweetest, gentle Lucy, or Kitten, with the scarlet lips and gay laugh. It is all wonderfully sweet, and bright, and new to her. The storm rages on, out of doors; but in the house, all is cosy, and tranquil, and sweet. When Lelia is dressed, and the girls have brushed, and wondered over, and fastened up again, the wonderful luxuriance of her burnished, auburn hair, they go down into the parlor, where a bright, little fire has been kindled, and where David springs up, from an easy chair, and comes to meet them, with sparkling eyes.

"It is so charming to have you here, at last," he says; and his mother echoes the words, her soft hand laid caressingly on Lelia's shoulder. "Ah!" says Lelia to herself, "how sweet it is here." The beauty and luxury of the room, glowing in the fire-light; the bright faces; the soft, loving voices; the home look; the rest and comfort of it all; and David's handsome, earnest face, smiling down upon her, as she nestles in a deep-cushioned chair, and resigns herself to the sense of happiness, and well being, that comes over her.

But presently David catches the sound of a little sigh from her.

"What is it?" he asks, in a low tone.

"Oh, I was just thinking of grandmother. She is so lonely," Lelia says.

"Will she be anxious about you?" David asks.

"I don't know. I am afraid she will. I must go, when the rain slackens a little."

But the rain pours on steadily, and it is evident Lelia cannot go. Presently, David is missing, and after half an hour's absence, comes quietly back, and whispers to Lelia, as Kate and Lucy are playing a duet.

"I have been to Highlands. I told them you were here—safe."

"Oh! Did you see grandmother?" Lelia asks, with a start.

"No. I didn't dare to," David answers, laughing. "I saw Uncle Ben. I told him you would stay here, to-night."

"You went in the rain. How good you are," Lelia says, softly. Then she wonders what

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grandmother will say to her, to-morrow. She thinks of the dim, lonely sitting-room, at home; its dark, heavy furniture; its silence and dullness; and her grandmother's solitary, aged figure seated there. She is feeling terribly guilty and unhappy, when Kitten comes to beg her to sing for them.

It is such a delight to touch the keys of the magnificent Stienway piano, and feel its soft, clear notes, mingling with, and bearing up, her voice. It is so sweet to know that her singing gives them all pleasure; to hear their praises; and to see the unspoken thanks in David's eyes.

Ah, well! Lelia has never had such a happy time. When it is all over; when she has bade them all "good-night," and slept in her pretty room; when she has met them in the morning, round the exquisitely appointed breakfast table; when she has said "good-bye," and "cousin Alice" and the girls have kissed her warmly; when, finally, David has ridden home with her, and left her at the door of the old Highlands house—Lelia's heart sinks, and she feels, somehow, that nothing as bright, can ever again come into her life.

She goes, very soberly, into the dining-room, where her grandmother is sitting, and stoops to kiss the withered cheek of the old lady.

Mrs. Rutherford looks at her, in silence, for a moment, and then says:

"I suppose you could not help it, Lelia. But this must not be again."

"Grandmother, they were so good and sweet to me," Lelia answers, her eyes full of tears now. "If you knew them, you could not help liking them. Ah! if you just would forget that old law-suit, and be friends with my cousins."

"Child," says Mrs. Rutherford, passionately, "you do not know what you are talking about. I will tell you why I hated Ronald Rutherford, fifty years ago. He said the will, that left this property to my husband was forged, and that I had forged it. It was proved to be genuine, in court, but I cannot forgive him, even in his grave."

It is late in October. Never once has David seen Lelia, since the day of the storm. She has not even been at church.

"Uncle Ben" says, sadly, that "mistis is complainin'," and Miss Lelia doesn't leave her. David persuades his mother to call at Highlands with him. It is a daring move; but it is met by a quiet, "mistis says, will you please excuse her," from Nelly. Then David writes a pleading note to Lelia, and she answers, briefly.

"Forgive me, please; but I cannot see you, or speak to you. I am so sorry. My dear love to your mother and sisters. Your cousin, Lelia."

That is all. "Uncle Ben" cannot explain it. He can only shake his head, and bemoan it all, and say "ole mistis is mighty sot in her ways, to be sho'."

But one day, Uncle Ben, comes hastily over to the new place, and asks to speak to marse David. Things have gone badly at Highlands. The sheriff is there, and has levied on the horses and cattle. David knows that means utter destitution for the little garrison of Highlands.

David rides over in haste. He finds the sheriff and his assistant, at the barn. Lelia is there, pale as death, but quiet and tearless. She looks at David, as he dismounts, and goes up to him, quietly. She even smiles a little, as she says:

"I know what you have come for, cousin; but you cannot help us. It is very kind of you. I do thank you; but my grandmother would not take help from—you. You do not know her. I must go back to the house now, to her."

She draws her hand away, goes up to "Beauregard," lays her hand, for one moment, softly, on his glossy neck, then turns, and walks steadily away. David springs after her, and catches her hand.

"Lelia, I *must* see you," he whispers. "Come down the wood-road, this evening, and meet me. I tell you, child, I *will* see you. If you do not come, before sunset, I swear I will come here, and say to you, in your grandmother's presence, what I have to say to you."

She hesitates, for a moment; then whispers, "I will come;" and snatching her hand from him, is gone.

Red and brown leaves are falling thickly around Lelia's favorite seat, in the wood-road, and the wood thrushes have long since ceased to sing, in the tall tree-tops. David seats himself on the old log, and waits for her, waits long, and almost despairs of her. At last, he sees her coming, far down the road, and springs to meet her. She is smiling, and yet there are tears in her lovely eyes.

"Oh, David!" she cries, "you are too good to us. They are still there, my dear Beauregard, and all. The man said a friend had bought them. I know it can be no one but you. But when grandmother knows it, she will not let them stay." The girl is fairly sobbing now.

David puts his arm round her, and draws her to him. "Dear little cousin!" he whispers. "Never mind that now. We must not let her find

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it out. But listen, dear! I love you, and I can't bear for you to be troubled about anything. Just tell me that you love me, dear, and give me the right to do it, and I will make your life fair and pleasant for you. Lelia! Don't you love me?"

"Yes!" she answers, with a sob. "But that only makes it worse. Grandmother will never like you; will never forgive—"

"What? Who, my darling?" asks David.

"Oh, David, don't you know all about it? The will?" asks Lelia, drawing away from him, and looking up, anxiously, at him.

"Ah! my grandfather's hasty and unfortunate accusatian of your grandmother. Yes, I know it all," David answers, gravely. "And I know, that, on his death bed, he spoke of it with deep regret, and begged my father to make atonement for it, in some kindness to your grandmother, or her children. My father's speedy death prevented his making this atonement—and I—little darling, after all, it is not I who will serve her, but she, who can nobly forgive, and give me you, in token of her forgiveness."

"David, you do not know her? She never forgives!" Lelia says, with another sob.

But, after all, she does not feel utterly hopeless, and then—she is unutterably happy with it all. To sit there in the "crimson evening weather," with David's arm around her, his kisses on her lips, and his tender, passionate words in her ear, is rapture, the very memory of which, she thinks, will make her happy all her life, even if this first time should be the last.

When the sunlight has died quite away, she rises hastily, and prepares to go. They reach the end of the wood, nearest Highlands, and David stoops to kiss her once more, saying: "Remember, I shall come and tell aunt Agnes all about it, to-morrow." And Lelia nods, and runs swiftly away.

But she has determined, bravely, that she will tell her grandmother, herself. So, that night, when she goes, with the old lady, to her room, she suddenly comes, kneels down by her chair, takes both the withered hands in hers, and tells the story. She tells it all, and repeats David's words about his grandfather's repentance. Her grandmother listens, to the end, in a silence that is terrible. Then she unlocks Lelia's hands from hers, and pushes the girl back from her.

"Go!" she cries. "Leave me, if you choose; but never come back to me again!"

And Lelia goes to her room, and sobs her heart out there; and writes to David, begging him to be patient; perhaps, something may soften that stern heart yet. "I cannot leave her," she says. "All my life she has denied herself for me. I am all she has, and I cannot leave her."

Weeks pass on, and the dreary November weather comes. Lelia goes about the house, trying to seem contented and cheerful; but she cannot. She droops and fades. She takes a little cold, and does not notice it, or does not care. She coughs, and shivers sometimes, and is flushed and restless at others. Finally, she wakes, one morning, languid and ill, and cannot rise. There is great consternation in the little household. She is up the next day, but sits silent and languid, in a great chair, in the sitting-room. Uncle Ben comes up to look at her there. She is very white. Her head rests, languidly, against the back of the chair. But her eyes open, with a faint, little smile, as the old man comes in.

"How is you, to-day, Miss Lelia?" he asks.

"Better," she says, very gently, and then her eyes close again.

"Miss Lelia—I saw marse David, yesterday," the old man says suddenly, bending towards her, and whispering.

She looks up, with a start, Her white cheeks turn to crimson, and her eyes shine like stars. She does not speak.

The old man goes on. "He say I must give his love to you. He look mighty sorry to hear you was sick."

Lelia's head goes down again, and Ben sees the tears stealing from under her closed lids. Then he goes solemnly away, and, opening the dining-room door, stands before his mistress, who is carefully washing the thin, old china, that has been used at breakfast.

Ben has taken a resolution. He closes the door behind him, and stands leaning against it.

"What will you have, Ben?" asks his mistress, in surprise.

"Mistis," he says, solemnly. "Onless somethin' is done fur her, dat chile in dar is gwine to die."

"What do you mean?" gasps the old lady, tremblingly.

"What I mean is dis. She's jest breakin' her heart, case you can't forgive dem dat is in de grave, and gone to jedgement. I knows what's de matter, well 'nuf; an' I'se gwine to tell you, ef you kills me. Ef you don't send for marse David, and say 'here, take my chile, and make her happy,' she'll be in her grave, afore New Yeass, and when she's dead, you'll have to ax de Lord to forgive you for dat."

Uncle Ben speaks these last words almost like Destiny, and when he has finished, does not wait to see the effect of this harangue, but turns and walks out, hurriedly.

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The old lady sets down her cup, with a shaking hand; rises, and goes hastily into the sitting-room; and stands and looks down upon her child. Lelia's cheek is white again, and there is a stain of tears upon it, which she vainly tries to hide.

Her grandmother looks at her, a little while, with clasped hands and moving lips. Then she softly goes away, and closes the door.

Two hours afterwards, Lelia is roused from a light slumber, (poor child, she has slept little the night before,) by a step in the hall. She wonders, listlessly, who it is. There is a murmur of voices in the dining-room, next her; then footsteps again; then the door opens, and is she dreaming? For David is standing in the doorway.

But she, soon, knows it is not a dream, for, in another second, he is kneeling by her, and his arms are round her.

"Oh, David! Grandmother!—does she know it?" she cries.

"She sent for me, love. She has given you to me," is his answer: and Lelia's weary head goes down upon his breast, and a sigh of perfect content comes from her heart.

It is spring time, again, at Highlands. The old house is full of life, and sunshine, and beauty. Wealth and happiness have come to it again. Mrs. Rutherford sits, contentedly, in her easy chair, and smiles, as Lelia's voice comes to her, in song and laughter. David Rutherford is the master of Highlands, and the old lady simply adores him. The wood-road is a much frequented path now, and it is hard to tell which is the happiest house, the old home or the new.

And on the two plantations there is no one prouder and happier than "Uncle Nelly's Ben."

THE REQUEST.

BY MRS. ALICE CRISS.

Oh, beautiful moon!
I pray thee to-night,
Look down from thy splendor above;
From your high home of light,
Where thou shinest so bright,
Oh! whisper to me of my love.
As he sails o'er the deep,
Do thy silent rays creep,
Softly over his tresses of gold?
Does the gentle breeze fan his bonnie brown cheek,
Whilst the shimmering stars their soft vigils keep,
And around him their brightness unfold?
Oh, silvery moon!
As thou'rt kissing the sea,
Pray tell me to-night,
Is he thinking of me?

Oh, beautiful moon!
He only I pray,
(For to thee alone I confide,)
While your silver beams play,
In glorious array,
Far out on the murmuring tide;
Does my darling now sleep,
While the sparkling waves leap,
Laughing gaily and singing to you?
Oh! go and for me let thy gilded rays speak,
Whilst the twinkling stars in their glee fondly peep,
In your winning tones ask if he's true.
Oh, silvery moon!
Gliding over the sea,
Pray tell me to-night,
Is he thinking of me?

DESOLATE.

BY M. DELLA JOHNSON.

Sitting in the autumn twilight,
Dreaming of the olden time,
Memory bells are softly ringing,
As I listen to their chime,
Calling forth the past from shadows,
Pleasures, sorrows, smiles, and tears,
How my heart gives back each echo,
Ringing from those vanished years.

Long ago the summer sunshine,
Faded from my heart away—
Life's sweet dream, alas, was broken,
All my idols turned to clay.
Withered hopes like leaves of autumn,
Drift along the path I tread,
Those who once I loved the dearest,
Now, alas, to me are dead.

Blooming flowers have lost their sweetness,
Summer skies are dark and drear,
Vanished are the charms of music,
Songs no more my heart can hear,
Waiting, for the angel's calling,
Listening, for the boatman's oar,
Longing, for the light of morning,
Dawning, from the other shore.

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"WICKED COMTESSE JEANNE."

BY KATHARINE KEENE.

At last, the train was off, and in a few minutes we had left the smoky city, and were rushing past Epping Forest.

My destination was an old, moated Manor House in Essex, where my cousin lived, having married Sir George Wycombe, the head of one of the oldest families there. "Lady Wycombe!" How absurd it all seemed. I could not realize that august personage to be our Sybil.

Sybil's mother had died, when her child was only sixteen, leaving Sybil alone in the world, save for a host of relations, our own among the number. As my husband and Sybil had always been great allies, from the time when she, a wee mite, toddling around in white skirts and blue ribbon, pulled his tawny moustache, until the tears stood in his eyes, she naturally came to us. And such a beautiful creature as she was! She beguiled Tom, entirely, I used to say, laughingly, from his allegiance to me, his lawful wife. They quarrelled, and made up, and pretended to be desperately in love with each other, ignoring me in the most comfortable manner.

One day, however, Sybil came to me, blushing and smiling, but with tears standing in her eyes "Aunt Nell," she whispered, throwing her arms about my neck, "George has asked me to marry him, and—I've said 'yes.' Only, of course, I'll have to live in England, and leaving you almost breaks my heart."

George, or Sir George Wycombe, as the world called him, was a young Englishman, the owner of a handsome estate, that had been in the family for centuries, and of a title that went back to the days of Charles the Second. We had made his acquaintance at Saratoga, and he had called upon us afterwards in New York. During the winter, that followed, he and Sybil had been a good deal together, so that I was not much surprised at this confession. Personally, he was charming. There really was nothing to object to, except that it would separate us from Sybil. So the pair were married, and now, after an interval of two years, I was travelling down to Essex, to visit "Lady Wycombe," in the old, rambling Manor House, of which she had so often written.

"Don't be frightened, when you first see it! It is one of the few moated mansions yet left in England," she had said, in her last letter, "and the country around it, is quite flat, with the German Ocean not far off. If you should first see it, in the twilight, standing solitary and dark against the sky, and when the wind comes moaning across the desolate marshes from the sea, you might shudder, and wish to turn back. So be sure to come, by a morning train, when your first glimpse of it will be by sunlight. It is larger than it seems, a long, low, rambling affair, parts of it as old as the third Henry, but the principal front, later, and I believe of Queen Elizabeth's time. An American, I suppose, would have deserted it, long ago, for some spick-and-span, new, bastard, Gothic affair; but my husband could not live anywhere else, for the world, when not up in London at Parliament. His ancestors have dwelt here, he says, since the Crusades, and he is prouder of it than if it was as big and modern as Castle Howard, or any other of Vanburgh's monstrosities. I was a dreadful, little radical, as you know; but I begin to share this feeling. Don't think I 'dearly love a lord,' however, as Byron said of Moore. I don't care a bit more for dukes and earls, because they are such, than for other people; but when I meet a duke, whose ancestor commanded at Flodden, or visit a house, that saw the Wars of the Roses, I feel, I confess, a certain awe. It is the imaginative side of my nature, I suppose. I'll put you in a room, when you come here, that goes back to the fourteenth century, and then see if you don't show, you dear, good, enthusiastic American, something of my weakness, too."

A handsome equipage, with coachman and footman, is waiting for me at the station, and very soon, my maid and I are being whirled away, over the level roads of Essex. I catch sight of the old Manor House, across the flat landscape, long before we reach it, as the sun is shining brightly, and realize how home-like and cheerful it is, in summer and in daylight But I can also conceive how desolate, and even weird it might be, on a lonely night in winter, as she had said, with the wind wailing across these vast marshes from the ever-moaning sea. "Just the place for some tragedy," I say to myself, as I think of it in that aspect.

I hardly say this, when we reach the moat, that encircles the mansion, and I catch sight of a

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slight figure, perched on the old, stone steps beyond. My eyes grow dim with tears. It is Sybil! Soft arms are soon around my neck, and a dear voice is saying, "You darling, aunt Nell, are you so awfully sorry to see me? It's shabby of you to show it though!"

Changed! Not a bit of it. Just as saucy, and just as pretty as ever. Directly she says:

"Where's uncle Tom, however. George, George," she calls, looking around. "Aunt Nell has really come."

Sir George appears, advancing with break-neck speed. Again I am seized, embraced, and deluged with a torrent of questions, ending, as did the other, in the inevitable, "Where's uncle Tom?"

As soon as I recover enough breath, I turn severely to Sybil. "Do you think I will allow you to exercise your fascinations on him again?" I say. "And just as I am getting him into harness? No, indeed! Tom is safe in London."

Exclamations of horror on both sides! Sybil absolutely forgets herself so far as to give me a good shake; while Sir George looks as though he would join in, in another instant. "When is he coming?" she asks, indignantly. I feel limp, dusty, and conscious of a generally messed, dishevelled appearance, and I give in, and weakly murmur; "To-morrow."

What a happy day! Through every nook and cranny of the old place we stroll, and finally wind up at the rose garden, with its wealth of queenly flowers, from delicate pink to Jacquemont roses, red as blood, great, creamy buds, bending down beneath their wealth of sweetness. We go on, Sir George and Sybil, like two children, pointing out this and that for my admiration. Finally, I become conscious of utter exhaustion, and tell Sybil that I must go and rest. Sybil, all contrition at her thoughtlessness, as she calls it, takes me to her own sanctum, a little nest of blue and silver. She puts me on the lounge, darkens the room, and seats herself beside me, with the eau de Cologne. I stretch myself out; and utter content of mind and body comes over me. With half-shut eyes, I look around on Sybil's dainty boudoir, with its walls hung in blue, soft, white rugs on the shining floors, velvet *portières* hanging from the antique arched doorways.

One of Sir Joshua's tender, child faces looks down from over the mantel, where bits of Sevres, scattered amongst bric-a-brac of every description, lie in artistic confusion. But as I look around, one thing catches my eye, which seems to be utterly incongruous, and out of keeping with the rest of the room. What is it? I turn to Sybil. Before I can speak, she has followed the direction of my eyes, and forestalled my question.

"Yes," she says, "I know just what you're going to say! Why do I keep that here? I can't tell you! Just a fancy. The old thing exercises a perfect fascination over me. George calls it my '*fétiche*.'" And she looks at it, lovingly.

I rise and drag my weary limbs over to the corner of the room, where the treasure stands. It is a beautiful thing, no doubt, a high, carved piece of furniture, seemingly built into the wall, and extending to the ceiling. The exquisite workmanship attracts my attention. Four great monsters, with claws inlaid with quaint-colored stones, act as pedestals, whilst around the whole thing, winds a long procession of figures, standing out in bold relief.

"It's nobody knows how old," says Sybil, "and has been here for hundreds of years. They say it was brought from Norway, for the wicked Comtesse Jeanne, who lived ages ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I've looked it all up. I'll show you her portrait, to-morrow, in the picture gallery. George told me about it, before I'd ever seen the Manor House, whilst they were refurnishing the room for me. He wanted it removed, but somehow even the description captivated me, and I wouldn't have it."

I did not wonder at her. It was a beautiful thing, but it had a sombre, weird look, at least to me, as though it were full of secret drawers, containing death and destruction. Sybil laughs, heartily, when I tell her my cheerful fancies, and we settle ourselves comfortably once more. Sybil moves her feather fan slowly to and fro. I hear the fluttering of the leaves, and the twittering of the birds through the open window; and gradually my eyes close, and I journey sweetly through the land of Nod.

I awake, with a start! Sybil is not by my side. She has gone to dress, probably. I turn lazily, thinking, reluctantly, that I must go and do likewise, when a consciousness that I am not alone comes over me.

I turn quickly. What do I see before me?

Standing by the old carving, fumbling busily at the door, with her face turned to me, is a woman. But how queerly dressed! And what a singular face! Purple hair, half-hidden by a long, flowing veil; great, dark, cruel eyes; and tender red lips, half-parted in a smile. But what a smile! It is cruel as death itself. I stare, fascinated, at the quaint dress, with its green satin petticoat, jewelled stomacher, and standing ruff. But what has she in her hand? Is it a dagger?

"How absurd all this is," I think. "What a horrible dream." I rub my eyes, violently,

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strive to rouse myself, and then look back again. Sure enough, she is gone! "Ah!" I think, "that comes from Sybil's *fétiche*. A fine welcome it has given me. I must find the child."

So thinking, I half-rise, and look toward my bugbear. As I look, I think the cabinet door is open. I go to it, for it was locked, when I went to sleep, and Sybil showed me the key hanging to her belt, in imitation of a chatelaine. The door is open. Afraid, I know not why, I extend my hand, and push it still wider. On either side, I see small drawers, with locks of queer workmanship; and little, arched doorways, looking like shrines for miniature saints. I stumble in, and look around me, half-frightened, when just beyond, I see a gleam of light. Instinctively, I put forth my hand, and grasp what seems to be a projecting handle. A push, and something gives way, with a resisting creak, and the panel swings slowly open. A gust of air, cold as though from a tomb, blows in upon me. But impelled by something, in spite of myself, for I am trembling from head to foot, I go on.

At first, I see nothing, and then, as my eyes become accustomed to the sombre light, I behold, at my feet, a flight of winding stairs, which twist and turn, until I grow fairly dizzy gazing upon them. Suddenly I see a figure crouching, half-way down the staircase; and my heart seems to stop beating, as I recognize the same figure, which I saw in my dream. As I look, I hear a footstep, far away in the distance. It approaches, nearer and nearer. Surely it is some one coming up the stairs. Perhaps, that madwoman! She must be an escaped lunatic, from some near asylum. She has a dagger. What awful thing may she not do? He must be warned.

While I stand, stupefied, the steps come on, nearer and nearer; and then I see appear, above the balustrade, first the head of a man, young and handsome, with a smile upon his lips, then his shoulders, and finally his whole figure. Where am I? I am dreaming again. For he, too, is dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century, and holds a slender rapier in his hand.

I must call. Where is Sir George? I struggle for breath; but cannot make a sound. The satin dress moves, looking like a serpent coiling itself to strike. I see her rise and lean forward. She holds her dagger on high. She means murder. He comes nearer and nearer, humming a light song. I shut my eyes. I can do nothing. Then follows a heavy crash, with groans, growing fainter and fainter. Then silence.

What have I seen? Murder! And I am alone with this thing. Is it human? I know not. With one wild effort, and uttering a piercing scream of agony, I rush blindly forward, and gain the door. With the strength of despair, I push it to behind me; for I hear steps coming after me. With one spring, I gain the outer door of the carving, turn the key; and then I remember no more.

When I come to myself, I am on the lounge, with Sybil on one side, tenderly bending over me, and Sir George on the other. As I open my eyes, poor Sybil bursts into tears. "Oh! aunt Nell," she cries, "I thought you were dead."

After a few moments, trembling still, I am able to tell them all. They listen, with profound amazement. Suddenly, Sybil draws closer to Sir George.

"What can it mean?" she half whispers. "That is the wicked Comtesse Jeanne, and aunt Nell has never seen her picture—"

"What," I say, trembling still more. "The old Comtesse Jeanne, whom I've just seen. The murderess." And the same awful fear comes over me, as I glance toward the old carving, which seems to glare at me threateningly, with its body-guard of monsters.

"Let us go," I cry, beside myself with terror, "from this horrible thing—"

Sybil, as frightened as I, and both of us clinging to Sir George, stumble out into the broad hall, through the great door of which the bright sunshine is streaming. I gasp with relief, as I step into what seems to be another world, apart from that awful woman, with her shimmering green robe and gleaming eyes.

Here Sir George tells me the story of the Comtesse Jeanne. She was one of the *dames d'honneur* of Catherine de Medici, one of that circle of dark-eyed Italian beauties, whom the Queen brought with her from stately Florence. The Wycombe of that day saw her, while on a visit to the Court of France, fell desperately in love with her, and married her. But he was of a fickle nature, and after awhile tired of her, often leaving her alone here in the Manor House, while he went up to London, where he plunged into all sorts of gayeties. The Comtesse Jeanne, for such she continued to be called, even in England, said nothing. But although she smiled as sweetly as ever, people remembered her Italian nature, and shook their heads, when they saw Wycombe set to wooing another woman, in his gay, reckless fashion, and this time a fair dame, in her very neighborhood.

One morning, when Wycombe was up at London, in attendance on the Court, he was missing at the royal stag-hunt. His lodgings

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were searched, and in an illuminated note, was found a summons from the Comtesse Jeanne. A little, perfumed note it was, couched in charming language. Beneath, in Wycombe's writing, was "I go—pray for me." He knew it was, probably, death he was going to: and he was right: he never returned. Stranger still, the Comtesse was never heard of more.

So Sir George told the old story, as we sat together, in the sunny hall. For awhile we were silent. Then Sybil speaks:

"Aunt Nell," she says, "now you must see her portrait. You shall find her, for yourself. That will prove," she adds, laughing, nervously, "whether you have seen the real Comtesse Jeanne or not."

We go to the picture gallery, where, from the midst of noble knights and fair faces, I see, gazing at me, the wicked eyes of the Comtesse Jeanne. My unstrung nerves give way, and I yield to foolish terror, and fly from the room, closely followed by Sybil.

"It is she," I cry. "What have I seen?"

That evening seems years long. Sybil and myself start at every sound, while even Sir George is not much better. It is decided, that, on Tom's arrival in the morning, Sir George and himself shall investigate the old carving; for that there is a door, I insist, although Sir George still faintly ridicules the idea.

What a night I pass. Finally, morning comes. Then ten o'clock, and with it Tom. He listens to my tale, at first incredulously, but as I go on, his face sobers down, and he laughs no longer.

Sybil and myself are banished, and wait, in quiet, at the other end of the old Manor House. Hours elapse. Finally, we hear steps; and Sir George appears. The latter comes to me.

"Is this it?" he says, slowly; and holds out to me an old dagger, rusty and bent.

"The very one," I cry, and my heart seems to stand still.

There is little more to be said. After an hour's search, they had found the door, which seemed covered with the dust of centuries. From the door, opened the winding staircase. At the turn of the stair they found two skeletons: one a woman; at her side a man's. Between them, the old dagger.

"It was doubtless a passage-way," says Sir George, "made for hiding a priest. Every old house had one in those times. The Comtesse Jeanne decoyed her husband into it, and no one ever knew till now."

The following day, we all started for a tour through Switzerland, whilst the chateau had some few alterations made in it. Among them, to wall up the secret passage.

I have given you the bare facts. They cannot be explained.

'Tis strange, but true.

Truth is, sometimes, stranger than fiction.

HOW LONG?

BY ALICE I. M'ALILLY.

We've journeyed o'er life's rugged way,
And gleaned our share of bliss.
From childhood's morn and youth's heyday,
We've traveled on to this!
The evening of a peaceful life,
Why mourn, that so it be,
That friends, have gone, like flowers ripe
That bloomed for you and me?

The world, that once a vision bright,
Gleamed radiant on our gaze,
Has proved to be a hollow cheat,
A chain of sorrowing days.
Our heads have grown so white, my dear,
Our lips, once gay with song,
Can only murmur "Death is near."
I wonder, love, how long!

A little while we have to stay
Amid life's busy throng,
A little while, to watch, and pray,
I wonder, love, how long!

A few more suns must rise and set,
A few more miles be trod,
A few more sorrows to forget,
E'er we'll go home to God.

Then who will think of you, and me,
Who mourn, with falling tears,
And grieve that 'neath the sod we lie,
To wait the fate of years.
Ah, me! above the narrow bed,
That scarce is sodded yet,
The world, with careless feet, will tread;
And friends will soon forget.

T'were sweet to be forgotten here,
For memory ends all strife,
But hard, indeed, to die, my dear,
If dying ended life.
Ah! precious is the faith, we hold
Of future joy, and song.
Come closer, we have grown so old,
Sure Death will come e'er long.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Myra had passed the drawing-room, as she went toward her own chamber. The tall windows, most of them opening into balconies, were open, and in one of these, leaning on the stone balustrade, young Roxburg stood conversing with the being for whom she had been willing to sacrifice herself; but whose destiny had, in a single hour, been snatched from her hands. How forcibly that bright picture of the homage and luxury that she had hoped to give the fair girl, by one overwhelming act of self-abnegation, smote upon Myra's heart.

But the revelations of the last hour had changed everything. Now the poor woman was helpless, and stood there, gazing across the room, dazed and dumb, with the agony of this knowledge. As she looked, Lady Alton came sweeping down the room, with the angry movement of a bird of prey. When she came opposite the window her steps were arrested, and she stood with her head uplifted, and one foot advanced, regarding the picture on the balcony, with flashing anger in her eyes.

Sweeping suddenly around, the lady retreated to the other end of the room, and dashed into brilliant snatches of conversation with Mr. Vance, moving restlessly about the room, as she talked.

Then Lady Holden came in sight, gliding with her usual languid grace, to a sofa, opposite the window, where those two persons seemed lost to everything but themselves. This was a new cause of painful interest to Myra, whose eyes wandered from the gentle, but somewhat worn, beauty of her face, to that in the balcony, wondering that no one had yet remarked the singular resemblance. Surely no two persons, of widely different age, ever presented a more perfect likeness. The golden brown hair, the soft, hazel eyes, the proud, graceful poise of the head, were all alike.

Myra was occupied with this thought, when she saw Prime coming in, by another door, apparently unconcerned, and with his old, pompous air.

Then Myra shrunk away, and ran quickly up to her own room. The very sight of that man drove her wild, so wild, that she was unconscious of the act, when she undressed herself, and crept into that sumptuous bed.

There the poor woman lay all night long, ever more wretched. In all the world there was no hope for her. The last chance of restitution, the privilege of sacrifice, had been torn from her; confession would be of no avail. In her own ruin, she had involved that of the being she loved better than herself.

How could she act? How was it possible to convince the people she had wronged of her own sin? Satisfied in the supposed restoration of their child, who had been accepted both by themselves and the law, was it possible that they would take the word of a stranger, who must proclaim herself a criminal, as the very groundwork of her confession? Turn as she might, there was no hope for her, none for the young creature, whom she had wronged so terribly.

It was the agony of these thoughts, that made the wretched woman writhe upon her bed, and moan in the disturbed sleep that fell upon her, just before the dawn.

She was lying thus, when Jane stole into the room. She, too, had been kept awake, with a crowd of bewildering thoughts, and was anxious about the strange conduct of her sister.

"Esther—Esther—wake up—wake up. Some dream is tormenting you," she exclaimed, startled by that wan face.

The woman started up, and fixed her wild eyes on the sweet face bending over her.

"Esther—no—no. I am Myra. Never call me Esther again. I have wanted to tell you so, a thousand times, but—but—"

"Oh, Esther, are you so ill as this? Try and compose yourself. Your talk frightens me."

"Frightens you. No wonder. Such things are apt to kill one—only not at once."

"My poor sister, you are dreaming yet. Lean against me, dear, while I put the hair back from your face."

"No, do not touch me. Innocent things like you must never handle serpents."

"Oh, sister, how can you be so cruel."

"Cruel to you, Dosy. Oh, I never meant it. I—what have I been saying, dear?"

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Myra put up one hand, as she spoke, patting the girl's face. The harshness had gone out of her own face and voice.

"Saying," repeated Jane, kissing the hand, still extended to caress her, "nothing that I should have regarded. Your sleep must have been broken with horrid dreams, and I awoke you suddenly."

"Yes, the dream was horrible," answered Myra, shuddering down in the bed.

"We'll forget that. It was only a dream. Last night, I came to tell you something; but you were tired, and so cross."

"Cross, Dosy."

"Dosy: how strange, you have called me by that queer name, twice this morning," said the girl, with a puzzled look. "I wonder if I ever heard it before."

Myra did not answer; but looked at her earnestly.

At last, Jane broke into a soft laugh, as if mocking her own thoughts.

"Dosy—Dosy. Do you know, Esther, it seems to me, as if I had heard that dear, little name before, whispered to me in a sea-shell."

Myra started.

"And—and beautiful, bright waters around me," continued the girl, dreamily.

"Well!"

Jane laughed, and shook her head.

"Oh, it was only a dream like yours, of course, it could be nothing else, but pleasanter. It has been in my mind before; but I never could get hold of the name. Dosy—Dosy! How strange."

Myra sat upright among her pillows, and Jane was surprised to see flashes of the old fire shining through the dark heaviness of her eyes, and swift gleams of color struggling across the pallor of her cheeks.

"Was that all? Did your dreams stop there? Mine have been terrible. Tell me more of yours!"

Jane smiled, and shook her head.

"How can I? Oh, yes, one thing! My bare feet left tracks in the sand."

"But the shell—the shell. What was it like?"

"Like? Why, mottled brown and gold; but rough and marked with lines. Of course I never saw one like it. How should I, when the thing came out of my dreams?"

"Would you know that shell if it were real?"

"What an idea, Esther. Why, yes; it really does seem real to me, since we have been talking about it."

Myra sank slowly back to her pillows, and closed her eyes, drawing a long, deep breath. Was it possible, that, out of this vague memory, some hope might come for her?

"Now," said the girl, with rising color, and a little hesitation in her words. "Now that we have got through with our dreams, I want something of you, very much, indeed."

"Of me, dear child? Well?"

"The gentleman they call Barnham; that tall, dashing person you saw upon the lawn, has a yacht lying in the harbor, close by. You can almost see it from here, when you look seaward. He has invited them all to go on board, and take a run along the coast, as far as the Isle of Wight, and they are going."

"The Isle of Wight—who is going? Neither Mr. Vance or Lady Holden?"

"No. Lady Holden seemed to shrink from it; so did Mr. Vance; but Miss Vance was so disappointed, and Lady Alton promised to take such care of us, that I think my lady will give way, if you will only let me go with them. The gentlemen are so anxious. Mr. Roxburg says it is beautiful along the coast."

"Does Lady Holden desire this?"

"I suppose she saw how much I wanted to go," answered the girl, blushing scarlet.

Myra was silent and thoughtful awhile. This sudden and strange request disturbed her greatly; but in all her life she had never refused anything that promised happiness to the girl, and could not deny her now.

"Is the man they call Prime to be of this party?" she questioned.

"No, Esther. He made some excuse. I do not remember what it was."

Still Esther hesitated, and turned away her head to avoid those pleading eyes. Jane felt the tears coming, and rising, hastily, went to the window.

"Here is the captain of the yacht, now," she said, with a brave effort to speak cheerfully. "Mr. Barnham is giving him orders, I daresay. Look, Esther, what a fine, sailor-like fellow!"

Jane gathered up the lace curtain, and held it back as she spoke; while Esther leaned forward from the bed. A single glance was prolonged to a steady, searching gaze. Then she left the bed, hurriedly, gathered the shawl, thrown off the night before, around her, and went to the window.

Upon the lawn, standing, cap in hand, before Barnham of Backwell, she saw a strong, upright man, apparently somewhat above thirty, in the regulation dress of the yachting club, which gave a certain degree of elegance to his powerful figure. Even from that distance, she could distinguish the expression of those clear, gray eyes, and the smile on that honest, sunburned face.

Esther turned from the window, without

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speaking a word. Some new cause of excitement seemed to have come upon her, for she began to arrange her dress with one hand.

"I must go out," she said. "The air will do me good. Do not look anxious—I have been in the park before."

Then, as if suddenly remembering, she added:

"It shall be as Lady Holden wishes, with regard to this cruise in the yacht."

"Ah, you are always so good," said Jane, wondering that the eyes she looked into were filling with tears.

CHAPTER XXX.

The captain of the yacht, Harold, having taken his orders from Barnham of Backwell, made his way down the grand avenue. Some distance from the house he saw a woman, with a dark veil thrown over her head, and one arm supported by a scarf of dusky crimson? Strange, but his heart stood still as she drew near; and the first glance of her eyes chained him to the earth.

"Barnaby—Barnaby Bates!" the woman cried.

This name, uttered in a voice shaken with emotion, sent the blood, with a rush, through his frame. He held out both hands.

"Myra—oh, Myra! Have you risen from the dead?"

The woman tried to answer, but her voice broke, and nothing more was uttered between those two, during a full half-minute; but the sailor held her hand between both his hard palms, and they looked into each others eyes, wondering at their incapacity for speech.

"Oh, Barnaby. I should have had no friend on the broad earth, if you had forgotten me," said the woman, at last. "Not one—not one!"

"I am glad of that," said Barnaby, wringing her hand. "What do you want of any other, so long as I am here? But tell me—tell me—"

"I will tell you everything, Barnaby—everything; for never in this world did a poor woman need help so much," said Myra, interrupting him. "I was thinking of you, last night. Oh, it must be that the good God sent you here. I have been ill—very ill. You are looking at my arm. It is broken; but that is nothing. Let us go this way, into some place where people never walk. No one but you must hear."

Barnaby kept her hand in his. It was quivering like a frightened bird; and as if it had indeed been one, he smoothed it softly with his disengaged palm, as they walked on together.

Once in the depths of the woods, Myra paused.

"Well," he said, "there is the old frightened look in your face, just as I saw it that night, when you called me out of bed, to get out my boat, and help you run awny. I saw that rascal, Prime, up yonder, just now. Has he got a hand in this trouble of yours?"

"He is crushing me to death."

"Ah, and you are trembling, Myra. Sit down here, on the roots of this old oak, while I stand back and listen. You need not tire yourself by looking at me, I shall hear every word."

Myra gave the kind fellow one look of gratitude, and sat down. While he leaned against the oak, with folded arms, and a face that grew more serious each moment, she cowered, like a criminal, at his feet, and told him everything, her crime, her flight, her struggles, and the bitter repentance that had, at last, driven her back to England.

When she had done, he seated himself by her side, and again took her hand, tenderly, in his.

"Then it was to save that child from being sold back to its parents, that you carried it off."

"Yes, Barnaby. The threat drove me mad."

"Poor thing, poor thing; and you were so young. We were both very young in those days, Myra; but I loved you then, and I love you more dearly now."

"When you know what I have done. Oh, Barnaby!"

For the first time, since Myra began her confession, she lifted her eyes. They were flooded with tears.

"More dearly than ever," answered Barnaby. "Didn't you starve, that the child might be kept alive in the boat. Didn't you work like a slave, to bring her up as a lady should be, and, in doing it, make a lady of yourself, among people so low down in life, that they ridiculed and tormented you at every step. The wonder is that you did not break down and die."

"Oh, you cannot tell how dear that child was to me. All the joy I had was in feeling that I was her slave, and might work out some redemption for the wrong I had done. All the time, I meant to bring her home, when she was old enough to feel unhappy in the life I could give her. I had an insane idea, that my own care and toil, should make her the lady she was by birth. It was so hard to give her up, that I dreaded to see her change from a pretty child, into a fair girl, and from that into the first bloom of womanhood; for in my soul, I had promised to take her back to England, when that time should come, and give her up to the parents I had robbed, and when she entered on her inheritance, take leave of her forever, and go back to my old life alone. But now, what can I do—what can I do?"

"Don't, Myra, don't give way so."

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"Oh, I've so wronged my darling, who, up to this hour, loves and reveres me as her sister—her sister, and she the heiress of all this. The child of that most lovely lady, and I—oh, Barnaby, you know what a wretched, little pariah I was, when you were so kind to me on the Isle of Wight. Did you think then, that I should ever do a thing like this?"

Myra lifted her eyes, with a piteous look of appeal, to the kind face, that was now bending over her. It was quivering with emotions.

"I thought then, that you were the wildest, brightest, and best girl in the world, and I think it yet. How could you tell? In short, Myra, it is that man, Prime, who deserves to suffer for all this, not you. If he hadn't frightened you to death, the little girl would have been given back to its mother, and no harm done. As it is, he is the person, who has cheated her out of her rightful place in the world, and who has got to suffer for it, sooner or later, if there is any justice on earth. You have done all that is possible to set things right. Besides, the young lady has been happy enough with you. Who would not be?"

"But she has seen all this, and loves it," said Myra, looking around. "It seems as if I had brought her into Paradise, only to drag her away, when it is most beautiful. Oh, Barnaby, if you could have seen her, last night. Among all the ladies up yonder she was the loveliest."

"And that saucy, black-eyed sister of yours is playing the lady, in her place," said Barnaby, and a gleam of amusement broke through the moisture in his eyes. "If you did not take it so much to heart, one might see a good deal of comedy in it."

"Comedy," repeated Myra, with a bitter smile, "see how that bad man has bound me hand and foot. If I had the power to denounce this fraud, it would be at the cost of ruin to this poor girl, and worse than that to my own mother, who has been almost an innocent accomplice from the first."

Barnaby was greatly perplexed. Even his clear mind could discover no way of helping the poor woman.

"Wait," he said, at length, "be patient, and speak of this to no one. So far as I ever saw, wickedness like this does not go on forever. Sooner or later, the man, Prime, will be exposed. He is often with my employer. They sometimes cruise whole days together, on the Harold. Be sure that I shall watch him closely. It will not be the first time I've baffled him for your sake."

Spite of herself, Myra was comforted. She almost smiled.

"But if the worst comes to the worst, there is no reason why you should break your heart in this fashion. The young lady has been happy enough with you till now, and will be more so, when we are married, and I am captain of a merchantman, which is sure to be; for I have given Barnham notice, and am engaged on a line, that runs from Liverpool to New York. I've been in that last place before, Myra, searching for you."

"Searching for me, Barnaby?"

"Yes, Myra. That one letter you wrote to me, from the States, saying that you were alive and well, just preyed on me, so that I couldn't force myself to stay at home; but got the old man to consent, and just shipped myself from Liverpool. But the States were so large, that a poor fellow felt himself lost, when he got there. I wore my shoes off, searching the streets of New York for you, but could not get the least news."

Here, Barnaby leaned forward, and looked with pleading earnestness, into Myra's eyes.

"Won't you speak to me, Myra. I'm ready to adopt the young lady, as my own sister, or daughter, or anything you like, so it won't be of so much consequence, if she isn't a great lady. When I thought that pretty, little thing was really your sister, I always had the idea in my mind; for I never gave you up—never."

"Oh, Barnaby; but you must. How can I burden you with my misery and my sins?"

If there was discouragement in these words, the voice, in which they were uttered, was broken with tender gratitude, and the poor fellow would not accept them as a refusal.

"If you only knew how much I have thought of this, before the mast, at night, or up in the rigging, when the winds whistled like fury around me; and how proud I was—and all for your sake—when the owners gave me a lift, and I rose from mate to captain? I'm sure you wouldn't have the heart to disappoint me."

Myra arose, and held out her hand.

"I should not have the heart to disappoint you in anything, if I were more worthy, or had the power of making anyone happy."

"Oh, Myra, you could make me the happiest fellow, that ever stood before the mast."

Myra sighed, heavily.

"Ah, me, if it were possible," she said.

Barnaby grew serious; his face clouded, with a look of reproach.

"Is it that you cannot care for me, Myra? Have you found some other person in the States to love?"

"No, Barnaby, no! Cannot you see, that my love curses everything it falls on? How can you wish it then?"

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"I wish to make you a happier woman, and I will, so long as you love no one else. I take no refusal. Good-bye, now. You will be sure to hear of me again."

Barnaby lifted the hand he had taken to his lips, blushing a little, while he covered his confusion with a deprecating smile.

"It's the first time, Myra, so you must not take it amiss," he said, turning away.

If Myra took this impulse of affection in bad part, she had a strange way of expressing resentment; for her pale face flushed suddenly, and her eyes followed Barnaby's retreating figure, as he strode down the avenue, till it could no longer be seen, through the mist that blinded them. When he was out of sight, she sat down on the roots of that old oak, and fell into thought, that seemed to relax the lines of care, that had aged her face, and diffuse a soft glow of color, where all had been almost ashen paleness before. At last, she arose, murmuring:

"Yes, some one loves me—even me."

CHAPTER XXXI.

I HAVE said that the Barnhams of Backwell were an old, time-honored family in the county, and, up to this period, the new man had kept his place among the proudest and best of its residents. It was not yet known that he had dealt, heavily, in *post-obits*, with the Jews, and could only expect to release their hold on his inheritance, by some lucky chance on the turf, or a wealthy marriage.

To this end, the young man had come down to his neglected old mansion, with his widowed sister, as the *chatelaine*, and a select number of friends, whose tastes and pursuits promised to make his seclusion endurable. Among these friends, he had invited the young American, as a concession to the sister, and Henry Prime, also, whom he had been made to believe, would be an important agent in his plans regarding the heiress of Aldensgate.

Since Prime had drawn so liberally on the gratitude of Asher Vance, and thrown off the burden of a slatternly wife, by persuading her to take another name, and assume the character of a widow, until he should be in a condition to lift her once more to his own high life, he had become well known as a turfman, and had managed to gain admittance into the gambling clubs, where men of established rank sometimes amused themselves. In this way, he became acquainted with young Barnham

Shrewd, keen, and endowed with sufficient education for that kind of friendship, Prime soon made himself master of the young man's difficulties, and saw in them an avenue to his own advancement. Of late years, Vance had become very weary of Prime's rapacious demands, and in most instances resisted them with impatience. Indeed, for some time, his presence at Aldensgate had been coldly discouraged, and remittances from that source limited to an unsatisfactory degree.

The result of all this was debts, wherever credit could be obtained, and a pressure for payment, that made Barnham's invitation to Backwell, not only a desirable lift in the social scale, but a refuge from the clamorous threats of his creditors.

All this, Prime flattered himself, would be changed, when Barnham should, through his influence, become the husband of the dashing young beauty, who was about to enter the great world, as the heiress of a title, and the enormous revenue attached to it. By his contract, a portion of this wealth would be paid over to him. In fact, through the secret, held only by himself, and the woman, who lived in the cottage, near Mosley—his unacknowledged, but most obedient wife—there need be no limit to his rapacity; for he had but to whisper that secret to the false heiress, or the man who married her, to make them both the slaves of his will.

This double game of villany prospered beyond his expectations, when that little carriage, containing the heiress, came crashing down the streets of Mosley, and hurled her, shrieking and mad with fear, almost at his feet, while Barnham was looking on from his high drag.

Nothing could have been more picturesque, than this first meeting. Indeed, it required little exaggeration, to insure himself the position of that young girl's savior, a second time; an advantage that he adroitly secured, and with it, an invitation for himself and the party at Backwell, to Aldensgate Hall.

But here the evil genius, that sometimes mocks such men, after luring them into a morass of difficulties, made itself visible. The very first night of his stay at the Hall, when everything seemed to be working out his purpose, Prime had left the gentlemen to their wine, and sauntered into the park, in the full enjoyment of a cigar, well satisfied with the success that had followed all his movements. Once more, he had obtained a foothold in Aldensgate. A new claim had been established on the gratitude of its inmates. There was no doubt that Barnham had thrown heart and soul into his pursuit of Dora, who had received his admiration, and encouraged his advances, with the *finesse* of an experienced coquette.

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This troubled Prime a little, and he almost bit through his cigar, while thinking of it; for bad men are often the most severe critics of female conduct; and he had not been able to disguise to himself, that this girl, whom he had loved to think of, as placed, by his own genius, among the highest and brightest in the land, compared coarsely with the native grace, and gentle demeanor of the American maiden, who had conversed so pleasantly with her countryman at the table.

It was necessary that Prime should seek his wife at her cottage, in order to satisfy her of his continued interest in her affairs, and direct her conduct, during his stay in the neighborhood. Always sure of her devotion, he endured, with some impatience, the lavish joy of her greeting, and hushed the hysterical tears and laughter with which it was accompanied, with contemptuous severity.

It was some time, however, before the poor woman could control herself sufficiently, to listen or comprehend the crafty lesson he was giving her; but she was watching him move up and down the room, with a nervous desire to understand, when Myra broke in upon them, and after the stormy interview, fled into the park again.

Though Prime had borne himself resolutely, the presence of this strange girl had shaken his steel-like nerves, and utterly discomposed him. With a few brief and confused directions to the poor woman, who crouched in a low chair, rocking herself, and sobbing, he left the house, pausing at the door, to enjoin strict silence on all that had happened.

The man had his hand upon the gate in the wall, and was about to swing it open, when some one touched his arm, gently, at first, then with a firmer grasp.

"Henry Prime. That being the name, there isn't no manner of use in trying to wrench or wriggle out of it. The paper as I holds you with, is too reg'lar for that."

Prime turned, squarely round now, and saw that a hard, thin-faced man, having closed the gate, with a twist of the hand, stood in front of him, blocking the way.

"It isn't as if we hadn't never met afore, now is it? You knows me, and I'm blest if I don't know you. So we can go about our little business quite friendly."

"Well, what is it now?" questioned Prime, rallying, and with more composure, than his previous agitation seemed to permit.

"Benton & Barns. Only a hundred and fifty p'unds. Just a flea-bite for a gent, as is airing hisself amon' the high gentry."

"One hundred and fifty," said Prime, feeling in his pockets, as if anxious to discharge the sum, at once. "Upon my soul, I don't happen to have the sum about me, little as it is; but if you can wait till morning, my good friend—"

"Couldn't speak of it. Orders are to bring the money or the man, up to London."

"Very well," said Prime, with assumed cheerfulness. "Then you must go with me up to the Hall, my fine fellow; but understand, you are my valet, just come down with important papers."

"Which I has, undoubtedly."

"And your duties may keep you in my room, late at night."

"Perhaps, till the blessed morning," rejoined the man, with a shrewd wink, "and after that, I may be follering you round for orders."

"Exactly. Now let us move on."

They did move on. The sharp-faced stranger, walking with a quick, jerky step, and vigilantly watching his companion, all the way. But his manner changed, as he entered the house. There he glided about, like a shadow, always watching his charge; but so quietly, that no one observed him.

Vance was in the drawing-room, when Prime entered it; and the seeming valet hovered near the door, outside. Myra passed him, on the way to her chamber; but without knowing that he was there. Then Prime came into the hall with Mr. Vance, and these two went into the library together. The man from London followed, and planted himself near the door, which was left slightly ajar. Through this crevice came an arrow of light, and the sound of voices, to which the watcher bent his ear and listened.

Prime spoke first, in a low, caressing voice, so subdued in its false tones, that no word came clearly through the opening. Then Mr. Vance answered, loud and clear, like a man whose patience had been tried to the utmost.

"No, Prime, no. I have wasted thousands on you already. The ink is scarcely dry on the check I gave you. Now five hundred pounds more is wanted. To such demands, there must come an end sometime. A smaller sum! No, not even that."

The voice in which Prime answered this, was louder than it had been, and heated with anger; still only a word or two could be heard.

"A long, terrible journey—ingratitude—daughter!"

These words came disjointedly; but they seemed to sting the proud man who heard them.

"Let my daughter's name pass. You have made

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her an object of traffic too long; and, I must say, have given her an inordinate opinion of services already acknowledged in full."

Vance said this with decision, as men speak when they wish to put an end to disagreeable interviews; and even while speaking, advanced toward the door.

The London man slunk back into the darkest corner of the passage, and from his retreat, watched the faces of the two men, as they came out. Vance turned toward the drawing-room, with very little appearance of discomposure; but Prime's face was flushed, and there was a gleam in his eyes, that rather surprised the watcher, who had, as yet, seen only the lighter phases of the man's evil character.

"You here! Well, come in," said the disappointed financier, as he turned to close the door of his chamber, to which he at once retreated. "I have made sure of the money, to-morrow. So this will not last long."

A slow, but very meaning smile, crept over the man's face, as he entered.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Henry Prime had but one method of relieving himself from the espionage of his London visitor, and much against his will, sought Barnham, the next morning. That young gentleman was on one of the lower terraces, conversing with Barnaby Bates, who had come up to Aldensgate, to receive orders about the yacht.

As Prime advanced toward these two men, he recognized something familiar in the sailor's frank face, and when he came close enough to distinguish it clearly, a thrill of superstitious dismay fell upon him; for in the bronzed and stalwart captain of the Harold, he recognized the young fisherman. He recognized the youth, who had so adroitly baffled his pursuit of Myra and the child, when they escaped from the Isle of Wight.

No wonder that the man was seized with a sudden shock of the nerves. Within twenty-four hours, the only persons, who possessed any knowledge of that event, had arisen, as if from the dead, to cross his path.

He understood that Barnaby was now the master of Barnham's yacht, on which the party from Aldensgate was to set sail, the next day. A life of adventure had taught this man to arrange his ideas quickly, even in the heat of excitement, and all the dangers of this appearance presented itself to him at once.

What if Myra should go on board the Harold, with the rest, and thus come face to face with her lost lover, who would be likely to identify her before the whole company? The united knowledge of these two persons might prove disastrous in the extreme. What if he should be compelled to leave Aldensgate, and trust his designs to the mercy of such dangerous chances, just as they seemed about to culminate in a grand success?

Always sensually self-indulgent, and, so far as the chances of fortune permitted, luxurious in his habits, the idea of a debtor's prison was in itself a horror to him; but now it seemed absolute ruin. In his absence, what security had he, that the weak woman, in the cottage at Mosley, would not be won to give up her secret? True, she had found the courage and mental strength to keep it, and even act as his partisan, while the hope of yet being recognized as his wife, with visions of unlimited finery in the distance, led her on; but would this strength last against the passionate pleading of her first-born child, aided, as it might happen, by the haughty neglect of the young heiress, who had already taken upon herself the airs of a mistress toward a servant, whenever she visited the cottage.

In addition to all these causes of apprehension, came a bitter remembrance, that the true heiress of Aldensgate was already within its walls, and, in a few weeks, had found her way to the hearts of its owners, more closely, than the false one had ever succeeded in doing.

These thoughts brought drops of moisture to Prime's forehead. These he hastened to wipe away with his handkerchief, thus half concealing his face, as Barnaby lifted his cap to Barnham, and passed down the terrace, toward the avenue, where he was destined to encounter Myra, as has been already described.

Directly, Prime sauntered up to the place, where Barnham was standing, and addressed that gentleman, with his usual familiarity.

"I have just been thinking that we had better give up this little excursion, around the island," he said, "or, at least, delay it. Things seem to be going at cross purposes in yonder."

"Indeed! How?"

"Why, Lady Holden talks as if she intended to matronize her own daughter."

"The deuce! That would be unpleasant."

"Then my Lady Alton is so much occupied with her own affairs, that—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," Barnham broke in, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But how is the arrangement to be changed?"

"Why, of course, some accident to the yacht, which the captain came to report—"

"Well, well, I leave the explanation to you. No one understands that sort of thing better."

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This was a dismissal, but Prime still stood, with some embarrassment, digging his cane into the turf.

"My fellow," he said, glancing at the man from London, who had halted at a respectful distance, "has brought down some accounts that I had forgotten. It is a principle with me never to let a tradesman wait; but my bank account has run confoundedly, and I hardly dare venture to draw upon it. If you have cashed Vance's check, would it be perfectly convenient to let me have the amount? You shall have my acceptance to double the amount."

Barnham's first impulse was to shrug his shoulders, and decline. But it might be dangerous to offend by a refusal. Very reluctantly, it must be confessed, he drew forth his note-case, and counted the notes he had received for the check, into Prime's hand.

"Now let us drop into the library, and make out the security," said Prime, with a dignified business air. "No amount of friendship should excuse a man for negligence in such matters."

Within an hour from this time, the London man was seen riding away from Mosley, on the top of a railway omnibus, looking particularly well satisfied; but afterward, during his visit to Aldensgate, Prime was often heard to bemoan the absence of his valet, and threaten to discharge him altogether, if he remained much longer from his post of duty.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Lady Holden, whose frail health gave her almost the habits of an invalid, had not yet recovered from the nervous shock of her daughter's accident, and had been, more than was usual, confined to her own apartments, during the visit of her guests from Backwell. Thus it happened that Mr. Vance, whose devotion to her was constant, found himself, to a great degree, withdrawn from the duties, of what was to him almost enforced hospitality, while Dora, enchanted with the position of hostess, entered into its duties with a dash, and seconded all the arrangements of Lady Alton, without being in the least aware that she was a puppet in that lady's hands. Thus it happened, that in their rides and drives, and especially in the amusements indoors, or games upon the lawn, young Barnham was most frequently the partner or companion of the young heiress, and it was no unusual thing to see them wandering away into the park, with Lady Alton, and, perhaps, Prime in company, forming a pleasant group, so long as they were in sight of the Hall; but once within the shadows of the park, Prime would be seized with an ardent desire to consult a game-keeper about the birds or foxes, or my lady would become weary, and find a cosy nook in the shade, where she would sit down and read some volume, in which she became so intensely interested, that her young companions might wander off, without attracting her attention.

In this way, an intimacy was established between Barnham and the girl heiress, which might have startled the parents of that wayward young person, had it not been carefully concealed from their observation.

This artful arrangement left Roxburg much to his own leisure, and frequently threw him into the society of the young stranger, known as Jane Benson, from whom both the heiress and her lady visitor kept haughtily aloof, until the companionship of these young persons was fast verging into a mutual love-dream, that deepened into an abiding passion, so gently, that beautiful Aldensgate became a Paradise to them both.

When Lady Alton became aware of this, she broke into open rebellion against her brother, who had so selfishly monopolized her time in his own interest.

"Nonsense, Louisa," he said. "Your fox has got into a safe covert, and will never be routed into the open field again. I saw that before he had been twenty-four hours at Aldensgate. You had a fair chance in London, at Backwell, too, and might have run the fellow down here, if that demure little beauty from the States hadn't broken into the chase. Give it up, my lady, give it up. A disenchanted man is like trout that has felt the hook, you never get him back to the same bait."

The frank rudeness of this speech brought fire into Lady Alton's eyes, and a hot crimson to her cheeks, that denoted further rebellion. Barnham saw this, and began to soothe her.

"You see, Loo," he continued, in a more conciliatory fashion, "this young fellow may not be half so wealthy as he is reported to be. You have nothing but public rumor for that. Besides, these trans-atlantic men make no settlements on their wives, and most of them insist upon living in their own country."

The lady lifted her beautiful shoulders, with a shudder of disgust.

"It isn't as if you loved the cad," he said.

A scornful smile was the only reply.

"Or wouldn't have found him deucedly in the way, among our own people," said Barnham.

"You can hardly imagine that I would have permitted that," was the haughty reply.

Barnham laughed.

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"At any rate, he has saved us the necessity of putting him down, unless you still intend to pursue a forlorn hope. During the next few weeks, I shall expect you to give me your entire energies. My gold-fish is fairly hooked, and will be in the basket, by that time. Then your turn shall come."

Lady Alton smiled, doubtingly.

"When I am fairly seated here, your own position will rise to a level with mine."

"But I tell you, neither Vance or my lady, will ever consent. The very proposal will put them on their guard," said the affectionate sister, glad to throw back some of the truth, he had stung her with.

Barnham smiled, somewhat bitterly.

"Besides," continued the lady, enjoying his discomfiture, "I can see no reason why her ladyship should not live to be ninety, and the estates are entailed."

"No," answered Barnham, sharply, "not all. By the old earl's will, enough, to satisfy even a more needy man than I am, will come to the young lady, on her wedding-day. Prime has made sure of that."

"Prime," repeated the sister, with scorn.

"But I have confirmed his report, beyond all question."

"You are sure of this," said the lady, whose interest in the matter was becoming intense, "because I am certain that both Vance and Lady Holden will refuse their daughter to any man living, until she has reached an age, that would make it useless to seek her. There must be a presentation, a season or two in London, admirers by the score, no doubt, and you know what that means."

"It means that she will drift a hundred miles beyond my reach, but—"

Then Barnham looked around, as if to insure himself that no one was within hearing, then bent his head, and spoke in a low whisper.

Lady Alton started, and a quick exclamation broke from her. Barnham laid his hand over her mouth.

"Hush! For heaven's sake do not speak so loud."

This conversation had taken place in the picture gallery, at Aldensgate, on the day before the Backwell party were to return home, and the startled warning of the young man was given, because two persons appeared, that moment, at the other end, and stood there, before one of the pictures; but evidently absorbed in each other. These two were Roxburg and Jane Benson.

Lady Alton's eyes flashed fire, and her lips curled.

"Step back—step back, or they will see you," whispered Barnham.

An oriel window was behind them, over which a curtain of purple velvet had been partly drawn, filling that end of the gallery with violet shadows. Behind this drapery, Barnham drew his companion, almost forcibly.

Lady Alton trembled with anger, as she looked upon the two lovers. For no one could have mistaken the grace, the earnestness, and vital passion, that held those two persons in one position so long. The girl had been looking upward at the picture, where two lovers were standing by a moss-grown well. The female, a fair, dainty, peasant girl, had placed the pitcher she had brought, on the stone-work, and was looking down at it, wistfully, while a young man, who had surprised her at the well, was bending forward, holding both her hands in his, and pleading, what seemed to be, a doubtful cause; for her head was turned partly from him.

"If I were pleading like that, with your hands in mine, and my heart on my lips, pleading for the best hope of my life, would you turn from me? Would you strive to wring your hands free, with that impatient gesture?"

This was what the young man was saying, as the excited woman, behind the curtain, stood gazing upon him. While he spoke, the girl's two hands were clasped in his, and his fine face was bent over her, imploringly; for the humility of great love was struggling within him, and at such times the proudest man is humble.

The girl did not answer him at once; but her eyes fell from the picture, and their lashes drooped lower and lower, till they almost touched the scarlet of her cheeks; but there was no effort to wrest her hands away; and, even from that distance, those watchers could see the lace on her bosom, rise and fall, with her emotion.

"You will not answer me," pleaded the man once more. "Yet I love you so dearly, that one word would be heaven, or a disappointment so cruel that I could hardly endure it."

The girl lifted her eyes, and her sweet mouth trembled with smiles. She could not speak; but the expression of her face was enough. Instantly those two little hands were lifted to his lips, drawing her so close to him, that her bowed head almost rested on his bosom.

All this, Lady Alton and her brother saw, from the covert, behind the purple curtains.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Lady Holden was alone in her dressing-room, three days after the return of her guests to Backwell. For some cause, other than her usual

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ill-health, a sense of relief had fallen upon her, when these uncongenial persons took their leave, and the quiet routine of her life went on. Perhaps it was the society of that strange girl, that had caused this sudden rise of spirits; for it so happened, that the seclusion of Myra, and the constant activity of the young heiress, had thrown Jane almost constantly with the lady of the house; and that which, at first, seemed scarcely more than a romantic fancy, had deepened into abiding affection between the two.

That day, Jane was sitting on a low chair, almost at the lady's feet, embroidering a web of rich Persian colors, on a back-ground of heavy satin, which was heaped in waves of dead gold on her lap. The lady was lying among the cushions of a low couch, that swelled around her softly, blue as a summer sky, over which the delicate commingling of muslin and lace in her dress fell and floated, like the trailing of a cloud.

"What is it, dear child, that you wish to tell me?" said my lady, at last, speaking in a slow, sweet voice, as if she had been continuing some conversation. "Or is it that you wish first to consult your sister?"

Jane looked up, suddenly, and both hands fell down to the work in her lap, and a crimson blush spread over her whole face. For a moment, she seemed to be struggling for words.

"No, I—I—would rather tell it to you, dear lady. Esther is not like herself, since we came here, and it might make her worse to know—to know what I have been thinking about."

"But it would not make *me* worse. Nothing you can say will ever do that, unless it is to confess that you are tired of Aldensgate, and wish to leave us."

Jane caught these words, breathlessly, as if they had a new meaning for her.

"Wish to leave you? Oh, I shall never want to do that, only—only—"

Lady Holden sat upright on her couch, and the color faded from her face.

"Only what, my child?"

"I don't know. It was that which I wished to tell you. I can never be happy till some one knows. Perhaps, you may think it wrong, that I can dream of being happy at all; for it seems like a dream; but, oh, such a beautiful dream! My lady, some one loves me."

Lady Holden bent forward, and kissed that hot and blushing face; but her own countenance was troubled, and her lips were tremulous.

"Yes, dear child, I love you."

The dead gold embroidery fell to the floor, and, in a moment, Jane was kneeling on it, with her face buried in Lady Holden's lap.

"Oh, my lady, forgive me—forgive me; but it is another person. You will not believe that he can be in earnest, and I only a poor orphan girl, with no one belonging to me, but my poor, dear sister; but he does—he does!"

Lady Holden was very pale now; but she smoothed the girl's hair tenderly, though the slender hand trembled in its meshes.

"Who is the man?" she questioned. "Not Barnham of Backwell?"

"No—no! Both he and his sister looked down upon me too much for that. Besides, I did not like him at all."

"Of course: how could you?"

"But Mr. Roxburg is so different."

Lady Holden's hand lay, for half a minute, resting, heavily, on the girl's head.

"An American," she said, at length, "then he would take you away."

"Take me away? I have not thought of that. I know that he loves me; nothing more."

"And you love him?"

The girl lifted her face, and those brown eyes flashed out like diamonds, from under their drooping lids.

"Oh, my lady!"

That moment the Persian curtain, that served as a portière, was thrown back, and Miss Vance entered the room. She was dressed for a walk.

"So," she said, flashing a scornful glance on the kneeling girl, "I need not have troubled myself to ask if I could be spared long enough to inquire after my good nurse. You find it so easy, mamma, to fill my place, I need not fear being missed."

Without waiting for consent or rebuke, the imperious young lady flung back the portière again, and disappeared; a look of angry defiance burning on her face, as she left the house, and crossed into the park.

Two of the game-keepers, who saw her pass, looked at each other, and laughed a little coarsely. One even said, but partly under his breath, as he made a significant gesture with his hand toward the Hall, "I wonder if they know up yonder, how often she has walked this way, since the Backwell people left."

Unconscious of this rough criticism, the young heiress went on her way, till she came to the gate in the wall, and passed through. Then she saw a saddle-horse, standing under the shelter of a large oak near, and stopped long enough to pat him on the neck, before she entered the cottage. Here, Martha, the nurse, was waiting to receive her, with a beaming countenance, and arms extended for a welcoming embrace.

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"My darling. My bright, precious bird," she exclaimed. "Is it for me you come across the park so often now, or—"

Dora cut the eager question short.

"Oh, you are neither to ask questions or answer them, to any one, my good Martha."

Then motioning the poor woman back with her hand, she avoided the proffered embrace.

"There, there, don't be nonsensical; as if I couldn't understand how much you like me."

"Like you?" answered the woman, with tears of pathetic reproach in her eyes; "as if that was all I feel."

"Well, it must be all, for this time," said Dora, glancing toward the parlor door. "I saw his horse under the oak. Is he here?"

"Yes, he's waiting."

Dora opened the little parlor door, and glided into the room, where Barnham of Backwell stood waiting for her. The woman turned away, sick at heart, and sat down, with both hands pressed to her face, striving, poor thing, to choke back the sobs that would not be suppressed.

"It's because she don't know. How should she? The bright, beautiful darling—how should she? Coming like a bird of paradise out of the grandest hall in the kingdom, in such splendid clothes, and I like this."

Here the woman dropped her hands, and looked down upon her faded and ill-fitting dress.

"But it will not be so always," she half-spoke, half-sobbed. "When she comes to her own, there'll be some one else wearing the silks and satins, that she was used to once. Henry has promised; and Henry always keeps his word, when people will let him; but then it's hard."

Here the woman broke into a fresh burst of tears, the one indulgence that was under her own control but subsided, at last, with a few long drawn sighs, into a state of semi-contentment.

All at once, startled by a movement in the parlor, she pushed the damp hair back from her face, stooped forward, replaced one of the shoes that was half off her foot, and prepared herself for anything that might happen.

Nothing did happen, beyond the appearance of Miss Vance, who came out of the parlor, with a burning color in her cheeks, and fire in her eyes, such as we may observe in a young race-horse, about to try his speed for the first time. Without speaking to the woman, who watched her with a look of woeful yearning in her eyes, she left the cottage, and let herself into the park. Not long after this, Barnham of Backwell came sauntering around the cottage, and, mounting the horse, which stood restlessly under the oak, rode quietly away. As he passed the antique church, Prime joined him, and the two went into Mosley together, talking, in rather loud voices, of the old tablets and wonderful altar screen, of which they were taking sketches.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MATTHEW XIV. 22—33.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Lo, in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.
Keen gusts smite in their teeth;
The hoarse waves chafe beneath
With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course
Hard-won half-way,
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near.
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless, huddled fright,
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master nigh
Speaks softly, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us that strain
Over life's moaning main
Thou drawest near,
And, knowing not Thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes,
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low,
"This joy must thou forego,
Thy first and best."
A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best-loved hands
For churchyard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall
Of that white gleaming pall
By snowflakes made,
Stilling each startled cry,
Thou speakest, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

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HELEN'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

It was not to be expected that old Mr. Appleby, head of the great firm of Appleby & Forsyth, would consent to the marriage of his only daughter to his penniless clerk, though the young man was of excellent character. Will Thornby, himself, modestly admitted this. But neither he, nor Helen, looked for the objections to come just in the way they did.

"A young fellow, who has his way to make in the world, as you have, sir," said the father, "needs a real help-mate, and not a mere bit of ornamental furniture. Helen is a good girl; but she is not fit to be the wife of a poor man. She can no more cook a breakfast, than sail one of my ships. I have explained my views to her often," he continued, glancing over his spectacles at her, as she toyed with a curtain tassel, in her embarrassment, "but she probably thinks me too old-fashioned; she has never put my advice into practice."

"Father," said Helen, reproachfully, "you know I have made an elegant cocoanut cake for tea, a number of times."

"A man cannot live on cocoanut cake, my child. Wholesome bread, a broiled steak, and good coffee, are much better. There is no use in arguing this point. But I like you, sir, and I'll propose a compromise. If my daughter is willing to go to work, and qualify herself on this subject of house navigation, I will not object to you taking her as commander-in-chief of your craft. That's my ultimatum, sir. If Helen learns to cook a Thanksgiving dinner, from beginning to end, I will write out a certificate for her. She can turn it into a marriage certificate, if she likes," and his gray eyes gave a slight twinkle.

"Must she wait until Thanksgiving to serve up her dinner?" asked Will, rather anxiously.

"If she has it ready to serve, in a year from next Thanksgiving, you'll be in luck," said the father, with an incredulous smile. And with these words he dismissed the lovers.

"He wasn't so formidable as I expected," said Will, drawing a long breath.

"But you don't realize," said Helen, ruefully, "what a task he has set me."

"What are the requirements of a Thanksgiving dinner, that is according to your father's standard?"

"Just the things that his mother used to set out in his old New England home. His devotion to this festival is a relic of his early days. Our cook understands it all, for which I am thankful; but how I am to set about learning, is a puzzle. I believe the feast takes in a little of everything in the range of cooking. If I can cook such a dinner, to suit father's taste, I can do anything in the cooking line. But I'll do it," she added.

"You brave girl," cried her lover.

"It will be rather humiliating," said Helen, after awhile, "to ask Rebecca for information on every little thing. I ought to know something about flour, and spices, and such things, to begin with. When I made my cake, Rebecca brought me all the things."

The task, assigned to Helen, might look easy to those, who had been familiar, all their lives, with the details of house-work. But it was a serious undertaking for a lady of her wealth, with no mother to direct her, and only a stately housekeeper and a cook to consult, either one of whom had little patience with this "latest whim," as they called it, of Miss Helen. They would have much preferred her room to her company in the kitchen, and their only hope was that the "cooking fit" would not last long.

Helen kept her secret, of course. But Rebecca began to guess that her father had "promised her something," in case she would qualify herself as a cook. "Maybe a trip to Europe; or, perhaps, a diamond necklace." Helen did not deny, or affirm any of these suspicions, but plodded regularly on her way. There was a touch of obstinacy in her composition, that would not let her give up, or take help, after one or even two, rather unsuccessful experiments in bread-making. She went to work again, after every failure, saying, "I'll do it yet."

It was hard, meanwhile, for her to keep pace with all the social demands of the set in which she moved, and adorned so. A provoking burn on her hand, or a cut on her fingers, caused frequent comments. "You are the most unlucky girl I know of lately," said Pauline Bradley. "You ought to get insured in some sad accident company." But Will looked, with great affection, on these honorable scars, and made much of them.

Another good lesson, she learned, incidentally, by her new business, and that was that "the morning hour has gold in its mouth." If she

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wished uninterrupted time for work, she found she must rise early. This suited her father, who loved a cheerful, bright face opposite him, at his early breakfast; and that was what he had not often seen in the old days, before Helen took to learning cooking.

"Poor father, how solitary it must have been," she thought, when she found how glad he was.

She did her work well, too. She developed capabilities, of which she had never suspected. Perhaps, it was as Longfellow suggests,

> "Ah, how skillful grows the hand,
> That obeyeth Love's command!
> It is the heart and not the brain
> That to the highest doth attain,
> And he who followeth Love's behest
> Far exceedeth all the rest!"

Certainly, nothing else could have given Helen the interest in her new operations, which she felt, every morning. No devotee, in the art of decorating tiles and china plates, ever went about it with more enthusiasm; and it was very pleasant to talk over the morning's success, when evening came, and fortune favored her with a quiet hour with her lover. But this was not often, however, for Mr. Appleby said, "not too much visiting, young man, till we see how this all turns out."

Meantime, the old gentleman approved of her coffee, approved of her breakfast cake, praised the rosy cheeks she was acquiring, and altogether took great comfort in the "improvement going on," as he said, "in his little girl." So much encouragement stimulated, without spoiling, Helen. She had quite a triumph, one week, in the early fall. Rebecca fell sick, when the housekeeper was away on a visit. The upper servant and waiter were instructed not to say a word about "cook's rheumatism:" and so Helen carried on the house, and so efficiently, that her father never missed Rebecca.

"If Mr. Appleby doesn't consider that equivalent to a Thanksgiving dinner," said Will, "he isn't the reasonable man I take him to be. You ought to let me speak to him, Helen," he added.

"Be patient, Will," she replied. "I have ever so much to learn yet. These New England pumpkin pies come next. My father dotes on them."

That November, the country aunts and cousins came up in force, to spend Thanksgiving in the city, according to invitation. The preceding day had been a trying one to Helen. How to calculate for twenty-five guests was the puzzle. But she wisely determined that too much was better than not enough. There were relays of everything baked, or conserved in the store-room, which looked as if it might provision an army.

Helen had been in a little of "a stew," as Rebecca termed it, over her "baked meats." But they had come, from the oven, of the richest shade of brown; and Mr. Appleby's enthusiasm rose with the occasion. The feast, and the familiar faces, made him a boy again, as if once more back on the old New England farm.

When the proud father revealed the fact, that Helen was the architect of that dinner, from the crisp pickles, the amber and ruby jelly, to the old traditional chicken-pie, how the praises came in on every side! Mothers nodded significantly to their daughters, as if to say, "I wonder, when you can do as much." Old aunt Hepzibah said, "city life hasn't spoiled cousin Helen, that's plain," and old aunt Hepzibah was a severe critic.

The bright evening was over, and the house had regained its accustomed quiet. Mr. Appleby was alone in his library, his memory busy, as it always is on these festival days, in calling up vanished faces, which can never again appear at the family gathering. He watched the glowing coals in the grate, so absently, that he did not, at first, notice that two forms had glided in, and stood beside his fire. Will leaned his elbows on the marble of the mantel, and looked inquiringly into the face, which had softer lines upon it than he had ever seen before. Business, for the time, had faded out from the gray eyes, and from the strongly marked features.

There was the same questioning glance in Helen's blue eyes, as she gazed, half tearfully, on her father's face. Mr. Appleby looked up, with a start. He knew, at once, the purport of the lovers' errand. He was not a man given to speech-making; but he had a heart; and Helen was his one ewe lamb. He rose, and joining the hands of the two young people, said, with a choking voice, "William, be worthy of her. Heaven bless you both, my children." Then he paused, long enough for his daughter's good-night kiss, and retired quickly to his own apartment.

In the swift, changing years, that went and came, Helen was never sorry for that season's lesson, which her father had set her to learn. It enabled her to tide over commercial panics; to reef sails when the gales blew; and to ride out safely, storms which wrecked many other ships, that sailed the same seas.

"Good management at home saved me," Will often proudly stated. Nor had Helen lost a line of womanly grace or beauty, by the practice of these womanly arts. Rather had they deepened and widened her character, making her more useful and sympathetic. She never ceased to say, "How glad I am papa made me cook that THANKSGIVING DINNER."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, composed of silk and cashmere. The color is golden-brown, and the fringe and trimmings consist of chenille, tipped with gold and brown beads. The skirt of this costume is of cashmere, and is kilt-plaited quite high above the knee, and ornamented by a wide scarf of silk, trimmed with fringe. This is arranged around the skirt, and is tied, falling in front in two ends richly trimmed with fringe. The bodice is double-breasted, hollowed out below the waist. Tight coat sleeves, ornamented by three buttons on the outside seam, where the sleeve opens, forming the cuff. A deep collarette, made of fringe and beads, is worn with this costume; however, this is optional. Some little variety can be made, by trimming with plain fringe or



No. 1.



No. 2.

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lace, and adding one breadth at the back on the skirt, which fullness may be slightly draped in irregular pouffs. Twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere, and three yards of silk will be required. One and a-half dozen gilt buttons.



No. 3.

No. 2—Is a promenade and visiting-costume, made of prune-colored cashmere, or camel's hair cloth, and silk to match. The skirt is trimmed on the front with a series of eight knife-plaited ruffles, put on to touch each other; the three lowest ones being continued round the back breadths. The tunic is cut in the princess shape—bodice and skirt in one—it opens in front, and is draped in the centre with bows and loops of ribbon. The edge of the tunic is trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting to correspond with the skirt. These knife-plaitings are all of silk. The fullness at the back is arranged in one large pouff. Tight coat sleeves, open on the back seam, and trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting completes this costume. An old silk dress can be utilized for a skirt for this design, as when cut up into knife-plaitings, the soiled or worn parts are concealed. Twelve yards of silk and six yards of cashmere will be required; also four



No. 4.

yards of gros grain ribbon, two inches wide. Small buttons are most fashionable, just now, for closing the front of all dresses.

No. 3—Is a stylish and handsome costume of soft, surah silk and black lace, with cuirass bodice

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of brocade. The front of this skirt is ornamented by alternate ruffles of silk, four inches wide, which are nearly covered by rows of black lace, either the kind called French lace, in imitation of



No. 5.

thread, or Spanish lace, which is very much used for trimming this season, and is very effective. A panel of brocade, edged on both sides with lace, finishes the tablier front. The three lower rows of ruffles and lace, are continued around the bottom of the skirt at the back. Two breadths of the soft, surah silk are required for the fullness at the back of the skirt, where it is arranged in irregular loopings. The long cuirass bodice, which is made of brocade, is simply finished on the edge by one row of lace, which is continued up the front in a jabot, fastened by three rows of black satin ribbon. A double ruche of the lace is continued around the throat. Elbow sleeves trtmmed to correspond. This pattern would be charming carried out in some soft, white silk, brocade and Spanish lace to match, or breton lace put on in knife-plaitings; or it would be suitable for grenadine, or any thin material for evening wear, which is almost universally worn short by all young ladies. Three dozen yards of lace, twelve yards of silk, four and a-half yards of brocade will be required; but in other material this charming costume can be gotten up for comparatively little expense.

No. 4—This pattern comes from one of the best costumers in Paris, and is designed for a very young lady, as a winter costume, having the paletot with pelerine to match. The whole is made of camel's hair cloth, embroidered with a simple design in mohair braid to match. A side-plaited flounce, six inches deep, finishes the edge of the skirt. The tunic is arranged scarf-wise across the front, and draped at the back. This is braided, as seen in the model. A plain round waist, with tight-fitting sleeves, is worn under the paletot. The paletot is quite long and close-fitting, simply bound on the edge with a wide mohair braid. The pelerine is finished in the same way. Cuffs, collar and pockets are braided like the skirt. The pelerine is made separate, and adjusted when necessary; it is entirely optional. Sixteen to eighteen yards of camel's hair cloth will be required. Three dozen buttons. The quantity of braid must be determined by the pattern to be worked.

No. 5—Is a costume for a girl of six years. Broche cashmere and plain cashmere combined. The skirt is bordered with two plaitings of the plain cashmere, and the polonaise is simply looped up at the back beneath a bow and ends of satin ribbon, two inches wide. A deep pointed collar, edged with a plaiting of cashmere, finishes this costume.



No 6.

No. 6—Is a winter coat for a little boy of four to six years, made of heavy, beaver cloth, and with collar and cuffs of fur. A regular little overcoat.

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LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

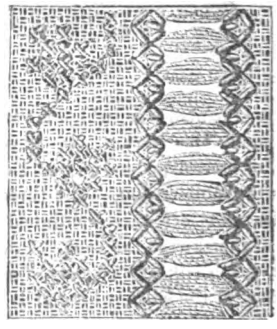
Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

WORK-BAG: WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Take a piece of Java canvas, three-quarters of a yard of satin, for lining and top of bag, two yards of satin ribbon to match, one inch wide. Cut the canvas the desired size, and pull out the threads for the centre stripe as seen in the detail, work in silks or crewel (as may be preferred), the pattern given, in cross-stitch. Finish all round with a vandyked edge, in buttonhole stitch. Line the bag with the satin, and finish at the top with string to draw. Embroider a strip of the canvas for the handles, which finishes the bag.

TABLE-CLOTH AND TOWEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of this number, we give an illustration of a table, with the cloth spread on it, and accompanying it also a towel, engraved by the side of the table. We give these in order to show the new styles of marking table-cloths and towels. The table-cloth is embroidered, with red cotton in cross-stitch: the initials, as will be observed, being very large. The towel is embroidered, at the side of the end, instead of at the middle of the end, as was the old fashion.

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WINTER JACKET, WITH ADDED BASQUE. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY E ILY H. MAY.



We give, here, a new design for a Winter Jacket, with Added Basque, one that promises to be as fashionable as it will be comfortable. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT,

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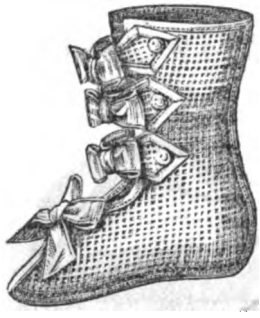
with the patterns, full-size, for cutting it out. They consist of five pieces, viz:

I.—One Front.
II.—Half of Back.
III.—Basque.
IV.—Collar.
V.—Sleeve.

The deepest part of the collar is the front, and the pieces for the jacket are joined according to the letters and notches. This jacket may be made of velvet, cloth, or of the same material as the costume. The buttons look best if of iridescent pearl. A deep fur cape can be worn as illustrated, with this jacket. Or Astracan may be substituted, as less expensive. The trimming for the edge and cuffs is of fur or Astracan.

TWO DESIGNS FOR BABY SOCKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Make of white Canton flannel pique, and bind the parts with narrow white ribbon. Down the front, bows of white ribbon are placed in the centre of vandyked straps of pique, bound with ribbon to correspond, and fitted with small pearl buttons. These are more fashionable than crochet socks.

CARRIAGE RUGS: WITH DETAILS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give engravings of two Carriage Rugs, and the designs may be used, with equal propriety, for Coverlets, or Afghans. We also give, on the page following the two engravings, the details, five cuts in all, of which the three first, numbered I., II. and III., belong to the first engraving, and the two others, numbered IV. and V., to the last.

The first of the two engravings represents a Carriage Rug, which is made of alternate stripes of fine white flannel, and of crocheted blue wool. The flannel stripes must measure four inches wide, and as long as required by the pattern. It is then embroidered according to the designs given in Nos. I. and II., as follows: the stems, leaves, and tendrils, with several shades of green silk, the rosebud with two shades of pink, the blossoms with blue filoselle, and stamina of yellow filoselle. Then work round the long edges, a row of double crochet stitches, very wide apart, and all in one with this row crochet according to No. III., as follows, from the wrong side of the flannel: 1st row: miss 1, 7 treble in both parts of double, miss 1, 1 double in both parts of next double, repeat. 2d row: 3 chain, take up 1 stitch out of each of the next 4 treble, draw them up together as a treble (taking the thread twice through them), * 1 double where the last double was crocheted, 8 stitches taken up from the upper parts of the next 8 stitches, and drawn up twice, as before, repeat from *. Repeat twice the 1st and 2d rows, letting the pattern occur in reversed position; that is, crochet the 7 treble in the stitch which drew up the 8 stitches together. The stripes are joined on the wrong side, with a row of double crochet. The outer stripe of the coverlet must be crocheted, and the whole coverlet is then worked round with a row, like the first row of the crocheted stripe; but along the narrow ends, a row must first be crocheted as follows: 1 double, then alternately miss 3, 4 treble, with 3 chain between the centre 2 in the next stitch, last of all 1 double.

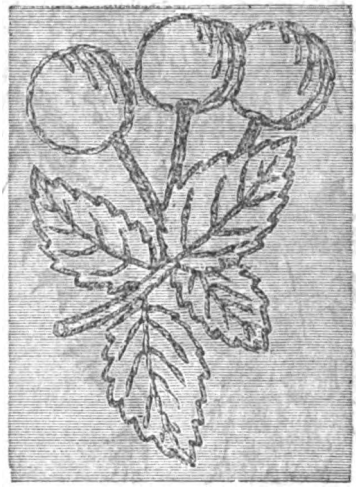
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The second of the two engravings represents a Carriage Rug in crochet and point russe. It is crocheted in a striped pattern, with white Berlin wool and blue Berlin wool. The white stripes are darned with olive and pink filoselle; and the blue stripes are worked with the same silk in point russe. At each end is a fringe of blue and white ice wool. The white stripes are crocheted in the ordinary Victoria stitch, and are then darned in a slanting direction with olive silk, and lastly in the contrary direction with pink silk, so that the silks cross as shown in the illustration. For the blue stripes, consult No. IV., and then proceed as follows: along 10 stitches. 1st pattern row: in ordinary Victoria stitch. 2d pattern row: the 1st row as usual; but in the return row (as you crochet off the stitches) between the 4th and 5th and 6th and 7th stitches, work one raised spot of 5 chain. In every return row, where these raised spots are required, they are worked at the interval corresponding to that represented in No. IV. 3d pattern row: in the return row, 1 spot between the centre stitches. 4th and 5th pattern rows: like the 2d and 1st. 6th pattern row: in the return row, 1 spot between the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. 7th pattern row: in the return row, 1 spot between the 2d and 3d and 8th and 9th. 8th pattern row: like the 6th. Repeat the 1st to the 6th pattern rows, and finish the work with a row of purls at each end, 1 double in the margin, 1 purl of 3 chain and 1 double, repeat. Then add the point russe stitches, and the pink silk buttons, as shown in the detail, No. V. The stripes are then sewn together, and finished off with the fringe.

FRUIT D'OYLEY: WITH DETAIL OF DESIGN, FULL SIZE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.







These d'oyleys are made of strong linen or damask, and ornamented in outline patterns, representing different fruits, done with fine French crewels. We give the design for a bunch of cherries, to be done in red and green, or olive. The French crewels wash perfectly, but the others not so well. The d'oyleys may be large or small, as they are used for a variety of decorative purposes. They are among the most fashionable recent things in art-needlework.

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WEARING NATURAL FLOWERS.

BY THE "FASHION EDITOR."



The fashion of wearing real flowers as trimmings for party dresses, which was set, last summer, in London, is rapidly extending, partly because of the superior beauty of this kind of ornamentation, and partly because the problem has been solved, at last, how to make them look fresh to the end of the evening.

This latter is brought about by fingering them but little, and sewing them on the dress firmly. For example, sprays of the Marshal Niel roses require to be sewn on twice after being wired; for all flowers, used as dress trimmings, must be most securely fastened. The best mode is to take double thread, pass it through the dress, round the stem beneath the blossom and tie in a double knot, cutting the ends: repeat the same at the point of the stem, and this will suffice. China ribbon is as good, if not stronger than thread, and this mode is far better than sewing along the stem, and is not the least likely to give



way. Wherever it is possible, a bed of dry moss should be made, on which the flowers can rest; but of course care must be taken to secure the moss firmly also, and to choose well-dried moss that has kept its color. There is also great art in preserving the flowers. They should be gathered a little beforehand, put in water, and well sprinkled: indeed, a bouquet out of water may be preserved fresh for twenty-four hours, with a damp handkerchief placed over them, not touching them, but excluding the air; and flowers too may be wonderfully revived, by first

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cutting the stalks, and then plunging them in warm water.

A pocket of natural flowers is sometimes worn on one side of the dress. The exact shape required is cut out in thin cardboard, on firm brown paper: it must not be too stiff, but yet must have a certain firmness. The foundation must be covered with satin, or satin sheeting. To the two top corners and to either side of the lower point, strong narrow tape or galoon is sewn, and the top corner tapes pinned firmly to the stays beneath the dress bodice with safety or glass headed pins; the two lower ones must be tied to two other tapes sewn on the skirt, and if the dress will not be injured thereby, they may also be securely sewn when tied; the whole effect is spoilt unless the pocket seems a part of the dress: and a firm stitch to the skirt at the point of the pocket is absolutely necessary. A bed of moss is sewn on to the foundation of the pocket, and then the flowers, each flower secured twice, once under the bloom, once at the stalk by tying with ribbon or thread, and cutting off the ends, as described above. A large looped bow of satin ribbon is the best finish at the point of the pocket.

A band of natural flowers, from four to ten inches wide (according to the height of the wearer), has an extremely good effect down the front of the skirt, sewn on to a foundation as before; but at both ends of the strip four or five loops of satin ribbon to match the flowers on the dress, and lace if liked, should be added as a finish. A large trail of roses, or some climbing plant, is occasionally put some four inches above the hem of the skirt on one side, as though they grew there; these can be laid directly on the table, or any compressible material; but should not be applied to silk or any costly stuff. No moss will be required, and the same mode of tacking should be observed.

The flowers that will best bear the heat of a room are lilies, roses (notably Marshal Neil, Gloire de Dijon, General Jacqueminot), double narcissus, clove carnations (Souvenir de Malmaison), peonies (red, white, and pink), stephanotis, gardenias, and pinks. All ferns; succulent plants, such as sweet peas or hothouse plants, should be avoided; they fade, and soon look dilapidated. Grasses are lovely with the flowers; and corn, barley, etc., very pretty. They open a wide field to the patrons of this fashion during the autumn, but will require the addition of poppies to make them look really well; but, as real poppies will not last, artificial ones must be used.

Bunches of flowers tacked on with hot hands in hot haste will hardly keep fresh while going to a party, much less in hot rooms. So little care has been hitherto taken with the bunches of flowers worn sometimes on the side of the bodice, that by supper time they are nearly faded. They should be put back on the shoulder, so that in dancing they do not come in contact with the partner. One of the best and most effective modes of wearing some sort of flowers is as epaulettes.

Some little forethought, care, and much expenditure of time are necessary to ensure a good result where natural flowers are worn.

DESIGN IN SILK PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a design, printed in colors, for a bed-quilt, cradle-quilt, or sofa-cushion, in silk patchwork. It is both effective and simple, and therefore available, not only for the purposes we have mentioned, but for many others. But the articles need not necessarily be made of the colors given in our design: it is only the arrangement of the colors, diagonally, that it is necessary to follow.

In order to have each block correct, pieces of cardboard, or very stiff paper, should be cut *exactly* of the same size; and then the edges overseamed together. Blue, pink and gray are pretty combinations, especially for a child's quilt. For a bed-quilt, or sofa-afghan, the blocks might be of a larger size. For a sofa-cushion, or a child's quilt, or a chair-cushion, they should not be larger than our design.

This same design makes a beautiful afghan, or sofa-cushion, in crochet, or knitting; but in that case, the blocks should be larger than when in silk. We have seen a very effective carriage Afghan, in crochet, of the precise colors and pattern. This design will enable any lady to have a choice of a dozen different things, to be made up for a Christmas, or New Year's present, in patchwork, crochet, or knitting, as her own taste, or the needs of her friends, may suggest. We have chosen it, for this purpose, for this month, not only because it is economical, and easily followed, but because it is available for so many purposes also.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1881! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER! We call attention to the Prospectus for 1881, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* We began, for this year, a series of illustrated articles, like that on "Mary, Queen of Scots," in this number, and they have proved so popular, that *we shall continue, and improve on them,* in 1881. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family, that pretends to culture, should take, at least, one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Grandfather Tells Of Yorktown," or our Illustrated Album, Quarto, Gilt. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1881. For still another kind, there are are two premiums: the engraving or Album, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the engraving and Album are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

"MISSY IN THE SULKS," is from the Paris Salon of 1879. This is the only magazine that has the enterprise to engrave, originally, choice pictures from the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy of London, the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, or the Academy of Design of New York. For next year we have an unbroken succession of the best pictures that appeared in these exhibitions for 1880, which is saying that we shall have steel engravings from all the best living artists. It is no mere boast, it is the unchallenged truth, to say that "Peterson" gives such steel engravings as can be found nowhere else.

NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit, is as low-priced as "Peterson's." No other is as cheap to club subscribers. No other gives premiums, really as good, for so little work. Get up clubs, therefore, for 1881.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY, as the Philadelphia Ledger says, are not antagonistic, as some suppose, but the reverse. All true beauty has its foundation in utility. That cannot be a beautiful house, or a beautiful piece of furniture, which is merely showy, and not useful. "Take the matter of dress," says our cotemporary. "Its first claim to beauty lies in its perfect adaptation to the weather, to the locality, to the surrounding circumstances, to the means of the wearer. There must be a general tone of consistent usefulness about it to awaken any sense of pleasure in a refined and delicate mind. The idea of discomfort, as suggested by velvet in a hot sun, trailing skirts in a mountain excursion, thin and insufficient finery in a bleak wind, compression of the lungs or feet, or a costliness that implies pinching in other directions, must entirely exclude the presence of beauty. No harmony of color or gracefulness of form can atone for an offence against fitness. On the other hand, who can say that the tasteful accessories of dress, provided they sacrifice no real benefit, are useless? Like other forms of beauty, they refine and elevate the taste, they add to the pleasure with which we regard each other, they contribute no inconsiderable share to the happiness and therefore to the welfare of humanity." These golden words, few as they are, are worth all the volumes of nonsense, written, by acrid old bachelors, or still more acrid old maids, against dressing in taste and in the latest styles.

A CHEAP YET HANDSOME mat for the floor may be made of burlap worked in cross-stitch with different colored worsteds. Use for it the odds and ends left from other fancy-work. Work a few stitches of one color and then of another, just as the colors happen to come, and the effect is like that of an elaborate Persian pattern. If one cares to spend much time on it a centre piece and border add much to the beauty of it. The mat may be lined with a piece of carpet, matting or new ticking, and the edge finished with worsted fringe or with flannel cut in scallop.

THE SIX ORIGINAL NOVELETS, advertised for next year, *will be given, extra,* that is without interfering with the usual number of shorter stories. They will be found, we think, the best we have ever published. This is true especially of "THE AMERICAN COUNTESS," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. In this spirited novelet, the author surpasses herself. We predict that it will have a greater success than anything that has appeared for years.

MORE NEW WRITERS OF MERIT have been introduced to the public, in the past, by this magazine, than by any other American one. To say nothing of those of former years, we have recently added to our corps of contributors, Mrs. M. Sheffey Peters, Sidney Trevor, Agnes James, and others. The story of Agnes James, in this number, "Uncle Nelly's Ben," is one of the very best of its kind. We foresee for this young author a very brilliant career.

"WORTH TWICE THE PRICE."—The Lincoln Centre (Kansas) Register, says: "Peterson for September is before us, and a more perfect gem of a ladies'-book we never saw before. The picture in the frontispiece is perfect. 'The Lost Talisman of Montezuma' is concluded in this number, and is, in itself, worth twice the price."

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1881. Our new premium engraving, to be presented to persons getting up clubs, for next year, will be from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry, and will be particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is to witness the "Yorktown Centennial." The engraving will be in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and will be entitled, "GRANDFATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little grand-daughter between his knees, to whom he is rehearsing the story of the surrender of Cornwallis. The room is an old-fashioned one, such as elderly people remember fifty years ago, and in the embrasure of the window sits the mother of the little girl, also listening. In this way three generations are brought in. The picture is painted with all that skill, and that minute truth in detail, which distinguishes this celebrated artist.

In addition to this superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. But see the terms, on the last page of cover, for information.

For many clubs, as will be seen on the same page, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter up of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

It is not too early to begin to get up clubs for 1881. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year, we receive letters, saying, "if I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent gratis, if written for.

HIGH HEELS TO SHOES.—How can women walk, with their heels raised two or three inches above where nature intended that they should be, and with the arch of the foot utterly destroyed by the throwing forward of the weight of the body upon the wretched cramped toes? Doctors lecture in vain, and instrument makers rejoice over the "high heels," which throw the body out of its balance, twist the backbone, and render necessary the aid of steel props and crutches. A notion has got into women's heads that the foot looks smaller and more dainty, when seen from the front encased in the high-heeled shoe. Would that some power would give them the gift to see the effect of the back of their ankles, and the thickness and coarseness that high heels give to what should be the slender, elegantly modelled column rising above the arch of the foot.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES, such as "Peterson," are the ones to subscribe for, as their long-continued career proves that they have kept their promises, and so gained, deservedly, the confidence of the public. Every year, a crowd of new periodicals starts up, most of which die before the twelve-month is out, defrauding the subscribers who have pre-paid. If you wish to be sure of getting your magazines, subscribe for "Peterson."

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, intended for this magazine, should be addressed to Chas. J. Peterson. They are frequently addressed to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, but that firm has no business connection with Chas. J. Peterson, and the mistake always leads to delays, and sometimes to errors.

LONDON TRUTH, the most popular "society" journal of England, says, that perfectly white walls and decorations are much more becoming to the complexion, than walls decorated with the new-fangled, high-art sombre colors.

THE DEMAND FOR THIS MAGAZINE is so great that the local agents frequently have their stock exhausted, prematurely. In these cases, some of them, to save the trouble of re-ordering, say that the edition is "out of print." This is not so. We can always supply back numbers, as well as current ones. If your news agent tells you he cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing the retail price, and we will forward, by return mail, postage free, the number, or numbers, that you wish.

"CLUBS" ALL THE RAGE.—Garfield clubs are all the rage with the Republicans, and Hancock clubs with the Democrats; but with the ladies, the clubs that are most popular, are clubs for "Peterson."

OUR TITLE-PAGE, for this year, to appear in the December number, will contain portraits of our principal contributors.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

La Grande Florine. By Adolphe Belot. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a sequel to "Les Estrangleurs," a novel that recalls Poe at his best. Reading it is, in fact, like working out a problem in geometry: it is, from first to last, an intellectual enjoyment of the highest character. The present story, though not less powerful than its predecessor, is, however, in the character of its incidents, more pleasant. Ladies will prefer it on that account. As works of art both it and "Les Estrangleurs" belong to the very first class. In this respect, as we have so often said, French novelists are far in advance of English, or American, ones. Exception may often be taken to the themes which French writers select. They make the same mistake that Teniers did. But, like him, in the development of that theme they do their work wonderfully well. This we cannot help conceding. Their technical execution is almost faultless. Neither of these novels by Belot, however, are exceptionable, in the sense that many French novels are, notably some of Zola's. They are of the same school as that clever American story, "The Leavenworth Case," though very much superior to it artistically. The volume is handsomely printed.

Troublesome Daughters. By Mrs. L. B. Wolford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—The scarcity of really good new novels is remarkable. Even writers of merit, like the author of this story, seem to have lost their energy. Mrs. Wolford's first book, "Mr. Smith," was, in many respects, quite meritorious; but she has been living on her reputation ever since, and gets more and more wordy. If "Troublesome Daughters" had been compressed into half its space, it would have been much better; but the amount of what is called "padding" in it is simply enormous.

White Wings. By William Black. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Harper Brothers.*—It seems to us that Mr. Black gets more and more careless with every novel. Or rather, perhaps, he is writing against time, and provided he turns out, within a given period, the required number of pages, cares very little how sketchy and negligent he is. His best works are "A Daughter Of Heth," and "A Princess Of Thule," and since the latter he has been steadily declining. This is the more to be regretted, because, in certain qualities, he really has no superior among his cotemporaries.

The Story Of An Honest Man. By Edmund About. Translated from the French. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is one of the very best novels of the year. The incidents follow each other naturally, and the characters are life-like, while a noble and elevated sentiment runs throughout the whole.

The Confessions Of A Frivolous Girl. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: A. Williams & Co.*—A clever story of New York fashionable life, and apparently by some one familiar with "society."

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—The unanimity, with which the newspapers declare "Peterson" to be the *best and cheapest of the lady's books*, is without precedent. The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says, "the last number surpasses any previous one: 'Peterson' is the grandest companion in the family circle we have ever seen: it should be in every family in the land." Says the Norristown (Pa.) Herald, "Peterson's is the best and cheapest of the ladies' magazines: if you desire to acquaint yourself with the fashions, procure it." The Rock Island (Ill.) Union says, "everybody who pays two dollars for 'Peterson,' makes, or saves, money by it." Says the New Holland (Pa.) Clarion, "in 'Peterson' there is something to suit everybody: hence everybody should take it." The Lake City (Mich.) Journal says, "the last number is not only in advance as to time, but in advance in everything: it leads all others published in the United States." Says the Reading (Pa.) Times, "Peterson's is emphatically the 'Queen of the Monthlies.'" The Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald says, "without any exception, 'Peterson' excels all the monthlies of its class, for not only in the matter of its fashion plates, but in its stories, and generally, it is far beyond any of its cotemporaries." Show these notices to your friends, when you ask them to subscribe. We have scores of similar ones, for which we have no room.

ANY of our readers who will send their address to the Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, will receive without charge, a Descriptive Treatise, explaining how to obtain a pure and faultless complexion, without using poisonous cosmetics, powders, etc. We hope that our lady friends will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in Nervousness, Wakefulness, etc. Dr. Reuben A. Vance, of New York Institute and Bellevue Hospital, says: "The preparation on which I place the most reliance is Horsford's Acid Phosphate."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—BUTTERNUT—JUGLANS CATHARTICA OR CINEREA.

The Butternut or White Walnut, is a tree growing to the height of twenty to forty feet or more, with numerous branches, and a smoothish cinereous bark; leaves alternate, odd-pinnate, leaflets fifteen to seventeen, two to five inches long, sessile, serrate, softly pubescent beneath; *fruit* or *drupe*, two to three inches long, and one to one and a-half inches in diameter, ovoid-oblong, viscid pubescent, or softly hairy and clammy; *nut*, oval, acuminate, and deeply sculptured. Found growing on bottom lands, margins of woods, and occasionally about farm buildings.

Some mothers in the country gather the fruit about the first of June, and pickle them. The kernels or seeds of the ripe fruit are rather too rancid to be eaten with a relish; but the bark (especially of the roots) is a valuable medicine.

Since the first settlement of America, this tree has been known to possess valuable medicinal properties. It furnishes us with one of the best indigenous or native cathartics in use; and, if it had to be brought to us from abroad, it would have long since been much more highly appreciated by the faculty of medicine.

During the American Revolution, the surgeons were, from necessity, compelled to rely upon it, in that eventful struggle, and found it entirely reliable and satisfactory, fulfilling all the indications of an alterative, laxative and purgative. Those who have used the butternut, have found that it leaves the alimentary canal less liable to constipation, subsequently, than any other agent of its class. In families where it is used, it has become very popular, possessing the mildness of action, and *goodness* in effect, of rhubarb, for which it can be properly substituted. An extract made from the inner bark of the roots is perhaps the best. Collect in June, one pound of said bark, boil in one gallon of water to one-half, strain, and then evaporate slowly and carefully (to avoid burning) to the consistence of soft extract. The purgative dose of this, is twenty to thirty grains, equal to four or five large pills. A *cordial* may be made from the scraped bark, thus: pack it in any earthen vessel, cover with boiling water, cover tightly, and place upon a brisk coal-fire, and boil two hours, strain, and add sugar to form a syrup, and afterwards a little brandy to insure preservation. A teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this is excellent in bowel affections, especially of children. But a *tincture* made by filling any sized wide-mouthed bottle with the finely scraped bark, well packed down, and covered with dilute alcohol, makes a very convenient preparation for mothers to administer to children, in doses of a few drops, three or four times a day, for all diseases of the skin, as moist, scaly, or dry tetter, pimples, etc., as well as chronic inflammation of the mouth, as thrush, sore throat, etc. A local application of equal parts of glycerine and this tincture, should also be used to allay itching, and to hasten the cure. Some remarkable cases of cures of obstinate cutaneous diseases and inflammation of the throat, have been reported as effected by this tincture.

BLESSED THISTLE. CARDUUS BENEDICTUS or CNICUS B.—Some mothers and others in the country, esteem the *blessed thistle* highly. But a close observation and experience for years, satisfy us that all its virtues can be obtained from that of the garden chamomile, which is both more pleasant to take, (an object in this day of homœpathy) and more acceptable to the stomach. It is therefore needless to speak of its tonic, diaphoretic or emetic properties, which are certainly not superior to the chamomile, a herb always at hand.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 87.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To make a low cry. 3. A body of men. 4. Heavy fabrics. 5. Fine linen cloths. 6. A body of men formed to act as a single person. 7. Active. 8. Pertaining to a fixed camp. 9. To sneak. 10. A cowl. 11. A letter.

Monson, Me. NIGHT HAWK.

No. 88.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. A crustacean. 2. Pertaining to a certain stone. 3. A French statesman. 4. To calumniate. 5. A promontory of Sicily. 6. Belonging to the intestines. 7. To rebuild.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 80.

B E D
C O M E T
B O D E F U L
E M E L I N E
D E F I C I T
T U N I C
L E T

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No. 81.

Shire, hire, ire, re, e.

No. 82.

C
CAB
CABIN
BIN
N

No. 83.

Slapdash.

No. 84.

AUSTERE
ULLAGE
SLANG
TANG
EGG
RE
E

No. 85.

Flying-fish ("F"—lying.)

No. 86.

TACAMAHACAS
SAGAPENUM
BAGAMAR
ROTAS
GIN
N

ART NEEDLEWORK.

I.—LINEN.

The textile fabrics suitable for embroidery are not very numerous, and, with very few exceptions, are exactly similar to those that were in use centuries ago. Modern industry has not done much for us, either by discovering new materials, or by inventing novel modes of manufacturing the old ones. Linen is one of the oldest fabrics used for embroidery: it is well adapted for that purpose, and many kinds may be used.

Round towelling, of a loose texture, is an excellent material, especially for beginners and children, as it is easy to work on, and very cheap. It can be had of very good quality for a comparatively low price. Round towelling may be used for antimacassars, table-mats, kettle-holders, d'oyleys; but is too grey and coarse and narrow for five o'clock tea-cloths, though we have seen it used for that purpose. We have also seen it used as a temporary cover, to protect a costly Indian table-cover, instead of the latter being removed when the table it covers is used for writing, etc.

"Crash" is the specific name of the grey linen now so much used for crewel work, that embroidery on it in crewels is often called "crash work." But as there is no doubt that the present fashion—which, indeed, almost amounts to a rage—will soon pass away, we do not recommend this material for any important piece of needlework. For antimacassars, it is excellent; so it is for toilet covers, toilet mats, and night-dress cases, which may be worked to match, and which make very pretty sets when finished. But for drawing-room curtains, table-covers, and portières, we should advise nobler materials.

Tea-cloth, if chosen with judgment, makes excellent embroidery stuff; it is often of a very agreeable color, warmer in tone than crash, and pale enough, sometimes, to be used for five o'clock tea-cloths. Very beautiful white linen, of a good width, may be had for five o'clock tea-cloths. The warp and the woof should be of the same thickness in linen used for embroidery. Fine white linen is sometimes used for silk embroidery, especially when the whole surface is to be covered. Twilled linen, very stout, and of a narrow width, is sometimes made expressly for borderings.

II.—COTTON.

Very few cotton textures are used for embroidery. Workhouse sheeting, which is a thick coarse twill, of the color technically called "grey," but really yellowish, is, however, much used for crewel work just now. Very pretty summer frocks for girls or little children, may be made with it, ornamented in crewels; and, as nearly all crewels wash well an elegant little costume may be had at a very small expense.

Oatmeal cloth is a favorite material for dresses to be embroidered in crewels, and the texture being rough adapts it especially for throwing the colors into relief.

Muslin may be used for embroidery. We have seen very pretty aprons worked in crewels, which, with a little care, wash extremely well. Doubtless, most of our readers have seen and admired exquisite specimens of Indian muslins, enriched with needlework in gold and floss silk. We do not say that it would be beyond their skill to imitate these productions, but as the muslin fitted for the purpose is both expensive and difficult to obtain, we do not counsel them to attempt the task, except for such unimportant things as sashes and little scarves.

Twill cotton may be had in several colors, and answers very well for some purposes, to which ornamental needlework may be applied—for instance, the covering of chair seats. In this material, there is a fine, cool earth-brown, inclining to purple in the shadows, which has a rich effect as a foundation for embroidery. There is also a very dark blue, which is an excellent color.

III.—WOOLEN FABRICS.

Serge is one of the very best materials for embroidery. There is a thin, harsh serge, and there are other kinds that are thick, soft, and rich-looking. The first is by no means the worst. There is also a serge which is twilled only on one side, and which makes a capital firm ground for needlework. Cloth is well adapted for appliqué work and silk embroidery; but it does not do so well for crewel work as serge. It should be chosen with very little dress (to use a technical term) upon it.

Cloths and serges may be had in all colors. We have seen some exquisite salmon-pinks in the former, and beautiful blues and yellows in the latter. Blues seldom look well in cloth, the material is too smooth and glossy; but the diagonal rib of the serge fabrics produces a play of light and shade that take off from the coldness and harshness of the blue tints.

Merinos and cashmeres may be embroidered in silk for dress, jackets, etc.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

How to Choose Poultry.—Young, plump, well-fed, but not too fat poultry, are the best. The skin should always be finely grained, clear and white, the breast full, fleshed, and broad, the toes pliable, and easy to break when bent back. The birds must always be heavy in proportion to their size. This applies to fowls. As regards ducks and geese, their breasts must also be very plump, the feet flexible and yellow.

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When they are red and hard, and the bills of the same color, the skin full of hairs, and coarse, they are old. For boiling, the white-legged poultry must be chosen, because, when dressed, their appearance is, by far, more delicate; but dark-legged ones are more juicy, and of better flavor, when roasted. The greatest precaution ought to be taken to prevent poultry from getting at all tainted before it is cooked; unless the weather be very warm, it should be kept for a day or two, at the least, and a great deal longer in the winter. Pigeons are the better for being cooked the same day they are killed, for they lose their flavor by hanging for ever so short a time. Turkeys are both tough and poor eating, if not kept long enough. A goose should hang up for some days, in the winter, before it is cooked. The same rule applies to fowls in the cold season. Take great care to cook your poultry thoroughly, for nothing is more revolting to the palate than under-done poultry.

A Delicious Way of Cooking a Rabbit.—Take a nice, fresh rabbit, cut it into joints, and fry it brown, with some slices of pickled pork, and some onions, shred fine. When nice and brown, take it out of the frying pan, and put it in a stew-pan, with water sufficient to cover it. Pepper and salt to taste; thicken with some flour and butter; add force-meat balls, but be sure not to put the fat ont of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be the thickness of rich cream.

Potato Croquets.—Boil and mash potatoes when hot, and add a piece of butter, the size of an egg; a teaspoonful of white powdered sugar, salt, and two well-beaten eggs; mix it well together, and then make it into small cone or pear-shaped pieces; let them stand till quite cold; then dip them into raw egg and bread-crumbs (plenty of the latter), and fry in boiling lard.

White Haricot Beans.—Soak them for twelve hours, put them in a saucepan of cold water, let it come gradually to the boil, then simmer till quite tender; drain, and put them at once into a stewpan, with some fresh butter, chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice, toss them well, and serve very hot.

Sauce for Roast Beef.—Grate horse-radish on a grater into a basin, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, with a little mustard and salt, mix well together, add four tablespoonfuls of the best vinegar, and mix the whole thoroughly.

DESSERTS.

Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, core them with a column cutter, and cut them across in slices rather less than half an inch thick. Put them in a flat dish, with half a tumbler of brandy, and strew plenty of powdered loaf sugar over them. Let them remain covered for a couple of hours, then take each piece separately, dip it in butter, so that it is well covered with it, and fry a golden color, in plenty of hot lard. Lay the fritters in front of the fire, and when all are done, pile them up on a napkin, shake plenty of powdered loaf sugar over them, and serve.

Frying Batter.—Beat up one tablespoonful of brandy, one of olive oil, and a little cold water, with the yolk of one egg; add a pinch of salt, then work in sufficient flour to make, with the addition of more water, as much batter as will be wanted for the above. It should be of the consistency of thick cream. Just before serving, whisk the whites of two eggs to a froth, and mix them lightly, but effectually, with the batter.

Fig Pudding.—Three-quarters pound grated bread-crumbs, six ounces suet, chopped fine, a-half pound figs, also chopped, six ounces moist sugar, some nutmeg, a teapcupful of milk, and one egg. Mix the bread and suet first, then the figs, sugar, nutmeg, and egg, and add the milk lastly. Boil in a basin for four hours. Serve with sweet sauce. Half the quantity can be made, and boiled two hours.

Queen of Puddings.—Soak a pint of bread-crumbs in boiling milk, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and sugar to taste. Bake in a pie-dish; when cold, spread jam over the top, and over that the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Put into the oven, and bake a very light brown. Flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak in warm water, one teacupful of tapioca. Beat four eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Melt in half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Stir all together; flavor to your taste, and bake in a quick oven.

CAKES.

Rice Cake.—The weight of four eggs in ground rice the same in loaf sugar, pounded and sifted; the same weight of fresh butter, beaten to a cream; the weight of two in flour, the rind of half a lemon grated. Mix the dry ingredients well together, then add the butter and four eggs well beaten; and lastly the juice of half a lemon and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; beat thoroughly. Line a tin with buttered paper, put in the mixture and bake immediately. The oven must be moderately quick at first, but when the cake has risen, it should be put back a little, so that it may become thoroughly soaked. A few stripes of candied citron or lemon peel and some sugar comfits may be placed on the top of the cake to ornament it.

Plum Cake.—One pound flour, half-pound butter, half-pound dark moist sugar, half-pound currants, half-pound raisins, half-pound mixed candied peel, quarter-pound sweet almonds, one ounce mixed spice, half-ounce grated lemon rind, one tablespoonful brandy, one teaspoonful carbonate soda, ditto of tartaric acid, milk; dry and sift the flower, wash and pick the currants, and stone the raisins; well mix all the dry ingredients together, beat the butter to a cream, and mix well in the dough; add sufficient cold milk to form a stiff paste; bake in a hot oven.

Luncheon Cake.—Take one and a-half pound dough, half-pound currants, half-ounce carraway seeds, six ounce sugar, two or three eggs, and half-pound clarified dripping or of butter. Spread out the dough on the paste-board, pull it well out, rub in the currants and sugar, then add the dripping or butter, and lastly the eggs. Mix all well together, leave it to rise, put it into tins, and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

Gingerbread—Take two and a-half pounds flour, two pounds treacle, ten ounces butter, half-ounce carraway seeds (stoned raisins may be substituted for carraway seeds), half-ounce of cinnamon, half-ounce ginger (ground), half-ounce Jamaica pepper, four eggs, a little black pepper, and about half-ounce of carbonate of soda. Beat the butter to a cream, and mix it with all the other ingredients. Put it in a buttered tin, and bake in a slow oven.

Seed Cake.—One pound of butter beaten to a cream, one pound of sifted lump sugar, one pound of flour well dried, eight eggs, (yolks and whites beaten separately), and carraway seeds to taste. Mix the ingredients, and beat all well together for an hour. Put the batter into a tin shape lined with paper, and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

To Preserve Butter.—Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of good loaf sugar, and one part of salpetre; beat them well together. To one pound butter thoroughly cleansed from the milk put one ounce this composition; work it well, and put down when it becomes firm and cold. The butter thus preserved is the better for keeping, and should not be used under a month. The butter should be kept from the air, and is best in pots of the best glazed earthenware that will hold from ten pound to fourteen pound each.

Oyster Fritters.—A pint and a-half of milk, one and a-quarter pound flour, four eggs, the yolks of the eggs must

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be beaten very thick, to which add the milk and flour, stir the whole well together; whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry it in hot lard; let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put into the batter all at once, as they would thin it.

Vinegar as an Aid to Digestion.—Vinegar, when taken with food in moderate quantities, assists digestion. It is especially useful when taken with raw vegetable food, such as salads and similar articles of diet. It is also of great use in aiding the digestion of those kinds of food, such as salmon, which contain large quantities of rich and oily principles.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

Hanging Baskets of Moss and Shells.—The materials which may be used for the construction of hanging baskets are almost countless, and with taste and skill many ordinary and homely articles may be converted into pretty floral ornaments. Two very effective baskets have been made as follows: the materials for the first are sea-shell, corals, sea-weeds, and mosses, or any floral treasures, some asphalte cement, and a common red flower-pot. Make the pot quite warm by placing it in an oven, and at once apply the melted asphalte with a brush, giving two coats if necessary. Then round the upper rim, cement a border of white scallop shells, and two double reversed rows of smaller shells round the centre of the pot. On the bottom, fasten clusters of coral branches in such a way, that the long, narrow parts unite in the centre below the bottom of the pot. Between these cement clusters of sea-weeds. If you can collect purple, crimson, and other weeds, use them in preference to the Irish (carrageen) and Iceland moss, which can be bought from the druggists. Dip the ends in the hot cement, and fasten the clusters closely over the whole bare surface of the pot. When entirely dry, touch the extreme ends with dammar varnish, and dust a very little fine frosting upon the surface, occasionally applying touches of green, blue, violet, and crimson distemper colors, which will relieve the dullness of the black and white. Branches of coral are next fastened round the very edge of the pot, and on each side projecting pieces, to which the suspension cords may appear to be attached, though for safety they might better be passed through holes drilled in the pot.

The companion to this basket has for the foundation a pot of the same kind, but ornamented with a different class of materials, consisting of lichens, hardened fungi, burrs, cones, bark, etc. In order to impart the necessary brightening up to the rich browns and wood colors, holes are cut in the sides and bottom of the pots, and lycopodium, or Saxifraga sarmentosa and Feltonias introduced, which soon root, and, mingling with the rugged covering, form a good effect. Round the rim of the pot fasten a border of the shell-like fungi, taking single sections, and arranging them uniformly; fill the interstices between these with lichens, in various shades of blue and pale green. Around the centre, make the double row of the smaller fungi, and fill the spaces with purple moss or with rock moss, and touch the tips with scarlet sealing wax, dissolved in hot alcohol. Between these light rows fasten burrs, cones, etc., neatly arranged between the holes filled with lycopodium. On the bottom, cement light gnarled roots or branches, arranged in the same manner as the coral branches on the marine basket, and the same at the top. The various tints of greens, browns, and wood tints form a pretty combination. For stocking these baskets, nothing is so effective as a fine group of ferns, and the creeping fern, Lygodium palmatum, and the Japanese climbing fern, Lygodium scandens, to climb up the supports, then reach over and festoon the extended branches.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. I.—Visiting-Dress of French Blue Cashmere.—The skirt is made in wide box-plaits, alternating with narrow kilt-plaits; plaited ruffle around the bottom. The over-skirt is draped low down, very simply, meeting in the front. The long coat has a deep cape, which is trimmed with cashmere, gold color embroidered in dark brown. The same cashmere for the cuffs, pockets, and the triangular piece in front. A bunch of gold colored ribbon is placed where the over-skirt opens over the lower skirt. Bonnet of blue felt, trimmed with gold colored feathers and ribbon.

Fig. II.—Walking or House-Dress of Claret-Colored Camel's Hair.—The back is demi-trained (if for the house) and is trimmed with three scant ruffles, and a plain width is carelessly draped above them. The front is finished at the bottom, with a side-plaiting (which is to be continued around the skirt, if short), and is laid in crosswise plaits across the front. A wide piece of claret-colored velvet finishes the bottom. The body is cut with a very long point in front, and has a small coat basque at the back. The simulated vest, collar and cuffs are velvet. Gray felt hat, trimmed with claret-colored feathers.

Fig. III.—Wedding-Dress of White Brocade and White Satin.—The round dress is trimmed with two narrow ruffles of plaited satin. The waist and narrow front of the dress are of brocade; but the principal front is made of white satin, the plaits of which are drawn to a point in front, above the ruffles, and fastened with a fan plaiting of the satin, in which is stuck a bunch of orange blossoms. The satin falls loosely over the flowers. The waist has collar, cuffs, and facings of the satin, and is ornamented with bunches of orange blossoms. The under-waist is of plaited tulle, with a full lace ruffle at the neck. The long, court train is of the brocade, caught at the sides with orange blossoms; long tulle veil.

Fig. IV.—Evening Dress of Black Velvet.—The long train is laid in plaits, which diverge fan-shape at the bottom. The princess over-dress falls in a puff over the train at the back, and opens over a round apron-shaped front, edged with white lace. The corsage is high at the back, and pointed in the neck in front, over a piece of yellow satin, brocaded in black, thus forming a square neck. The facing of the collar, sleeves, and paniers, are of yellow satin, brocaded in black. The sleeves and paniers are edged with white lace.

Fig. V.—Walking-Dress of a Combination of Light Fawn-Colored Camel's Hair, and Coffee-Brown Brocaded Cashmere.—The back of the dress is of the light fawn color, and is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. The front of the dress is of the brown brocade, which extends high enough up to meet the simulated fawn-colored vest. It has revers at the side, trimmed with gimp stars. The polonaise back falls in a loose puff, quite low down. The revers to the polonaise, the broad collar and cuffs, are of the brocade, and are trimmed with gimp stars. Bonnet, brown velvet, trimmed with red poppies and leaves.

Fig. VI.—Walking-Jacket of Brown Ribbed Cloth. It is double-breasted, cut off below the waist, and has the short skirt added. Collar and cuffs of darker brown velvet. Brown felt hat, round in shape, trimmed with brown silk, with yellow roses in front.

Fig. VII—Opera Mantle or evening wrap of cream-colored satin, brocaded and trimmed with rich fringe.

Fig. VIII.—Brown Seal-Skin Toque, trimmed with two red pompons made of silk.

Fig. IX.—Young Lady's Jacket of Gray Cloth, close-fitting and double-breasted. The collar, cuffs and revers in front are of gray satin. Gray felt hat and feathers. Black brocaded cashmere dress.

Fig. X.—Cream-Colored Plush Bonnet, lined with poppy-red satin. A nest of birds' heads at the top, and strings of soft, cream-colored silk.

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FIG. XI.—MORNING-DRESS (folded so as to show the trimmings) OF VIOLET-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR, with the collar, cuffs and front trimmings of Russian lace.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS OF ALMOND-BROWN CASHMERE, trimmed with two side-plaited ruffles. The plain over-skirt is faced and turned up carelessly with a silk of the same color. Brown felt bonnet, trimmed with almond-brown feathers.

FIG. XIII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK. The bottom two box-plaited ruffles. The front is puffed lengthwise. The cloak is of black silk, and is long and plain, with very large round sleeves. It is much trimmed with velvet, rich fringe and gimp. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with yellow lace and red roses.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING OR HOUSE-DRESS OF DARK BLUE WOOLEN MATERIAL, with red polka dots. The short, round skirt is bordered with two kiltings, and the full tunic, which forms points at the sides, is held up in the centre with a bow of red. The back is puffed. The basque-bodice is trimmed with a plaiting, and is slightly open in front, with revers filled in with muslin.

FIG. XV.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS of plain and spotted bège, the latter being a much darker shade than the former. The kilting to the skirt is bordered with a band of the dark color, and the plaited scarf that crosses the tablier is of the two materials. The long bodice has a simulated basque of spotted bège, and the triple collars match it, also the cuffs and necktie, which last is edged with lace.

FIG. XVI.—HAT OF BROWN SEAL SKIN, trimmed with one wing.

FIG. XVII.—NEW STYLE WINTER BONNET OF GRAY BEAVER, lined and trimmed with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS—There is nothing new to chronicle in the way of fashion, since our lengthy descriptions in the October number. There are hundreds of variations on the styles of the past season, but Fashion seems really to have exhausted herself, her variety has been so great. Still, old dresses may be made to look new by an entire change of cut or trimming; and in the present large field for choice, all ages and styles may be suited.

Walking-dresses are usually made of some woolen material, short, with but little trimming, and a close-fitting coat-basque, over which is worn in colder weather a dolman, or half-close-fitting jacket of requisite warmth. For these plain walking-dresses, ladies light habit cloth is most used, but this is heavy if made with kilt-plaitings. Wide worsted braid, known as "military braid," is the most suitable trimming.

VISITING, RECEPTION AND HOUSE-DRESSES are much more elaborate. In these many frills and bows are employed, and plush, velvet, gay brocades, colored bead trimmings, embroideries, and much lace is used. The style of these dresses is entirely optional, only good taste dictates that the colors should be harmonious, and that the dress should not be too elaborate for the occasion on which it is worn. For a woman with a limited wardrobe, the dresses should be rather plain than otherwise, as it is always better to be under-dressed than over-dressed. Moreover, when a dress is very conspicuous it becomes marked, the wearer is known at once by it, and her friends as well as herself soon become tired of it. The plainer dress may be freshened and varied by ribbons, lace fichus, and other trimmings that are comparatively inexpensive.

It will be seen by our many engravings, that all dresses are made close hanging in the front, and at the sides; but many of the house dresses are made to puff out slightly at the back. Some persons even wear soft muslin trousers to give the required bouffant effect.

It is quite impossible to describe the make of all the new dresses, or the many materials employed for them, our fashion plates say more than we can, of the many varieties.

CLOAKS, JACKETS, AND MANTLES, are of every variety. For ordinary wear, they are usually quite plain, with collar, cuffs, and pockets, of some material different from the garment itself, frequently with an added hood. For carriage wear, the wraps are often much more elaborate, being trimmed with rich fringe of chenille or silk, black lace, jet gimp, cords and tassels, etc., etc.

BONNETS AND HATS are worn either large or small, according to taste; but the smaller bonnet seems rather the more popular; but little face trimming is used, though strings are almost universal. In place of the felt bonnets, the favorite of so many years, imitations of the old "beaver bonnets," so fashionable forty years ago, are revived. These bonnets are somewhat like the high black hats worn by gentlemen, only with a coarser looking fur or silk. In fact, furry looking head-gear will be popular this winter, it is warm looking and becoming; but not as dressy as velvet. Plush is an admirable compromise between the "beavers" and velvet. Satin plush, surah silk, and plumes, are all fashionable trimmings.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S ULSTER OF GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH, with a broad collar, cuffs and trimming of the opening at the back, of dark squirrel's fur.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S BLOUSE DRESS OF BROWN TWILLED FLANNEL.—Double box-plaited skirt. The fulness of the loose bodice is confined with triple gatherings, finished with a knotted bow. Collar, cuffs, and trimmings around the skirt of fine black Astracan.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT OF BROWN CLOTH.—The back is in the dolman shape, with wide sleeves. The front is princess shape, and it is ornamented with gimp and dark brown fur. White cashmere hood, trimmed with fur and gay plaid ribbons.

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CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

(November 16, 1879.)

"One thing should be thoroughly understood by readers. It is the fact that a newspaper vouches simply for the nature of the matter furnished by its patrons. This, of course, does not preclude the publication of extravagant, and even unwarranted statements; a proper apprehension of this fact might often prevent such experiences as have led to a wholesale and unjust denunciation of the advertising public. That in this age of progress and invention much, which seems doubtful upon its face, is in reality founded upon fact, would appear from the following. The wonderful results said to have been secured by an article now very generally before the public, led a Tribune reporter to make numerous interviews, the result of which is herewith given. Mr. D. B. Cook, who was at one time a member of the extensive book and stationery establishment of Keen, Cook & Co., of this city, but who is at present the purchasing agent of the American Express Company, was visited in his private office in the building of that concern on Monroe street. Mr. Cook said that he would gladly bear testimony to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in a very stubborn case of rheumatism. The patient was a very old lady, and had such decided objections to publicity of any kind, that she would not allow her name to be published. She had suffered for years with inflammatory rheumatism, and had spent a large amount of money on medicine and medical attendance. Hearing of the St. Jacobs Oil, she requested Mr. Cook to get her a bottle of it, and he did so. The relief obtained was almost instantaneous, and the old lady (her age is 81 years) a day or two ago stated that she felt so strong and lively, that, if she had a mind to, she could dance with as much ease as when she was a girl. The reporter expressed a very strong desire to publish the name of the old lady, but Mr. Cook said that she would not, under any circumstances, permit it, though, if any person desired to do so, they could call on him, when he would provide them with the fullest particulars in the case. Having heard the name of Mr. Wesley Sisson, a well-known lawyer of this city, mentioned in connection with a wonderful cure, the reporter visited him at his office, at No. 169 Washington street. The statement which the reporter heard here was so wonderful, that, had it come from a less reliable source, it would have been deemed hardly trustworthy. The gentleman stated that during the summer months he paid a visit to Mobile, Alabama, and that, while there, he must have become affected by the malarial vapors which abound on the gulf coast, as, after his arrival home, three months ago, he took sick with the rheumatism. The malady attacked him in the back and thighs, where it was sciatic in its nature, and in the arms and shoulders, where it was of the inflammatory type. After weeks of agony, which three successively called doctors failed to cure, he was recommended to buy the St. Jacobs Oil, and, after much opposition on his part, as he did not believe that any externally applied remedy could help so stubborn and serious a case, he consented, and sent for a couple of bottles. The sciatic pains, which, arising in the base of the backbone, extended through the muscles of both legs, and into the knee, were caused by the slightest attempt of his to move in bed, while his arms and shoulders were so affected that he could not even feed himself. The first application of the new remedy ended the trouble in the shoulders, and brought slight relief to the sciatic pains. After two bottles had been used, a further marked improvement was felt, and in another week he was cured and able to go to his business—thirty pounds lighter in weight than when he was first attacked with sickness; but thanks to four bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, a well man. Mr. Sisson was enthusiastic in his laudation of the remedy, which he hoped would be sought by all who were suffering as he had been, and he said that he could not find words in which to express his gratitude for his cure. At the same time, he produced a letter which he had written to Messrs. Vogeler & Co., the proprietors of the remedy describing the wonderful nature of his cure, the closing paragraph of which ran as follows: 'If any person afflicted as I was desires a stronger testimonial, I shall tell them, if they call upon me, to give St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial; and I now feel as though I could assure them the same grateful and speedy relief that I have experienced.' It should be added that Mr. Sisson had vainly tried a variety of complicated and painful treatments, in the form of baths, cuppings, etc., which had brought no relief, and that he was on the point of going to Hot Springs, when he was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, with the happy results already described. At the residence of Otto Winther, No. 246 Wabash avenue, cashier for four years for Mr. Ira Brown, the well-known real estate man, the news gatherer found further evidences of the curative power of the wonderful remedy. Mr. Winther said that a fortnight ago he had a very sharp attack of rheumatism in the legs, which disabled him from attending to his duties. Medical attendance had failed to do him any good, and when a friend recommended St. Jacobs Oil to him, he at once tried a bottle, and with absolutely immediate benefit, which has been lasting, no symptom of the trouble having recurred since. He thought, though, that the case of Miss Mugan, a girl living with a family in the same building, was, at least, equally remarkable. Miss Mugan had for several days been suffering from neuralgia in its most terrible form. The agony, which rendered her almost crazy, gave way to none of a number of remedies used, until, by Mr. Winther's advice, the wonderful Oil was applied, when a perfect and lasting banishment of the pain was accomplished in less than five minutes. Mr. Winther is an intelligent and educated gentleman, who speaks five languages fluently, and whose indorsement of the remedy is that of a man who knows thoroughly what he is speaking about. Professor Edward Holst, the pianist and composer, who resides in the same building, stated that some weeks ago he was attacked with catarrh of the throat, of a most malignant form. He was entirely disabled from visiting his many pupils, and the suffering from the disorder was intense. He summoned medical attendance, and tried a number of remedies in vain, when a few applications of the Oil effected a rapid and thorough removal of the disease. Mme. Marie Salvotti, the famous prima donna, who charmed the audience of the Wilhelmj Charity Concert, a few weeks ago, and who, it is understood, intends accompanying that famous violinist upon his tour to California, gave the following testimony on behalf of the remedy: 'Having repeatedly had occasion to seek relief in cases of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, as well as when suffering from troublesome sore throat, I find, after vainly trying many remedies, that nothing can compare with St. Jacobs Oil, as a prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named. A number of my professional friends, who have experienced like satisfactory results, keep it as a traveling companion, and are also enthusiastic in its praise.'

Taking in view the number of testimonials in support of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, and the high character of those supplying them, the inference is irresistible that the remedy is the most remarkable, for such diseases as have been mentioned in the above interviews, that has yet been discovered, and considering their value as a guide and suggestion to suffering humanity, there is nothing unmercantile or unprofessional in advertising the article. The above ought to recommend it to the confidence of all our citizens."

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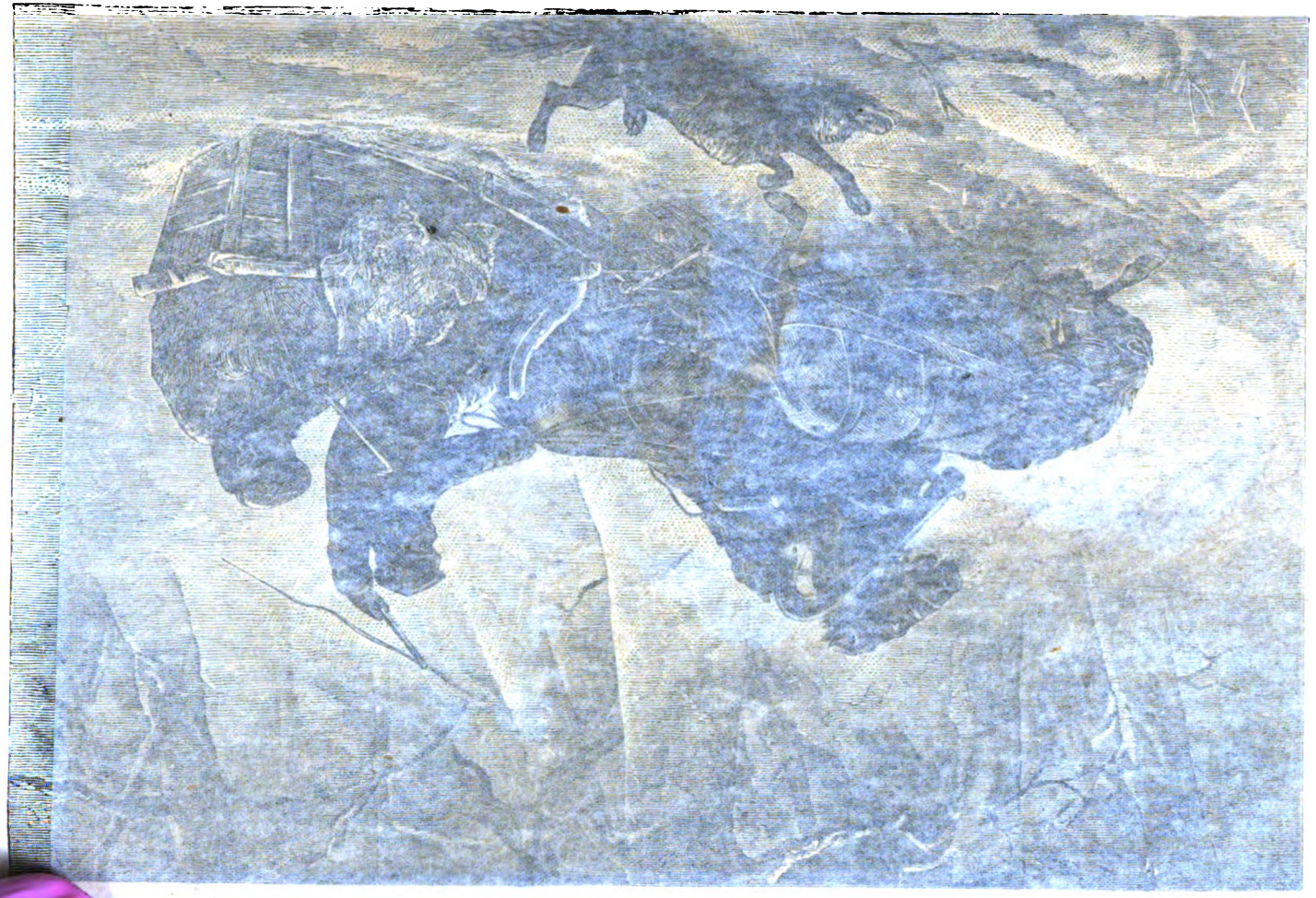


IN THE GARDEN.

SEE THE STORY "A BASONNE"

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IN THE GARDEN.

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CHASED BY WOLVES.

[*See the Story, "The Night in the Forest."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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DOLMAN ULSTER: FRONT AND BACK. (With Full Size Paper Patterns.)

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DEMI-LONG COSTUME: FRONT AND BACK.

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WALKING DRESS. NEW STYLE WRAP. HEAD DRESS.

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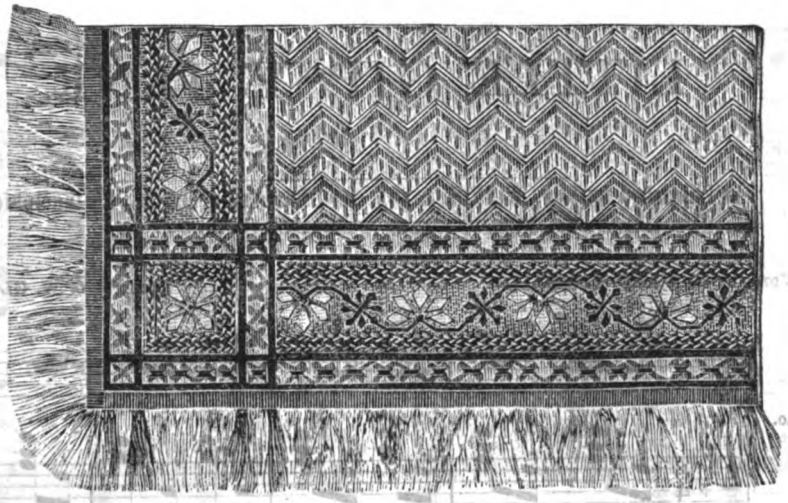
HOUSE DRESS. NEW STYLE WRAP. FLORAL COLLARET.

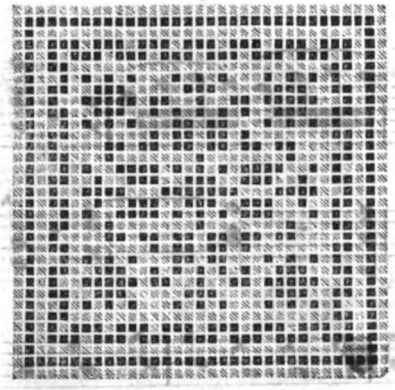
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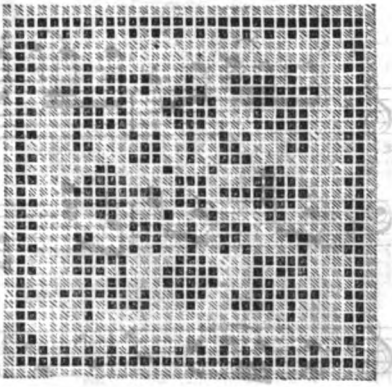


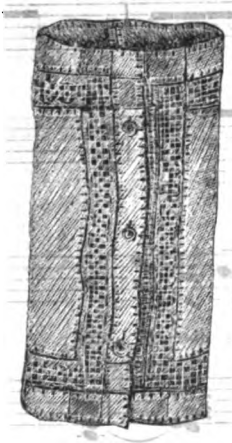
NURSERY HEARTH-RUG. COVER FOR TRAVELLING WRAPS. SHOE CASE.

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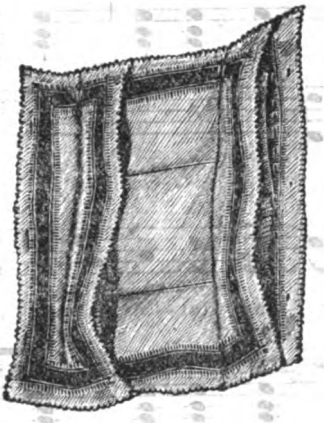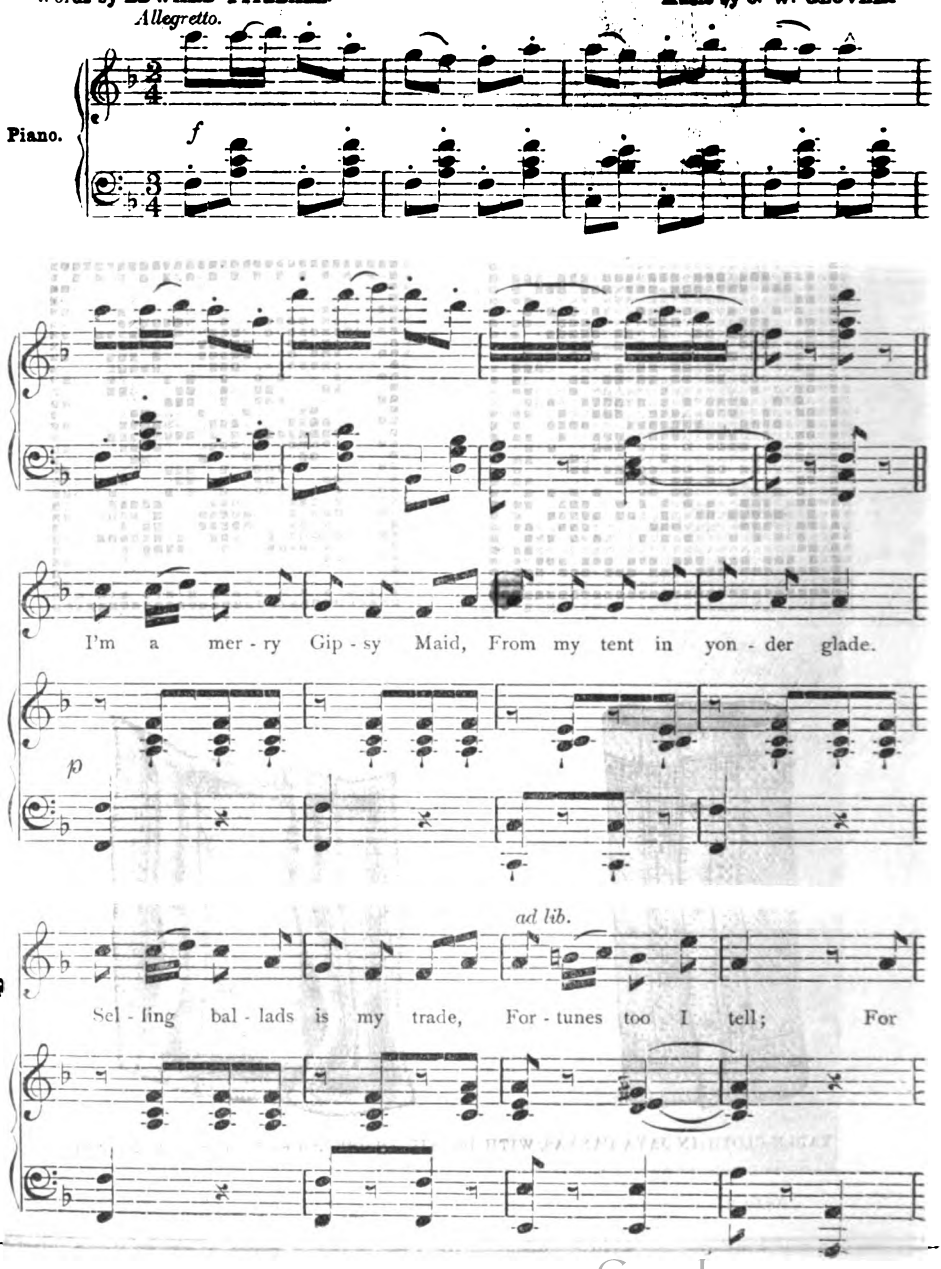


TABLE-CLOTH IN JAVA CANVAS, WITH DETAIL.—WORK-POCKET, CLOSED AND OPEN.

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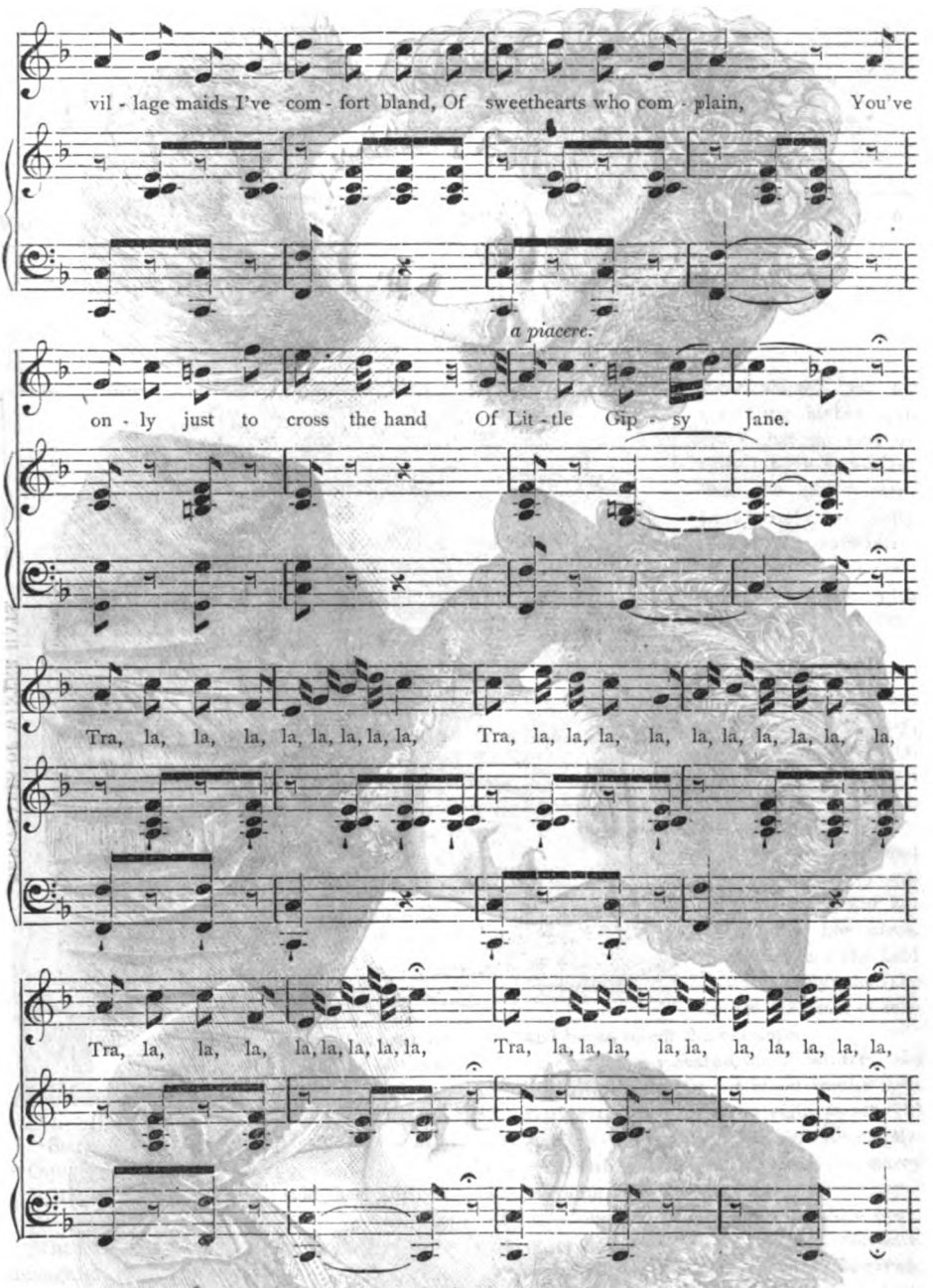
LITTLE GIPSY JANE.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL. Music by C. W. GLOVER.



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2. With the lark, I greet the morn,
When the dew is on the rye;
With the milk-maid, 'neath the thorn,
Stealthily am I;
For her, I've tales of house and land,
And husbands rich to gain;
She has but just to cross the hand
Of Little Gipsy Jane.
Tra la la la, &c.

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NEW STYLES OF WINTER HATS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1880. No. 6.

LAURA'S TWO CHRISTMASES.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.



MRS. KAVANAUGH'S maid entered the room, with a bouquet of violets in her hand. It was Christmas Eve.

"Some flowers for Miss Ellerton," she said. "Captain Ingleby left them."

"Miss Ellerton is out," said her mistress. "Put the flowers down."

When the maid had left the room, Mrs. Kavanaugh took up the bouquet.

"It is time this nonsense was put a stop to," she said to herself. "It was all very well for Laura and he to play together in the old garden, when they were children, and hunt for shells on Miantinomi beach; but now it is quite another affair. Since I married Col. Kavanaugh, and have gained a position in New York society, my niece should look for something higher. In order that she may do this, I have asked her here for the winter; have bought her pretty dresses, and have introduced her into our set. For her to go on, with this childish love-affair, would be too absurd."

She was fingering the flowers, as she thus soliloquized. Suddenly, she disentangled a note, which had been hidden among them, and which now fell to the floor.

She took it up, and saw, as she had expected, that it was addressed to her niece. For a moment she held it, irresolutely: then she looked for a pair of scissors, and began to cut the envelope.

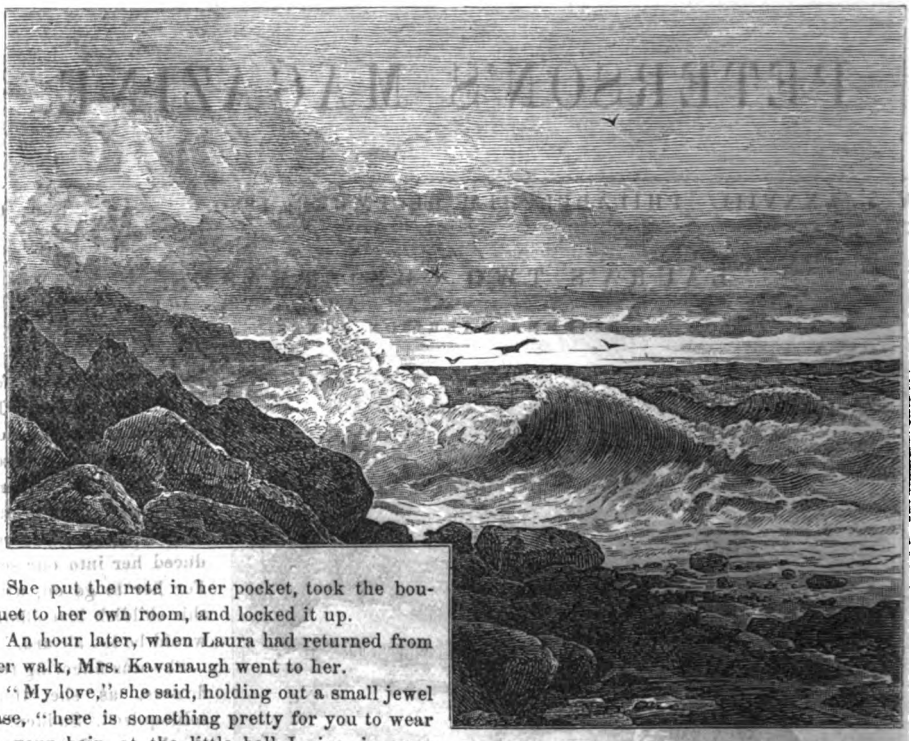
"The girl is in my charge, for the winter," she added, "and for that time I stand in the light of a mother to her. I have a right to see that she doesn't ruin her prospects in life. Here is Mr. Witherby, with a million at least, dying to marry her. Captain Ingleby has nothing but his pay."

By this time she had cut the envelope open, and proceeded, deliberately, to read the note.

"Miss Ellerton," she read, "has not forgotten, perhaps, our last conversation, which was interrupted by the entrance of her aunt. Let me refer to it again. If the answer is a favorable one; if there is the least hope for me, will Miss Ellerton wear these violets, to-night?"

Mrs. Kavanaugh comprehended the situation at a glance. "I'll manage it," she said.

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She put the note in her pocket, took the bouquet to her own room, and locked it up.

An hour later, when Laura had returned from her walk, Mrs. Kavanaugh went to her.

"My love," she said, holding out a small jewel case, "here is something pretty for you to wear in your hair, at the little ball I give, in your honor, to-night."

Laura took the case from her aunt's hand, and opening it, saw a bandeau of filagree.

"Oh! how lovely," she cried. "Auntie dear, you are too kind. What can I do for you?"

"Make yourself as pretty as possible, for to-night," said the lady, kissing the girl's fair cheek.

"Why, auntie, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I want you to look your prettiest, to-night, for Mr. Witherby is coming, and you have but to say the word to become his wife."

Laura's cheeks flushed, and her eyes fell.

"Oh! aunt Kavanaugh," was all she said.

"I've observed your preference for Captain Ingleby," went on her aunt, not noticing the exclamation, "and have wondered at it. Now I won't stand by, and see any man trifle with you."

"Trifle with me?" cried Laura.

"Yes! for Captain Ingleby can't afford to marry, and knows it; and that I call trifling. I suppose you are aware that he goes out with the Arctic expedition?"

"The Arctic expedition! No—I—I—I don't believe it," faltered Laura.

She said nothing, for a moment or two, but she pressed her hand against her heart, and the color left her cheeks and lips. The blow was a cruel one, but she bore it bravely, little thinking that the whole tale was invented by her aunt.

At last, she rose, suddenly, to her feet.

"I am warned," she said. "Thank you so much. I shall—I shall—"

Here she broke down, and buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Kavanaugh was too wise a woman to overshoot her mark. She refrained from saying another word. She only kissed her niece, and left the room.

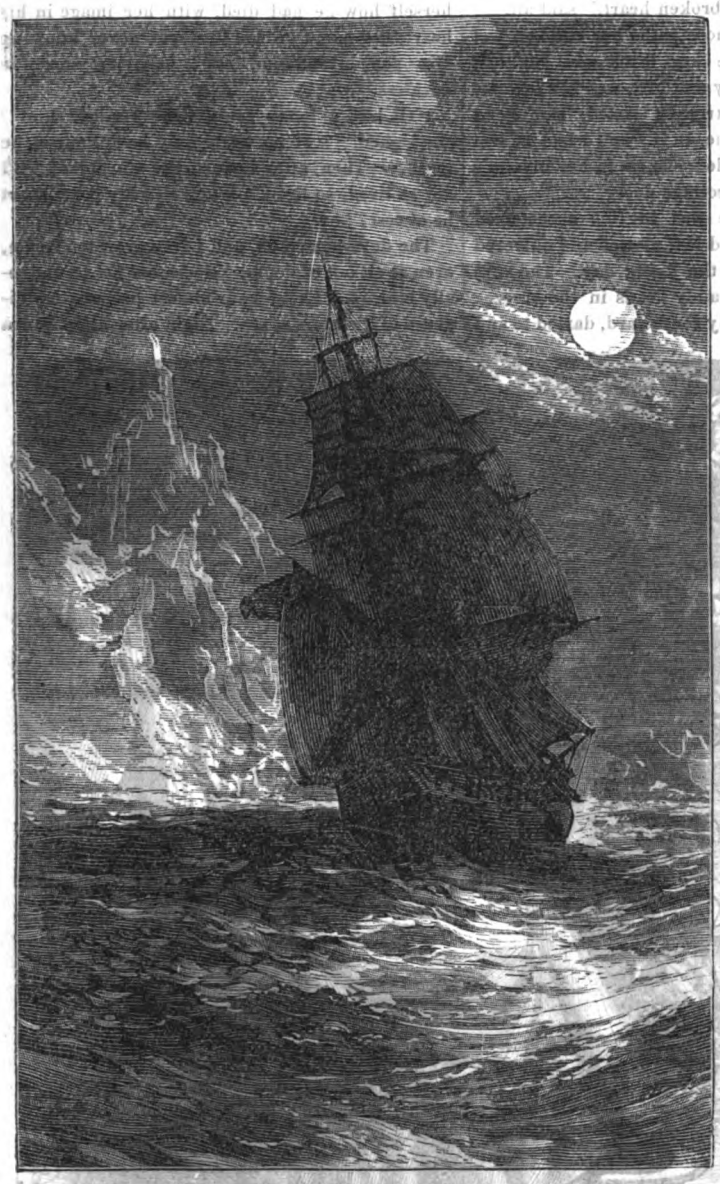
"Look at Laura," she remarked to Mrs. Miramel, at the ball, that evening. "Isn't she in spirits? And so lovely? How that bandeau becomes her. *Entre nous, ma chere*," elevating her voice, so that it might reach Captain Ingleby, who stood near, "it is Witherby's gift, too, if I'm not mistaken. He can afford to give costly love-tokens, you know!"

Captain Ingleby waited to hear no more. He had come, hoping to see his violets in Laura's hair, and when he first saw the bandeau, his heart failed him. But he persuaded himself, that, perhaps, the note had miscarried. Now, however, jealously over-mastered him. He gave one glance after Laura, as she moved down the room, on Mr. Witherby's arm, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes glowing; one glance,

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half-tender, half-reproachful; and then he made his way out of the room.

That evening, Mr. Witherby laid his hand and his great fortune at Laura's feet, and she rejected both. The next day, she received a letter, from Captain Ingleby.



"I loved you," he wrote, "with my whole heart and soul. I lived only for you, ever since we played together, as children, on Miantinomi beach. You must have understood all this. If my hopes were vain, why was your manner so kind? Why could you not have told me the truth at once? I have joined the Arctic expedition, as a volunteer, and leave my native land, to-day, never to return, perhaps—

"To-day," she repeated, with whitening lips, "to-day. And it is Christmas, and I had expected to be so happy."

The letter fell from her trembling hands; she swayed unsteadily from side to side; and then fell to the floor, as the dove falls, when the arrow pierces its tender heart.

Weeks later, she lay in her own chamber, at home, in the humble cottage where she was born, and her widowed mother sat by her side, fearing that her child was to be lost to her forever. At last, when all hope seemed gone, Mrs. Kavanaugh was summoned. The sight of the poor, pale, hopeless young face, filled her with keen remorse, and she confessed what she had done, putting the bunch of faded violets, and the little letter that accompanied them, in Laura's hands.

Laura read the lines, her eyes bright with joy.

"He loved me," she whispered, softly, and hid the dead violets in her bosom. "He loved me, after all. We may yet be happy."

With the summer, however, came terrible tidings. The Arctic expedition was lost. The vessel had been last seen, under sail, surrounded by icebergs. A whaler, that had spoken it, had only escaped, by a miracle; and some days after, one of the boats of the lost ship had been

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picked up, crushed and water-logged. Every soul was lost, her lover with the rest.

The dreary days and weeks dragged on. Laura hid her pain and sorrow, and strove to do her duty. But gradually her strength failed; her cheek paled; and her step grew more feeble.

"She is dying of a broken heart," said all.

The old garden, whose paths her childish feet had trod, and where her lover and she had played so often, as boy and girl, was her favorite resort. While her strength lasted, she spent most of her leisure time, in it; and when at last her tottering limbs failed, she sat in her invalid's chair, in front of the cottage door.

One afternoon, she was in this accustomed spot. Every shrub and leaf glowed and quivered with the splendor of the dying day. The sunflowers nooded their gaudy heads in the breeze; the swallows, soon to fly southward, darted to and fro; and thyme, and old-fashioned herbs, filled the air with sweet and spicy odors.

Laura sat there silent, her weary head lying back, her thin hands folded, thinking of her lover's nameless grave, far away amid the wintry solitudes of the Arctic Sea. She pictured to herself how he had died, with her image in his heart, her name on his lips, yet never knowing how she loved him, nay! believing she was faithless.

"Oh! if a letter could have reached him," she sighed. "If he could only have known the truth." Then, after a pause, she murmured: "I am so tired, so tired. When will my poor heart be at rest?"

The days passed on, and Laura grew too feeble, even to sit out of doors. December set in unusually stormy. Every hour almost brought intelligence of disasters at sea. Night after night Laura



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lay awake, listening to the fierce gales, as they shook the cottage, and shuddering sympathetically.

Thus Christmas drew on. Every time the old doctor, who had known her from childhood, came to see her, he went away more and more disheartened. "She may hold out until Spring," he would say to himself, "but no longer; the rough winds of March will end the tragedy: and yet she has no positive disease: it is a broken heart, of which she is dying."

Christmas had come. No sun rose, that day. Instead, there was a whirl of falling, driving snow, blotting out the whole landscape. Yet, for quite an hour, a traveller had been breasting the tempest, holding his hat on, as he bent to the gale, and fighting wind and drift by turns. He had alighted at the nearest station, from the night-train from New York, an hour after day-break, and had vainly tried to hire a conveyance. But no one would risk his horses, at any price, in that tempest.

Laura had risen, and was sitting in a chair, by the window. She was thinking how different Christmas, a year before, had been.

Suddenly, she heard the gate-latch click, and then, directly, feet stamping the snow off on the step; next the outer door was pushed open; and immediately that of the apartment in which she sat.

She looked hastily up. A tall figure stood over her. The face she saw was changed; blanched and wan; and just now quivering with excitement; but she recognized it at a glance.

"Oh! Richard, Richard," she cried, and tried to rise.

Captain Ingleby, for he it was, caught her in his arms, as she was sinking back, half-fainting, into the chair.

"Is it really you? You are not a ghost from the dead," she whispered, her radiant eyes uplifted to his face. "Is it really you?"

For weeks thereafter, even Captain Ingleby, who loved her so dearly, scarcely dared to hope for her life. But in the end, she recovered, yes, and lived to hear him tell, again and again, the story of his rescue. How he had floated away, on an ice-floe; been picked up by some Esquimaux; and had lived with them, till a whaler came and rescued him.

"But amid all my perils," he said, "I never ceased to love you. Fickle as I thought you, I could not tear you from my heart. When I reached New York, my first visit was to your aunt's, in hopes, at least, to hear from you. There I learned the truth. I took the night express, got off at Thorn station, and fought my way through the storm."

In the early Spring, her health and youth renewed, her soul filled with gratitude and happiness, Laura became Captain Ingleby's wife.

"Ah! love," she often says, "the agony of that first Christmas was not so cruel after all; for it made me realize, more keenly than I ever could have realized otherwise, the bliss of that SECOND CHRISTMAS."

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

WHAT can I tell thee of thy vanished treasure?
The pearl that God hath hidden from thy gaze,
Only to leave thee longings without measure,
Unresting nights and length of bitter days.

Vain yearnings for the sound of baby voices,
Whose echo sometimes fills the silent air,
Making thee thrill as one who swift rejoices,
Piercing thy heart then with renewed despair.

Oh! mother-heart, so lonely and so weary.
For him thou bearest all the world's worst pain.
His sinless feet ne'er trod Earth's pathways dreary,
Nor care nor sorrow dawned on that pure brain.

Not his were stormy days and skies that lower,
Only Earth's fairest days did he behold.
He knew Spring's sweetness, Summer's balmy hour,
Nor Autumn's gray, nor Winter's sullen cold.

His coming was, just as the sun discloses,
The tender snow-drops, first frail gift of Spring.
He saw the blooming of the Summer roses,
But tarried not to see their withering.

How fair he looked, when, soft above his sleeping,
The roses lay, sweetness o'er sweetness thrown.
A vision giv'n to melt our hearts to weeping,
And *one* sad mother-heart to make forlorn.

Yet the day cometh, surely, dear, if slowly,
When thou shalt waken from thy dream of pain,
When angel-voices, loving, sweet and holy,
Shall whisper, "Peace," to aching heart and brain.

"Peace, for the babe died not, nor yet is sleeping,
Safe in thy Father's arms he smiles to see
The angel-host their watch around him keeping,
Amid the glories of Eternity.

"That alabaster form, so pure and holy,
O'er which all wept, so lonely was the sight,
Was not thy boy, it was the image solely
Of the young cherub flown to realms of light."

And, some day, dear, when Death unbars Earth's portal
When thy last woes are o'er, thy last tears shed,
When, o'er the mortal, triumphs the immortal,
Thou'lt see thy baby smiling by thy bed.

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THE NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"How far is it through the forest?"

"Fifteen versts, my lord."

"Ah!"

The speaker, a young man of five-and-twenty, and with an air of distinction justifying the rank assigned to him, shrugged his shoulders as he spoke, and looked up at the wild, winter sky, that frowned down, gray and gloomy, on the wastes of snow that covered the landscape.

"Hadn't you better wait till morning, my lord?" said the post-master. "It will be quite dark in half an hour."

"But we can find our way, can't we? It isn't going to snow, is it? The *Moujik* isn't afraid?"

"Oh! the *Moujik* obeys orders, and asks no questions. He dare not."

"Well, then, we will go on. I ought to have been at my destination early this morning, and would have been but for an accident, a station back."

He lit a cigar, with these words, and sprang briskly into the sledge, which disappeared, at once, in the forest.

"I know, now, who he is," said the other, as he went back to his warm room. "It is the young Baron Von Berg, who is to marry pretty Countess Olga. The wedding comes off to-morrow, and he was due this morning. I don't envy him his cold ride," spreading out his hands before the stove, "or the risks he runs. I had a mind to speak of them more plainly, but it's best as it is perhaps: he'd only have laughed at them as idle fears, and thought me a coward for mentioning them."

Travellers by post, in Russia, change horses about every ten miles. For this purpose there are stations on all the main roads. Usually, the same sledge is used for the whole journey; but the driver is changed with the horses.

For some time, the baron smoked on in silence. The air, meantime, became keener; the rising wind whirled the snow into his face; the darkness gathered denser and more dense.

"You know the road?" he said, at last, addressing the driver.

"Yes! my lord. I have travelled it, day and night, for twenty years."

"But not often on a night like this?"

"No! But I can't mistake it. It runs straight through the forest, as you see."

"But I *don't* see. This fine, drifting snow almost blinds me. If it should come on to storm, we couldn't see an inch before us."

"In that event," said the *Moujik*, "we'll have to trust to the horses. They'd know the road, even if I didn't."

"Ah!" said the young man, and again relapsed into silence.

How the wind howled. How the branches of the leafless trees writhed and groaned. How ghost-like the sombre firs looked in the gloom. The traveller's cigar had gone out, and he now took another. By its light he looked at his watch. "Twenty minutes since we left the post-house," he murmured. "A quarter of the journey completed. So far, so good."

He smoked on, after this, in silence. The jingle of the horses' bells, the rattle of the harness, the whiz of the runners over the snow, and the crack of the *Moujik's* whip, became so monotonous, at last, that he began to be drowsy; and no wonder, for he had not been in bed for two nights, having been travelling all that time.

He thought of his betrothed. The Countess Olga was not only as lovely as a dream; she was witty and charming also. The marriage was one of pure love, on both sides. The baron had met her first, at Baden-Baden, the year before. An engagement had soon followed, and the wedding fixed for the winter. He was now on his way to claim his bride. The delay, he felt sure, was making her anxious. "Dear girl," he said, "I can see her now, with her eager eyes and pale face, going to the window, every few minutes, to look if my sledge is coming: oh! how happy we shall both be, when I arrive, an hour hence."

Suddenly he was woke from his reverie, by the furious swish of the *Moujik's* whip. The horses seemed to be wild with terror. They were going at full gallop, snorting fiercely.

"What's the matter?" he asked, rousing himself.

"Don't you hear?" cried the *Moujik*, in a frightened voice. "The wolves! There are a score of 'em—Saint Izaak protect us!"

The young man had often heard of this peril to the traveller, during winter, in Russia; but had regarded these narratives as more or less exaggerated. Even now he could hardly understand

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the *Moujik's* terror. It was not till he became aware of a peculiar sound, that appeared to be coming nearer every instant, that he awoke to a full consciousness of the danger. It was a sound compounded of a bark and a snarl; and with it came the patter as of scores of rapid feet on the hard crust of snow: a sound that rose over the tinkle of the bells, the snort of the horses, the swish of the *Moujik's* whip, and even the moaning of the wintry wind. His very blood ran cold as he heard it. There was in it something indescribably fearful. Shading his eyes with his hand, he peered into the twilight, behind, from out of which the sounds proceeded. We say twilight, for though night had actually set in, the glare from the snow threw a ghastly half-light over everything. In this dim radiance, he saw, or thought he saw, what seemed a wild torrent of black forms, tumbling madly over each other, like some black flood shooting down rapids. But now it was gone. Only the dark shadows of the far-off firs were seen, and above these shadows the spectral firs themselves, shivering, now and then, as it were, in the icy atmosphere; while high over all, swept past the leaden-colored, ominous storm-clouds. No. There it was again, resolving itself, as it came nearer, into a mass of dusky forms, mixed all together, and careering down on the sledge. He could see, even at that distance, the gleam of a hundred hungry eyes, and hear, every moment, more and more distinct, the snarling and yelping.

"We are lost," cried the *Moujik*, glancing over his shoulder. "Oh! my lord baron, how they gain on us."

But the baron came of a long line of knightly ancestors, many of whom had led forlorn hopes, or fallen in hopeless sallies, and he was not one to die without a struggle, or even to lose his presence of mind, although in face of the greatest and most unexpected of dangers.

"Courage, courage," he said. "I have my rifle here. I never travel without it. Only keep your horses up to their work."

Meantime, the wolves came on swiftly, and it was plain, that in five minutes they would be on him. He cocked his rifle, coolly, and waited.

"The whole forest is alive with them," he said to himself. "In this half-light, they look like hundreds. I doubt if a dozen rifles would turn them back. The very momentum of those behind will impel the mass onward, no matter how many fall in front. Here goes!"

He fired, as he spoke, at the foremost of the gang, a great, gaunt giant, famished with a long winter, who was coming on, with head erect, teeth glittering, and hairs on end, while, at his heels, the hungry pack followed tumultuously, a dark, swaying mass, yelping and snarling.

The mighty beast rolled over, stone dead, so sure had been the aim, and for a second of time, the pack appeared checked in its career. But the next instant, the body disappeared under the advancing mass, that, poured down on the sledge like the Vistula in flood.

"Faster, faster," cried the young man, fitting another bullet into his breech-loader.

The frightened steeds required no whip, however: instinct made them fully aware of their peril; and they were thundering on now, with wildly heaving flanks, and strained, outstretched necks.

"Ha! he has it," the baron cried, as he brought down another wolf, the one that had taken the place of the dead leader, "and you and you — great heavens, will nothing stop them?"

For though no less than six had now fallen, others came pouring on. If it had been a score he had slain, it would have been the same. They were now within twenty yards of the sledge. Two gaunt wolves went down before his rifle. Now they were within fifteen yards. The foremost was so nigh, indeed, that the traveller seemed actually to feel his hot breath.

"Faster, faster," he cried.

Mad with terror, the *Moujik* applied his lash. The horses sprang forward anew, as if concentrating all their strength in a last effort, and, for a moment, the wolves seemed to be falling behind. But just as the baron was congratulating himself on this, there came a burst of howls from ahead; a new troop dashed out of the forest there; the steeds recoiled on their haunches, with a wild snort; a huge, shaggy monster sprang at the throat of the off horse: the sledge stopped with a jerk, that nearly threw the baron from his feet; and then the wolves, in what seemed one dense mass, precipitated themselves, from front and rear alike, upon their prey.

Meanwhile the Countess Olga had been suffering torments of anxiety and doubt. Her lover had been expected long ago, and as the posts ran with great regularity, his non-appearance began to be alarming. As hour after hour passed, and the darkness approached, the poor girl, who had been walking the floor, going to the window to look out every few minutes, could no longer maintain silence.

"I am sure something terrible has happened," she said, wringing her hands. "I am sure of it."

Her mother tried to cheer her, though herself torn with doubt. "Perhaps," she urged, "the sledge has broken down, between two post-

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stations: that would cause delay in getting another—"

"Do you really think so?" cried the daughter, eagerly. "Do you really think so? But, oh! mamma, that would compel them to cross the forest after dark, and you know the wolves have been so thick there this terrible winter."

Alas! the mother, for an hour past, had been thinking of this very danger. What could she say to comfort her child?

"Only last week," cried the girl, with a shudder, stopping in her walk again, "they devoured a poor *Moujïk*, as you know, who had been belated—"

"Yes! I know, dear. But it's not likely Carl would venture, after night: they wouldn't let him, at the post-station. Try to be quiet, my love. Bright and early, to-morrow, he will be here."

"They couldn't stop him at the station. You know that, mamma, as well as I do. You tell me to be quiet," wringing her hands, "to wait till morning. I shall die, from suspense, before morning. Even now—"

But she broke down, and covered her face with her hands, shuddering.

"At the worst, he will be armed," interposed the mother. "He was the best shot at Baden-Baden, as Alexis has often told us. Come, rest your head on me, dear: don't give way so: I'm sure all will be right. Ah! here comes Alexis himself. I have been wondering where he was. He will tell you there is no danger."

The brother, a tall, handsome man, with that blonde German beauty that so many of the Russian upper-classes possess, came up to his sister, with a quick step, and stooping down, kissed her, speaking in a voice of assured confidence, that carried comfort in its very tone.

"Look up, Olga, dear, look up," he said, "and bid me 'God speed.' I don't think there's the least cause for alarm, but as I've seen, all the afternoon, how nervous you are, I've ordered out half a dozen sledges, with a score of our fellows, all armed, and am going through the forest, as far as the post-station on the other side. We shall be sure to get news there, even if we don't meet Carl half-way."

The girl threw her arms about her brother's neck, and burst into a tempest of tears and sobs.

"Oh! thank you, thank you," she cried, in broken words. "You always were brave, you always were good. But there," springing suddenly away from him, "go, go, every minute is precious."

A moment after, the sledges were heard driving swiftly away, the bells of the horses ringing out, and the torches, of which each sledge carried two, lighting up the scene till it was almost like day.

Alexis, like his mother, was more alarmed than he would admit. The night had now fallen, but the forest was lit up by the many torches, and was eminently picturesque: fir-trees heavily laden with snow; dark clouds overhead; the whole appearing, for a moment, in the red glare, and then fading into darkness behind. Suddenly, Alexis started, and turned to a brother officer, who sat at his side, one of the guests who had been bidden to the wedding, and who had volunteered to accompany him.

"Hark!" he said. "What is that? Great heavens! not the wolves?"

For that terrible sound, which had startled Carl, was now heard, by the others. It was, however, still far distant.

"I hope the baron has not ventured into the forest," said the officer. "If so—"

"If so," interrupted Alexis, "they are pursuing him. I know that cry well, it is their cry of the chase."

"Forward, then," answered the other, "not a minute is to be lost. Whip up, you sluggard."

The *Moujïk*, thus addressed, lashed up his horses, which broke into a fierce gallop.

"Listen," cried Alexis, a moment after, "that, surely, was a rifle-shot. It is he."

But though they both listened now, intently, they heard no second shot.

"You must have been mistaken," said the officer, drawing a deep breath of relief. "I can hear the infernal howling, but nothing else—"

"No! there it is again. Great God, we shall be too late. There must be hundreds of them, from their noise. No single rifle can keep them back. Forward, forward." And he rose to his feet, and seizing the *Moujïk's* whip, himself, lashed the horses.

"Yes, there it is again. How gallantly he fights," cried the officer. "One, two, three. He has a breech-loader—"

"But it has no effect. He wouldn't be firing so often, if it had. He must be miles away, the sound is so remote. Oh! who will break the news to Olga?"

"Nothing," said the officer, "is so deceptive, as to distance, than sound, in an atmosphere like this, half laden with snow. It is as misleading as sound in a fog."

At that instant, their horses, which had been tearing along at the maddest speed, suddenly shied wildly, almost upsetting the sledge. At the same moment, a dark, tumultuous mass

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rushed out of the forest just ahead, and swept on like a black, tempest-driven cloud.

"It is a new pack," said the officer, leaping also to his feet, and shading his eyes, as he peered into the gloom ahead, down the long, straight, and seemingly endless forest road. "No wonder the horses shied. Ha! I see him, by the flash of his rifle-shot. He is alone. The snow is black with wolves before and behind. Oh! for a minute more of time."

He had cocked his own rifle as he spoke, but waited to fire, for the light that had been shed on the scene ahead, by the flash of Carl's rifle, had faded, and now all was darkness in the distance there, the torches, as yet, failing to penetrate so far through the gloom.

Alexis also stood erect, with cocked weapon, while the *Moujik* lashed the horses again and again, furiously. Both the young men held their breath in the excitement. All at once, the awful clamor ahead broke into a wild *crescendo*, that curdled their very blood. Then followed a moment of death-like silence. This was succeeded by a sudden breaking away of the gloom in front, the darkness rolling off in what seemed wave on wave of lurid mist, as they dashed up, and their torches illuminated the scene.

"The sledge is down," cried the officer, in uncontrollable excitement. "The horses are struggling under an avalanche of wolves. I see nothing of the baron—"

"Yes, there he is," interrupted Alexis, with a shout of exultation, that ended with a catch of the breath, that was almost a sob. "He was only, for a moment, borne down. He is on his feet again. How he swings his sabre, right and left. He has cut a circle clear about him. It is but for an instant only, however. Fire—in God's name, fire. We must take the risk."

But that instant had been enough. The other sledges, by this time, had come up, and were now seconding the rapid fire with which Alexis and his brother officer had accompanied the words they had spoken. The fusillade was incessant, for there were a score of rifles, and every rifle was a repeating one. In less than five minutes not a wolf was to be seen on foot; but scores lay dead, or dying around. The rest had fled.

"What an army of them," said Alexis, kicking a dead monster out of his way, when the first congratulations were over. "But the winter has been unexampled for its severity, and they are starving by thousands, and mad with hunger. We have no time to lose, however. Think of the suspense Olga is suffering! Here, jump in, Carl. These are my famous stallions, that I bred myself, and they can go like the wind."

"I owe my life to them, in part," said the baron, as he sprang into the sledge. "I could only have held the monsters at bay for a few minutes longer." He wiped the blade of his sabre, as he spoke, and returned it to its sheath. "It was like fighting an in-coming surf: you mastered one wave, but another was on you the instant after. Nothing but the speed of your stallions saved me. Ah! my poor *Moujik*, he and his horses both." He added this, as he glanced at the corpses. "I must enquire if he has a family, and keep them from want, for the rest of their days."

"And are you not hurt?"

"Only a scratch or two, which I shall have to ask Olga to bind up for me. Don't talk of it."

But the Countess Olga thought the "only a scratch or two," very alarming wounds, and tended her lover as fair maidens once tended knights of chivalry. The wounds really were mere scratches, however, except one in the left arm, and that was not serious, so that the marriage took place at the appointed time, the bridegroom looking all the more interesting, the ladies said, from wearing his arm in a sling.

IN ARCADY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

When we two lived in Arcady,
The years were Spring, our lives were young.
The birds they sang on ev'ry tree,
At ev'ry step the vi'lets sprung.
All Eden's sunshine flushed the sky,
The moon sailed an enchanted sea,
When first we loved, and you and I
Went hand in hand in Arcady!

The years they passed. The summer noon
Came rip'ning all the rustling corn.
The months were days, they sped so soon;
And sped through skies still fresh with morn.
A fuller life thrilled earth and air,
The meanest thing seemed glad to be.
Oh! happy time, when ev'rywhere
We went we carried Arcady.

Now Autumn comes, and youth is o'er;
Life's bitter griefs we've learned to know.
We stand together on the shore—
Yet still remains the after-glow!
Its light transfigures earth and sky,
Transfigures all the sapphire sea,
And there we wander, you and I,
Still hand in hand in Arcady.

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IN THREE ACTS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 353.

ACT III.

WHEN the next day's sun rose, a mighty steamer was putting out to sea. On the deck, stood the enchantress, looking, with a heavenly smile, into the eyes of the man, who lay upon a bench beside her, his face pallid, his arm bandaged.

She bent forward, kissed the hand that lay helpless outside the wraps flung over him, and whispered:

"All for me! Was it worth while; are you sure it was worth while?"

"Olga!"

"Hush! You are not to try to talk even. You are to rest! Ah, you don't know yet—I love you, I love you!"

And the great ship sped on, bearing Rudolf da Conti out of sight of church, and tower, and the blackened ruins of the conflagration, across which he had carried the woman, for whom he had first gone mad: carried her into safety, by making a bridge of the woman who loved him! What matter, since he had already broken the true heart!

Days passed, then weeks. There was neither rest, nor recollection for Rudolf, any more than for the hasheesh eater, when under the influence of the poisonous drug.

The voyage came to an end; and still Rudolf was an invalid. Weeks of delirious delight followed, at Paris, Nice, Rome, Naples. During their course, Rudolf never once thought of the old life. Never once remembered Rita, any more, than if the fire, through which he had borne this enchantress, had been the gulf between earth and another world.

Not so much as a passing echo of poor Columbine's name, amid the whole round of this besotted vision, which he believed reality! He was a true man, perhaps, after all, this painter-poet! Men deny that such base impossibilities can find a hold in their natures. I wonder wherefore, since, as a rule, the more worthless they are, the more love and sacrifice is lavished upon them. Since time and time again, we see a woman, ay, the best and purest of the sex, turn blind and deaf from the voice of true affection, and bow herself in the dust before some incarnate shape of selfishness.

Olga Daniski declared that her mission on earth was the revenging of her sex on men. Perhaps! In the unfathomable plan of existence, the leopardess has her appointed portion: and it is to rend, and devour; yet, without her, a link in the endless chain would be lost, just the same as if a creature, framed in heaven's highest mould, had perished!

As suddenly as the beginning had come, the end arrived. By the time Rudolf had completely recovered, and began to urge their marriage, she tired of her share. His very devotion was his worst enemy. He wearied her.

There was no preparation, no gradually growing tired, where she was concerned; no slow loosening of the bond: it snapped like a thread, just when it seemed as strong as adamant!

He had come to see her, one day, and was seated at her feet, in the shaded light of a stately room, in Naples, where she had taken part of a palace. From without came the odor of Southern flowers. The grand arch of the Southern sky framed in the lovely scene; her hand was resting on his hair; some tender word had scarcely died upon his lips, when, suddenly, she half-rose, pushed him back, dashed aside the guitar he was holding, and cried out:

"It is over! Well, it has lasted long, your dream! Haven't you seen my growing indifference? Why, you absolutely tire me. Get up—go away! Do you hear me? Go! Take your fool's face out of my sight forever!

He looked at her, as if death was in his face.

"Poh! how white you are," she cried; "how old you've grown; how the wrinkles have come! Up with you; out with you; leave my sight!" She stamped her foot in anger.

Could he believe? Had he gone mad? She had sat down again, and was leaning back in her chair, her fingers playing idly with a rose, immortal apparently in her beauty, her sweetest smile upon her lips, while she poured down upon him all this scorn.

"Don't you hear? I'm sick of your very sight."

"And—and you do not love me—you will not marry me—it was all a cheat—"

"Marry you? Love you? I never, seriously,

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thought of such a thing," she cried, interrupting him; and she struck him on the mouth, with her fan. "Go away, I say."

Was he mad? No, she had forced him back to reason: the dream was over: reality had come, and with it, retribution.

Pray—weep—struggle? Of course. Was he not a man, who had given up his soul to the tempter, and is not such an one as basely ignoble in his cringing before the object of his insensate passion, as he is cruel and stone-deaf to the voice of his guardian angel?

"I have borne enough of this farce," she answered, laughing scornfully. "I owed you a little pity for what you did for me; but it was hard to dissemble, after all; and I am tired of it. Now you know the truth. Oh! you needn't look as if life was over for you. What you ought to do, is to go back to your Columbine. You will not find her, but you may find her grave."

Columbine's grave! Had he heard these words aright. His glazed eyes fastened on the speaker, with an awful agony, that was indescribable.

"Ah," she exclaimed, with a laugh of slow enjoyment, "I forgot—I forgot. You did not know. See how considerate I am, to have kept a new surprise, a fresh sensation, for the very last. Oh, yes, Columbine is dead. Why, you murdered her. You struck her down, with the iron ladder; killed her to save me. I saw her fall. Afterward, I read her name among the list of deaths. That's all. Now go. I can see her blood on your hands. Go!"

He looked at her wildly, and staggered from the room. But he hardly knew what he did: he had no conscious volition. The curse of Cain was upon him, and it thrust him forth.

He saw, or seemed to see, he could not tell, the mocking, insolent faces of sycophants and servants, who, an hour before, would have kissed his feet, had he bidden; heard their voices, raised in coarse gibes, but not the words they uttered: only one voice made itself audible, through the tumult in his brain, and that cried, "Murderer, murderer!"

Then he saw, or seemed to see, orange-groved Sorrento behind him; the purple Mediterranean at his feet; the long stretch of white road in front; away in the distance the sweep of the great city: and he was toiling on—on!

Familiar, and yet so strange, it all appeared; the bright waves across which he had yesterday floated, in a gay barque, with the enchantress by his side; the olive-bordered highway, over which he had dashed, in a triumphant chariot, with her hand in his. The sea was here, the road, the groves, the gardens, the sapphire sky; but now they heaved and changed, flame and desolation were whithersoever he turned, as if he had lost his route, and was treading the lava-scorched sides of Vesuvius. Then the earth rose, and the heavens descended—nearer—nearer: a vast dome of flame; and he was striding over Rita's body, and could not stop; and amid the rush and whirl, that voice still cried, "Murderer, murderer!"

Weeks and weeks after that terrible day, Rudolf da Conti came back from the portals of the grave, and found himself, in a common hospital in Naples, a beggar among the other beggars lying there. Yet, no, not entirely. When he could speak and question and observe, he discovered that a difference was being made, between him and others; a separate room given, choicer food provided; and when he could rouse himself to a vague curiosity as to the cause of the change, he was told that it had all been done by the orders of a countryman of his own, an American, who had lately chanced to learn his strait, and had given money to help his needs.

But he could neither think much, nor care who might have done the kindly act. What powers of reflection he had left, were concentrated in one idea—to get away—to have an hour's freedom, that he might therein force himself on death, which had refused to take him.

He was so weak, bodily, that his mind shared in the wreck, else, perhaps, he would have recoiled from adding to his other sins, that meanest, most cowardly of crimes, suicide. But in his present state, he felt no shame, only a dull sense of hurry, a longing to be up and away, in order that he might act upon his resolve.

The time came, at last, when he was able to do so. His unknown protector had not returned. The hospital guardians had neither right nor wish to detain him. They did not even care enough to ask whither he meant to go. They had cured his body, and their part was done.

It was a bright afternoon, when Rudolf da Conti left his temporary place of refuge, and wandered through the crowded streets, towards the Chiaja, that beautiful promenade which fronts the sea at Naples.

He was so feeble still, that every now and then he had to sit down, and rest. Gay equipages rolled by, on business or pleasure; church-bells rang out; children laughed and shouted; the sun shone; the wind murmured past, warm with the heat of African deserts, across which it had come; and Rudolf wandered on and on, houseless and aimless.

I said aimless. I was wrong. Wherever he went, that resolve, which had fixed itself upon

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his mind, even in the first moments, when consciousness returned to him on his sick-bed, remained his steady companion. He knew where he was going. He had a goal in view. Death had flung him back on life, scorning so poor a gift; but death should find that his will was the stronger of the two. He went on, smiling at this thought, which to his weakened brain, seemed a proof of determination and force.

He reached, at length, the beautiful garden, which stretches between the Chiaja and the sea, and sat down among the myrtles and roses, as much alone, amid the crowd that idled past, as if he watched it across the sweep of a universe.

His progress had been so slow, that the sun was now setting. Sky and sea were a blaze of glory, of which, even in his weakness, and the engrossing absorption of his always present resolve, his artistic sense took cognizance, in a dim, vague fashion; and it irritated him to feel that it did.

He began to crave food; he must eat, else he could not preserve strength enough to reach his journey's end; for he had to wander on beyond the city limits; wait for solitude and night; else some importunate meddler might intrude between him and death.

He searched his pockets, and discovering a few stray coppers, bought a cake of black bread, that he ate, with a relish for which he loathed himself, but could not restrain. His appearance was sufficiently striking, to render him noticeable. His long, golden curls, and the beauty of his features, which, amid their pallor and emaciation, preserved the perfect outlines of the face of a Greek statue; the sombre splendor of his great, dark eyes; the picturesque grace of his costume, a rich, wine-colored velvet coat, attracted the attention of hundreds in that pleasure-seeking crowd. One man in particular, made him the especial object of his scrutiny, passing, and returning again. When this man had satisfied himself that his fancy had not deceived him, he lingered near, and at first seemed inclined to speak; but presently his keen eyes detected something in the poor, sick loiterer, which told him it was wiser to wait.

The sunset brightened and faded. The bustle and excitement increased. Rudolf sat still. If he felt anything, it was an absurd sort of pride, that he was different from these vacuous human insects, all around him, who were content to buz about in idle pleasure: he had done with them, and their gayeties: he was going forth, voluntarily, into the limitless space of the Infinite.

A dog bounded past, a beautiful greyhound, and stopped in front of Rudolf, laid a paw upon his knee, and looked up into his face, with eyes so cognizant and sympathetic, that the glance irked the poor fellow: he had fallen so low, he felt, that he was an object of pity to the dumb brute. He could not endure it. He rose and walked away.

Night had come. The full moon was high in the heaven. Rudolf sat on a jutting point, on the shore, not far from the famous grotto of Posillippo, and gazed out across the sea. He had reached his journey's end. The moment had arrived!

But as he rose from the heap of stones, where he had seated himself, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and in another instant a strong arm was flung about him.

"This has gone far enough," a voice said in his ear; "far enough."

Rudolf's struggles to free himself were futile as those of an infant would have been.

"What right have you to stop me?" he cried. "Who are you?"

"Why, I can tell you, though you won't be much the wiser," replied his captor. "My name is Hiram Derick."

"I don't know you! Let me go!"

"I know you, Mr. Da Conti, and I shan't let you go," said Derick. "I have followed you, for a long way. I understood your little errand, and a very foolish one it was!"

"What—what do you know about it? Hands off, I say!" cried Rudolf, passionately.

"Not a hand!" was Derick's answer.

To be stopped in his purpose, forced back to the life he was so nearly rid of! The idea fired Rudolf's brain into such excitement, that he was scarcely less mad, than when, a week before, he lay raving upon his bed in the hospital. He struggled and fought, with the strength of insanity, crying out, in maledictions against the man, who was trying to save him; against earth and heaven.

Suddenly Derick released him, and gave him a push forward.

"Go, you fool!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Drown yourself, if you will. You're not fit to live in this world—you're a coward—that's what you are—a coward!"

Rudolf had staggered on a few paces. He stopped now.

"A coward!" repeated Derick. "Jump—jump! Why don't you jump!"

A spasm of shame seized Rudolf. He turned back from the shore. That taunt had affected him more than any argument.

"Look here, I paid your bills in the hospital," said Derick, "so I've a sort of lien on you!

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Now if I were you, I'd be too honest to die in debt to a stranger! Stop here, till you've paid me, at least!"

A burst of womanish hysteria shook the poor creature. He fell, prone on the sand, and wept aloud. Presently he found himself raised in Derick's arms; heard words of encouragement whispered in his ear; was soothed and tended with the gentleness of a woman quieting her sick child.

"Now you'll come with me," Derick said, at last. "I've a carriage waiting round the turn. It has followed us, all the time. Don't try to talk yet. Lean on me."

Derick took him home to his own lodgings, put him in bed, summoned a doctor, nursed him for a few days; and when they were over, was satisfied to see that the strength, which Rudolf was beginning again to recover, seemed healthful, both in body and mind. The insanity had passed away. He was once more "clothed and in his right mind."

So Rudolf da Conti came back to life, and found a place ready for him, the way made plain. He saw himself as he really was, his past career in its true light. But the strong hand that held him up; the loving, human heart, which sheltered him; the clear, practical mind that poured the oil of tender counsels upon his wounded soul, kept him from shrinking in helpless despair at the sight. Kept the madness of the suicide from returning to him; taught him that the true way was not to give up, but to go forward bravely, and face life.

"Remorse is a waste of time," Hiram Derick said, "unless it brings forth fruits. Repentance has no meaning, unless we join atonement to it, and true atonement is work. 'Whatsoever thine hands find to do,' that do. Not for ourselves, but others. Not for gain or fame alone; but to help on the general brotherhood, which Christ was sent to preach; not despising gain and fame, since winning them helps to make work wider! And yet there can be no little and no great, because the work is God's. We are links in the Eternal chain; and so the serf's task is as noble as the hero's: the sheaf of common deeds well done, is as perfect as the martyr's palm." The rude, half-polished Australian spoke, you see, better than many a beneficed clergyman.

Once more the waves of ocean bore Rudolf da Conti away. Once more the stretch of the great New World city loomed up before his eyes. And when the steamer landed, he found Christopher waiting on the wharf; felt his hands seized in eager welcome; heard friendly rejoicings over his return.

When he could speak through his tears, and they were tears that were an honor, not a shame to his recovered manhood, Rudolf said:

"And did you come, on my account? Were you expecting me?"

"Of course! Derick telegraphed when you sailed," Christopher replied. "I couldn't have you land, and meet nobody! Now you are to go home with me. There's a room you can have in the house where I live—capital light for a studio—just what you want—you'll see."

All the way through the streets, he kept talking upon ordinary topics, to give Rudolf time to recover himself. When they were shut up together, in his room, the latter's gratitude found voice.

"Do you know what he has been to me?" he asked, speaking of Derick.

"I knew, in advance, what he would be, when the right moment came," Christopher said. "I'll tell you what I'm sure he never told you,—that he went to Europe, on your account, more than anything else."

"And do you know where he found me? A beggar in a hospital, Christopher."

"And a very lucky thing the nurses had discovered your name, written on your clothing, so he had no trouble in identifying you," replied Christopher, in a matter-of-fact tone.

During that day, there was no mention of the dead between them. But on the next, Rudolf said:

"I have not told you of my repentance towards Rita, poor girl!"

"Not yet!" interrupted Christopher. "Didn't Derick say, that, useless regret was life wasted? Wait till you can say you have atoned."

And Rudolf submitted in silence.

He settled himself in the lodgings Christopher had prepared, and set himself to work. He was a great deal alone, for his friend was daily busy with rehearsals, and was every night playing in the great theatre, built above the ruins of the old one, beneath which Columbine had found a grave. Thither Rudolf had not courage to go. Indeed, he would have made a recluse of himself, altogether, and gone nowhere, but that Christopher would not permit this.

Then there came a season of discouragement. The money which Derick had advanced, was nearly exhausted; the pictures Rudolf had painted found no buyers. But Christopher said:

"I am better off than I used to be. You can see that, by the way I live. You won't need to starve."

He went away to his studies, as he spoke. When he came back from rehearsal, Rudolf was

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absent. On his return, that night, he went into the young man's room, and found him busy making a drawing on wood.

"I've got a position on Stilford's illustrated newspaper," he cried, triumphantly. "It is work I can undertake at night, so it won't interfere with my painting."

"You'll do!" said Christopher, eyeing him, complacently.

Carefully as he watched Rudolf, the patient guardian never discovered any sign of faltering, or momentary self-commiseration. Rudolf passed through troubled waters; poverty assailed him; but Christopher let him struggle on; and gradually the way grew clearer.

The time came, when his picture, sent to the Academy of Design, met with a reward of praise; was sold too, and for a good sum. After this, orders began to come in rapidly. His debt to Derick, so far as the pecuniary part of it was concerned, was paid off.

Christopher watched him more anxiously than ever now; but events proved that there was no need to fear.

A year went by, and the anniversary of his return came and passed; and still he never faltered: and now Christopher knew that the demons had forever lost their hold.

Rita's name was never mentioned. But Christopher perceived, that, though Rudolf had learned to accept life manfully, even contentedly, Rita still held a place in his memory, such as a man gives only to the woman he loves.

It was a calm, lovely day, in early Spring, a Sunday, good Christopher's season of rest.

"I am going to take you into the country, Rudolf," he said. "I want to see the grass growing, and hear the birds sing."

So they drove for miles, far out among the lanes and woods. Towards sunset, Christopher led his companion, up the approach to a fine old mansion, which Rudolf had admired.

"I know the owner," Christopher said. "I promised to bring you, if I ever got time. You'll find some of your pictures there."

So they went into the house, were shown into a room, where Christopher bade Rudolf sit down and wait, while he went to his friend.

Rudolf strayed about, examining the paintings that hung upon the walls. He came across two of his own. Suddenly he stopped short, with a little cry.

He was face to face with a portrait of Rita! Surely a portrait of Rita. How it could have found its way thither, he did not stop to think. So perfect, so life-like was it, that it almost seemed as if it were the living Rita, smiling down upon him.

He sank involuntarily on his knees, and stretched out his hands towards the figure, crying aloud:

"Do you see—do you know—have you forgiven me, Rita? Oh, my beloved, my lost one—speak to me from across the grave—Rita, Rita!"

Then he heard Christopher's step close at his side; felt himself raised up; and fancied a lighter footfall was approaching, from a door that opened softly. He looked. Was it a spirit? Or Rita's self, as beautiful as if she had bloomed in heaven, ever since their parting?

"Am I mad again?" he cried. "Is it a vision?"

"Call it so," Christopher made answer. "You have proved yourself worthy; and when a man does that, sometimes, even in this world, the vision becomes reality! While you were dead in sin, she was dead to you, but waiting with patience, just as they wait, who have really gone before us across the grave, and look for our repentance and resurrection. She is here now."

Then, as in a dream, Rudolf saw Hiram Derick's smiling face appear in the doorway, too; then Christopher retreated; the door closed behind him and Derick; Rita was in his arms, and there the pair stood together, in the blessed silence, and both in happy tears.

DEMETER.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I DREAMED of vanished Summer, as alone
I walked in ways that bore no trace of her.
Low on my ear there fell a sudden moan,
And face to face I met sad Demeter,
Bewailing newly fair, lost Persephone.
Robed in her sombre mantle of dull brown
She held the pale torch of a wintry ray
And searched o'er sodden fields, and up and down
The barren forests, where one golden day
She saw the maid disporting. Sad of mein
Her homely garments wet with rain and sleet
She, heavy hearted, passed me with slow feet
Still seeking for her child, who far away
In other kingdoms, reigned a royal queen.

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THE SPANISH BRIDE.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

A FIERCE storm had been driving down the Pyrenees, all day long, lashing the chestnut and ilex branches against each other like whips, scooping a new channel for the headlong mountain torrent, that watered the valley of Praya del Norte, and beating against the gray old walls of the monastery.

The monks had just finished Vespers, and Father Peter, the porter, went, according to custom, to lock the convent gate for the night.

"Holy Mother," he cried, suddenly, "what is this?"

A closely covered carriage, drawn by four mules, dashed down the narrow road, and stopped in front of the gate, and a voice called from the rumble, in the rear.

"How far to the next town, father?"

"Three leagues to Villanova, my son. And be very careful at the ford, for the river is swollen already, and by morning may not be passed."

"Milé diabolos! Pardon, father. But we shall never reach Villanova, I fear. Might we stay here?"

"Who asks for hospitality?" enquired the monk, cautiously.

"My master, Señor Don Alphonso de Guzman; his son, Don Ignaçio; and his daughter, Doña Carmita, with Bettina, her nurse."

"Your master and the mules, the postillions and yourself, are welcome. The women cannot be received."

"Caramba! You would leave a delicate lady, and an old woman, exposed to this tempest, all night?"

"I did not compose the rules of this house, my son, nor can I alter them," replied the monk.

"Thunder and lightning! I will call my master," interrupted the servant, angrily.

"Do so, my son, and I, meantime, will go and bring the prior."

When the servant-man presently returned, conducting a tall and stately cavalier, whose black brows and quivering moustache suited well the angry light of his eyes, they were met by the porter, and led into a little lodge beside the gate, where stood Father Baptisto, the prior.

He received his guest courteously, expressed regret that he should have been annoyed in any manner, but repeated, in smoother phrases, what Peter had already told.

"But," continued the prior, "the house of Miguel Lopez, one of our tenants, is but a-quarter of a league, or less, from our gates, and with a message from me, he will gladly offer the señorita the best he has."

"Bueno! That will do, admirably, reverend father, and we will find our way thither, at once, leave the señorita and her nurse, and return here before the hour is out. Lead on, Cherubino."

The noble, bowing haughtily, strode out of the room, followed by his valet. The prior looked after them, a slight flush staining his dark cheek, at the half-concealed insolence of the man: then he quietly said to the porter:

"Ring the bell for compline, my son, and if our guests return before the office is ended, show them to the guest chambers. Also warn brother Tomaco to prepare something more for supper. Happily it is not a fast day."

"It would do that gay serving-man no harm to fast, if it were," muttered Peter, turning away.

But before either he or the prior had traversed the long passage, leading from the lodge to the house, a strong, sudden peal at the bell startled both, and the porter, turning back, exclaimed:

"What, are they here already!"

But as he unlocked and threw wide the gate, a solitary figure appeared upon the threshold. It was that of a young man, holding a horse by the bridle. Both horse and man were streaming with rain, and worn by storm and travel.

"Good-even, father. Can you give a benighted traveler a night's lodging, for the love of God?" demanded the stranger, courteously, and the monk, opening the gate, the stranger led his horse into the court-yard, and tying him to a ring, in the most sheltered nook, stepped inside the lodge door, displaying to the prior, the tall, finely-made form, and proudly handsome features of a cavalier, not quite thirty years old, richly dressed.

"You shall have what we can offer, my son," said the monk; "but our two principal guest-rooms are already taken up, and a bare cell is all that is left."

"A soldier cares almost as little for luxuries as a monk, good father," replied the cavalier. "But may I inquire who are your guests? I might find some friends."

Careless as the tone he assumed, there was a

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ring of anxiety about it, which the monk was not slow to perceive.

"You will meet them in the refectory, presently, my son, and learn their names from themselves. What shall I call you?" he said.

"Don Carlos, if it please you, father."

"Well, then, we will meet at supper, unless you prefer coming with us to chapel, while we say compline."

"Thanks, father, I will go to chapel," replied Don Carlos, after a moment's hesitation; and, well pleased, the prior led the way through a long passage, and a winding cloister, to the half-lighted church, where the monks, already assembled in the choir, awaited their superior.

Don Carlos followed his guide, about half-way up the church, when, turning a little aside, he knelt in the deep shadow of a pillar, and drew his cloak around the lower part of his face, bowing his head as if in deep abstraction. At the same moment, the Señors de Guzman, escorted by a lay brother, entered the church by another door, and went forward to a row of chairs, directly in front of the altar. When they had fairly passed, Don Carlos cautiously raised his head, and still muffling the lower part of his face with his cloak, watched, until father and son, lifting their faces toward the lighted altar, revealed the high and haughty features of the de Guzman race. Once having fairly seen them, Don Carlos looked no more, but withdrawing a little deeper into the shadow, remained devoutly kneeling, until the office was ended, when he as quietly withdrew.

The other guests were shown at once to the refectory, and the prior was about to follow them, when, at a dark corner of the passage, he encountered Don Carlos, who said, meekly:

"Sir prior, a word with you, if you will."

"Before supper, my son?"

"Yes, father, now."

"Come in here, then." And the prior pushed open the door of a bare cell, close to the refectory, and stepped in.

"I ought to tell you," said Don Carlos, "before I eat, that I am Don Carlos d'Acunha of Cordova, and that my family, and that of de Guzman, have been for the last fifty years, at deadly feud. Now, I am only desirous to peaceably pursue my journey, but Ignaçio de Guzman is of so quarrelsome a nature, that, if he should set eyes upon me, there would be daggers drawn, and blood shed, to the scandal of this holy house, and abuse of your hospitality. For this reason, father, I pray you to allow me to remain out of sight of my enemies, and not to mention my neighborhood to them. Should they speak of another guest in the house, you might say that he gave his name as Carlos Avilla, which is indeed one of the names I have a right to bear. Will you keep my secret, father, and suffer me to sup in my own room?"

"You do well, my son," replied the prior, "to avoid needless strife. I will keep your secret, and you shall be served with food and wine in your own cell." With these words they parted.

The storm, meantime, continued so violent, that Don Guzman, before retiring, remarked, that, with the prior's permission, he would remain for another day. No preparations, in consequence, were ordered for departure. It was, therefore, with something of a start, that father Peter, as he sleepily and yawningly undid the wicket of the outer gate, after ringing the great bell to wake up the brothers, found his nose almost in contact with the top of a woman's head, upon the other side of the wicket.

"Why, father," cried a girl's voice, "surely you must know me, Dolores Lopez. I have come to speak to the reverend prior, about some eggs and chickens he sent for last night; and I come early, to get a word with him, before he goes into church for prime."

"And why did not your father come, or, at least, your mother?" demanded the monk, severely. "You know, very well, that the reverend father never wishes girls, like you, to come to the convent, except for confession. Who is there beyond you? Isabella? The prior is angry enough with her, I can tell you, after her going to the fair at Villanova, with Roberto Lopez. She'd better not come near him, very soon, unless she wants a severe penance."

"Listen, father," replied Dolores, in a low voice, and coming close to the wicket. "But first be gracious, and take this honey-comb from me. It is not against rules to eat a little honey, on a feast day, and this is Saint Agatha's, you know. It came from your hive."

"Ah, ah! you wish to coax us, little wretch," laughed the porter, who had known this daughter of the convent's farm, since she was a baby brought thither for baptism. "You know, well enough, that I shall break no rules for you, or go one step out of my duty; but inside that limit, I like to please you; you are a good girl; and as for the honey-comb, I do not say but it is a toothsome morsel on a feast day, and I thank you. Well?"

"Well, then, father, poor Isabella is so sorry for her fault, oh, you can't think how sorry, and she does so want to get her reverend godfather's pardon. Here she is, so sick and tired with crying and penitence, that she could hardly come up the hill, and if my mother knew it, she would

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half kill her for leaving the house, for she has been made a real prisoner since the fair; and now, dear, good, father Peter, do just let us into the locutory, and ask the father to come and speak with us, before prime, so that Isabella may get home, and be safe in our bedroom, when my mother rises. Do now, dear father?"

"Well, well, wait till I see," and father Peter hurried away to the prior's cell.

"Courage, señorita," murmured Dolores, turning from the gate, and addressing the tall, slight, girl-figure, standing so close against the wall, as not easily to be reconnoitred from the wicket. "The prior will be sure to come. He can't miss the chance of scolding my sister, Isabella: she is his god-child, and has been very naughty."

"What has she done, Dolores?" asked a sweet, but rather tremulous voice.

"Why, they want her to marry old Gaspardo Deluzo, a rich corn-merchant of Villanova, and the padre told her she must, and she consented; but then came our handsome cousin, Roberto; and, well, I helped her; and Isabella got out of the window, and ran away with him to the great fair at Villanova, and was there all day. Gaspardo saw her, and came raving to my father; and they went and brought her home; and my father gave her a great beating, with the donkey-stick; and Gaspardo said he wouldn't marry her now; and it is all dreadful. I suppose they will make it up, and marry her to him, finally; but she says she had rather die."

"And so would I," fervently murmured the señorita, as she followed her companion, through the little door of the convent-wall, into a small, bare room, with a grated window. Through this grating, alone, might the pernicious influence of woman penetrate into the Benedictine convent; and this room, devoted to conversational purposes, was called the locutory.

Hardly had the two girls entered, and closed the door, when the prior appeared at the opposite side of the grating, and with a hastily murmured blessing, demanded:

"Isabella, is it true that you have come to make your submission, and ask my intercession with your parents?"

"It is not Isabella, reverend father," replied a sweet voice, as the mantilla fell down upon the shoulders of the graceful figure, and displayed a face of such astonishing beauty, that, after one glance, the monk dropped his eyes, yet found them again ensnared by the little, tapering, jewelled fingers, that were nervously clasped upon the window-ledge.

"Do not be angry, father, at the deception," pursued the stranger, hurriedly. "It seemed the only way to get speech of you, secretly and instantly; and I am in such sore distress. And do not blame Dolores, father—"

"Who are you, my daughter, and what is your need?" interposed the prior.

"I am Carmita de Guzman, father, whom you sent, last night, to the house of your farmer, Lopez," replied the young lady, with more self-possession than she had yet shown. "And this good girl, who was deputed to wait upon me, finding me in great grief and terror, spoke to me of your wisdom and kindness, and advised my coming in this manner to speak with you."

"Tell us your need, daughter, and if you can speak more freely alone with me, Dolores may wait outside."

As soon as Dolores had left, the other fell upon her knees, and sobbed out:

"Oh, father, they will marry me, to-morrow, to a bad, horrible, old man; a man I loathe and hate; and who will make me bad, too."

"Who is it?" interrupted the monk. "Who marries you to this man?"

"My father and brother. He is very rich; and my father is troubled about money; and Don Federigo will give up an estate, my father and he are at law about; and he will pay my brother's debts; and dower my younger sister."

"Good things for your family, my daughter, if you will help to obtain them."

"Yes, but at what price, father? Body and soul, this world and heaven, all happiness here and hereafter."

"There is something behind all this, my child. Do you love somebody else?"

A faint color flushed into Carmita's pallid cheeks, but she answered promptly, and bravely:

"Yes, my father, I love, and have promised to marry, one who is good, brave, handsome and noble, the absolute contrast to Don Federigo de Castellobranco."

"And what is the name of him you love; and what is the objection of your family?"

"He is named Rafaelo de Orvieto y Diaz; and his family and mine have been at feud, for a century or more," replied the girl, sadly. "Besides, he is not rich, as my father counts riches, although rich enough to satisfy me."

The monk visibly started, and asked, suddenly:

"Does he come from Cordova?"

"No, father, from the neighborhood of Granada."

"How does he look?"

"He is quite tall, with a powerful figure. His eyes are hazel, and very piercing and commanding. His hair is dark, and close cut; and he wears a sweeping moustachio. He has a very pleasant

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smile, although his face, in repose, is a little too haughty. Have you seen him, father?"

"Has he other names than those you mention?"

"Yes, father, he has a right to bear his mother's name of d'Acunha; and I think he is called Diego, and Carlos, besides Rafaelo. One has so many names, when one is of a good house, and of pious parents."

"Yes," replied the prior, dryly. "Well, my daughter, I can give you no better counsel than to go home, and quietly submit yourself to your father, to whom you owe duty and obedience. God promises reward to those who honor their parents—"

"Thanks, father," interrupted Carmita, rising hastily from her knees, and drawing the mantilla about her head. "The homily is admirable, but I have heard it so many times, in my life, already, that I need not detain you to deliver it again. As a last favor, I will beg you to say a requiem mass, on the morning after we resume our journey, for the souls of Federigo de Castellobranco, murdered on his wedding night; and Carmita, the wretched bride, who murdered him, and who, in justice to her, was driven to the deed, by the tyranny of her family, and the cold indifference of the priest to whom she came for aid."

She was gone, with the last word, and as the bell tolled its call to prime, the monk turned and went thoughtfully to chapel, his downcast face and frowning brows speaking deep perplexity.

The office ended, the prior took his way down the guest's corridor, and knocking slightly upon one of the last doors, was bidden to enter. The stalwart young knight was just finishing his toilet, and looking handsomer than ever.

"Good-morrow, father," he said, blithely, turning to welcome the monk. "Have I your blessing and good wishes?"

"Neither, until I know if you deserve them," replied the prior, severely. "Why did you deceive me, last night, with a false name?"

"Oh, the de Guzman's have found me out, have they?" retorted the young man, loosening his rapier in its sheath. "Very well, if Ignaçio is ready, so am I. There are reasons why I had rather not have shed de Guzman blood, but if so it must be, Rafaelo de Orvieto y Diaz will not be the first man of his house to turn his back on a de Guzman."

"You shrink from shedding their blood, but you are following like a sleuth-hound upon their trail. Is it in hopes of spoiling the honor, that is worth more than life, to such as you and them?"

The prior spoke with cold severity, and fixed his eyes, keenly, on the young man.

Rafaelo glanced up, in some astonishment: then crossing his arms, and confronting the monk, he said, as coldly:

"Speak out, reverend father, if you have anything to say. I am a good son of Mother Church, and gladly pay all deference and duty to her priests; but I am not a child, to be chidden, and not make reply. What do you wish of me, beyond an apology hereby tendered, for using some reserve, last night, in giving but one of my baptismal names? I assumed the title of my mother's family, rather than my father's. It was a precaution, which, considering I was housed with two men, sworn to have my blood at the first opportunity, seems to me not ill-advised."

"You might have really trusted me, as well as pretended to do so," replied father Juan, more mildly. "And the reason I sought you now," he added, "was to ask if you are disposed to trust me, altogether. I should be glad to hear, from your own lips, if you choose to give it, the true story of your attachment to the señorita, Doña Carmita de Guzman, and to learn what is your object, in following her and her family."

"One question, on my part, father," replied the young man, after a moment of hesitation. "Do you approach me, as envoy of the Señors de Guzman?"

"No, my son, I do not. I have no reason to suppose that they know of your presence here."

"You have not? Then it must be Carmita herself? Have you seen her? Is she here?"

"Surely not, señor. You should know that no woman, of whatever degree, penetrates farther than the locutory of a Benedictine monastery. Come, my son, confide in me, without more questioning, and I will promise you, if not help, at least utter secrecy as to your communication."

Thus urged, and glad, after all, as most lovers are, to confide in a sympathetic ear, Don Rafaelo proceeded, very honestly, to tell how he had first seen Carmita, at a school festival, in the convent where his sister was educated; and how they had danced and talked together, for a long evening, before discovering that they were hereditary foes; and how, having discovered it, they agreed that the feud should end before reaching them; and how Carlotta, his sister, who had never spoken to the de Guzman, was through love of him, brought over to be their friend, and Carmita's confidante; and how, for the year after the school feast, they had corresponded, and by Carlotta's help continued to meet on sundry occasions, until finally they had pledged their troth to each other.

"Holy Mother!" interrupted the prior, at this point. "How little originality the father of

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mischief displays, in conducting these follies; the story of Isabella, the farmer's daughter at our gate, Roberto, her cousin, Dolores, the go-between sister, and Gaspardo, the old, hated bridegroom, would do admirably for the history you are telling me, señor, if we but change the names to Doña Carmita, Señor Rafaelo Carlos, Doña Carlotta, and Señor Don Federigo de Castellobranco."

"You have his name, and I have not told it!" exclaimed Don Rafaelo, more struck with this fact than with the prior's moralizing. "You must have seen Carmita!"

"Go on, my son," replied the prior. "What are you going to do now?"

"Castellobranco, with his castles, and land, and thousands of doubloons in ready gold, has bought Carmita of her proud and poor family, and they are taking her to Villanova, where he has agreed to meet them, and they will be married there, within twenty-four hours of leaving this house, if nobody prevents," replied the lover. "God help us!"

"Profane not God's name, my son. But why do such wealthy grandees choose this poor, little nook of Spain, for their marriage festivities?"

"Because they could not venture to sacrifice Carmita, in presence of her hosts of relatives and friends, at home. She declared, to her father's face, that, if they took her into church, to marry Castellobranco, she would refuse him, before the altar, and call upon priest and people to defend her. At any rate, it would have been a scandal, and the de Guzmans dared not risk it. They knew Carmita, and her proud courage, too well."

"She has a temper," murmured the prior, recalling the young lady's parting address.

But the lover did not listen.

"Castellobranco has estates here in the north," he continued, "and it was arranged that he should come to one of them; make preparations to receive his bride and her family; and then meet them, and have the wedding at Villanova, in some little church, where the priest is simply devoted to the family of Castellobranco. Once married, the poor girl is in his hands."

"Or he in hers," muttered the prior, with a shrug. But aloud he said, "well, and you?" He glanced, significantly, as he spoke, at Don Rafaelo's stalwart form, daring front, and the well-worn handle of the rapier at his side.

"I!" repeated the young man, answering the glance, with a proud and confidant smile. "I have come hither to win my bride; peaceably if I may; if not, then after the fashion of the men of Benjamin, when they needed wives and were refused. My confessor told me that story, and though he advised it not, I guessed that he would not be too much scandalized, if I followed the example."

"But you are alone, and they are three."

"I have a servant, in the neighborhood, a stout fellow, who will dispose of that wretched Cherubino, and the muleteers, should they dare show fight; and I would not have the old man touched, if I had an army at my back; but as for Ignaçio, I owe him a lesson. I will not kill him, however, lest Carmita desert me for a convent."

"Does she speak of offering herself to God?" asked the monk, in a tone of relief. "That would indeed free her from the marriage she dreads, and at the same time insure her own everlasting happiness."

"I am not so sure of that, father; for she only wishes to become the bride of heaven, if she cannot be mine."

The prior, for reply, turned towards the door, and said:

"The bell is ringing for mass; come, if you will, and be present; afterward, I will send you some breakfast. Then I will see you again, and give you such advice as I can, after thinking the matter over. Promise that you will do nothing, see nobody, nor leave the convent, until I have spoken with you again."

"I promise, father," said Don Rafaelo, after a moment's hesitation. "Will the de Guzmans be at the mass?"

"Surely. The father made his shrift, last night, and will receive the sacrament," replied the prior, gravely.

"I do not mind his presence, for he does not know me by sight," explained Rafaelo. "But Ignaçio and I have met, two or three times, and I must keep out of his way."

"Her father does not know you, by sight?"

"No, father; he has never seen me, at all," replied the cavalier, carelessly, as he followed the prior out of the cell.

Breakfast over, Don Alphonso, after looking at the leaden sky and pouring rain, for some moments, announced his intention of remaining all day at the convent, and also of visiting his daughter, if the prior would send a guide to show him the way to the farm-house. The prior graciously assented, and including Don Ignaçio in his address, remarked:

"I might go, myself, to the farm-house, for there is a matter weighing somewhat upon my mind, with regard to my god-daughter and penitent, Carmita, there."

"Carmita!" echoed father and son, in surprise.

"Yes, the daughter of Miguel Lopez, our

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farmer. Ah, yes, the Señorita de Guzman is called Carmita also, I believe?"

"Yes, father," replied the nobles, rather haughtily.

"My god-daughter is more commonly called Isabella," said the prior, serenely. "But Carmita is not an uncommon name with us Andaluzians, you know. But this child—I will ask your opinion, señors, for it is after all a matter more of the world than of the cloister, and I was at my wit's end to know what I should advise and enforce. Let us sit down, and I will tell you the story, and listen to your opinion."

Nothing loth, for the day threatened to be a long and tedious one, and books were not the resource then that they are now, nor the de Guzmans a scholarly race, father and son seated themselves and listened, while the prior, with all the eloquence of which he was master, set forth the youth, grace, and beauty of his god-daughter, Isabella Carmita, and the fervent passion that had grown up between herself and her cousin, Roberto, whom the good prior also painted, in most glowing colors, as a paragon of a brave, industrious, manly young fellow, his only demerit being his poverty.

"Sangre de Dios!" here interposed the father, his grim face relaxing in a humorous smile. "With two such paragons at hand, reverend prior, what doubt can there be that they should be married forthwith, and the world enriched by a race of Phenixes?"

"And as for poverty, we can easily get this Roberto service with the Marquis of Castellobranco, whom we are going to visit," suggested Ignaçio.

"The trouble is here," replied the prior, shaking his head. "The girl's family have arranged a marriage for her, with a rich old fellow of Villanova; he is a widower, with children older than poor Isabella; he is ugly, sick, cross, and wicked to a degree; he will make the poor child's life a misery to her, and either kill her outright with cruelty, jealousy, and heart-sickness, or turn her out one of those artful, intriguing women, of whom the world is full. Shall I give up my god-child to such a fate as that, señor? You, who have a daughter, can answer me."

The cavaliers looked at each other, and then keenly into the face of prior John, who met their eyes with serene unconsciousness. The elder de Guzman was the first to speak.

"Since you ask my counsel, father, I must say, that, in my opinion, family discipline should be upheld. No doubt your farmer has good reason for wishing to marry his daughter to the elder suitor—"

"Oh, his reasons are the worst part of the whole affair," interrupted the prior, indignantly. "He actually is selling his own child, body and soul, for money. Old Deluzo is rich, and he will build a mill here, upon the river, and make it over to Lopez, with money to carry it on for a year. It is a regular bargain, as if it was a heifer that they bought and sold, and not a human soul, a soul for which Christ died, and of whose fate He will demand account at the last day."

De Guzman turned pale, and thoughtfully turned the ring upon his finger. Ignaçio hastily spoke:

"Why don't you stop this bargaining then, father? The man is your tenant; tell him he shall not have his mill; or build one yourself and lease it to him. The wishes of these peasants are of no account; and it is, of course, fitter to marry the girl to the young man, if no weighty interests intervene. The daughter of a noble house must sacrifice her personal inclinations to the good of her family; but a peasant's daughter should marry a man of her own age and fancy, that the children may be stalwart tillers of the field. My advice is, that pretty Isabella should marry the man of her heart, and her father be taught not to ape his betters, in arranging marriages of convenience."

"And if you really think, reverend father," began the elder de Guzman, hesitatingly, "that it would imperil the girl's soul, and bring down God's vengeance on the parents—"

His voice shook with agitation. Don Ignaçio shot a keen and warning glance into his face, and said, hastily:

"Of course, this is a case by itself, and no precedent for others. In general, a girl should be guided by her family, especially if her wishes turn toward a man she is bound from her birth to hate and avoid. As I said before, the rule for a peasant's daughter is no rule for a Señorita de Guzman. Do not you say so, father?"

"Yes, I suppose so, my son," replied the elder de Guzman, dejectedly. "But it is an awful thing to destroy the soul of your own child."

"An awful thing," repeated the prior, solemnly. "And although, as a general thing, I would be the last to encourage filial disobedience, I really feel that, in this case, I am saving the father from a great sin, and doing God's will, in preventing this unseemly marriage. Do you agree with me, señors?"

"Entirely, reverend father," replied both cavaliers; and Don Ignaçio added:

"And why not have the nuptials celebrated, this very day, in our presence? I will give away the bride myself, or no, I will be Roberto's best

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man; and my father may represent Lopez, who will not probably be present."

"It will be very condescending and gracious of you, señors," replied the monk, quietly, "and I will see if it can be arranged. I will go down to the farm-house with you, directly, and have a word with Isabella, who is a prisoner, since her escapade."

"What is that?" asked Ignaçio, keenly, and the prior briefly recounted the flight out of the window, and the visit to the fair, the reception, and the imprisonment of the fair Isabella.

"This settles my opinion," said Don Alphonso. "After such an imprudence as that, no man, except the favored one, ought to marry the girl: and if the old miller is still anxious to do so, he must be a very vile fellow, and should properly be disappointed."

Leaving his guests, for a few moments, prior John now hastened to the cell, where Rafaelo was pacing angrily up and down, chafing at his imprisonment, and making a dozen plans, in a minute, for carrying on his enterprise.

The monk gazed at him, with an indulgent smile, remembering, perhaps, some passages of his own not long-past youth, in the days before the tonsure had set its seal upon his head.

"Listen, my son," said he, kindly. "I have it in my mind to do a doubtful and venturesome thing, in the hope that it is for the real benefit and salvation of two of my Master's children, who have appealed to me for help. Can you promise, on your part, that the future shall show me to have done well? Would you be a good, faithful, Christian husband to Carmita de Guzman, if I made her your wife?"

"I promise," was the reply, "on my knightly honor, if I may wed the Señorita de Guzman, to be, my life long, a faithful, kind, and Christian husband to her, so help me God!"

"I believe you, my son," said the prior, heartily. "Now then, listen attentively to me."

Half-an-hour later, the prior, accompanied by Don Alphonso de Guzman, a lay brother, and Cherubino, took his way through rain, and wind, and the deep clay-mud of that region, to the house of Lopez. Then, while Señor de Guzman visited his daughter, whom he found in a more mutinous condition even than when they parted, the night before, the prior first talked apart with the farmer, a bull-headed, violent fellow, but still very amenable to churchly discipline, especially to the authority of the prior of San Paolo, of which house he and his forbears had held their farm for a century, or more. The interview was a sharp, if not a long one, and when it ended, prior John wiped his heated face, with a smile of triumph. Miguel Lopez looked more conquered than convinced, and repeated, anxiously:

"And you will build a mill, and make me miller for life, and Roberto after me?"

"I have promised it, my son."

"You will build it, at once, I think you said?"

"As soon as the spring opens."

"And you will forgive me the fifty pesos, still due of rent."

"We forgive you all your worldly debts to the convent of San Paolo, my son, and when next you come to confession, all your ghostly debts as well, including the promise-breaking to Gaspardo Deluzo."

"Yes, yes, and you will never let him suppose that I knew and consented to the marriage, reverend father? He must think that the girl cheated me, and ran away."

"Miguel Lopez, what I have promised, I have promised; and it is far wiser for you to trust me altogether, than to seek to bind me."

The voice of authority was not to be withstood, and Miguel, clumsily muttering apologies, withdrew, and presently returned, bringing with him the culprit, Isabella, who, at sight of her godfather, fell upon both knees, and covered her face, expecting some rebuke equal to the unusual event of his visiting her father's house. The father withdrew, and then the priest, first addressing a homily upon the duty of filial obedience, and maidenly decorum, to poor Isabella, suddenly changed his tone and words; and the girl, lifting her handsome, brown face, and great dark eyes, in utter astonishment at what she heard, finally clasped her hands in an ecstacy of joy, and exclaimed:

"You will consent, father! You will marry me to Roberto! My own father is willing! Oh, Madre de Dios, what has brought about this blessed change?"

"Listen!" replied the prior, repressing her ardor, with a motion of his hand. "This indulgence, upon my part, demands obedience on yours; and I have something for you to do, which I will now explain."

If Isabella had already raised her eyes in wonder, she presently opened them to their full size, and this was not trifling: she even added a generous aperture of mouth, displaying two rows of beautiful teeth: all which further testified to her astonishment and absorption.

"Then, child," said the prior, finishing his communication. "You see that you are to be trusted in weighty matters; do you think yourself equal to managing them?"

"Oh, padre, yes," exclaimed the girl.

"Now, tell the señorita what I have said," he

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said, after a pause, "and that I will receive her and you, for confession, in the public church, just after the angelus. She can tell her nurse that she is coming to confession. The nurse could not object to that. Let me see the old woman myself. I will make her come to church. And do you, when she returns, give her a good glass of aguandiente, that she may sleep soundly, to-night."

"Yes, father, I understand all," said Isabella, recovering her spirits, and bowing her head to receive her god-father's blessing, before going to find Bettina.

Later in the day, after dinner, the prior paused for a little conversation, and Don Ignaçio, gayly addressing him, asked,

"And when are the nuptials, father?"

"At midnight, my son," replied the monk, confidentially. "It must be thus late, that the bride may leave home unsuspected, and also that there may be a mass, as she piously desires. I depend upon you, Señor de Guzman, to give away the bride."

"Yes, if you assure me that it is a pious work, and one justified by spiritual authority," said the elder de Guzman, with a little hesitation. His thin, dark face, meantime, as the prior noticed, bore the marks of some severe internal disquiet and struggle.

"I do think, señor," replied the prior, gravely, "that in this case, if in no other, the course I am pursuing, and in which I ask your help, is perfectly justifiable."

"Then I yield my private judgment, and will do whatever you desire," said the don, with a sigh of relief.

His son, however, looking at him askance, muttered:

"Not that this would do as precedent, in the case of a noble doña, marrying for the benefit of her family."

"And perhaps losing her own soul and theirs," replied Don Alphonso, hesitatingly, in the same tone. The prior said nothing.

The angelus bell rang out, over wild sierra and fertile valley, over brawling river, and quiet field, and was heard even down the deep valley-road, and around the gray stone walls of Miguel Lopez squat farm-house. The storm had abated, and it no longer seemed extraordinary that the Señorita de Guzman, attended by her nurse and the two muchaches of the house, should proceed, on donkeys and on foot, to the neighboring church, and afterward kneel, in turn, at the confessional, where the prior himself heard Carmita and Isabella, while he deputed another monk to listen to Bettina and Dolores, whose needs were not upon that occasion so peculiar, or imperative.

All the offices were now said. The monks, with the exception of the prior, and father Peter, who had been necessarily admitted into the secret, were safe in their cells, and would remain there, until the bell for prime should arouse them. The Señors de Guzman, wakened from the brief slumber recommended by the prior, followed father Peter to the chapel, and found the bridal party already assembled at the altar, the bride veiled from head to foot in white lace, an heir-loom in the family of Lopez, and two other veiled and muffled female figures standing beside her. The bridegroom, a stalwart young fellow, his face almost hidden in a luxuriant beard, stood at the other side, with his best man. The latter, as the de Guzmans entered the lower end of the church, knelt, bowing his face upon the altar rail, as if in private prayer.

The church was lighted only by the two candles upon the altar; and Don Ignaçio, as he came up the nave, stumbled and nearly fell, causing a clatter, at which the bridegroom turned and looked toward him, displaying his face fully. One of the bridesmaids also pushed aside her veiling mantilla, showing the merry, brown face of Dolores, apparently not unwilling to be seen: in fact she rather seemed, coquettishly, to invite attention from Don Ignaçio's bold, black eyes.

"A good-looking muchacha that, padre," whispered he, to father Peter, "and, not an ill-looking fellow. Is that Roberto?"

"The bridegroom and his friend," whispered the monk, hurriedly. "Kneel here, señor, if you please; and you, señor, who give away the bride, follow me."

So saying, he led the elder cavalier into the chancel, leaving Ignaçio at the step, where, carelessly kneeling, he occupied himself in making eyes at Dolores, who, nothing loth, returned the glances, with interest.

Father Peter disappeared in the sacristy, whence he presently returned, followed by the prior, who immediately began the marriage service, the whole group of young people standing up together, and so mingled with each other, that Ignaçio did not see that the bride's hand, given by his father to the priest, was placed, not in that of the bearded mozo, but in that of his companion. The whole ceremony was so hurried, and the dim light so baffling, that, when the whole was over, and the prior solemnly pronounced the wedded pair man and wife, with an anathema upon whomsoever should disjoin them, neither Don Alphonso, nor his son, could have

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sworn which of the three women and two men really were the wedded ones.

The mass went on, and both cavaliers knelt to receive the sacrament, in company with all the bridal party. When all was over, the prior retired to unvest himself, but presently returned to the body of the church, pale and agitated, in spite of his air of decision and authority.

Going up to Don Alphonso, who stood, with bowed head, and contracted brows, deep in some bitter thought, he laid a hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Señor, you know how the prophet Nathan came to King David, and told him of the rich man, who would retain the lamb that he loved, and sacrifice his neighbor's; and how, when the king exclaimed in indignation at his brother's hardness and selfishness, the prophet said: 'Thou art the man,' and so out of his own mouth convicted him. You know the story?"

"Yes, father, I know it."

"And did the prophet do well, think you?"

"Surely, yes. He was a man of God."

"Then, my son, you cannot be angry, that I have imitated him. You see the wrong to his own soul and to hers, that Miguel Lopez would have done, in sacrificing his daughter to a hoary villain, when her heart was given to a worthy youth, in every way suited to her; and yet you would go and do the very same thing, with your own daughter."

The old man bowed his head, upon his breast, and groaned. The prior looked at him, and raising his own commanding figure to its full height, and looking steadfastly, for a moment, at the crucifix upon the altar, he beckoned the newly married couple to approach, and kneel at Don Alphonso's feet, while he said, solemnly, almost sternly:

"Behold then, how I have led you, my son, to square your actions with your convictions. 'Thou art the man,' and these are your children."

The veil dropped from the pale and frightened face of the bride.

"Carmita!" exclaimed the father.

Don Ignaçio, roused by the cry from his flirtation with Dolores, to whom he had been whispering, pressed forward, and clenching his hand upon his dagger-hilt, exclaimed, as he saw the bridegroom's face:

"Thousand devils, what is this? Rafaelo de Orvieto, and Carmita—"

"His wife," quietly finished the prior, making the sign of the cross between the two young men, who eyed each other, the one in furious anger, hardly restrained by place or time, the other, with manly courage, not inviting a quarrel, yet never shrinking from it.

It were too long to tell all that passed, in the next hour, or to minutely describe the useless anger, and stormy reproaches of Ignaçio de Guzman, or the last struggles, in the father's heart, between baffled pride and ambition, and the fond love of his darling daughter, mingled with a certain vague dread of the ghostly consequences to himself of forcing her into an unblessed marriage.

In the end, the better feelings conquered, and when once he had yielded, and placed his hand in blessing on Carmita's head, it was of small consequence that Ignaçio, stormily swearing that he never would be reconciled to the marriage, or meet his ancient foe as a new made friend and brother, clattered out of the church, clanging his rapier against the stone floor and posts, and early next morning, left the monastery alone.

"And now, dear friends," said the prior, when all was happily settled for the gentlefolk. "Now, let us do a work of charity, and unite in marriage this pair of humble lovers, who have helped their betters to a bliss they also aspire to share. Don Alphonso, will you still condescend to give away the bride?"

The grandee smilingly consented, and in a few moments more, two happy brides, two proud bridegrooms, the contented prior, and the three-parts reconciled father, left the church.

Father Peter remained to extinguish the lights, and moralize, after his fashion, on the wonderful events of the last four and twenty hours.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

BY ANN M. M. ANDERSON.

As kindred drops long kept apart,
By cruel Fate's endeavor,
When meeting, melt in one, to start
And flow and flow forever.

Like lovely stars, that rise and set,
Together, in their shining,
Twin-flow'rs, upon the same stem met,
About each other twining.

Thus kindred drops melt into one—
Sweet stars, ye shine together—
Twin-flow'rs, oh, may your life, begun,
Last through Time's changing weather.

Like the gold circlet of the ring,
Unbroken, ending never—
Made one, may Love's bright halo fling
Its joys around you ever.

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BETSEY BOBBIT; HER POEM.

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

JOSIAH came in, t'other day, from the post-office; and he says, says he, throwin' down the "Weekly Gimlet:"

"Here's old Betsy Bobbit been a-makin' a fool of herself agin. Just read this stuff that she calls a pome."

I took the newspaper, and sot down by the winder, to get more light, for my eyes ain't as good as when I was a gal, and this is what I read:

"I WISH I WAS A WIDDER."

BY BETSY BOBBIT.

Oh, "Gimlet," back again I float
With broken wings, a weary bard;
I cannot write as once I wrote
I have to work so very hard
So hard my lot, so tossed about
My muse is fairly tuckered out.

My muse aforesaid, once hath flown
But now her back is broke, and breast;
And yet she fain would crumple down
On "Gimlet" pages she would rest;
And sing plain words as there she's sot,
Haply they'll ryhme, and haply not.

I spake plain words in former days
No guile I showed, clear was my plan
My gole it matrimony was.
My earthly aim it was a man.
I gained my man, I won my gole
Alas, I feel not as I fole.

Yes, ringing through my maiden thought
This clear voice rose "oh come up higher,"
To speak plain truth with candor franght
To married be, was my desire.
Now sweeter still this lot doth seem
To be a widder is my theme.

For toil hath claimed me for her own
In wedlock I have found no ease
I've cleaned and washed for neighbors round
And took my pay in beans and pease
In boiling sop no rest I took
Or husking corn in barn and stook.

Or picking wool from house to house,
White-washing, painting, papering,
In stretching carpets, boiling souse,
E'en picking hops it hath a sting
For spiders there assembled be
Mosqueetoes, bugs, and etcetree.

I have to work, oh! very hard
Old Toil, I know your breadth, and length
I'm tired to death: and in one word
I have to work beyond my strength
And mortal men are very tough
To get along with—nasty, rough.

Yet, tribulation's doqmed to her
Who weds a man, without no doubt
In peace a man is singuler
His ways they are past finding out
And oh! the wrath of mortal males
To paint their ire, earth's language fails.

And thirteen children in our home
Their buttons rend, their clothes they burst
Much bread and such do they consume
Of children they do seem the worst
And Simon and I do disagree
He's prone to sin continuales.

He horrors has, he oft doth kick,
He prances, yells, he will not work
Sométimes I think he is too sick
Sometimes I think he tries to shirk,
But 'tis hard for her in either case
Who B Bobbit was in happier days.

Happier? Away! Such thoughts I spurn,
I count it true from spring to fall
'Tis "better to be wed and groan
Than never to be wed at all."
I'd work my hands down to the bone
Rather than rest, a maiden lone.

This truth I cannot, will not shirk
I feel it when I sorrow most
I'd rather break my back with work
And haggard look as any ghost—
Rather than lonely vigils keep
I'd wed, and sigh, and groan, and weep.

Yes, I can say though tears fall quick
Can say while briny tear-drops start,
I'd rather wed a crooked stick
Than never wed no stick at all.
Rather than laughed at be as of yore
I'd rather laugh myself no more.

I'd rather go half-clad and starved
And mops and dish-cloths madly wave
Than have the words B Bobbit carved
On head-stone rising o'er my grave
Proud thought, now when that stun is risen
'Twill bear two names, my name and hisen.

Methinks 'twould colder make the stun
If but one name, the name of she
Should linger there alone, alone,
How different when the name of he
Does also deck the funeral urn
Two wedded names, his name, and hurn.

And sweeter yet, oh! blessed lot
Oh! state most dignified and blest
To be a widder calmly sot
And have both dignity and rest.
Oh Simon strangely sweet 'twould be
To be a widder unto thee.

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The warfare past, the horrors done,
With maiden ease, and pride of wife,
The dignity of wedded one,
The calm and peace of single life;
Oh strangly sweet this lot doth seem,
A female widder is my theme.

I would not hurt a hair of he
Yet did he from earth's toils escape
I could most reconciled be
Could sweetly mourn e'en without crape
Could say without a pang of pain
That Simon's loss was Betsy's gain.

I've told the plain tale of my woes
With no deceit or language vain
Have told whereon my hopes are rose
Have sung my mournful song of pain.
And now I e'en will end my tale
I've sung my song, and wailed my wail.

"Well, I call it foolish stuff," I said, when I had finished. "Though, if I was to measure 'em with a yard-stick, the lines might come out pretty nigh of a equal length, and so, I spose it would be called poetry."

At any rate, I have made a practice, ever since, of callin' it so; for I am one that despises envy and jealusy amongst sister authoresses. No, you never ketch me at it; I would sooner help 'em up the ladder than upset 'em, and it is ever my practice so to do. But truth must be spoke if subjects are brung up. Uronious views must be condemned by Warriors of the Right, whether ladders be upset, or stand firm, poetesses also.

I felt that this poetry attacted a tender subject, a subject dearer to me than all the world besides, the subject of Josiah. Josiah is a man.

And I say it, and I say it plain that men hain't no such creeters as he tries to make out they be. Men are first-rate creeters in lots of things, and as good as wimmen any day of the week.

Of course I agree with Betsy that husbands are tryin' in lots of things, they need a firm hand to the hellum to guide 'em along through the tempestuous waves of married life, and get along with 'em. They are lots of trouble, but then I think they pay after all. Why, I wouldn't swap my Josiah for the best house and lot in Janesville, or the crown of the Widder Albert. I love Josiah Allen. And I don't know but the very trouble he has caused me makes me cling closer to him: you know the harder a horse's head beats and thrashes against burdock burs, the tighter the burdocks will cling to its mane. Josiah makes me sights of trouble, but I cling to him closely.

I admit that men are curious creeters and tegus creeters, a good deal of the time. But then agin, so be wimmen, just as tegus, and I don't know but teguser! I believe my soul, if I had got to be born again I had almost as lives be born a man as a woman.

No, I dont't think one sect ort to boast much over the other one. They are both about equally foolish and disagreeable, and both have their goodnesses and nobilities. And both ort to have their rights. Now I hain't one to set up and say men hadn't ort to vote, that they don't know enough, and hain't good enough, and so forth, and so on. No, you don't ketch me at it. I am one that stands up for justice and reason.

Now, the other day a wild-eyed woman with short hair, who goes round lecturin' on wimmen's rights, came to see me, a tryin' to inviggle me into a plot to keep men from votin'. Says she, "The time is a drawin' near, when wimmen are a goin' to vote, without no doubt."

"Amen!" says I, "I can say amen to that with my hull heart and soul."

"And then," says she "when we get the staff in our own hands less we wimmen all put in together and try to keep men from votin'."

"Never!" says I. "Never! will you get me into such a scrape as that." Says I, "men have jest exactly as good a right to vote as wimmen have. They are condemned, and protected, and controlled by the same laws that wimmen are, and so of course are equally interested in makin' 'em. You needn't try to inviggle me into no plot to keep men from votin', for justice is ever my theme, and also Josiah."

Says she, bitterly, "I'd love to make these miserable sneaks try it once and see how they would like it, to have to spend their property, and be hauled round, and hung by laws they hadn't no hand in makin'."

But I still says, with marble firmness, "men has jest as good a right to vote as wimmen have. And you needn't try to inviggle me into no such plans, for I won't be inviggled."

And so she stopped invigglin, and went off.

And then agin in Betsy's poetry (though as a neighbor, and a female authoress, I never would speak a word against it, and what I say, I say as a Warrior, and would wish to be so took) I would say in kindness, that Betsy sot out in married life expectin' too much. Now, she didn't marry in the right way, and so she out to have expected tougher times than the usual run of married females out to expect, more than the ordinary tribulations of matrimony.

And it won't do to expect too much in this world anyway. If you can only bring your lives down to it, it is a sight better to expect nothing, and then you won't be disappointed if you get it, as you most probable will. And if you get something, it will be a joyful surprise to you. But there are few indeed who has ever sot down on this calm hite of filosify.

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Folks expect too much. As many, and many times as their hopes has proved to be uronious, they think, well now, if I only had that certain thing, or was in that certain place, I should be happy. But they haint. They find when they reach that certain gole and have clim up and sot down on it, they'll find that somebody has got onto the gole before 'em, and is there a-settin' on it. No matter how spry anybody may be, they'll find that Sorrow can climb faster than they can, and can set down on goles quicker.

It haint no matter how easy a seat anybody sets down in, they'll find that they'll have to hunch along, and let Dissapointment set down with 'em, and Anxiety, and Weariness, and et ceteree, et ceteree.

Now the scholar, or the literatoor, or writer, thinks if he can only stand up on that certain hite of scientific discovery, or Akkropolis of literatoor, he will be happy; for he will know all that he cares about, and will have all the fame he wants to. But when he gets up there, he'll see plain, for the higher he is riz above the mists of ignorance that floats 'round the lower lands, the clearer his vision, and he will see another peek right ahead of him steeper and loftier and icier than the last, and so on ad infinitum, ad infinity. And if its literatoor, he'll see somebody that's got higher, or thinks he has, or he'll find some critick that says he hasn't done much, and Shakespere did better.

Just as it was with old Mrs. Peedick, our present Mrs. Peedick's mother-in-law, she said, she told me with her own lips, that she knew she should be happy when she got a glass butter-dish, but she said she wasn't; she told me with her own lips, that jest as quick as she got that she wanted a sugar-bowl, for the Druffels had sugar-bowls, and why shouldn't she?

The lover thinks, when he can once claim his sweetheart, call her his own, he will be blessed and content; but he haint. No matter how well he loves her, no matter how fond she is of him, and how blest they are in each others love, the haunting fear must always rack his soul, the horrible dread be there, of seeing her slip away from him altogether. That in place of her warm, beating heart, whose every throb is full of love for him, will be only her vacant place, and instead of the tender sweetness of her voice, the everlasting silence of Eternity.

The little ones that cling to our knees, that pray beside us at bed time, and the patter of whose feet is such music to us—they go, too, and we no more feel their kisses, or hear their tiny voices. Every day, every hour, we are losing something, that we called our own.

You see we don't own much of anything in this world. It's curous, but so it is. And what we call our own, don't belong to us, not at all. That is one of the things that makes this such an extremely curous world to live in. Yes, we are situated extremely curous, as much so as the robins and swallows who build their nests on the swaying forest boughs.

We smile at the robin, with our wise, amused pity, who builds her tiny nest, with such laborious care, high up, out on the waving tree-top, only to be blown away by the chilly autumn winds. But are not our homes, the sweet homes of our tenderest love, built upon just as insecure foundations, hanging over more mysterious depths? Rocking to and fro, swept to their ruin by a breath of the Unknown? Our dreams, and hopes, and ambitions, what are they all, but the sticks and straws that we weave about our frail nests, only to be blown away forever?

And when our December comes, are not we too swept away, poor voyagers, over pathless wastes? Yet He, who has provided a balmy South, as a refuge for the summer birds, to which they fly, intuitively, with blind hope and trust—has not He prepared likewise a shelter for us, one where we may fulfil our deathless longings, meet the "loved and lost," and realize our souls dearest dreams? Yes, over the lonely way, over the untried fields of the future, ay, even over that Unknown Sea, which they call Death, even over that, He will guide us safely, to a haven, a home, immortal, "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

But I am eppisodin!

LOVE AND I.

BY S. MINERVA BOYCE.

O arms so fondly round me claspt,
O heart so warm and true;
O moments golden winging past,
O days, and will ye always last,
And ever still be true?

O moonlight mellow, bloom of night,
Fall soft o'er vale and lea;
O dews of heaven with clouds unite—
And 'neath thy wing O summer night,
Leave earth to love and me.

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"LA BARONNE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

"I WILL go out, and gather some flowers, dear," says Marian, and with a kiss, for our honeymoon is hardly over, she trips away, and directly I hear her singing among the roses.

Marian, my wife! How sweetly the name sounds, especially when linked to that other word. And for years I dreamed of her, and never supposed she would be mine; and now! But let me tell the story.

A little more than two years ago, I was at the opera, when a great artist was singing Faust. While the curtain was down, at the close of the third act, and the low buzz of voices filled the house, I heard sharp, incisive tones on the other side of the partition, which divided the boxes.

"He takes that high C with more ease than Wachtel. But there are two or three notes in his lower register very defective," the voice said.

For answer, somebody laughed. A low, feminine laugh, with an oddly genuine ring of fun in it. Then the laugher spoke.

"Betty, I made up my mind, last spring, that if I saw much more of artists, I should not be able to appreciate nature at all; now I begin to think if I have anything more to do with musicians, I shall understand nothing of music."

"I don't understand you," said Betty, stiffly.

"All the artists I know," continued the laughing voice, "measure off the universe into effects. Sky and sea, and valley, are all only so many combinations of burnt umber and chrome yellow. A sunset or thunder storm is nothing but material to cover their six by ten bits of canvas; and they put altogether out of sight the messages written on the water and the trees."

"And we musicians?"

"Ah! you musicians! It is worse with you. Music to you is a high C well taken. It is the machinery that you see, not the power within it."

"I don't know what you mean by your 'power' and 'messages.' What is music to you, pray?"

I leaned forward. Surely there could be no harm, I said, to myself, in eaves-dropping here? There was no answer for a moment.

"You might as well ask me to talk about my religion," said the other, quietly.

"And why not? Religion ought to be talked about, in season, oughtn't it?" The other did not reply. The sharp voice went on. "Besides, what do you know of art? You spoke contemptuously of pictures, this very morning."

"I really did not mean to do anything of the kind! I only gave them their true place—they are make-shifts for Nature. I would rather look at the faces of live beauties and beggars in Broadway, than stroll through any gallery of the old masters, at least any that I ever saw. As for *genre* painting, which is so much to you, what do we want with it? We can have the real roses, and jugs, and old brasses, which are better."

Something in the voice had strangely roused my curiosity. I am a connoisseur in voices: this was without parallel. It was low, mellow. It could, I was assured, sweep the whole range of expression; and it had a peculiar sincerity in it, which held my attention and interest. While I was staring at Faust, I talked to myself, saying,

"That is a good woman: a woman with the very essence of truth in her: she never told a lie, nor a disagreeable fact. She is well-born and well-bred: the inflections and serenity of the voice show that. Your self-taught, scrappily-constructed woman has shrill, unequal tones. There is none of the acrid, immature vehemence of youth in her: she is middle-aged: plump, blonde, tranquil. No coquette. If such a woman knew me, we should be good friends. I wonder what her name is. I wish I knew something of her life."

As soon as the act was over, I hurried out into the *foyer*. But the door, next to mine, stood open; and the box was empty.

To explain the blank disappointment, which this trivial matter caused me, I should have to tell the story of my solitary, friendless life, which would be useless, and which I shall not do, therefore. It is enough to say that no woman had ever taken a prominent part in it. Even my mother died, before I could remember her. I had been shoved through life by men, and was now, a scholar by profession and habit, in the busy city of New York, without the right of entrance to a single home. I had a certain fear of young women; their beauty, brilliancy, and enthusiasm alarmed and repelled me. I wanted, or sometimes fancied in a languid way that I wanted, a woman to be my friend—a woman of my own age, soft, tranquil, serene, a centre of repose to my morbid, passionate thoughts.

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The other men of my club, with their numberless friendships and flirtations, would not have remembered this shadowy incident of a voice and a scrap of idle talk, for an hour. But my lonely fancies crystallized about it, and exaggerated it for long months.

CHAPTER II.

Two winters later, I was travelling alone through West Virginia, and having stopped, for a day, in the town of C——, at the foot of the Alleghanies, took passage by stage-coach to penetrate into Maryland through the mountains. My errand was a most novel and agreeable one to me. I had fallen heir to a considerable property, the estate of a distant kinsman, whom I had never seen; and I was on my way to take possession.

An old friend, Perley Mossop, who lived in C——, enlightened me as to my good luck. "No! Sharrard had no nearer relative than yourself. But it was not any family instinct which induced him to leave his property to you. It was sheer ill-temper. His intended heir was a younger daughter of John Chester, his lawyer, you know. But Chester offended him somehow, and he made a new will, making you his heir."

"Chester should have played his cards better," I said, laughing. "I am sorry for him. But it is fitting that the Sharrard property should stay in the family. I will make his little girl, a present, if he is deserving, and not a sharper."

Mossop turned the conversation abruptly, begging me to remain in C——, for a day or two, to see something of his new friends and home.

"Oh, we do not belong to the back-woods socially," he said. "I can show you a woman, who would grace any court in Europe. She has done it. Noble blood, brilliant accomplishments, the purest, most saintly soul, irresistibly fascinating. Really, I'd like to show you *la Baronne*, as the ideal type of perfection in a woman.'

I laughed. Mossop had never been as enthusiastic before over anything.

"*La Baronne*, eh?" I said.

"Yes. But she is entitled to a much higher rank. She is a woman of about thirty: French: of enormous wealth: has some philanthropic craze about sending over emigrants to this country: brought letters to our bishop and other leading men, from other ecclesiastics and humanitarians. She has bought a vast tract of land, just outside of the town. Well, of course, we have dined and *fêted* her, and she scatters her money like a princess. There is a reception, to-night. You will stay, George? She will be there."

"Impossible. Here is the coach. I must settle my bill and be off."

It was an intensely dark night. The wind blew sharply. Mossop stood at the hotel door.

"Plenty of wraps?" he asked. "You will find it nipping cold, when you get up into the mountains. You have but one inside passenger I see?" nodding towards a muffled figure in the darkness. "A woman, I think. I hope she will prove more companionable than my last fellow travellers. I had a madman and his keeper all the way, from the Ohio river to Cumberland. Well, good-bye, and good luck, old fellow!" and wringing my hand, he turned off to his brilliant Baronne and her reception, while the coach ploughed its way through the darkness.

I curled myself cozily up in one corner, and slept until a sudden jolt jostled me against my neighbor. She laughed, and the apology I had begun, froze on my lips. Faust—the music! I could not be mistaken. I should have known that laugh the other side of the world.

She answered my excuses, with a civil murmur, and apparently composed herself to sleep. As for me, my burning curiosity, eagerness, surprise, left me dumb. She was here! At last! Within my very grasp. But how to approach her, to win her for my friend?

The coach rumbled up the hill. An hour passed in unbroken silence. The moon had risen, and as we reached the top of the mountain, broke through a rampart of cloud. A wide expanse of sharp peaks and low rolling ranges, white and glittering in the new fallen snow, opened before us. The coach stopped. The outside passenger, a jaunty young man in a naval uniform, came to the door, and opened it, hat in hand.

"Madam! You are in fairy-land," he said to my companion. "Will you not look out? I felt I must awaken you. It was selfish to keep all this wonderful world to myself."

"Oh, thank you!" She leaned out of the window, as she spoke, but as she was in the shadow, her face was still invisible.

I also spoke, pointing out a frozen cascade here, a soft depth of shadow there. The young officer, who was but a lad, made some good jokes. Ben, the driver, who stood cracking his whip, declared it a pretty fair "outlook." Face to face with Nature, we were, for the moment, old friends.

I ventured at last on a bold experiment. "How much pictures," I said, "are, after all, but poor make-shifts for Nature. And the material of canvas, burnt umber, and effects, are apt to put out of sight, with artists, the real meaning of sky and sea: the message for instance, which comes to us here."

She turned her head attentively, and was

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silent a moment, as if perplexed. "I have thought something like that myself," she said, gently.

Did I not know it?

"All aboard," cried Ben. I jumped in, and he banged the door: the lieutenant, with a bow, clambered up to his perch again; and we rolled away down the slippery road.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD always been a taciturn, diffident man; but it was easy to talk now. From the scenery of the Alleghanies, we crossed the continent, and touched on Europe. My companion had visited little nooks in Spain and Portugal, which I thought my own discovery: she had left Madrid the very day I entered it. What a tie was here! Then as to books. She preferred Wordsworth to Tennyson; held precisely my opinion of Trollope, George Eliot and other novelists. From novels we diverged to philosophy; and when I quoted a favorite passage from Göthe, and hesitated, she finished the sentence. What strange coincidence of ideas and deep sympathy was here! It seemed unnatural and marvellous to me. I felt myself flushing and cooling like an eager boy. Did she note this strange accord between us? Why, it was like my own mind answering me again! Add to this bewilderment of sympathy, the influence of a voice, the richest and most womanly I had ever heard, and the intangible, subtle atmosphere which surrounds a delicate, refined woman, and it is no wonder that I forgot I had never even seen the face of my companion, but continued to pour out fancies and feelings, which I had never before put into words.

Two, perhaps three hours passed. The coach stopped, at a wayside inn, to feed the horses. The young lieutenant, much to my chagrin, opened the door, and sprang in, chattering and shivering. He was a giddy, feather-headed lad; and the lady drew her shawls more closely about her, and sank back silently in her corner.

"Whew! how cold it is," cried the young officer. "You are warm enough here. Do you go through to Cumberland, sir?"

"No; only to Gray's Ferry."

"Oh, I forgot! I heard all about you and your errand at C——," persisted the lad. "You are Mr. Sharrard, and you go to take possession of that pretty estate, 'The Pines?' I congratulate you! I know every foot of this country, and there is no better arable land in this valley."

Now I was naturally curious about my new possessions, and why should I not avail myself of the loquacity of this lad?

"The buildings are in tolerably good repair?" I said, with assumed indifference.

"Oh, excellent! A quaint, old gabled mansion, with barn, etc., etc.; and grand old oaks, which it has taken one or two centuries to ripen. Old Sharrard meant to make a comfortable settlement there for Chester's daughter."

"Yes, I heard that some little girl had a prior claim to mine. I have some curiosity to see her."

"Did you meet '*la Baronne*' at C——? She is all the talk there now."

"No," I said. "Why?"

The lieutenant laughed, then laughed again, maliciously. "They will find out their Baronne before long. Well, well, 'It's a rough world, my masters.' Are *you* quite comfortable in it, just now, madam?" suddenly addressing the veiled figure opposite. "Can I open the window, or do anything for you?"

"Nothing, I thank you." Was I mistaken, or did her voice tremble? What had she to do with this Baronne, who, no doubt, as the lieutenant half-hinted, was an adventuress, after all? A silence fell on us; one of those silences, under which, inexplicably, lie threatening disasters.

The coach drew up at a low, rambling inn, before which creaked the sign of a gray horse.

"This is your lodging place, Mr. Sharrard," said the lieutenant. "'The Pines' lies but a mile or two to the south. Mr. Chester's farm is in the neighborhood, and I have no doubt he will show you your property, and also the little girl whose fortune you have taken. Ah? You alight here also, madam?"

He sprang out, and tendered his hand, with profound courtesy. The lady descended, and entered the inn. Her figure was light and elegant, and as she halted in the doorway, the light fell full on her head. She was a young girl, a brilliant brunette, with soft, liquid eyes, and mellow crimson on her dark skin. Where was my middle-aged blonde matron, tranquil and serene?

"This is your valise," said the officer, as a bulky portmanteau was swung from the top. "Look out, Ben, you nearly cracked my skull. And Mr. Sharrard is dreaming of something prettier than cow-skin cases. Yes! there goes a woman, who has bewitched wiser men than us," tapping me lightly on the breast. "That," leaning forward and whispering, "is '*la Baronne!*'"

While he spoke, a horseman galloped furiously up the road, shouting, "Stop the coach! Stop the coach!"

Behind him tugged two others, showing like moving black specks, against the slope of white.

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Ben, who was buckling in fresh horses, paused, open-mouthed. The ostler stood gaping, with the bucket in his hand. The drowsy landlord came to the door. My young lieutenant laughed: he was just at that age, when a lad exults in a row.

"The coach is stopped," he called to the horseman. "Keep cool, my good man," tapping his boot lightly, as his foot rested on the carpeted step of the coach. "Nobody is going on, in it, but me, and I am waiting your orders."

The messenger was breathless. While he was slowly getting down from his gigantic horse, the officer leaned closer to me, and spoke in a sharp whisper. "It is '*la Baronne*' they are after, I'll wager any money. She's a sharp one, I tell you. But I see she has a horse yonder, at the back of the house. She can escape, if we detain them. What dy'e say, Sharrard? She's a woman."

I could not speak. She, this intangible creature, whom I had so idiotically taken to represent all that was good and worshipful in woman, an adventuress—a swindler!

While I stood dumb, Perley Mossop galloped into the inn yard.

"You here, Sharrard?" with his usual hearty roar of laughter. "You did not expect me to follow you post-haste, eh? But our *Baronne* turned out a paste diamond, after all. At the reception, it came out that she had forged, and cashed cheques, yesterday, on half our leading men, and made off—heaven knows where. I remembered the woman in the coach with you, so followed with Perkins, the constable. We have sent out scouts in a dozen different ways. Where is the woman?"

I glanced at the back of the house. In the dim light I could see a female figure, on horseback, going rapidly down the gorge.

The lieutenant's eye was on her. How ready the fellow was! "The woman?" he said, cooly. "Oh, there was a female passenger. She left us at the Cross Keys. Wasn't that the place, Sharrard?"

"Yes. The Cross Keys." I glanced quickly around, to see if the driver was out of hearing.

CHAPTER IV.

Mossop uttered an oath. "And she got into the Winchester pike by that gap," he said. "She's on the rail by this time."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, thoughtfully. "That is precisely the route a person, flying from C——, would be likely to take. It would be very improbable that she would jog along in this slow coach. I'm sorry for you. Lost much?"

"Only five thousand," with an awkward laugh. "The Bishop's in for ten! He lent it to her for the great charity. Mortgaged his farm. By George, she was a clever creature! Well, Sharrard, what d'ye say to supper? I can do nothing, to-night, and I'm wet and frozen. Won't you take something to warm you, sir, before you start again?" turning to the lieutenant. "You will not reach N——, until daybreak."

The lad hesitated, turning his bright, laughing eyes on Mossop, doubtfully, stroking the luxuriant brown beard, which covered half his face. "Well, I don't care if I do. Punch, landlord, strong and hot."

He stood outside of the door, while the glasses were brought; tossed off the bumper; and then, buttoning his cloak, sprang into the coach.

"Good-night to you all," he cried, "and good luck to you, Mossop. May you run '*la Baronne*' to earth, before long."

"That's a saucy young fellow," said Perley. "I wonder where I met him? In New Orleans probably. The town was full of dashing, young blades of his sort, last winter."

Mossop had lost his five thousand dollars; but he enjoyed the cozy little supper, which followed, more than I. I had lost—what had I lost? Nothing but a voice, the acquaintance of an hour: yet it seemed to me it was the solid hope and happiness of my whole life. I told myself I was a sentimental fool, that my fancy for this unseen woman might become a silly school-boy; but my heart cried out underneath, "*This* is fact. *This* is reality, not your drudgery, not the money you hoard. This was the true water of life, and you have lost it. It is gone forever."

At times, too, another torture beset me. I was an honest man. In all my life, I had never wronged a man of a penny. To-night, I had assisted in a felony. I had helped a thief carry off poor Mossop's hardly earned thousands, out of a mawkish compassion. Then I told myself, passionately, that she was no thief, that this woman, whose voice I had heard, was honorable and pure.

It was a wretched, sleepless night. As for my estate, I seldom remembered it. Mossop, however, awoke full of eagerness to show me over it.

"The money is gone, I suppose," he said. "I have written to Winchester to have her apprehended, if possible. In the meantime, I should like to ride with you over to the 'The Pines,' if you are willing. We will call on Chester, by the way. He was your cousin's attorney, and it would only be a proper act of courtesy, eh?"

I assented, and we rode across the valley. Even the heavy snow could not hide the beauty of the landscape.

"In summer this must be a bit of Arcadia," I

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said. "And is that my place yonder?" pointing to a gray, gabled mansion, on a lofty slope surrounded by gnarled oaks.

"Yes, that is 'The Pines.' Here we are at Chester's farm. That is the old man at the door. Come in," opening the gate.

We rode up the avenue. The lawyer, a stately, white-haired, old gentleman, in a very snuffy waistcoat, received me cordially, and overcame my prejudice and embarrassment at once, by going directly to the essential point between us.

"Mr. Sharrard? The new owner of 'The Pines?' Ah, Mr. Sharrard, the gossips of C——, have told you, no doubt, that my little girl was to have taken that place. But your cousin fell into an ill-temper with her. Well, well, the fortune of wills is as uncertain as that of war! We will not lose the chance of a friend, because we have lost an estate. Come in, gentlemen, come in! I'll put on my leggings, and ride over with you. Marian, my dear! Marian! I must introduce you, Mr. Sharrard, to my daughter."

He threw open the door of a low ceiled, hospitable drawing-room, as he spoke, and there, seated by the fire, stately and beautiful, her olive cheek warmed, her dark eyes lighted with expectation, was my companion of the stage coach!

"This is Marian, Mr. Sharrard! This is the little girl whom you have dispossessed," said the loquacious old gentleman, laughing. "She came up from C——, in the coach with you, last night; and felt a good deal of embarrassment, supposing you knew her, and had a natural resentment against her. She was so nearly the mistress of the 'The Pines,' you see?"

I muttered an inaudible something, and going up to her, offered her my hand. No doubt she thought me a boorish, awkward fellow. But she laid her warm, soft fingers in mine, for a moment. How young she was! So fresh and delicate!

"Purvis rode past the gate, just now, and told Mr. Mossop that you came in pursuit of '*la Baronne*,'" said Mr. Chester.

"Yes. More's the pity, 'tis true," said Mossop.

"Why, I saw her, last night," said Miss Chester, innocently. "She came up from C——, with me, in the coach. I did not speak to her, however, as she was disguised. I supposed she was bent on some strange frolic."

"Disguised?" cried Mossop.

"As a young naval officer."

Mossop's jaw fell. We stared blankly at each other, a moment, and then laughed.

"She's a clever devil!" exclaimed the poor victim. "D'ye mind how she drank the stirrup-cup, looking me in the eye, and wishing me good luck? By George, she's welcome to the money!"

I may as well state, here, that it was well he bore his loss philosophically, for he never saw the Baronne, or the money again.

With some difficulty, I induced Miss Chester to accompany us, on my first visit of inspection to my new home. I managed, too, with a fantastic whim, which did not seem unreasonable to me then, that she should cross the threshold as I did: and standing with her upon the hearth of the great hall, I registered a vow silently, that, God helping me, she should be its mistress before the year was over.

I kept my vow. She has been my wife for more than a month. It was in May, that we were married, and it is now almost July, and the days have gone like hours.

Hark! I hear her steps. She is coming in from the garden. As she passes a bit of the trellis, that is not yet over-grown with vines, the sunshine streams through, and envelopes her like a halo. Her lap is full of roses. My Marian!

She comes in bright and blooming, and stoops, and kisses me again.

"And you really were at the opera, that night?" I say for the fiftieth time.

"Yes! We were on our way to Europe, and I went with cousin Betty."

So it was Marian's voice, after all, that I had dreamed of, all those years, and not that of "La Baronne."

"FOREVER LOST TO ME."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

There are no winds that ever blow,
But blow across the grave,
Where lies, beneath the lilies, low,
She whom no love could save.

There are no stars that shine above,
But shed, unchecked, their light,
Down on the spot where lies my love,
In everlasting night.

Ah! winds may blow, and stars may shine,
Yet I shall never see
That form so fair, that face divine,
Forever lost to me.

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LOST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXV.

JANE BENSON could not have told how it came about; but some strange restraint had subdued her intercourse with Myra, since the night when that unhappy woman had visited the cottage, near Mosley, and been so cruelly repulsed by her own mother. For this reason, the girl had been impelled to make Lady Holden her first confidant. Thus Myra was taken by surprise one day, when a servant knocked at her door, with a message from Mr. Vance, who desired to speak with her in the library.

Up to this time, Myra had never been directly face to face with the man whose kindness had so fatally colored her destiny and his own. He had seen her, as she passed into his dwelling, so changed with sickness, that few persons who had remarked her when she descended from the omnibus in front of the Hare and Hounds, would have recognized her again. He had also seen her, on other occasions. He had expected her to bear some resemblance to her sister, and was surprised that she was so unlike.

Rising from his chair, he went forward, and led her to a seat, saying,

"Pardon me. I fear that my message has disturbed you. In our strength, we sometimes forget the consideration due to protracted illness. You seem to be suffering yet."

"No—no. I am quite restored, and grateful, so grateful that you have given me an opportunity to thank you for the great kindness that I and—and—my sister have received at Aldensgate. I have not deserved it."

What was there in this woman's voice that thrilled him with the force of some long buried memory? What was there in the glance of those uplifted eyes, that seemed to appeal to him for mercy, as he had seen them in former times, as yet unrecognized?

Vance could not tell; but a strange interest awoke in him, independent of gratitude.

"It is I who should be most thoughtful," he said, with much feeling, "for in my whole life, it seems impossible that we can repay all that you have done for us. I sent for you now, because I had something to say in regard to your sister."

"My sister?"

Her voice faltered, and almost died out.

"Yes, your sister, whom both Lady Holden and myself have learned to consider almost as a child of our own. How lovely she is!"

"She is indeed lovely!" exclaimed Myra.

"So lovely that our late guest, young Roxburg, from your own country, has been here this morning, with a very manly petition, that I should intercede in his behalf, and, if possible, win your consent to his marriage with her."

"His marriage with my—this young person? Does this young man wish to drive me mad?"

Vance looked at Myra in surprise. Her eyes flashed, her pale cheeks reddened, and a scornful expression curved her mouth. It seemed as if this woman had received an insult.

"But the young man is a gentleman: with money enough for independence, at least."

Myra did not seem to listen. Vance went on:

"He knows that your sister is an orphan, and believes her to be a penniless one. There is nothing connected with her life in New York, of which he has not been informed."

Myra, still so preoccupied, that she did not comprehend, sat opposite to Vance; but was looking far beyond him. He was himself somewhat disturbed, and went on, hurriedly.

"But there is one thing that he does not know; and this must have a place in your consideration. Your sister will not be permitted to marry any man, without a dower commensurate with the affection we feel for her. My daughter will succeed to a title and estates, that render anything that I possess unimportant. I shall provide for this young lady solely as my own heiress, only asking that most of her life should be spent in England. The young man has assented to this, without knowing how much it will be to his advantage."

Myra moved nervously in her chair.

"It would seem as if you were really adopting my sister as your own child," she said.

"Surely there is nothing to prevent it?"

"And if she were your child, born of your blood, would you give her to this man?"

There was a keen glitter in Myra's eyes, a

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tone of intense earnestness in her voice, that made the question strangely impressive. Vance seemed to reflect: then he said, quietly enough:

"Yes, I would give her to this young American, believing him to be all that he is represented, and knowing that she loves him."

"Knowing that she loves him?"

"Very dearly. I am assured of that by Lady Holden, who loves her too dearly for a mistake to be possible."

"My sister—my Jane—no—no, I can give her up to you and my lady—will do it without a murmur—but to this stranger, do not ask it. I cannot—I cannot. What right have I? None—none in the world!"

Myra was carried out of herself by conflicting emotion. In her excitement she thrust the red scarf back from her arm, and wrung her hands till the pain brought a cry to her lips.

"The young gentleman's proposal has come upon you suddenly—there is plenty of time to reflect upon it. The parties are very young."

Myra caught at the last words.

"Young—young! Yes, too young. That is reason enough."

"For delay, certainly," said Vance.

"Delay! Ah, there is everything to hope for in that," said Myra, breathing like a person released from a sentence of death. Even Vance heaved a sigh of relief. He had promised Roxburg to urge his suit with the woman before him, but the task had proved a painful one, and he was glad to press it no further, just then.

Myra arose; but she could hardly stand. Holding out her arms with a gesture of piteous appeal, she said:

"Give me time—give me time. I never thought of this; it stuns me. You also will reflect. Think of her as your own child, with the blue blood of two great houses in her veins—not that it can be so, but gather up all the pride of these two haughty races, and then, thinking of her as their representative, say if you would give Jane to this man. Otherwise, he shall not have her, now or ever. You smile, that a poor woman who has kept a shop in New York, and lacks many things that make a lady, should ask so much; but this girl is dearer to me than my soul. Her destiny is so woven into my own life, that if evil falls on her, I must perish, now and forever. Promise me—I implore you! that in this she shall be cared for as if she were the child of Lady Holden, not of a creature as unworthy to claim her as I am."

"Have no fear," replied Vance, deeply moved. "In that light this proposal shall be considered. If I fail to find the young man worthy to be the husband of my own daughter, he shall never have your sister Jane."

Once more Myra held out her hand; but this time the force of her passionate protest was gone. She trembled all over, her eyes filled with tears, and, bending her head, she kissed the hand that had clasped hers, as if sealing the compact between them.

Then Myra turned, and went from the room slowly, and with her head cast down; but Vance stood where she had left him, wrapped in deep thought. Where had he seen this woman before? Those wonderful eyes, looking at him through their tears—had he seen them in his dreams, or some far-off time that was like a dream? Then the features—that swift, passionate gesture, at once wild and graceful—why was it that they seemed so familiar?

Vance stopped in his walk, and drew a deep breath. His own daughter. He had seen them in her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A BASKET-CARRIAGE came sweeping up the avenue at Aldensgate, at a dashing speed. The lady, driving, cast her eyes far and wide over the beautiful expanse, and the thick forest of trees, as if estimating their importance in her mind, with some idea of possession. The grand trees seemed to give her especial delight, and she said,

"We have nothing like them at Backwell, though I remember well when there was plenty; but Barnham made short work with them. I wonder if he really will get a chance at these? Ha! there is my young lady in the rose garden, making awful havoc among the flowers; and here comes Lady Holden sunning herself on the upper terrace, with that American girl at her heels as well. I wonder what makes me hate the creature so? But, see, they are turning toward the grand entrance, and will meet me there before I can get a word with Dora."

Touching the horses up, the lady dashed on to the front entrance of the Hall, where Lady Holden and her young friend now stood.

"Was there ever a more lovely day?" she exclaimed, mounting the broad flight of steps with the easy grace of a queen ascending her throne. "Barnham will never forgive me for depriving him of the pleasure; but I would drive over myself, and monopolize the happiness of giving his invitation in person. The yacht is at last in fine condition, and the wind promises to be favorable. So it is settled that our long delayed sailing party is to come off."

"It would be impossible for me to go," said Lady Holden, as they passed into the Hall.

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"It is long since I have been able to join these out-door excursions."

"How you distress me! Barnham has set his heart on this affair, and the weather is so beautiful—cannot you be persuaded?"

Lady Holden smiled, and shook her head.

"Nor Miss Benson? We have depended on the young ladies, and hoped that, for once, she might consent to leave her sister."

Lady Alton said this very sweetly, but the intuition of the girl detected something hollow in the invitation, and hastened to refuse it.

"Thank you very much, but that would be impossible; Esther is far from well yet. Besides, if her ladyship remains at home, she may possibly be glad to have me with her?"

Lady Holden turned her fine eyes on the girl, with a look of grateful fondness, that pleased and rather surprised her visitor, who was at a loss to understand the influence this young creature had obtained at Aldensgate, in a few short weeks.

"How unfortunate!" she exclaimed, with a graceful gesture of despair. "Still, how charming it must be to find oneself so beloved. I quite envy you, Lady Holden, though you are about to break poor Barnham's heart. I must leave him to excuse Mrs. Vance, as I never had the least influence there; but, surely, Miss Dora may be permitted to go with us. Besides, Mr. Vance gave us a promise."

"Then I shall certainly make no opposition, if Dora really has set her heart on it," said my lady, leading the way into the Hall. But her visitor paused a few steps from the door.

"Excuse me, Barnham will be expecting me back to luncheon," she said. "I caught a glimpse of Miss Vance among the flowers as we came along, and will tell her of your kind permission, if my horses consent to be reined up long enough. Good-morning—good-morning, Miss Benson."

All this Lady Alton said as she was hurrying down the steps, and seating herself in the basket-carriage. This done, she gathered the reins in one hand, with the other flung a kiss to the Lady of Aldensgate, and drove away.

Before they turned the first curve in the windings of the avenue, those fiery chestnuts felt themselves suddenly curbed; for Dora Vance had found her way through the blooming thickets, and was coming toward them, with a quantity of glowing roses in her arms.

"Well?" she questioned.

"Like the haughty Roman, I came—I saw—I conquered," answered the lady, with a bright smile, and triumphant wave of the hand. "My mission will be a perfect success, when I have one more assurance to give my insatiable brother."

Dora laughed, lightly.

"Give him these!" she said, tossing her roses toward the carriage, so carelessly, that half of them fell into the lady's lap, sprinkling their dew over the lustrous silk of her purple dress. "Give him these—and now, drive on. They must not see us talking here."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The yacht Harold lay in the harbor at Cowes, with her sails furled, and her white prow rising and falling to the heave of the tide, like a swan asleep on the water. She had been cruising along the beautiful island coast under a fine breeze, and the little voyage had been, from beginning to end, a perfect delight to Dora Prime, to whom it had been like the flight of a bird.

Hour after hour, she would sit upon deck, with Barnham by her side, and watch the sheets of spray, that broke over the prow of the vessel; bursting into shouts of laughter, when they turned into rainbows, or sent showers of diamonds over her and him.

Everything was glorious to this young girl, let loose, for the first time, on a sea of pleasures. The vitality of her nature had broken through all restraint, and she was like a wild bird let free. Did Lady Alton restrain her? No. When her laugh rang out sweetest and loudest, when she drank off her champagne with a dash, and tossed the glass overboard, when she hurled red-ripe peaches in the air, and shouted with glee when their cheeks came uppermost in the water, the lady laughed, also, and clapped her white hands, saying, that they were away from all social restraints, why should anyone check the gayety that was so natural and full of grace?

This she would say to Prime, who seemed hurt by this reckless outburst, and strangely enough, strove to check it with advice, that was almost pathetic at times; but the girl repulsed his efforts, and at last received them with careless insults, seemingly unconscious they were such.

Barnham at one time took his sister aside.

"Is this the girl's real nature?" he said. "If so we had better, even now, pause and think."

Lady Alton was startled.

"Is it the nature of a bird to go wild when it first leaves the cage?" she said. "You would not have me check the girl, and thus give her time for prudent reflection. That is no part of my plan."

Then Barnham went away, convinced of his sister's wisdom, while she threw herself, with an impatient sigh, on a sofa in the cabin, and taking a French novel from under the pillow, absorbed

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herself in the story. Dora came down, soon after, with a sullen look.

"I am tired of that old man, Prime," she said. "No wonder papa seems uneasy when he is near. One would think from the liberty he takes, that I belonged to him."

"Well, he really would make an imposing sort of a father," said her ladyship, with her eyes upon the book.

"Father!" repeated Dora, lifting her shoulders, as the reader was in the habit of doing. "I would kill myself if it were really so. Only compare him to my own papa. Besides, I do not believe that your brother really likes him."

Lady Alton smiled, and turned to her book.

That day the yacht anchored at Cowes, and much to Dora's disappointment, the two gentlemen went ashore together.

The next day, at noon, when Lady Alton was becoming weary of inaction, and Dora grew sullen from an idea of neglect, Barnham came back, alone.

"Prime has gone up to London," he said. "I have just returned from there. Can you be ready for the next train?"

Dora, who had been pouting, with a persistent determination not to speak, threw herself, face downward, on the sofa, and began to sob. Lady Alton left the cabin; found an easy camp chair in the cock-pit, and went on with her book, while a contemptuous sneer lingered about her mouth. She had not been there long, when Dora came up from the cabin, with fire in her eyes, and cheeks like wet roses.

"It was all because of his impatience to keep me with him, that he went away," she said, in wild spirits. "Come, Louisa, come! We are going up to London. The Harold will be here till we come back, and then—oh, do fling away that horrid book, and get ready, or we shall miss the train."

Lady Alton did fling away her novel, and hurriedly prepared herself for a journey.

When the Southampton train came into the station, at London, a well-appointed carriage was waiting for Barnham of Backwell, and the two ladies that accompanied him. It was observed by some of the people, who lingered around the station, that the youngest of these ladies was arrayed in a travelling costume of pale gray silk.

"She is young for a bride; but, on me word, it looks like it," said one porter to another, as the carriage drove off.

It certainly did look like it; for the carriage drove directly to a remote street in the city, where the door of an obscure church stood half open. Dora made a slight exclamation, when she saw Henry Prime, pompous as ever, standing at the entrance of this edifice, and knew that the object of their journey was reached.

Prime came up at once, drew Dora's hand over his arm, and hurried her into the porch of the church. Then he paused an instant, and bending his head, looked earnestly into the girl's face.

"Dora—do you love this man? Tell me, for the love of God, tell me! If you have one thought against this, I will break it off even now."

She turned an astonished, even offended, look on him, and said,

"Mr. Prime, who gave you the right to ask such questions of me?"

The man absolutely groaned.

"Right—no right. The master of Ashford has that; but I—I—oh, you loved me as a child. Am I nothing to you now?"

The girl gave her head a toss, and at this instant, Barnham came up quickly, took her away almost rudely, and led her up the dim aisle of the church, toward an altar, made visible by a pair of tall candles, that shone upon it like stars.

At this altar stood a man, whose garments gave a ghostly whiteness to the gloom in which these two persons stood, while a voice, that echoed strangely in the silence of the building, began the marriage ceremony. When the clergyman asked, "who giveth this woman to be married to this man," Prime, who was standing apart with Lady Alton, came forward, and placed her hand in that of the bridegroom.

Again, Dora was conscious that he trembled violently, and that his face was deadly pale.

No formality of that sombre marriage was omitted. The register was signed and witnessed—a certificate given, and formal congratulations made. Then the party went out from the holy gloom of the place into the world again.

A drive to the station; a swift train toward the coast; and within an hour, the yacht was on her way to France.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

From a small town on the coast of France, Dora had been persuaded to write a letter to her parents, and there it was decided that she should await a reply, which, no one doubted, would be full of reproaches, forgiveness, and a general acquiescence in the inevitable.

Here, also, it was expected that the yachting party would break up, and leave the young couple to their happiness. Lady Alton proposed to go at once to join a party of friends at Dieppé, and Prime had been rather coldly informed, that the Harold was from that time ready to convey

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him to any point on the English coast, at which he might choose to land.

During the brief voyage to France, that gentleman had been made to feel that his time of usefulness was over, in more ways than one. Barnham was carelessly indifferent to his presence. Lady Alton became inert and languidly selfish, while Dora, entirely occupied with her own happiness, seemed scarcely conscious of his existence.

One day Barnham informed him, without any pretence of regret, or common gratitude, that the captain of the yacht was anxious to return to England, in order to enter upon a new engagement, and was becoming impatient of delay. Prime understood the inhospitable suggestion, but suppressed the bitterness of feeling that had burned within him, with his usual self-control.

"Our private affairs are not quite settled yet," he said, in a serious business way. "According to our arrangement, I was to receive two thousand pounds when you became the husband of Miss Vance, with an annual income when she came in possession of her estates. You can hardly have forgotten that?"

"Forgotten! No, quite to the contrary. I have the amount now in my pocket-book. There need be no trouble, or delay about that."

Here Barnham drew out his pocket-book, and coolly counted out the acceptances and scraps of paper, adorned with the perilous letters I O U, which he had, from time to time, received from Prime himself.

"There is, I fancy, a hundred or two more than the amount agreed upon," he said, with a smile that made the blood boil in the veins of his baffled tool. "But on an occasion like this one must not be particular."

For once, Henry Prime lost all control of himself. He dashed his hand down upon that which extended the papers to him, with a force that sent them flying over the room. His eyes blazed; his face was livid to the lips, which curled apart, revealing the clenched teeth.

"You offer me an insult!"

These words came hissing through his teeth so fiercely, that they startled Barnham from his cool self-poise. He had expected indignation, but not fury like this.

"It is all that I promised, and all that I have to offer," he said, somewhat abashed in spite of himself. "Surely, you do not dispute the value of the paper?"

"I will have ten times the value in bank notes, before I have done with you," said Prime, gathering up some of the papers, tearing them with a twist of the fingers, and dashing them into Barnham's face. "Do you understand that? Or I will make you beg me to accept twice the sum on your knees?"

Barnham laughed.

"Perhaps you wish me to consider this as a challenge?" he said.

"Yes, a challenge for death to one of us. This moment, I would rather have your life than the money, a thousand times told!"

"As if I would give an adventurer like you the chance to take it," said Barnham, coolly.

"What more I have to say, must be in the presence of your wife," said the other, after a moment, in a voice so intensely quiet, that it made Barnham draw his breath heavily.

The two men looked up, just then, from the rocky terrace on which they were standing, and saw Dora sitting by the window of her room in the hotel. Prime turned, and walked that way. Barnham stood a moment irresolute, then strode after him.

"Would you break her heart with a knowledge that she has been bought and sold?" he said.

Prime halted, and looked up to the bright, young face, that was leaning over from the window, and throwing kisses down to the man by his side—the man he thirsted to kill. That sight found the only tender pulse in his heart, and thrilled it with pity.

"No," he said. "She need not know, but you shall. Step this way, she must not look down upon us."

Barnham followed the man to the verge of the rocks. Here Prime turned.

"This is what I have to tell you," he said. "The girl you have married is not Lady Holden's daughter. There is not a drop of the Vance blood in her veins. She has no claim whatever on the Aldensgate estate, except as I gave them to her."

Barnham was struck dumb. He recoiled a step. Prime smiled, grimly, and went on. "She is my daughter—mine! I believed that the daughter of Vance was dead, and imposed my own child upon him. She is established as his heiress; will become Lady Holden, unless I choose to tell the truth. Do not speak, sir! I have not done yet. The real heiress of Aldensgate was not lost at sea, as I honestly supposed, but is now in England, within the very walls of Aldensgate. You have seen her—be careful, you are on the very edge of the rock—you have noticed her likeness to Lady Holden, who would give all she is worth to know the truth, as I am giving it to you, with proofs to substantiate every word."

Barnham had been struck dumb, but he quickly recovered himself.

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"I do not believe one word of this," he said. "It is because anything you assert must be the offspring of some fraud, that I refused to fight you just now; but you have cast a deadly insult on my wife, in claiming that she has one drop of your blood in her veins, and for that, I would meet you if you were a dog from some beggar's kennel. It shall be face to face, and for life or death. At daylight in the morning, under the cliffs yonder, half a mile away, where we can only be seen from the water. The presence of one man is enough. The captain of my yacht is your friend more than mine. We need no other second."

Prime looked at him savagely.

"Let it be with, or without seconds," he said. "As one of us will surely die, and the other escape, if he can, there is no need of witnesses for either. At daybreak in the morning, with revolvers loaded by ourselves. The firing to stop when one of us is down, not before."

The two belligerents left each other, at these words, and went their separate ways, white with murderous rage.

Dora, still leaning from her window, saw them part, and beckoned to her husband, who strode across the terrace, and went up to her room. When she came to meet him, with all the softness of new-born love in her eyes, he seized both her outstretched hands, drew her to the light, and searched her features in a keen, hungry way, that frightened her.

"Why—why do you look at me so?" she questioned.

He did not reply; but tossed her hands away, grinding something, that might have been a curse, between his teeth, and strode from the room.

"It is something that horrid old fellow, Prime, has been doing," she thought. "He is always making trouble. I do wish he would go back to England or America—anywhere, so that we get rid of him."

Just then, the man she thought of appeared, crossing the terrace, and saw her at the window, to which she had run to get a last look at her husband, as he passed down to the shore. She saw Prime lift a wild and distressed look to her face, as he drew near; but turned away her head, and with an abrupt demonstration of dislike, closed the sash upon him.

Prime groaned, and stood still a moment, looking piteously at the closed window. Then he walked, with a heavy step, into the hotel, and went to his own room.

As night drew on, the young bride again placed herself at the window, surprised by her husband's absence, and somewhat anxiously awaited his return till midnight. Then, weary and disheartened, she threw herself among the cushions of a sofa, burst into a passion of angry tears, and sobbing fainter and fainter, sunk into profound slumber.

Poor girl, she was the only one, concerned in that night's work, who slept at all. Barnham had taken a boat, and rowed himself out to the Harold, where he gave Bates brief notice of the intended duel, and of the part he was expected to take in it. If Barnaby made a shrewd guess at the origin of this quarrel, he gave no sign; but, despising both men alike, expected no serious results from it. Still, he was surprised by the evident agitation of his employer.

Barnham believed every word that Prime had said. The very passion of the man's revelation bore testimony to its truth. More than that, in the features of his young wife, he had, for the first time, discovered the traits of her disreputable father. In her character, as he now began to understand it, he found the man reproduced. Softened, it is true, and more natural in expression; but the falsehood, the cunning, and intuitive deception was there.

And this young creature, with all her inheritance of evil, was his wife. For her he had planned, bribed, degraded himself. No, not for her; but that he might share her high position, and become master of her wealth.

Her wealth!

The man laughed aloud, in the bitterness of self-scorn, as he thought of this. Married to the daughter of Henry Prime! At the mercy of this miserable adventurer, who had dared to deceive and threaten him with utter degradation before the world!

No, no, a thousand times no! This man alone had his secret. The meeting, to-morrow, should indeed be one of life and death. The sun must not go down before he and his fearful knowledge should be swept from the face of the earth.

Where was Henry Prime then?

In his own room, at the hotel, writing swift-handed, scarcely pausing to think. If he laid down his pen, it was to wipe cold drops of perspiration from his forehead. Sometimes, a tear would roll down his cheek, and wet the paper; but he did not heed that, only shook his head, writing on and on, till his dreadful task was completed. Then he folded the sheets of paper, and sealed them in an envelope, directed to Asher Vance.

Thrusting this into his bosom, Prime threw himself on the bed, hoping, perhaps, that sleep would be merciful, and give him a half-hour of rest; but that was impossible. The sting of a

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thousand harrowing thoughts drove the hope away. The room seemed close as a grave to him. He started from the bed, and wandered out into a long passage, into which many rooms opened.

Up and down, up and down this deserted hall he walked, sometimes holding a hand to his forehead, sometimes pausing, with his eyes bent to the floor, as if too heavily laden with bitter thoughts for an effort to move. Then he would start, suddenly, and pace the floor again, unconscious that he had passed the room occupied by his daughter. At last he became aware of this, and, seeing the door ajar, pushed it open in the recklessness of his growing agony.

She was there—his own child—sound asleep among those crimson cushions. The man went toward her softly, and on tip-toe. Once by the sofa, he sank slowly down to his knees, holding his breath, and gazing into her face, with a look of hopeless tenderness that was pitiful to see. The girl moved a little, and her face came close to his: for his head had bowed lower and lower, till it almost touched the cushion on which she lay.

The man felt it hard then to suppress the anguish of his tenderness. His throat was choked with sobs. His hand shook feebly as he put the hair back from her forehead, and touched it with his white and quivering lips so cautiously, that she did not stir even under the pathetic agony of that kiss, but slept on, till long after the father who gave it was lying face upwards, on the sands of the beach—with a bullet in his breast.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE yacht Harold put into the little harbor, near Aldensgate, after a passage that had been like the flight of a bird across the waters, that separate the coast of France from the shores of England. It was well that she had not been becalmed a single hour, or the man who lay upon that mattress, cast hurriedly on the cabin floor, would have been dead before she anchored.

There, Henry Prime lay helpless, and dying. Once or twice, only, had the poor man attempted to speak, since Barnaby Bates had taken him up from the beach, dead as his cruel antagonist had believed, before the latter strode away toward the town, with an exulting smile on his lips.

When the vessel was moored, Bates went into the cabin, and knelt down by the mattress, with a world of trouble in his honest face. The only words that Prime had yet uttered were:

"When shall we get in—when?"

Now Bates knelt by his side, and whispered:

"We are at anchor, and in sight of Aldensgate."

Prime opened his eyes, and the lips that were turning blue parted.

"My wife—Asher Vance—my lady—send for them."

These words came out in hoarse, eager jerks, each with a struggle.

"Is there no one else?" questioned Bates.

"Yes, a magistrate—that first."

The effort of speaking was too much for the poor man: his eyes closed again, and he seemed to faint, or die, Bates could hardly tell which.

Terribly anxious, he went on deck, and immediately three messengers left the vessel, each on a separate errand. During half-an-hour, all was still as the grave on board the Harold. Then a woman came rushing down to the shore, with a shawl thrown over her head, and tresses of loose, gray hair streaming from under it.

Bates, who was watching, anxiously, saw her fling out both hands, and answered the appeal by leaping into a boat, and, with a few strokes of the oars, brought her on board. In her blind agony, the poor creature stumbled down stairs, fell to her knees on the cabin floor, and thus dragged herself to the side of her dying husband. He did not move, or open his eyes; but when she seized his hand, calling out "my Henry—oh, my Henry," while her lips clung to it, and her tears fell like rain upon it, she felt his fingers close faintly on hers, and cried out with a hysterical laugh, that was more pathetic than her tears:

"He knows me—he knows me! Oh, my poor Henry, if I were only worthy to die for you!"

Bates heard this, where he was waiting on deck, and drew a hand across his eyes; for he was watching for the Aldensgate people, and could not see well with tears in his eyes.

Indeed, it seemed a long time before any of them appeared, for the messenger had been somewhat delayed after he reached the Hall; for Myra could not at once be found, and Vance was at that particular minute in the library with his wife, reading the letter that Dora had written to them from France.

As they stood together, stunned and bewildered, as yet unable to believe in the treachery it confessed, the woman they had known as Esther entered the room, pale, breathless, and wild with excitement.

"Oh, my lady—oh, Mr. Vance, come I entreat you—come at once. A man is down yonder dying, one who—who can lift this awful disgrace from your shoulders, and cast it wholly on me. Don't—don't stand there, looking as if you did not believe me, but come before he dies. The carriage is coming up; I ordered it—come! or we shall all repent of it, forever and ever!"

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As she made this wild appeal, Myra threw a shawl, she had brought, over Lady Holden's shoulders.

Myra was beside herself. Barnaby's message had driven her wild. She gave no heed to formalities, but ran down the steps, and leaped into the carriage, fairly dragging the rest with her.

"Quick—quick!" she cried to the coachman. "To the harbor—drive for your life!"

The coachman obeyed this order as if it had come from Lady Holden herself. The horses dashed forward, nor checked their swiftest speed till they stood panting on the wharf, where a boat was waiting.

When they reached the Harold, Barnaby came forward to meet them, looking very grave, and speaking under his breath.

"He is in yonder—dead," he almost whispered, pointing toward the cabin door.

Esther, or Myra, rather—uttered a sharp cry, and ran down the steps. There, upon the floor, she found her old enemy, from whose white and swollen lips the last breath of life had just passed; and, lying half-way across this mattress, with her arms thrown around him, and her head on his wounded breast, lay the poor abused wife, moaning and wailing her heart out.

Myra knelt down, and lifted that poor gray head to her bosom.

"Mother, oh, mother, it is Myra—your own—own child, who is so sorry for you!"

The poor woman turned, and clung to her neck.

"Oh, Myra—Myra. He was so kind, so good, so handsome, and he is gone. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

The sound of this miserable appeal came faintly to the deck; but the persons assembled there scarcely heeded it; for the magistrate, solemnly occupied with his duty, had met Mr. Vance, and placed a paper in his hand.

"I hardly know whether this can be a matter of condolence or congratulation," he said, "but there can be no doubt of its truth, at any rate: all the requirements of the law have been met."

Vance took the paper, and walked apart, unfolding it. Lady Holden followed him, and together they read Henry Prime's confession through. When they appeared again, it was with grave and almost solemn faces.

The magistrate had left the yacht. No one but Barnaby Bates was waiting to take them on shore.

"Where is Myra? We must speak to her," said my lady, in a tremulous voice.

"She is with her mother, trying to comfort the poor soul," said Barnaby.

"I, too, will try to comfort her," said the lady, with tears in her eyes, and she went into the cabin, where those two women were clinging to each other. My lady gently separated them, and took Myra in her arms.

"Oh, how can you—how can you," cried the poor woman, striving to draw herself from that kind embrace. "I who robbed you."

"I can only remember all that you have done for my child. That you brought her back to me—that you have made her good, beautiful, an angel. How can all this be cancelled by one fault? Oh, Myra, when I think how ready you were to give her up, it seems too much. I could not do it."

"I think the good God must have forgiven me, since you have," said Myra, quivering with gratitude. "Besides, besides, he has given my mother back to me." The newly made widow put the hair back from her face, and attempted to smile, but broke into a fresh burst of tears.

When Lady Holden came on deck again, her eyes were full of tears; but behind them, like starlight on water, a new-born joy was stealing.

"Let us go home," she said to Vance. "It will be like entering heaven."

"But Myra?" questioned the husband.

"She will go home with her mother; for the poor woman is in great trouble. After that, we must find some way of making her happier."

"Thank your ladyship for thinking of Myra so kindly," said Bates, who stood near; "but this is my last day on the Harold. Next week I take charge of a merchantman on the Australian line, and she will go out with me on my first voyage: that poor, sobbing woman in the cabin, too, if she likes it; for I can take care of her as well as my wife."

Vance received this with a grave smile.

"We will talk more of this to-morrow," he said. "You are a brave, generous fellow, no doubt; but not quite strong enough to pay our debt of gratitude. That, we must manage to do ourselves."

Barnaby shook his head, laughed a little, and dropped into the boat, resolved that no meaner hand than himself should set them on shore.

Notwithstanding the momentous news that had taken the master of Aldensgate from home, the girl, Jane, was quite unconscious of it. With the freedom of a young person already engaged, she had been wandering about the grounds with young Roxburg, and knew nothing of the absence of Vance or my lady, until the carriage came in view, winding up the avenue.

They were standing on the upper terrace then, and came forward to meet the pair, blushing a

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little, consciously, at being found together, perhaps. Then my lady came forward, hurriedly, smiling, flushed, with tears in her eyes.

"My child, my own child. Oh, my God, how can I be grateful enough," she cried, holding the girl close to her heart, "how can I?"

They went into the house, and into the library, where, to the utter amazement of these young people, Prime's confession was read. When Vance looked up from the last page, he saw that Roxburg was very pale and greatly disturbed, while the young lady had drawn close to him, and had stolen her hand into his. Then a swift sense of enjoyment broke into the elder man's eyes. He understood all their doubts, and enjoyed them a moment in silence, before he reached out his hand to Roxburg.

"Do not be anxious," he said. "This changes our position in nothing. When I gave consent to your marriage with this dear girl, it was as if all this had been known to me."

The young man, who had been changing from pale to red, during the speech, could hardly find words to answer it; but the girl, thrilled and trembling under a new sense of happiness, threw both her arms around the generous man's neck, with a sudden impulse of affection, and pressing her sweet lips to his forehead, for the first time in her life, cried out:

"Oh, father—father—how I love you!"

Asher Vance pressed the girl to his bosom, and kissed her tenderly, as he had never kissed that other one in all the time she had been with him. But he thought of her, the next moment, with a pang of forgiving compassion. Reaching out his hand, he took that of young Roxburg.

"One charge there must be," he said. "That wronged child, over yonder, must not be forgotten. In the fate she has chosen for herself, she will need all the protection we can give her. The fortune I had intended to bestow on this dear one, must be secured to her, so well secured that no one can deprive her of it, or even share it, without her full consent."

"I did not know. I believed that this young lady would come to me with no dower, but her own rare loveliness. Such matters as settlements are not generally asked for in my country."

"At any rate," said Vance, with a pleasant smile, "we shall have to put up with them here. Don't you think so, my lady?"

The wealth, which was thus generously bestowed on Dora, helped to repair Barnham's shattered fortunes; but the latter never forgot whose daughter he had married; and the former soon woke to the fact that she had never been loved, and was now almost loathed. The Nemesis of fate, you see, always avenges wrong.

As for Roxburg and our heroine, they are supremely happy, as indeed they deserve to be.

[THE END.]

PERHAPS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Perhaps it is better so:
That each day be the same
As the one that has gone before,
Pallid, and weary, and tame.

Perhaps it is better, too,
That love and joy should stand
Outside the door of my heart,
Away from the touch of my hand.

And perhaps it is better, alas!
That life should drag like pain,
Robbed of a flower's perfume,
Robbed of a song's refrain.

Perhaps it is better, God knows!
His ways can never be wrong;
But the days are dull and sad,
And the nights are weary and long.

"THE TRUE HEART."

BY S. WHITE PAINE.

The flowers may blossom and fade, as they will,
Their skeleton stalks crown the valley and hill,
As they droop o'er the grave of the year;
The trees of the forest may wither and die,
And the crisp leaves of Autumn sweep hurrying by,
But there's one thing that never grows sear.

Tho' wrinkled the brow late so ruddy and fair,
Tho' silver'd the locks of the once raven hair,
Tho' the world may grow colder and colder;
Tho' dim is the eye, and tho' heavy the ear,
Tho' the step be less steady each lingering year,
Yet the true heart grows never the older.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume of cashmere, or camel's hair cloth, either in black or dark colors. Bottle-green and seal-brown will be very much



No. 1.

worn this coming season. The skirt of this costume is short. The widths of the skirts are to be a trifle wider, than they have been worn. Say, instead of making two and a-quarter yards wide, increase to two and a-half, or even two and three-quarters yards, giving by this a greater fullness to the back. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom



No. 2.

by two knife-plaitings, six inches deep. The tunic is long, and much wrinkled on the apron-front, and but slightly puffed at the back. The trimming is a wide braid of silk, with chenille

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mixed. This edges the tunic, sleeves, mantilla, etc. On the front of the skirt two rows of the trimming are arranged, and the tunic is caught up in the middle, just above the knife-plaiting, and finished with a bow and ends of satin-faced velvet ribbon to match. Either a round waist, or a short basque-bodice, can be worn with this costume. Tight coat sleeves. If preferred, the waist and tunic can be combined in a polonaise, as the polonaise has lost none of its popularity.



No. 3.

The mantilla consists of a round cape, slightly pointed in the back, with long pointed ends in front, coming from underneath. This is trimmed with one row of the chenille braid, and the ends finished with long spikes in silk and jet beads. When these spikes cannot be procured, a bow and ends of ribbon may be substituted. The mantilla is tied at the throat with a ribbon. This is a good model, especially in black, as these chenille braids with jet, make a very effective trimming, and the mantilla can be worn over any other costume. In black camel's hair,



No. 4.

fourteen to fifteen yards will be required for the entire costume.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume for a young lady, of cashmere and satin combined. Any dark self-color may be selected, with satin of darker shade to match. A plain, round skirt, with one knife-plaiting arranged upon the foundation. The drapery is composed of a double scarf in front, the lower edge of each scarf bound with a broad band of satin. These scarfs are arranged in large plaids crossing the front, and slightly drooping from the right to the left side. The back is slightly pouffed, and fastened down at the left side by a large bow and ends of satin.

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A vest of satin is worn under the jacket-bodice, which has a turn-over collar of satin reaching to the waist, where the jacket fastens with a bow of satin. The jacket is slit at the hips, and at the back, and bound with a narrow band of satin. Tight coat sleeve. Tiny gilt, or fancy buttons ornament the fronts of both vest and jacket. The same are used at the back of the jacket, and on the cuffs. Twelve yards of cashmere, two and a-half yards of satin, will be required. Four dozen buttons.

No. 3—Is suitable for either a house or walking-dress, and is a good model for utilizing an half-worn costume. The under-skirt and



No. 5.

tunic are of plain silk, or woolen material, while the jacket and trimmings are of any of the fancy mixed silk and wool fabrics, in cashmere colors, which are now so much used in combination with plain material. Six yards of such material will make the jacket, and trim the edge of the tunic. Three tiny knife-plaited ruffles edge the bottom of the skirt. The tunic is a simple round over-skirt, very much looped at the sides, where it is finished with a bow and ends of ribbon. The back is looped in irregular pouffs, quite low. A thick cording and buttons are the only trimming required for the jacket.

No. 4—Is a robe de chambre, or breakfast-wrapper of cashmere, or flannel. For ordinary wear we prefer the flannel, either plain twilled, in one color, or striped, in two colors. Very pretty flannels of the former can be bought for forty cents; the latter cost from sixty-five to seventy-five cents per yard. This model is a



No 6.

loose, tight-fitting princess dress. It may be made loose by leaving out the darts in front. The back fits tight like a basque, to about six inches below the waist, there the fullness of the back is put in by six or eight rows of fine



No. 7.

gatherings. A narrow knife-plaiting of silk, or of the material, finishes the fronts, edge of pockets, cuffs and collar. The collar, cuffs and top of pocket, are of velvet to match, or black, as may be preferred. Twelve yards of flannel,

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or seven yards of cashmere will be required. Half-yard of velvet. One dozen buttons.

No. 5—Is a paletot, for little girl of seven to eight years. It is made of plush and plain cloth. The under part of the garment is of the cloth, with a wide band of plush for the trimming of the skirt. The over-paletot is of plush, and the rolling collar is turned back, and faced with silk to match. Just below the waist it is fastened with a bow and ends. Pockets ornament the back, finished with barrel-shaped buttons, same as those on the front. This can be made of plaid woolen material, in place of the plush, in dark blue and green, or plain blue, or green cloth, or merino.

No. 6—Is a winter paletot, for a little girl of eleven to twelve years. It is of soft beaver cloth, double-breasted, and with collar and cuffs of plush: in seal-brown, or coachmen's drab, with seal-brown plush for trimmings. These paletots will be very much worn. As we give the front and back view, it needs no further description.

No. 7—Is a morning-dress, for child of two to four years old. Dress of blue flannel, with long coat sleeves, and plain sailor collar, trimmed with a narrow piping of white flannel, or white



No. 8.



No. 9.

worsted braid. The breadths are gathered both back and front. Down the front a plain band of flannel, fastened with large pearl buttons.

No. 8—For a boy of nine to eleven years, we give a winter suit of fancy cloth—pants, vest and jacket, with velvet collar. The over-coat is of plain beaver cloth, with velvet collar.

No. 9—For a little boy of six to eight years, we give a dressy little over-garment of velvet, or cloth, trimmed with feather trimming, made like a little ulster, with a sailor collar. Fur may be substituted for the feather trimming, and be more useful, and quite as pretty. It is fastened down the front with large passementerie buttons, similar to the one on the collar, shown in the engraving.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

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CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

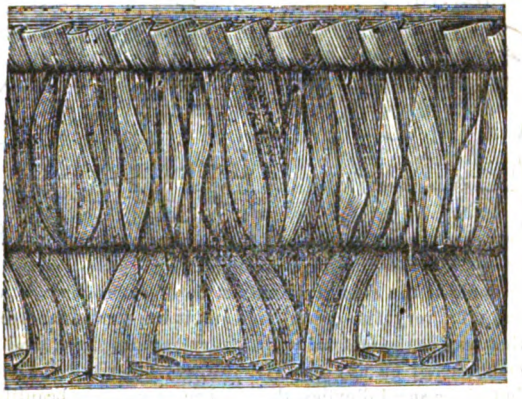
BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. By so doing, your patterns will be forwarded without delay, together with a *model*, showing how the pattern is joined. Particular attention is called to our *Price List*, as we cannot forward any order, unless the full price of *each piece* ordered is enclosed in *United States* Stamps or money. In all cases we study to please our customers, and will answer any questions by Postal Card on receipt of one cent stamp. Send full address, *City or Town, County and State*, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. While we extend our thanks to our many customers who have so generously patronized us during the past year, we hope for a continuance during the present year. Respectfully, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

FLOUNCE FOR DRESS TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Use three times fullness, and plait in treble box-plaits for the bottom.

Gather the top, and stitch by machine as seen in the illustration above.

DOLMAN ULSTER. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a DOLMAN ULSTER, the newest thing of its kind out, a garment particularly seasonable for late fall, or winter wear. We give both a front and back view. Folded in this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, with a full-size paper pattern of this stylish wrap. It consists of four pieces, viz:

No. I.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. II.—HALF OF BACK.
No. III.—SLEEVE.
No. IV.—HALF OF COLLAR.

The three first are so long, that they exceed the length of our pattern sheet, large as it is. They are, therefore, turned over: the first, at the top, and again at the right side: the second, at the bottom; the third at top. In all cases, the place, where the turn-over occurs, is marked.

The different pieces must be joined by the notches that correspond at the edges of the different pieces, as at B, B, and E, E. In arranging the sleeve, it must be so folded, that the double notches meet, being that portion of the sleeve on which the velvet is placed: hence the under part of the sleeve is narrower than the upper part.

In making this Dolman, quite a variety of materials can be chosen from. Our engraving represents it as made of bège-color serge cloth, trimmed with brown velvet; but other materials, and other colors, may be used, if preferred.

The shape of this Dolman has one great advantage: it does not crush the dress beneath. On this account, if made of suitable materials, it could be used as a cloak for concerts, opera, etc.

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DESIGNS FOR D'OYLIES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These designs are done in the stem, or Kensington stitch, in fine silk, very fine crewel, or cotton in any color that may be thought desirable. They can also be embroidered on any material that is preferred; but if for small d'oylies, they should be on white linen, and look very well done in 100 black silk. Just at present, such style of embroidery is very much the fashion; and it has the advantage of being very effective, very rapidly done, and very cheap. We have already described the mode of doing this work, when we gave the beautiful designs for tea-cloths, in earlier numbers of this year.

EMBROIDERED SHOE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an illustration of a shoe-case, a very suitable affair for a present, and easily worked. This shoe-case (or bag) is intended to be hung against a bed-room wall. It is made of crash, and bound with red braid. The pockets are ornamented with flowers worked with crewels. The top of the flap is scalloped and festooned. It is not necessary to follow the particular pattern of flowers we have given: any other will do.

TABLE-CLOTH: IN JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an illustration of a table-cloth, in Java canvas, and also the detail, in two additional engravings. A border, thirty-three inches wide, is ornamented with cross-stitch. The pattern of this border is given in the two small engravings. Crewel wool is to be used. All that is dark in our pattern is blue; the light stitches are red.

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DESIGN FOR A LAMBREQUIN.

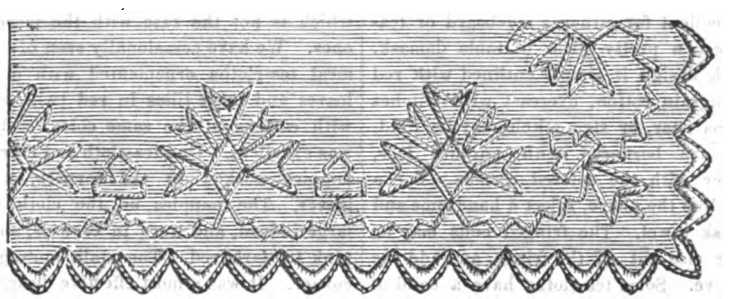
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, one of those beautiful and costly patterns, which appear in "Peterson," and in "Peterson" only. We offer it, as a CHRISTMAS GIFT to our subscribers for 1880, with our best wishes for their continued health, prosperity and happiness. It is, in truth, a sort of premium, extra.

This design is suitable for either mantel, table, or bracket lambrequin, and is made on cloth, or felt. For a handsome mantel, satin or velvet may be used. The materials required are blue, red and yellow cloth, red, blue, yellow, and sage-green crewels; black, red, yellow, and white embroidery silks. First take the blue cloth, and do all the work required upon it, then work the red strip for the top, and then the narrow yellow one. Begin with the blue. Cut out of the yellow cloth the yellow border given, baste it upon the foundation blue, in proper shape, and buttonhole the edge with the yellow silk. The upper edge is done in long knot stitches in blue silk. The yellow leaf in the arabesque pattern above is done in embroidery with the yellow crewel, following with the needle the lines shown, edged with blue silk. The pattern above is all done in silks. Above that, the large scroll is done in green and yellow crewels, as seen. This is edged with yellow silk. The three leaves above are in two shades of blue crewel, edged and veined with yellow silk. The long stitches connecting these scrolls are in red silk. Work the red strip in the same manner, using the crewels for the leaves, and the silk for the connecting stitches, vine on scroll, etc. The narrow yellow strip is done in the sage-green crewel. Now put the three pieces together with yellow silk, placing the yellow upon the blue and red, and covering the edges with the embroidery. Make inch-and-half deep tassels of the different colored crewels, tying them with yellow silk. Comb them to give them the floffy appearance now the rage. One between every scallop, and the lambrequin is completed. The blue cloth should be scalloped and pinked on the edge.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border is to be worked in Russian embroidery, or else chain-stitch in colored cotton, red or blue. Buttonhole edge. A handkerchief, with this border, would make a pretty Christmas gift.

WORK-POCKET: CLOSED AND OPEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design (two cuts) for a work-pocket. This convenient little affair is made of blue cashmere, lined with satin. It measures seven inches square; the pockets to hold thread, scissors, work, etc., are worked round with open buttonhole, and are ornamented with a design in cross-stitch, as is also the outside of the case. Any designs suitable for the embroidery may be used. The case is closed with three buttons and buttonholes.

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EMBROIDERED TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This style of ornamentation can be adapted to almost any serviette, or table-cloth, and the effect is excellent for either a sideboard or tea-cloth. Select a pretty piece of table damask. The damask design is simply outlined with red and blue ingrain cotton, overcast with stitches more or less near, or stem-stitch may be used. The ends are bordered with guipure lace, worked over with the colored cottons. For a small table like the above, select a handsome and large damask towel. The fringed ends may be retained, or else cut off the fringe, and add the lace as above. Some tea-cloths have a band of red Turkey twill, with a design in white flossette, or wool worked on. These will wash perfectly, which is not the case with the more elaborate ones. We have occasionally seen of late the oat-meal tea-cloths ornamented with a pattern of leaves and large lilies in red twill, appliqué on with cottons of the same color, and the effect was excellent. One tea-cloth had four very large poppies worked in the corners, with a few leaves. The poppies on the cloth were very large indeed, and were in crewels, shaded from pink to dark red. The stalk sprang from the corner. It was a most effective design.

NURSERY HEARTH-RUG.

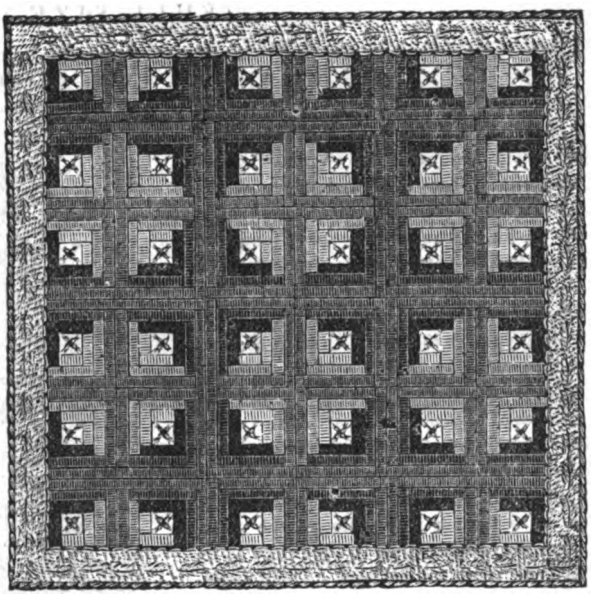
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving for a Nursery Hearth-Rug, a very appropriate affair, for a Christmas or New Year's gift to a married friend. This style of work, however, can be used, either for the purpose we name, or for a child's quilt. The foundation is red, either cloth or flannel, and the size depends on the final destination of the work The shields are formed by lines of chain-stitch in coarse black silk, with French knots between the lines. Each shield contains an appliqué of a dog, cat, bird, etc., which should be carefully cut after a good model. Plush or velvet, or even cloth, can be used for these appliqués; they are button-holed at the edges; the flowers between the shields are embroidered.

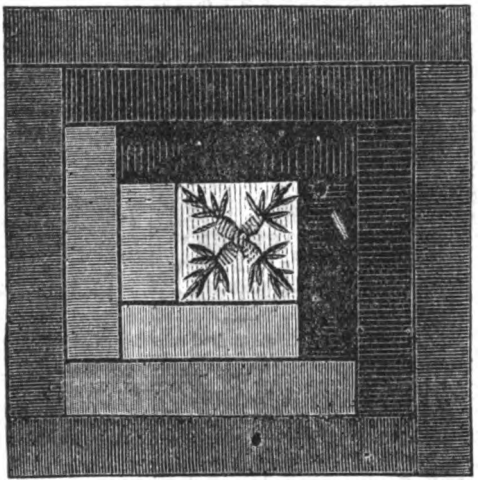
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QUILT FOR COT: PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pretty design in Patchwork, for quilt for a Cot. This quilt is composed of silk patchwork, which may be either of several colors, or of a single color shaded. Our model is in six shades of blue; it measures about a yard square, and consists of thirty-six squares. In each square there are twelve bands of silk, all of the same width, and two by two the same length. They are all mounted on stiff muslin. Thirty-six squares, each measuring five inches, are first cut. In the centre of all there is a small square of white silk, embroidered according to the design below. Then the bands are cut, each measuring one and a-half inches in width: these are folded double, and arranged so that the light shades are always found facing a dark shade; and then the square appears to be composed of two triangles, one of which is dark in the centre and light on the outside. The coverlet is linen with satin, and slightly wadded. It is edged with a blue cord, and lace is turned up on the satin. This would make an especially pretty Christmas, or New Year's gift.



There is no reason why patchwork should not take high rank as art-needlework. Our grandmothers delighted in it. From the simple, yet effective, pattern, which we gave, in colors, in our November number, up to elaborate ones, such as this, it has almost infinite capacities, and yet is always work that anyone can do. In Germany it is called "silk mosaic:" it is in fact a sort of mosaic. Easily copied and beautiful colored designs are supplied by millions in the Kaleidoscope.

COVER FOR TRAVELLING WRAPS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

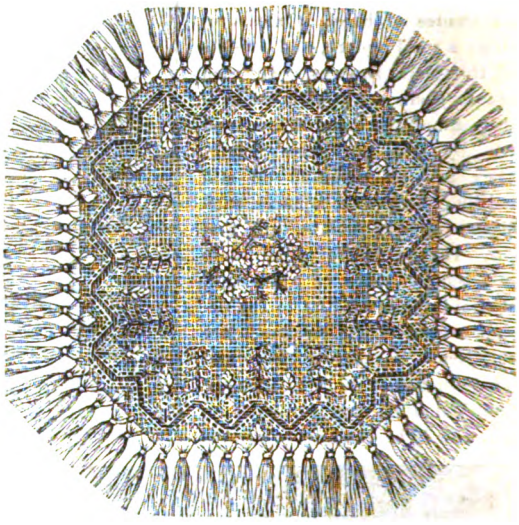
In the front of the number, we give an illustration of a cover for shawls, etc., etc., when travelling. It is in miniature, but it is sufficiently large to afford an idea how these covers are made, and also how prettily they look. The foundation should be strong linen of any dark color, and the needle-work may be carried out, either in chain-stitch with wool, or in colored braid. The monogram of the owner should be worked inside a shield, as seen in the engraving.

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ANTIMACASSAR, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY, (FULL SIZE.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Ground of maize Java canvas, worked with four shades of brown filoselle and blue silk. The vandyked edges of the border are worked with the darkest shade of brown. The centre spray and the little flower patterns are worked in a slightly different manner, for in every stitch the working thread is brought back, and taken over the stitch which it has last passed under; and in the slanting stitches, the thread is wound round the stitches of each separate part of the work. The small tree and flower patterns are begun in the centre, and at the point of each flower the thread is brought back, so as to form a loop. Round the outer edge, the antimacassar is fringed so as to form an octagonal pattern. Then fasten on two strands of the ground, with a buttonhole stitch of blue filoselle, and work a pattern with blue silk in point russe, according to illustration.

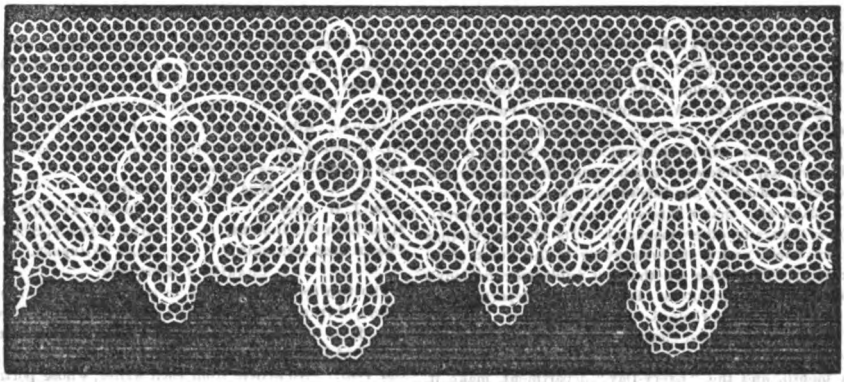




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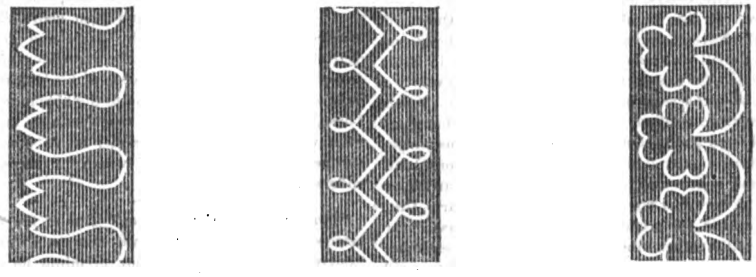
DARNED BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a design for darning the edge of a handkerchief, either of white or of black net, the darning to be done, either in floss thread or in silk: when edged with lace, they are especially pretty for tying about the neck. If made larger, they can be used as a *fichu* for the shoulders.

NARROW BORDERS.



These three borders may be copied, either in braid, overcast, or chain-stitch, and will be found useful for ornamenting children's underlinen, etc., etc.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1881! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER! We call attention to the Prospectus for 1881, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" *combines more desirable qualities* than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy*.

A MONTHLY LETTER FROM PARIS, will be given, in 1881, describing the latest styles of Worth, and other eminent modistes, *in advance*, written by a correspondent who has access to these establishments, before the public. This is a new feature, and one in which we can have no rival.

For 1881 OTHER IMPROVEMENTS will be made: our motto being "*always forward!*" We began, a year ago, a series of illustrated stories, essays, and other articles, like the "Two Christmases," in this number, and the "Mary, Queen of Scots," in the November one; and they have proved so popular, that we shall continue and improve on them, in 1881. Our stories, too, for next year, will be better than ever: we never had so many superior ones on hand before. When but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family should take, at least, one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Gran'father Tells Of Yorktown," or our Illustrated Album, Quarto, Gilt. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1881. For still another kind, there are are two premiums: the engraving or Album, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the engraving and Album are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

IN ART-EMBROIDERY the latest things are the spider-web embroidery. Select the cover of your cushion in silk or satin, and then draw a spider's web with a spider sufficiently large to be placed in one corner, and extend to or a little over the middle of the cushion, the more exactly like a spider's web the better. Then with fine gold thread work the web, both the circular lines and those radiating from the centre. The spider is embroidered in brown silks, but the gold threads are only carried over the satin with a necessary stitch here and there. The idea is said to come from Japan. The prettiest cushions of this kind are white satin and dark green satin, both of which show off the gold thread.

THE PRETTIEST PRESENT for a lady, whether wife, sweetheart, sister, or friend, is a copy of "Peterson," for 1881.

OUR TITLE-PAGE FOR 1880. Our title-page, this year, contains portraits of some of our more distinguished contributors: not of all, however, for we have given several before. We had such a title-page in 1862, and again in 1872. Therefore, with the exception of Mrs. Stephens, and Mr. Benedict, all the portraits are of new contributors. The portraits are as follows:

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

MRS. J. G. AUSTIN, "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE,"
MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER, MRS. MARY V. SPENCER,
FRANK LEE BENEDICT, ELLA WHEELER.

CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The two central female faces are intended for the twin sisters, LITERATURE AND ART. At the bottom, on the left, is a picture representing "Snow-balling the Old Year," and on the right, one representing "Burying the Old Year." An article from each writer, whose portrait is given, will be found in the present number.

SWEET AND GRACIOUS MANNERS. A popular New York daily, in a recent article on "Our Manners," deplores what it calls the lack of ideal grace in so many women. "They dote on pictorial art," it says, "and in household art they are adepts, but in that most beautiful and lovely of all arts, the art of pleasing, they take no pains to be proficient. How many of our girls," it continues, "are aware, that, above all beauty of person, and even above all stores of intellectual knowledge, are the sweet and gracious and charming manners, which are the expression of an honest desire to please, and a loveliness of disposition that finds satisfaction only in contributing to the happiness of others? These," it concludes, "are the true feminine manners, and wherever they appear, they conquer men's admiration, and subdue their hearts." All of which "Peterson" heartily endorses.

"SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS." One of the most costly, large-sized engravings, that we ever published, was the "Surrender Of Cornwallis," our premium for getting up clubs for 1877. It would make a fitting companion to the one for this year, "Gran'father Tells Of Yorktown." We will send it, therefore, for the larger clubs, (clubs of eight, eleven and fifteen) instead of the Album, *if preferred*. Or we will send it to any subscriber, whether in a club, or not, for fifty cents. The engraving is after a celebrated picture, that was exhibited at the Philadelphia "Centennial" in 1876. For one dollar we will send both it and the "Gran'-father."

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."—A severe domestic affliction, followed by a long illness, prevented this inimitable humorist, for more than a year, from contributing to our pages. But she has now resumed her pen, with more vigor than ever, as will be seen from "Betsy Bobbit, Her Poem," in the present number. We have, on hand, for the January issue, another capital sketch, "Josiah goes Serenadin."

WITH THIS CHRISTMAS of 1880 our country sees a prosperity, which is no longer merely speculative, but assured, and for which we all ought to be, and we trust are, thankful. How much happier a home is, when business is prosperous, and the husband or father comes home, not jaded and worn-out, but full of spirits and even gayety.

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1881. Our new premium engraving, to be presented to persons getting up clubs, for next year, will be from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry, and will be particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is to witness the "Yorktown Centennial." The engraving will be in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and will be entitled, "GRANDFATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little grand-daughter between his knees, to whom he is rehearsing the story of the Surrender of Cornwallis. The room is an old-fashioned one, such as elderly people remember fifty years ago, and in the embrasure of the window sits the mother of the little girl, also listening. In this way three generations are brought in. The picture is painted with all that skill, and that truth in detail, which distinguishes this celebrated artist.

In addition to this superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. But see the terms, on the last page of cover, for information.

For many clubs, as will be seen on the same page, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter up of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

It is not too early to begin to get up clubs for 1881. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year, we receive letters, saying, "if I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent gratis, if written for.

THE PORTRAITS OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS, in the present number, are all from recent photographs, with the exception of that of Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, which is from an engraving that appeared in her volume of poems several years ago. Mrs. Hooper is now living in Paris, where her husband is Vice-Consul General of the United States, and where she is the centre of a select and brilliant circle, comprising the best diplomatic, literary and social elements.

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT to the hundred thousand subscribers, and more, who took "Peterson" in 1880, is a pattern for a LAMBREQUIN, one of the most superb affairs, especially in color, that we have ever published. We give it in the front of the number. No other American magazine, remember, gives these patterns. We are, meantime, preparing one for the January number, even more elegant.

OUR PARIS LETTERS, one each month, next year, will be alone worth subscribing to "Peterson" for: they will give the latest styles of Worth, especially, in advance; and will be invaluable to all who wish to know the really most elegant things in the world of fashion.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE RISE in the price of paper, the club prices for "Peterson," as well as for single subscriptions, will be the same in 1881 as in 1880. We are determined to maintain our reputation for being the *cheapest as well as best* of the lady's books.

REMIT EARLY. The January number will be ready about the twentieth of November, or a little in advance of the usual time, and will be of unequalled merit and beauty, the handsomest ever published. Remit early for early copies.

THAT THIS MAGAZINE is the best of its kind all the newspapers testify. The Randolph (Mass.) Register only echoes the general voice, when it says: "for home literature it has no equal, for fashions it has no superior."

THE FASHIONS IN this magazine are the very latest and most stylish. They are not the designs of second-rate Philadelphia or New York *modistes*, as is the case with many so-called periodicals, which are merely advertising sheets in disguise, and published only to get rid of the goods of dry-goods dealers, wholesale mantua makers, etc., etc. "Peterson" has no object to serve in recommending certain styles: no goods of its own to dispose of: and is, therefore, always reliable and honest. For 1881 it will have, every month, a letter directly from Paris, with descriptions of Worth's styles, etc., *in advance*.

A LONDON BRIDEGROOM belonging to "good society" was recently arrested for debt, just after the wedding ceremony. His bride, who was an heiress, had to bail him out. The debt was for jewelry he had given her as a bridal-gift. Poor heiress! All came from being "married for money."

MORE MONEY IS SPENT, by this magazine, every year, on its steel plates, colored fashions, Berlin patterns, and embellishments generally, than by any other in America, or, so far as we know, in the world.

"THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN," one of our novelets for next year, is more than a mere story; it is a picture of life and manners in the Old Dominion a hundred years ago.

"IT IS INCOMPARABLE." The Greenfield (Tenn.) Sentinel says of our last number, that it had just come to hand, and was altogether "incomparable."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING, a day, on which, more than ever, we ought to try to do "good to all."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages: Venice, Siena, Florence. By Charles Eliot Norton. 1 *vol.*, 8vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a work that can hardly be praised too much. To those persons who are interested in church architecture, and especially in the development of Italian Gothic, it is simply invaluable. The history of the three great churches, St. Mark at Venice, and the Duomos of Florence and Siena, is traced, not only exhaustively, but with singular felicity of style. Mr. Norton never writes about anything that he does not understand, and of art, and especially Italian art, he writes lovingly.

Tales of the Chesapeake. By George Alfred Townsend. 1 *vol. New York: American News Co.*—There is real power in many of these sketches, but especially in "Preacher's Sons in 1849," the story of an itinerant's life, on the Eastern shore, thirty years ago. The faculty of writing a good, short story is a rare one, but Mr. Townsend possesses it.

Ballads and Lyrics. Selected and arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge. 1 *vol.*, 12-*mo. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.*—A compilation intended for the use of pupils in school, who are between the ages of twelve or eighteen. It is really an admirable one, containing specimens of nearly every century of English literature and of every variety of style.

The Trials of Raissa. By Henry Greville. 1 *vol.*, 12-*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here a new Russian story, by that powerful writer, Henry Greville; and though she always writes well, her Russian novels are, we think, incomparably her best.

Adam and Eve. By the author of "Dorothy Fox." 1 *vol.*, 8vo. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* A very charming love story, the scene laid in the west of England, early in this century. One of the few novels of the month that is really worth buying.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE "CHEAPEST AND BEST" is the title by which "Peterson" has come to be known everywhere. To give more, for the money, than any other, and to combine more attractions, is the reputation it long ago achieved, and still more than maintains. On this point the newspaper press is unanimous. Says the Hamilton (Mo.) News, "We cannot too often refer to this magazine as altogether the cheapest and best of its kind." Says the Newell (Iowa) Mirror, "Where one magazine only is taken, 'Peterson' should be that one, for it fills more wants than any other." The Wexford (Mich.) Pioneer says, "It is perfect in every department." The Rockland (Me.) Gazette says, "The inducements of every kind for subscribing, and getting up clubs for 1881, are unprecedented." The Martinsburg (W. Va.) Independent says of the October number, "The principal steel plate illustrates a thrilling story by Mrs. Mary V. Spencer, and the colored patterns, of which there are two, are each alone worth the price of the number." The Saco (Me.) Democrat says of the same number, "A powerful story in it, by Mrs. M. Sheffey Peters, 'The Maid Of Muhlen,' introduces to us a new name in literature, destined to make a mark: Marietta Holley has also a beautiful story." If we had the space to spare, we could give scores of such notices. If you are getting up a club, you may safely promise your friends, whom you ask to subscribe, that they will never regret putting down their names. The prices, especially to clubs, are inconceivably small. There is no family that cannot afford it.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE for Dyspepsia and Nervousness.—The late Winslow Lewis, M. D., the distinguished physician of Boston, said: "Having in my own person experienced those ills for which the Acid Phosphate is prescribed, I, having found great relief and alleviation by its use, most cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."

GRAND RESULTS have been reached in the manufacture of Parlor and Chapel Organs by Messrs. Marchal & Smith, whose advertisement appears in our columns. Beautiful Organs, with a rich combination of all the sweetest, most powerful and pleasing musical effects, are sent to every home for trial. Prices are made so low that all can buy. Terms are such that satisfaction is secured to all.

Organs go direct from factory to purchaser; thus avoiding all agent's commission; and so liberal is their system of sales that the purchaser has the Organ for fifteen days in his own home before he takes any responsibility.

For twenty years the enterprising firm has been successful in securing the friendship and favor of everyone who has purchased an instrument from them. Having been instrumental in perfecting the Organ, and making it beautiful, and pure, and sweet, and in bringing it within the reach of all, they richly deserve the success which is making the name of Marchal & Smith known to the remotest hamlets of our country, and extending their fame to other lands. Try them, you will like their beautiful instruments, and you can try them without taking any responsibility.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XII.—BUGLE WEED—LYCOPUS VIRGINICUS.

(Gr. *Lukos*, a wolf, and *pous*, a foot, from a fancied resemblance of the leaves)—

Order labiatæ. Stem, often dark purple, twelve to eighteen inches high, obtusely four-angled, producing slender runners at the base. *Leaves*, coarsely serrate, with a long, tapering entire base. Corolla tube scarcely longer than the calyx, nearly equally four-lobed; flowers, white, small in axillary cymules. Found growing generally along wet margins, and moist, shaded places.

Bugle weed is held by the profession to be tonic, stimulant and astringent to the mucous membranes. It is of service as a simple remedy in chronic inflammation of the throat, bronchial tubes with profuse discharges,—arresting the excessive secretions. It is employed also in diarrhœa and some forms of dyspepsia, imparting tone and vigor to the mucous membranes of debilitated persons. It may be used freely, in infusion, or the active principle *lycopin* can be purchased and employed in five to ten grain does to arrest hæmoptysis or any other hemorrhage; in dyspepsia from one half to one grain, and for chronic diarrhœa and leucorrhœa in similar doses. An "old doctress," living in a secluded wooded valley, obtained considerable reputation some thirty years ago, in vending a salve for the cure of piles. She took the green tops of this plant with a like quantity of white oak bark, scraped from the young branches, covered them with lard, stewing all for some time in an earthen pipkin, then straining, and a nice green salve or ointment was obtained, which she directed to be applied locally night and morning. To say the least, it generally gave prompt relief.

BUTTERCUP—*Ranunculus Bulbosus*. This pretty species of *crowfoot* or buttercup has a solid fleshy root or bulb; branching stems nine to eighteen inches high, each presenting several solitary glossy-yellow flowers; petals five, obcordate cup-shaped, sepals five, reflexed. This species was at one time used for vesicating or blistering the skin, before the introduction of the Spanish fly from Europe. It is uncertain, however, in its effects,—acting very severely in some cases, but with no effect upon others, like the poison-vine. Still, in the absence of the fly-blister, in urgent cases in the country, where a powerful rubefacient or epispastic is needed, mothers can have recourse to this green plant, bruised and applied to the seat of pain.

BROOM.—*Cytisus Scoparius*. The tops. A native of Europe, but cultivated in our gardens. Scotch broom is a shrub with smooth, angular, virgate branches; leaves of three leaflets, the upper becoming simple. Calyx two-lipped with five teeth; flowers yellow, showy, pea-like in form, solitary, on short axillary peduncles. Broom is a domestic remedy for dropsy in Great Britain, especially in Ireland, and emigrants from there use it largely in the northern sections of the city (Phila.) It is used mainly, in pretty strong decoction or infusion, say one ounce of the tops to one pint of boiling water, of which one or two tablespoons are taken several times a day, or till free action is had upon the bowels or kidneys.

BURNING-BUSH.—WAHOO.—*Euonymus Atropurpureus*. A name obtained in consequence of the rich red color of its fruit, presenting such a striking appearance in Autumn. Spindle-tree is another of its common names; *wahoo*, is the Indian name; euonymus, from the Greek, signifying *good name*. This is a shrub six to eight or ten feet high, with branches slightly four-angled; leaves two to four or five inches long, opposite, elliptic, ovate, acuminate with petioles about half an inch in length; flowers dark purple, few and loosely cymose; calyx four or five lobed, spreading, flat; petals four or five rounded; stamens short. Fruit smooth, pendulous and red at maturity. Found in some woodlands, near streams, etc., but not common. Flowers in June, fruit matures in October. This shrub was first brought into notice as a remedy for dropsy. Its specific action, however, is upon the liver. The active principle *Euonymin* is most convenient to use in one half to one grain doses in pill or triturated with sugar, ten grains to ninety,—of which five to ten grains make a dose. It stimulates the liver, increases the secretion of bile, causes proper action of the bowels,

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improves digestion and thus when indicated, restores the whole system to a healthy condition. It is specially useful in weak persons in whom digestion is impaired, liver torpid, bowels inactive, etc., in half-grain doses at bedtime.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 89.—COMBINATION.

This puzzle consists of a five-letter rhomboid, or five-letter reversed rhomboid, a five-letter diamond, and a three-letter double square.

RHOMBOID. *Across*:—1. A drinking vessel. 2. Wet. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A sacred temple among the islanders of the Pacific Ocean. 5. Relish. *Down*:—1. A consonant. 2. A river of Russia. 3. To scold. 4. A male name. 5. One who was crowned with a pair of asses' ears by Apollo. 6. A feminine name. 7. To knock. 8. An exclamation. 9. A consonant.

REVERSED RHOMBOID. *Across*:—1. Grinding. 2. A triangular spade. 3. A Spanish town. 4. A resinous substance. 5. A kind of wine. *Down*:—1. A consonant. 2. A prefix. 3. A fish. 4. A woman in authority. 5. One who was crowned with asses' ears by Apollo. 6. Scent. 7. A household deity. 8. A prefix. 9. A consonant.

DIAMOND. *Across*:—1. A consonant. 2. Made. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A small lake. 5. A consonant. *Down*:—1. A consonant. 2. To restrain. 3. One whom Apollo crowned with asses' ears. 4. An insect. 5. A consonant.

SQUARE. *Across*:—1. Finished. 2. Bustle. 3. A small lake. *Down*:—1. To restrain. 2. A feminine name. 3. An insect.

St. Joseph, Mo. WILD ROSE.

No. 90.—LADDER.

The uprights of thirteen letters each give the names of two flowers. The rounds of five letters each, beginning at the bottom, are: 1. Treatment. 2. One of the Muses. 3. A robber. 4. A scriptural name. 5. Spaces of time. 6. An animal.

TWILL.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 87.

C
C O O
C O R P S
C A R P E T S
C O R P O R A L S
C O R P O R A T I O N
O P E R A T I V E
S T A T I V E
S L I V E
S O E
N

No. 88.

L O B S T E R
O P A L I N E
B A R A N T E
S L A N D E R
T I N D A R E
E N T E R I C
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ART NEEDLEWORK.

IV.—SILK FABRICS.

Nearly all kinds of silk are suitable for embroidery; even thin sarsanets will look well when backed by holland or paper. The thin silks also may be used for appliqué work with very good effect for purposes where great strength is not required. The rep silks and diapered silks, thick and soft, are almost the only kinds of silk that should be used for ecclesiastical embroidery.

Of all textile fabrics, however, there are none to compare with satin for beauty of effect, when embroidered with silk. Its surface, smooth and lustrous almost as polished metal, reflects surrounding colors to a greater extent than any other woven material; while, from the peculiarity of its texture, its highest lights are few and crisp, and the greater part of its surface, therefore, is nearly always in half-tint or shadow, and the deep shadows of the larger folds are themselves lighted up by innumerable reflections. The shimmer of light and shade—this changefulness, serves to bring into harmony, colors the most harshly opposed to each other; and therein lies the explanation of the fact that ladies may venture to wear satins of a color that in any other stuff would be, to say the least "very trying" to their complexions. Nevertheless, we would not be understood to counsel our readers to embroider satin without any regard to harmonious arrangement of color, and to trust to its precious qualities to set things right for them.

V.—PILED FABRICS.

Velvets, both cotton and silk, receive embroidery well. They are also used in appliqué work on serge, cloth, silk, and velvets of another color.

When a very pure white is required, it is almost necessary to use cotton velvet, as silk velvet nearly always inclines to gray or yellow. The shorter the pile of velvet, and, consequently, the more costly, the better it is adapted for needlework.

Utrecht velvet looks very well ornamented in crewel work, and is especially suitable for mantelpiece hangings, wall friezes, portières, and curtains. There is also a handsome material in ribbed velveteen, which may be had in nearly all shades of drab and brown, and which looks extremely well for similar purposes, when worked with a fine, bold design in crewels. It should be very soft, thick, and pliant.

VI.—CREWELS, SILKS, GOLD AND SILVER.

Crewels are the only kind of worsted used for colored embroidery. They are made with only two plies, and their loose twist causes them in working, to form lines which may be compared to the lines in copper-plate engravings. This is a great advantage, from an artistic point of view. In color, too, they may be brilliant without being harsh, and they are to be had in such an immense variety of tints and shades, that in working with them one may be almost said to paint in worsted. The embroidery silks are floss (coarse and fine), Dacca, and Mitorse silks, and filoselle.

Gold and silver are not much used at present, except in church embroidery, which does not come within the scope of the present work. Perhaps, now that gold and silver braid is so generally worn on dresses, fashion may give a turn to these materials for embroidery. Cord is generally used for edging; and "passing," as it is termed, for "laying" or "couching."

Of the different silks, Dacca is more useful than floss, on account of the readiness with which it can be split into filaments. Mitorse is an excellent silk, though Berlin silk is to a great extent taking its place. It is the silk used by the Chinese and Japanese for their double embroideries, but it requires skill in using, as it is difficult to keep the twist of one size. Filoselle is what the French call "bourre de soie." It is made from the waste cocoons—that is to say, the

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cocoons from which the moths have been allowed to emerge, causing thereby a "solution of continuity," of the filament. Instead, therefore, of the silk being reeled off, it is spun, and is, in fact, the raw material from which what we call spun silk is made.

Filoselle is not much used in embroidery at present; but as it is cheap and very durable, and easier to work with than floss, there seems no reason why it should not become more general. Lack of brilliancy would not be an undesirable quality in embroidery for dresses for daily wear.

Purse silks and silk cords are also used in embroidery. Sewing silks, when thick and soft, of the kind sold in skeins, may also be used. The Japanese embroideries on satin, now so much in vogue for mounting as screens, are nearly all executed in a silk, which appears to be similar to our sewing silks.

Chenille was formerly much used in combination with silk in embroideries on the more precious stuff, and its modern and lately-invented substitute, arrasene, is even more effective and much less troublesome to use.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS, ETC.

Turkey to Roast.—Pluck the bird carefully, and singe all over with a piece of white paper, then wipe it with a clean cloth. Draw it and keep the liver and gizzard. Wash the inside well, and wipe it thoroughly dry with a cloth. Cut the neck off close to the back, but leave enough of the crop skin to turn over. Break the leg bone close below the knee; draw out the sinews from the thighs, and flatten the breast-bone to make it look plump. Stuff with the force-meat given below; fasten the neck with a skewer over to the back. Run a skewer through the pinion and thigh of one side through to the pinion and thigh on the other side, and press the legs as much as possible between the breast and side bones. Put the liver under one pinion, and the gizzard under the other. Pass a string over the back of the bird. Catch it over the points of the skewers. Tie it in the centre of the back. Truss the turkey very firmly; next put a sheet of buttered paper on the breast and put it down to a good fire, and keep it well basted the whole time of cooking. About a quarter of an hour before it is done, remove the paper, slightly flour the turkey, and baste with a little butter melted on the basting-ladle. When of a nice brown, serve with a tureen of brown gravy, and another of bread sauce. A turkey of ten pounds will take about two hours and a-half; a larger turkey about three hours or more.

Steak and Oysters.—Take one pound of roast rump steak, without any fat, put in an oval dish a dozen and a-half of oysters (taking care to take out the hard part and beard) with the liquor from the oyster to cover them, put the steak on them, cover the top of the steak with two onions cut in the thinnest possible manner, put another dish inverted over the steak, and then put a paste round the edge of both dishes, put this into a gentle oven for an hour. Reverse the dishes for five minutes, then take off the dish which was originally at the top, and serve.

Stuffing for Roast Turkey.—Chop half-pound lean and half-pound fat pork very finely, and mix with them four ounces bread crumbs, a large teaspoon of minced sage, a blade of powdered mace, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix with an egg. Sausage-meat may be used in place of the pork, and may be flavored with lemon peel and sweet herbs, according to taste.

DESSERTS.

German Pancakes.—To the whites of six and the yolks of twelve fresh eggs, add, by degrees, three quarters of a pound powdered white sugar, one quart lukewarm milk, half-pound butter, melted and nearly cold, a little good yeast, and a wine-glassful of brandy; mix these ingredients well together, and stir in as much flour as will bring it to a stiff batter. Let it stand covered beside the fire for half an hour; roll it out; cut into oblong or square pieces; put some jam or marmalade over these, double them, and after they have stood for twenty minutes near the fire, fry them of a good color, covered in boiling lard, so that you have not to turn them; sift powdered sugar over them, and serve.

Portslade Apple Pudding.—Pare and core half a dozen good apples, and boil them in as little water as will cook them; reduce the fruit to a pulp; add the juice of one lemon and about a quarter of its grated rind, and half a teaspoonful of fresh powdered ginger. Next, make a mixture of four well-beaten eggs with quarter-pound butter, warmed to fluidity, and six ounces bread crumbs; moist sugar to taste—say four ounces—and a good deal of nutmeg. Lastly, blend all together, and put into a dish which has been buttered, and spread over with bread crumbs; then bake for one hour. To serve, turn out of the dish and dust with white sugar.

Empress Rice.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice, picked and washed clean, in a pint of milk, with sugar to taste, and a piece of vanilla; when quite done put it into a basin to get cold. Make a custard with a gill of milk and the yolks of four eggs; when cold mix it with the rice. Beat up to a froth a gill of cream, with some sugar and a pinch of isinglass dissolved in a little water; mix this very lightly with the rice and custard; fill a mould with the mixture, and set it on ice. When moderately iced turn it out on a dish, and serve.

Swiss Pudding.—Put layers of crumbs and sliced apples with sugar between, till the dish is quite full; let the crumbs be the uppermost layer; then pour butter melted over, and bake it. Or butter a dish, strew bread crumbs thickly over it, add apples, raspberries, or any fruit, sweetened, alternately with bread crumbs, until the dish is full; then pour melted butter, or rather small lumps of butter, over the top, and bake.

CAKES.

Fine Honey Cakes.—Mix a quart of strained honey with half-pound powdered white sugar, and half-pound fresh butter, and the juice of two oranges or lemons. Warm these ingredients slightly, just enough to soften the butter. Then stir the mixture very hard, adding a grated nutmeg. Mix in gradually two pounds or less of sifted flour. Make it into a dough, just stiff enough to roll out easily. Beat it well all over with a rolling-pin. Then roll it out into a large sheet, half an inch thick; cut it into round cakes with the top of a tumbler dipped frequently in flour, lay them in shallow tin pans slightly buttered, and bake them well.

Plum Cake.—Three quarters of a pound flour, quarter-pound sugar, quarter-pound currants, raisins, or a mixture of both, two eggs, and one ounce of candied peel, half a gill of milk, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Stir the salt and baking powder into the flour, rub in the butter, which should be previously cut up small, then mix well the sugar, the currants cleaned, the raisins stoned, the peel chopped small. Stir in the eggs beaten up, and add sufficient milk to mix the cake; butter a cake mould, and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

Sponge Cake.—Take of powdered lump sugar the weight of six eggs in their shells, and take half that weight of potato flour; separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, beat up the latter with the sugar, adding the grated rind of one lemon. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, mix the two together, and incorporate the potato flour with the mixture, quickly and effectually, beating it all the time with the egg whisk. Pour the mixture in a buttered mould, and bake it in the oven until done. When cold turn it out and trim it to make it stand even.

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Bannocks (Oatmeal).—Put a handful of Scotch oatmeal in a basin with a little butter (or clarified dripping), and a pinch of salt, mix it into a paste with a little cold water, beat and knead it well, then roll it out to one-eighth of an inch, bake on a girdle over a bright fire on both sides until browned and quite crisp.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

To Keep Eggs.—Eggs will keep for months, if they are simply placed in a box of salt, the small end downwards, and so placed that they do not touch each other. "Dora" should be careful to select only those eggs which are quite fresh, for if the hen has sat upon them for a few hours only they will not keep. The salt should quite cover them.

Patti Veal.—Take a knuckle of veal, cover with water, and boil two hours; take out the meat, chop it, strain the liquor and season with pepper, salt, and sage; pour it over the meat, and let it cool in a mould.

SANITARY.

Burns, Scalds and Their Treatment.—Mix common kitchen whiting with sweet oil, or, if sweet oil is not at hand, with water. Plaster the whole of the burn and some inches beyond it all round with the above, after mixing it to the consistency of common paste, and lay it on an eighth, or or rather more, of an inch in thickness. It acts like a charm; the most agonizing pain is in a few minutes stilled. Take care to keep the mixture moist by the application from time to time of fresh oil or fresh water, and at night wrap the whole part affected in gutta-percha or flannel, to keep the moisture from evaporating. The patient will in all probability, unless the flesh be much injured and the burn a very bad one, sleep soundly.

To Stop Bleeding at the Nose.—It is worth while to know how to stop the bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery which supplies blood to the side of the face affected the result is accomplished. Two small arteries branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jaw-bone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it, and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessels in the nose have time to contract.

Cure for Sore Throat.—Mix quarter-ounce saltpetre, finely pulverized, with three ounces pure honey. Dilute it with vinegar, and use it as a gargle. Or take a small teaspoonful of it into the mouth occasionally, and let it dissolve slowly.

Tender Feet.—The following is said to be a remedy for tender feet: one tablespoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a half-pint of cold water. The feet are to be sponged with the solution night and morning.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE OR VISITING-DRESS OF DARK RED SILK. The front has a deep kilted ruffle, with a short train at the back. A plaited drapery, trimmed with embroidery, and edged with fringe, extends from the sides, and falls low in front. The deep basque-jacket is made of the silk and a cashmere, richly brocaded in bluish-gray and brownish-red colors. A shirring of the silk, trimmed with fringe, is on the sides of the jacket. The upper part, about the shoulders and bust, is made to look as if it was a short jacket worn over the other, and is trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of bluish-gray plush, lined with dark red plush, and trimmed with a bird and long plume.

FIG. II.—SKATING-COSTUME OF DARK BLUE RIBBED PLUSH. The bottom of the skirt is kilt-plaited, the upper part arranged in scarf drapery. The jacket is long, double-breasted, and close-fitting, with collar, cuffs and muff of black fox fur. Dark blue plush hat.

FIG. III.—SKATING-DRESS OF EMERALD-GREEN VELVETEEN. The flounce is kilt-plaited. The long polonaise over-dress is trimmed with a band of beaver fur. The hat is of green velveteen, with a band of the fur.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SUIT OF BLACK VELVETEEN. The over-jacket and cap are trimmed with gray Astrakan.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN HABIT CLOTH. The back is slightly draped. The front has a simulated over-dress, which, as well as the bottom, is trimmed with a broad band of dark brown velvet. Close-fitting jacket, with pockets, collar and cuffs of the brown velvet. Brown velvet toque, with a bright-colored wing.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE OR VISITING-DRESS OF BROWN SILK. The bottom of the train is edged with two narrow knife-plaited ruffles. The upper drapery has a wider knife-plaiting, and the front is covered with knife-plaited ruffles. The dolman-shaped cloak is of brown cloth, trimmed down the back with a rich gimp, and around the collar, bottom, and wide, square sleeves, with brown fur. Long loops of ribbon also ornament the cloak. Dark brown velvet bonnet, with short, curling plumes.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—DEMI-LONG HOUSE-DRESS OF GEN-D'ARME BLUE CASIMERE, trimmed with satin to match. The open casaquin has large revers, and fastens at the waist with three buttons. The waistcoat is pale blue and white brocade. The skirt, terminating with a deep kilting, is trimmed with a satin band. The second skirt forms upright plaits at the side, which are fastened in the centre with a cluster of satin loops. At the back, two large buttons fasten the loops that ornament the basque. The lower part of the skirt is kilted, and the upper is draped.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—DOLMAN CLOAK FOR WINTER, back and front. This is the wrap for which we give, sent out with this number, a full-sized pattern, in a SUPPLEMENT. For description in full see page 461.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS OF DAHLIA-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The bottom is trimmed with a kilt-plaiting; above this is a drapery of the camel's hair, then a width of brocaded satin in several shades of purple, from dark dahlia, to heliotrope color. Above this again is a plaiting of the camel's hair, then a drapery of the same, and the whole is ornamented with cords and tassels. The basque-jacket is of the camel's hair; the vest, cuffs and collar of brocade. Bonnet of dahlia-colored plush, trimmed with a feather shaded from dark to light purple.

FIG. XII.—NEW STYLE WRAP, dolman-shaped, of brown cloth, striped with a darker shade. The collar is of brown silk, and the hood is lined with the same. The wide sleeves are piped with brown silk cording. Hat of the darker shade of brown, with feather shaded from dark to lighter brown.

FIG. XIII.—HEAD-DRESS OF LIGHT YELLOW ROSES, MIXED WITH CLUSTERS OF HOLLY. The hair is much waved, and arranged carelessly at the back. A gold braid is worn across the front of the head.

FIG. XIV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK. Bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a kilt-plaiting. The double apron-front is edged with black bias velvet. The paniers are trimmed with fringe, and the back is draped in two puffs. The basque is double-breasted, and has a plastron front of shirred black satin. The collar is black velvet.

FIG. XV.—NEW STYLE WRAP OF GRAY CLOTH. The skirt is laid in kilt-plaitings. The large cape is cut to fit the arms, something like a dolman; has a seam down the middle of the back, which opens half-way up to the waist, and has a collar of black velvet. Black beaver hat with gray feather.

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FIG. XVI.—FLORAL COLLARETTE. This pretty addition to a young lady's toilette, if the dress is low in the neck, or is made very open in front, is fastened at the back, and consists of an upright row of lace, which is fulled on to a puffed band of silk, of the color of the dress, an inch and a quarter in depth. From this band a collar of poppies on flexible stems depends, the deepest portion falling over the bust. Rose buds, daisies on long stems, or many other flowers would make a beautiful collarette, and be especially becoming to a person with a thin neck.

FIG. XVII.—FEATHER HAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL, and can be made with feathers of any dark shade, while the wing at the side is of a bright metallic hue.

FIG. XVIII.—YOUNG LADY'S HAT OF FOREST-GREEN PLUSH; the feather is of a rather lighter shade of green.

FIG. XIX.—LADY'S HAT OF GRAY BEAVER FRONT, with black beaver crown. The feathers are gray, and the rosettes are of jet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Since the days when Titian and Tintoretto painted, we think nothing more gorgeous has been seen than the materials now in use for elaborate toilettes. The brocaded velvets and satins, the gold embroidered camel's hair, and silks, surpass all powers of description. In velvets large clusters of hazel nuts, cherries, carnations, tulips, roses, etc., may be seen, standing out like carved work. The satins are brocaded in clusters of lilacs, poppies, morning-glories, or dozens of other flowers; but usually in the same color, though of different shade from the ground work. We say usually, but the single color is not universal, as some of the most elegant are of different colors, as of small sun-flowers in dull yellow, with brown velvet centres, on black, or brown velvet. This cost $20 00 per yard; or trails of exquisite pink and blue morning-glories, on a peach-colored satin, at $7.50 per yard. Or soft Marshal Neil roses, the yellow lying softly on a black, brown, or amethyst ground. A black cashmere, covered with roses, woven in gold threads, at $30.00 per yard. But such stuffs are hazardous in the hands of the uninitiated. They must be most carefully employed, or they become vulgar. They are used principally as trimmings, trains, draperies, etc. When nearly the whole costume is made of them, it must be of the very simplest make. But we are happy to say that, for ordinary wear, and ordinary purses, much cheaper and plainer materials are to be found in the greatest abundance. Quiet silks, cashmeres, and camel's hairs, in all the new colors, are in profusion, either plain, or, in the case of the silks, brocaded in some quiet style that anyone can wear. There are also innumerable brocaded woolen goods, for jackets, bodices, or the trimming of dresses. Plaids are revived for trimmings, the handkerchief costumes, in woolen goods, being quite fashionable. Only tall, slender persons should purchase these. Dark green, as well as brick-red, and the many shades of purple, are all popular. Soft, light woolen material, such as albatross cloth, nun's veiling, and fine camel's hair, is much used in combination with silk, and even satin for evening dresses, especially for young ladies. But the general style of making dresses is unchanged, the modifications are numerous, however, to suit all tastes. We cannot too often reiterate, that never was there a time when a woman could dress so much as she pleased, and never before could an old wardrobe be made over into a most fashionable new one. For the street, short dresses, and for the house, long dresses are the rule. As we said, last month, small *tournures* are beginning to reappear, to give the dress a little fullness below the waist, and this may mean a stiff crinoline, or even a hoop, in time.

The fashion of wearing waists different from the skirts of dresses is still liked, as in this way an old skirt can be utilized. The fichus, jabots of lace, etc., add so much to plain, or limited number of dresses, that the varieties are very great.

Wraps are worn much longer than they were some years ago, also looser, if made as a wrap only; but jackets are generally tight-fitting, though even here personal taste may dictate the style. For the wraps, plush, satin, Sicilienne silk and cashmere, as well as cloth is used. Some of the most expensive are lined throughout with bright-colored plush, figured and striped silks, or satins in gay colors. It will be seen that the sombre hues, so long the only correct thing, are no longer quite so fashionable; but they are much safer, with a small wardrobe. Many carriage-wraps and opera-cloaks are made of the expensive materials, such as camel's hair wrought with gold, brocaded velvets, etc., which we have described.

Bonnets and hats are still worn according to the fancy, though some of the newest bonnets are a little larger than those of the Summer. The trimmings fall front as a rule, rather than back, and all sorts of materials are used as garniture. The most stylish are simply trimmed, but many are very elaborate. Plush and beaver bonnets and hats are very popular.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT OF BROWN GERMAN VELVET. It is made rather close-fitting, and is trimmed around the bottom with a broad band of brown fur. The cuffs, collar and edges of the muff are of the same fur. The coat is fastened down the front with large buttons and cords. Dark brown beaver hat, with thick, curled feather.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT. Dark cloth knickerbockers, and gray overcoat. Dark cloth hat.

FIG. III.—SMALL BOY'S SUIT. The under-dress is of fawn-colored cloth, and is worn with a close-fitting jacket. The overcoat is of the same cloth, warmly wadded. It is cut away at the bottom in front, and the cuffs, collar and pockets are trimmed with brown velvet. Brown velvet cap, with a border of Astracan fur.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT OF GRAY BEAVER, trimmed with gray satin ribbon.

OUR PURCHASING AGENCY.

After many inquiries from our subscribers, we have established a Purchasing Agency, for their accommodation and benefit. Everything is purchased, with taste and discretion, by an experienced buyer, at the lowest possible rates. Special attention is given to every article purchased; and the list includes Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear, Wedding Outfits, Infants' Wardrobes, Christmas Presents, Birthday Presents, etc.

Ladies wishing dresses, cloaks, sacks, ulsters, and underwear, by sending bust and waist measure, length of skirt in front, and giving general directions as to material and color, will be promptly attended to.

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CHICAGO TIMES.

(December 20, 1879.)

Like the prophet in his own country is he who, without proper credentials, seeks the confidence of others. Not only is this the case socially and politically, but in business everywhere. A certificate as to character and worth, is something we may all find use for some time in life.

Among business men, a popular mode of bringing their goods to the favorable notice of the public by aid of the press, is that of publishing testimonials. It is not the intention of this article to dwell upon the possible unauthenticity of such statements. That announcements of this kind are frequently the subject of doubt and ridicule every reader of newspapers probably knows. The testimonials promulgated by producers of so-called "patent" or proprietary preparations, have been specially open to sneering doubts as to their genuineness.

The writer was dispatched on Thursday to discover, if possible, by actual examination of facts, how far these remarks would apply to the claims of an article which has been placed before the public eye, indorsed, as it is claimed, by many prominent men throughout the country. A visit was first paid to the Gymnasium connected with the Chicago Athenæum, which, with a single exception,—in San Francisco,—is claimed to be the best equipped institution of the kind in this country. Professor C. O. Duplessis, the instructor of gymnastics, stated that it gave him pleasure to say that the St. Jacobs Oil was used in preference to everything they knew of, or had ever tried, for soreness of the limbs and muscles, sprains, swellings, stiffness, bruises, blisters, etc.; that both the professionals and amateurs had found it "a true and trusted friend." The professor had also seen the happiest results from the use of the oil in cases of rheumatism and similar complaints, and ended by saying: "We recommend it most warmly. The relief it gives is remarkable."

J. D. L. Harvey.—Everybody living on the South side knows this gentleman, who has been a resident of Chicago for twenty years. His establishment, "The Palace Market," Nos. 104, 106 and 108 Twenty-second street, is probably the finest of its kind in the city, and numbers among its customers most of the aristocratic families of that section of Chicago. Mr. Harvey expressed himself upon the "oil subject" as follows: "I have spent over $2,000 to cure my wife of rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity. It is a boon to the human race, and I am very glad to have this opportunity of testifying to its remarkable efficacy. I cannot speak too highly of it, and I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted did I not lift my voice in its praise."

Perhaps there is no class of men in the city whose occupation so predisposes them to rheumatic afflictions as the members of the fire department. Called from warm beds at all hours of the night, and going suddenly out into the cold, with insufficient protection from the weather, it is no wonder that they are the victims of neuralgia and rheumatism. This fact prompted the reporter to call on Captain Ben Bullwinkle, of the fire patrol, and to ask him give his experience in the use of the medicine. Capt. Bullwinkle said: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in a good many cases of rheumatism among my men, and it never fails to give perfect satisfaction. One of my men in the West-side station was once buried under a pile of coal—as much as a ton. It was twenty minutes before he was extricated, and it is a wonder that he lived through it. When we finally dug him out he was very badly bruised, but we applied St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured him. It is certainly a good thing."

In search of information in regard to this oil as a remedy for the ailments of our equine friends, the writer next wended his way to the blacksmith shop of Mr. C. Grobel, at 542 Canal street. Mr. Grobel was just imparting a scientific curve to a glowing symbol of good luck, when the man of news entered.

In answer to questions, Mr. Grobel stated that he had bought a horse very cheap by reason of a severe lameness of long standing, in the stifle cord, a disease, which, as is well known, is very difficult to cure. The horse was almost worthless. A few bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, however, had effected a radical cure. He soon after sold the horse, and realized a good sum. Said the blacksmith: "I have also used it on myself for neuralgia. For a number of years, I have been afflicted with neuralgic Sciatica, as the doctors call it, extending from knee to hip. I spent as much as twenty dollars at one time in doctors' bills, and found no relief. Finally, I tried St. Jacobs Oil, and it helped me very much and cured me. I would not live without a bottle of it in my house. I have also tried to introduce it among my friends. A young man, John Madden, was completely disabled with rheumatism and neuralgia in the head. We thought that he would die, but a thorough trial of this medicine was most successful in his case, and he is now perfectly cured."

Mr. Washington Hesing, one of our prominent Germans, was visited at his private office on Fifth avenue. Mr. Hesing manifested a little reluctance to having his name appear in this connection, but a little reflection on his own part, and persuasion on the part of the visitor, convinced him that it would be for the good of the suffering to let his experience with St. Jacobs Oil be known. He said: "In the summer of 1878, in alighting from a buggy, I slipped, fell and sprained my left ankle. The hurt was a serious one; indeed, I was unable to walk at all. I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and applied it, and relief came almost immediately. Notwithstanding the severe injury I sustained by the accident, next day I could walk a little, and in four days by reason of continuous application, the pain and swelling attendant upon the sprain were all gone. I used nothing else and attribute the cure solely to the use of this remedy. I have also used it in my family, a member of which was for a long time a sufferer from rheumatism. She was cured; and in fact, I have seen the medicine tried in a great number of cases among my friends, and have never known it to fail. There are several gentlemen in this office that can tell you the same story."

Mr. George Barnes, of the firm of Bagnall & Barnes, who has been a commission merchant on South Water street for more than fifteen years, said that his wife had been a sufferer with neuralgia for years, and had tried many remedies in vain. St. Jacobs Oil is the only thing that brought her relief, and more than that it cured her. He stated that he had recommended it to his neighbors, and it gave universal satisfaction wherever used.

Mr. George K. Colson, Mail Carrier No. 22, had been afflicted with severe lameness of long standing in his right leg. He stated that he had used St. Jacobs Oil with the same happy results given in the foregoing interviews.

These interviews, as herein reported, should be enough to satisfy the most skeptical of the wonderful, almost miraculous properties contained in these little bottles.

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The novelty and exceptional strength of its perfume are the peculiar fascinations of this luxurious article, which has acquired popularity unequaled by any Toilet Soap of home or foreign manufacture.



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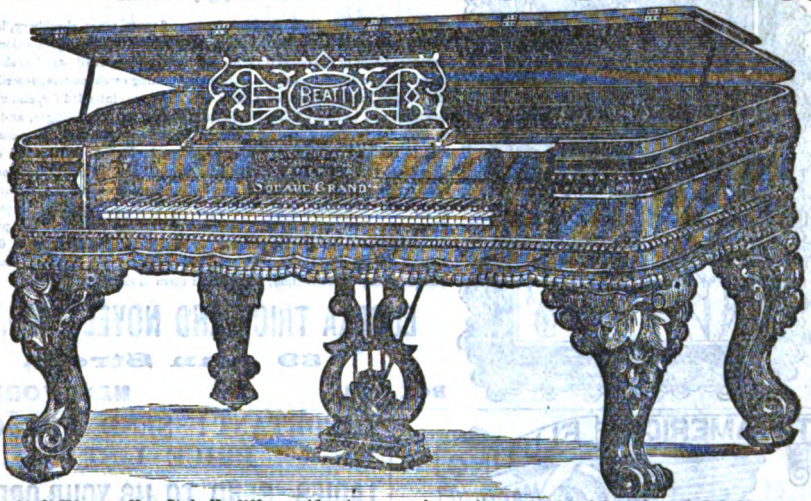
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Offer you *the old-fashioned hand-forged* knife, made from *Razor Steel*, and every blade replaced *free* if soft or flawry. The cut shows exact size of our strong two-blade, ebony-handle knife, sent post-paid, for 75 cents. Or with three blades, $1. We have good one-blade for 25 cents; extra strong one-blade, 50 cents; boy's light two-blade, 25 cents; medium two-blade, 50 cents. *Our best* heavy two-blade, tested blades, $1. Ladies one-blade, 25 cents; two-blade ivory, 50 cents, pearl 75 cents. Gents fine three-blade, ebony, $1; ivory, $1.25; pearl, $1.50. *Pruners*, tested, $1. Illustrated list free. Discount to dealers.

☞ Ladies' scissors, razor steel, five inch, 50 cents. Every pair warranted.

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Beatty's Pianos. New Style No. 2023, magnificent rosewood case elegantly finished, **3 strings 7 1-3 Octave,** full agraffe overstrung scale, all round corners, beautiful carved legs and lyre heavy serpentine and large fancy moulding round entire case, back finished same as front Beatty's select full Iron Frame, French Grand Action, Capped Hammers. In fact every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added.

☞ **My price for this instrument boxed & delivered on board cars at Washington, N. J. with fine Piano Cover, Stool, Book, & Music, only $297.50.**

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These illustrations represent an **Elegant Silver Tea Service** of four pieces, as follows: One very handsome **Sugar Bowl,** one elegant **Spoon Holder,** lined with gold, one attractive **Cream Pitcher,** and one beautiful **Syrup Cup.** The cuts accurately represent them, being photographed from the originals. These goods are all warranted **Triple Plated** with **Coin Silver** upon **White Metal,** containing no brass or other poisonous material in their composition, all are uniform in design, and of the popular and beautiful satin finish, all elegantly engraved by hand in the highest style of the art, and in fact they are among the finest and most durable goods manufactured. Having been so fortunate as to secure, at forced sale, an immense stock of them at much less than their real value, I have decided to give the public the entire advantage thus gained in price, in order to increase my trade in other goods. Therefore, I will send any *one* of the pieces here described and illustrated, *by mail, post-paid,* and securely packed in heavy boxes, upon receipt of only **$1.65**; any *two* pieces for **$3.20**; any *three* pieces for **$4.50**, or the entire *four* pieces for only **$5.50**, and for **$1.75** extra I will send an elegant *Silver-Plated Tea-Pot*, of same quality and design to match the others. Remember, all are sent by mail, postage paid by me. For *ten cents extra* they will be sent in a *registered package*, which insures absolute safety in their delivery. Those sending for a single piece at first can afterwards send the remainder of the combined price for the balance of the set, which you will be sure to do after you have seen a single piece. By taking advantage of this offer you will secure for your table an elegant and durable **Silver Tea Service,** of which you will always be proud, and which could not be bought at any store in the country for less than three times the price at which I offer them. To persons in doubt as to my reliability, I would say, if you have a friend or acquaintance in New York, please ask him to call at my place of business and examine the goods for you. I can also refer you to almost any publisher in this city, as I have been for many years in business and am well known. **I court the fullest investigation** of these goods, well knowing that I am offering to the public the **greatest bargain in Choice Silverware ever known.** This great offer is good till January 1st, 1881, only, by which time I expect my stock will be exhausted, as this is an *immense* offer; therefore please send at your earliest convenience. Any person buying these goods and not being perfectly satisfied with them, can return them, and his or her money will be refunded. Remittances made by Post-Office Order, Draft on New York, or Registered letter, are at my risk. Illustrated Catalogue of bargains in other pieces and descriptions of Silverware sent free. Address. **F. M. LUPTON, 27 Park Place, New York.**

☞ **THE ABOVE GOODS ARE ALL OF LARGE, FULL SIZE.**

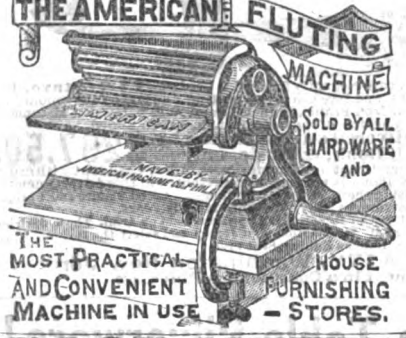
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These beautiful pictures represent Japanese flowers, vines, shrubbery, landscapes, and artistically drawn figures, transferred in indelible colors to Japanese Crape of the finest texture. Each picture (as our illustration shows) is complete in itself, and contains Japanese writing or characters, describing the locality, names of flowers, figures, etc. They are intended for, and make beautiful and brilliant tidies for backs of chairs, sofas, or lounges, and are suitable for lambrequins, center pieces for table covers, etc.; they can be seen in the parlors of our wealthiest families in New York City and elsewhere, are very fashionable, and will be admired and favorably commented upon by your friends. As we are now selling them at one-third their former price, ladies can beautify and ornament their homes at a trifling expense. They make cheap and elegant Christmas or birthday presents. Our prices are as follows (each picture being different): 3 pictures for 18cts.; 6 for 30cts.; 12 for 48cts., sent by mail post paid. Send us clean postage stamps, of any denomination, as we prefer them to silver. Address

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GOOD NEWS!

Christmas is coming, and all should prepare for the joyous occasion. Our new

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Corsets in all grades in white and colored, from 25 cents to $3.36 a pair. We guarantee prices below all other houses.
Send for our Catalogue of Goods and prices. If you wish Samples sent of goods ask us for them.
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(1) Diapason Forte, (8) SUB BASS,
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(6) Clarionet, (13) VOX CELESTE,
(7) OCTAVE COUPLER, (14) Flute Forte.

☞ The "LONDON" New Style No. 5000; Height 72 inches; Depth, 24 inches; Length, 49 inches Weight, boxed, about 400 lbs.



It is Five Octave, fine Walnut Case of handsome appearance, built plain but very neat so it will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the celebrated Vox Celeste Stop, which is the sweetest toned and most perfect stop ever placed in an organ, also the Vox Humana Stop, the Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Swell. (4) Four Set of Golden Tongue Reeds as follows: A set of powerful Sub Bass Reeds. Set of 2-Octave of Vox Celeste and 2 1-2 Octave each of Regular Golden Tongue Reeds. Besides all this it will be fitted up with an Octave Coupler, which everybody knows doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands and Pocket for Music. It has a sliding lid and conveniently arranged handles for moving. Its bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the very best quality of Rubber Cloth. Of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps.

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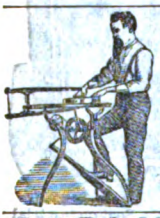
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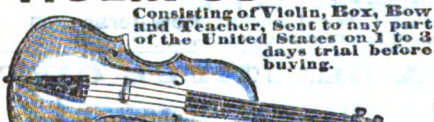
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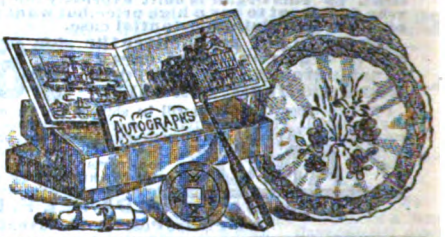
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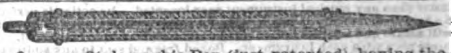
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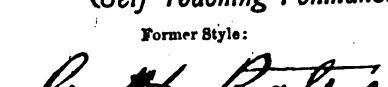
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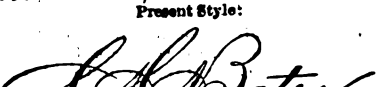
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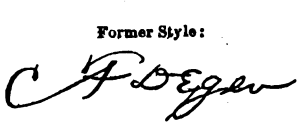
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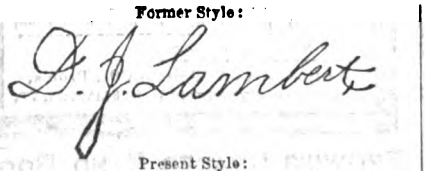
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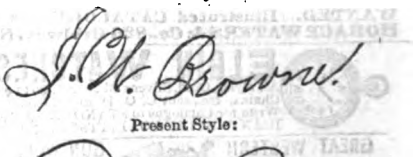


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FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

On the Balcony.
In the Garden.
Burning the Letters.
Love's Idyl.
The Moated Manor House.
Florence.
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WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

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August Number, Sixty-eight Engravings.
September Number, Forty-six Engravings.
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Twickenham Ferry.
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Boccaccio.
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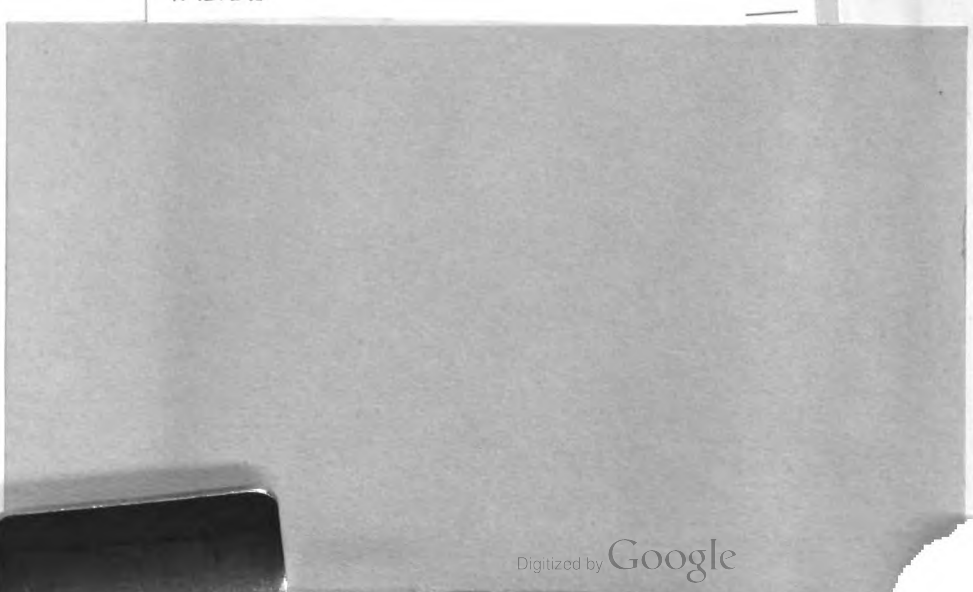
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